

The Bookman



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APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1919

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"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The February BOOKMAN, a Ruskin Centenary Number, will contain a special article on Ruskin by George Sampson, and the illustrations will include a Presentation Plate Portrait in photogravure. Other principal articles in this Number will be "Douglas Jerrold," by Richard Whiteing; "Some Women Novelists," by Ashley Gibson; "Modernity and Consolation," by Arthur Waugh; "The Shirra," by W. S. Crockett; "Our Literary Legacy," by William Parker; "Folk Lore of the Old Testament," by A. E. Waite; "The Art of Frank Brangwyn"; a Bookman Gallery article on Ronald Campbell Macfie, etc.

There is world-wide regret for the loss of M. Edmond Rostand, the distinguished French poet and dramatist, who died last month at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. The production in 1894 of his comedy, "Les Romanesques," heralded the revival of the poetic drama on the French stage, and three years later he took the world by storm with

what was both as poetry and drama the greatest of his plays, "Cyrano de Bergerac." He was elected to the French Academy in 1902.

"Countess Gilka," a new book of stories by Warwick Deeping, will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell.

Two important books that Mr. Grant Richards is publishing this month are "Clemenceau: The Man and His Times," by H. M. Hyndman; and "George Meredith: His Life and Friends," by S. M. Ellis, the latter being fully illustrated and containing many hitherto unpublished pictures.

A book that should appeal widely to thoughtful readers for its interpretation of what underlies the tragedy and horror of the great war is Mr. Arthur Mee's "Who Giveth Us the Victory" (5s. net. Allen & Unwin). It faces the doubts that have risen even in the minds of religious people, whose faith has been shaken by that renaissance of barbarism, and fearlessly and eloquently vindicates the ways of God to men. Looking backward over the wondrous story of the world from the beginning of things, the slow evolution of man and his triumphs "in the incredible past," Mr. Mee draws from all that miraculous history a vision splendid of the higher destiny that awaits the human race in the days that are to be. In the seven chapters that quest

whether the peace of Great Britain was worth keeping he brings dark indictments against us for the social and political sins we have committed or condoned; you may think he sometimes puts too much black into the picture and that some of his remedies are too extreme, but you cannot deny that much of his indictment is terribly true. The evils he protests against are real and great blots upon our national life and by his drastic methods or others they will have to be removed, and his confidence in their removal enables him to give no uncertain answer to his own question. We recommend the book as a thoughtful, earnest, suggestive exposition of our present dangers and difficulties and the way out of them.

Before she became a novelist, Miss Madge Mears had done a great deal of journalistic work in her own name and under the pseudonym of "T. O'Meara." She has always taken a keen interest in the Woman's Suffrage movement and from 1913 to 1916 was a regular contributor to *Voces for Women*. Her first novel, "The Jealous Goddess," appeared in 1915; her second, "The Sheltered Sex," a year later, and her third, "The Candid Courtship," achieved a very considerable success in 1917. Her latest book, "The Flapper's Mother," was published by Mr. John Lane a few weeks ago and is reviewed elsewhere in this Number. Although Miss Mears has lived most of her life in the North of England she is by birth a Londoner.

We record with much regret the death of Mr. Cecil Chesterton who for long past had been serving as a private in France, where he died in hospital last month. Only a few days before he died he had passed for press the proofs of his "History of the United States," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus will publish almost immediately, with a biographical preface by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Three books on President Wilson that are as timely as they are admirably written are "The Peace President: A Brief Appreciation," by William

Archer (Hutchinson); "President Wilson: The Man and His Message," by C. Sheridan Jones (Rider); and a second, revised and enlarged, edition of "President Wilson: His Problems and His Policy," by H. Wilson Harris (Headley Bros.).

"Richard Cobden: The International Man," a study of Cobden's work in the light of modern economic developments by J. A. Hobson, will be published almost immediately by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Messrs. Putnam will publish shortly Lady Gregory's "Visions and Belief in the West of Ireland," studies in Irish fancy and folk-lore, to which Mr. W. B. Yeats contributes notes and two essays.

"The Prisoners of Mainz," by Alec Waugh, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have in the press, is the story of Mr. Waugh's eight months' experience in a German prison camp. A book of outspoken impressions and opinions, it also chronicles the varied activities of the camp, in work and in play. Captain R. T. Roussel, another of the prisoners, has illustrated it with drawings and caricatures, and these are supplemented by a number of photographs.

Everybody who has read "The Fascination of Books" knows Mr. Joseph Shaylor for a true book-lover. In his "Liberty and Brotherhood" (3s. 6d. net), which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward have published, there are delightfully discursive essays on "The Friendship of Books," "Some Thoughts on Inspiration," and "Shakespeare's Life and Influence," in addition to some half-dozen essays on such themes as "The Right to Worship," "Truth, Honour and Justice," "Three Scourges of Humanity," "Success and How it is Won," to which Mr. Shaylor brings the shrewd judgment and friendly wisdom that characterise all he has written. A very interesting book in which thoughtful readers will find much that is suggestive and stimulating.



Photo by Auty, Lynemouth.

Miss Madge Mears.

Major H. G. Lang, whose charming little book of "Simple Lyrics" met with a very favourable reception when Mr. Elkin Mathews published it a year ago, has been for over twenty-four years Chief Constable of East Sussex. He began his military career in the Seaforth Highlanders, serving with that regiment for nearly fifteen years, during which he took part in four campaigns. In addition to two medals with four clasps, he was awarded the Bronze Star for General Roberts's March, and the Khedive's Star. He has been mentioned in dispatches, and, in 1882, was recommended, with the sanction of Lord Wolseley, for the V.C., but received instead a Brevet Majority on promotion. He served on the Staff in the Nile campaign of 1884, and in the following year in the Mounted Infantry at Suakin. He was Adjutant at the Fort George Regimental Depot for three years, and of the Sutherland Highland Rifle Volunteers for four years and a half. His new book of verse, "Simple Nature Songs" (1s. 6d. net. Elkin Mathews), has the spontaneity and pleasant fancy that made the charm of his first volume.



Major H. G. Lang.

"Simple Nature Songs" has just published by
Mr. Elkin Mathews.

Mr. G. H. Grubb, who is a director of the famous publishing house of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York and London, has been doing excellent work for some time past as Library Service Secretary for the American Expeditionary Force Y.M.C.A. in the United Kingdom. Since America went to war he has handled, from the Library Service headquarters in Russell Square, nearly 3,000,000 books that have been purchased by the Association or given by the American people. These he has distributed to camp libraries, hospitals, naval stations,

barracks, and mess halls in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Gibraltar, Russia wherever American soldiers or sailors have been quartered. The books supplied have been of every variety, from religious works to fiction and collections of songs and recitations. The purchases have included some 400,000 technical and educational volumes, many of which were obtained in response to special applications from men at the front. In addition Mr. Grubb has circulated among the troops five million magazines that have all come as gifts from the American public.



Topical Press Photo.

Mr. G. H. Grubb.

Major Cyrus Macmillan, whose "Canadian Wonder Tales" was published last month by Mr. John Lane, has completed an account of his war-time experiences which will make its appearance in a few weeks under the title of "The Mutter of the Guns." Major Macmillan served with the McGill Battery of the Canadian Field Artillery on the Western front.

Messrs. Cassell will publish in the spring "When the World Shook," a new novel by Sir H. Rider Haggard.

Miss Alice Birkhead, who died on September 22nd last, was an imaginative and scholarly writer who would not have passed with so little notice if the war had not so nearly submerged all other interests. Her two novels, "The Master Knot" and "Shifting Sands," were published by Mr. John Lane in 1908 and in 1914; the second appearing in America under the title of "Destiny's Daughter." In 1910 and 1913 Messrs. Methuen published her "Tales from Irish History" and "Stories from American History"; in 1913 Messrs. Harrap published her "Story of the French Revolution," and in 1913-14 she followed this with a series of historical studies—"Heroes of Modern Europe," "Marie Antoinette," "Charles XII.," and "Peter the Great." Miss Birkhead's fiction showed real psychological power and considerable gifts of observation and humour; and she brought the same qualities to bear upon her studies from history. She was much interested in Russia and Russian literature; was elected an honorary member of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, and delivered two lectures before the Society in 1915.



Photo by Vanlyk.

Miss Alice Birkhead.

Once a departmental head of the old-established firm of Australian booksellers, Messrs. Melville & Mullen, of Melbourne, Captain Charles Harold Peters, M.C., has followed the Colours for nearly four years. As Lieutenant he was awarded the M.C. for

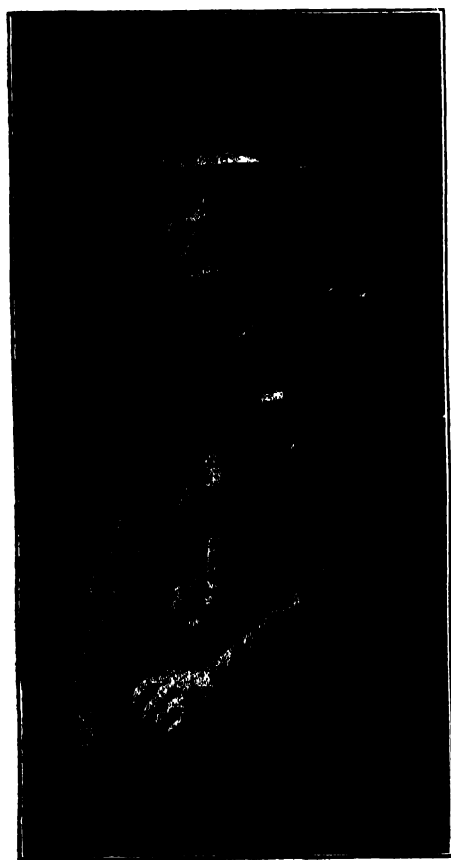
gallantry in a trench raid, while acting as Scout and Raiding Officer to his battalion. During various rest periods he has been attached to British divisions and to an Army School as Instructor in his special branch of fighting. Since promotion he has been awarded a Bar to his M.C. for work accomplished by his Command in the two busy

months of the Somme advance, August and September, when the Australians captured the Hindenburg Line and the Le Catalet Tunnel, near Bony village.

The Dickensian, which has completed its fourteenth year, will henceforward be published quarterly instead of monthly. The January Number contains a hitherto unpublished portrait of Dickens which collectors have long been seeking in vain.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing early this year "Mahan on Naval Warfare," edited by Allan Westcott. The book is illustrated with maps and diagrams, and contains a biographical sketch of the late Rear-Admiral Mahan.

Reviewing Mr. G. W. Forrest's "Life of Lord Clive," our reviewer, Major S. Butterworth, wrote: "In referring to the Mohammedan festival of the Bukra Eed to celebrate the substitution of the Ram for Isaac the author states boldly that Abraham intended to sacrifice Ishmael." Mr. Forrest sends us the account of this incident as it is given by Mohammedan writers, according to whom the command was, "Offer up thy son Ismail." Major Butterworth confesses and regrets his error, and offers his apologies to the author.

Photo by Deniel,
Le Havre.Captain Charles
Harold Peters.

THE READER.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

A ROMANTIC, incurably, defiantly. That would have been the critic's first impressions of Booth Tarkington. I believe a great many critics, having received that impression from reading "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "A Gentleman from Indiana," stoutly stuck to their opinions, read no more of Mr. Tarkington, and call him still a romantic. Yet even in the first two books there were signs. I remember, years ago, finding "Monsieur Beaucaire" in the *Idler*, during that brief period when Mr. Sime edited that chameleon magazine, and devouring it eagerly. It is an immoderately competent essay in costume. It hasn't a flaw. You know its surface as you know the surface of a statue by Canova. There are no surprises . . . even the surprise of the Duc's discovery is as certain as sunrise. Lewis Waller added nothing to its direct, theatrical appeal. It is a great achievement in a small way. Beside it such an effort as "The Passionate Elopement" seems overdone—a whole shopful of scholarly curiosities beside one perfect piece. Yet, in spite of its false, triumphant unity it did, I swear, betray personality. For one thing there was an interest in clothes, which still obsess Mr. Tarkington. And although the tale was romantic, I suspected a capacity for satire, and I was positive that sentiment was more deep-rooted in Mr. Tarkington than was romance. And in all his books since he has been proving that I was right.

The difference between romance and sentiment is easy to see, but not so easy to state. Romance is an attitude to facts, sentiment is a window through which a man sees truth. The romantic may refuse to admit facts—he will, for instance, go on calling war glorious; the sentimentalist will transfigure his facts. Or, take instances: Barrie, Shaw, Goldsmith, Sterne, Euripides are sentimentalists; Mr. Locke, Rider Haggard, Dumas, Scott, are romantics. I doubt if there was ever a Latin—Dumas of course was negro—who was really a romantic; but the greatest sentimentalists, as the great cynics and the great pessimists, have all been Latin. To be a great romantic author, as was Scott, you colour your material; a great sentimentalist cares nothing

about the material. He can turn anything into matter of sentiment. You can see how true this is by choosing something ludicrous—a romantic author can do nothing with toothache; a great sentimentalist might make a masterpiece out of it. Did not Barrie go even lower and score a huge success?

There were traces, as I say, of his essential quality in Mr. Tarkington's early books; but the reader will find those traces clearly manifested in the book of short stories "In the Arena." Mr. Tarkington was rash enough to

indulge in a political career—something which, in the U.S.A., is to our politics as their football is to ours—and he evidently tried to get even with the Indiana legislature by his stories. As short stories they are neither particularly good, nor particularly bad. They are nowhere near Mr. Tarkington's later work in craftsmanship or feeling; but the book stamps him definitely as sentimentalist the greatest, perhaps, in English fiction since Thackeray; and with as little leanings to romance as had the author of "Rebecca and Rowena." The likeness to Thackeray's early work is very evident in what is, perhaps, the most noteworthy of these stories "Mrs. Protheroe." In it Mr. Tarkington gives a new version of the old siren incident;—his



Booth Tarkington.

Odysseus a senator from the country his siren a fascinating lobbyist for a Bill which, if passed, will increase the value of her property. The thing is crude, rather staccato, and invested with a deliberate contrast of boorishness and grace . . . a contrast which once again reminds us how important to Mr. Tarkington are clothes, manner, the gesture. He does not, as Thackeray, give his readers the author's comments on the situation; but he has his own method of underlining, less direct but no less emphatic than Thackeray's.

His next book is almost written in italics. Mr. Tarkington himself now despises "The Conquest of Canaan," which appeared in 1905 and immediately seized on success. To me it seems a far from depictable story. It has, as has a great deal of the work of the greatest imaginative artists, a strong flavour of the fairy story. That is as it should be. He was in the middle thirties in 1905—he was born the same year as Mr. Kipling—and to Mr. Tarkington, a man of slowly developing temperament, the middle thirties were evidently exuberant youth. Youth will believe either in black hell or in fairies. The desire for the magic

carpet, the passion for the good all-conquering sword, the love for the fairy prince and his—alas! generally blonde—princess, are proper to youth. In "The Conquest of Canaan" Mr. Tarkington gave us the younger son kind of story: it is full of generous hope and pleasant make-believe, and the transforming kindness which really does occur in this world far more frequently than the pessimists admit. There are grave flaws in the tale: that is one reason why it seems more promising than "Monsieur Beaucaire." The villainous Judge Pike, who defends the fairy princess and defames the prince, is a trifle too ogreish. And then he should not be forgiven. Ogres are made for decapitation or transfixion. Towards the end of his story Mr. Tarkington passes from the legitimate fairy story to the modern pantomime: there is that arranging sound behind the scenes which heralds the transformation scene, and the reader is suddenly over-aware of the footlights. Still it is, in its youthful way, a charming book. And it is the first novel in which Mr. Tarkington's humour gets anything like enough scope. The chorus of old men in the club who do nothing but discuss and gossip and quarrel, is in the big style, and big, too, in a simple way, is Joe Loudon himself—the ugly duckling, black sheep of a fairy prince, if I may be allowed to mix my nursery metaphors. Ariel Tabor, however, the princess, is less successful. She has only relative qualities, as is the case with a great many of Mr. Tarkington's women. It is difficult to see her apart from Joe Loudon, apart from her love for him, whereas he would have been much the same whether loved by Ariel or another. In short, she is a fairy princess, born to wait and be wooed.

Three years later Mr. Tarkington published an odd essay in fiction—"The Guest of Quesnay." The scene of the book is in France; its motive is the effect of shock on character. The hero, Hartrabe Harman, a blackguard of the first water, has a motor accident—the accident wipes his mind clean. He becomes as a babe, and has to be taught as a child is taught. With this fantastic, semi-psychological business Mr. Tarkington has no sort of success. One only has to compare the book with any of Wells, or with Mr. Machen's intense, troubled studies, or the less occult but mysteriously searching stories of Vincent O'Sullivan, to see how bad "The Guest of Quesnay" is. Yet there are astonishingly good things in this book. There is a divine waiter, "the most hen-like waiter in France"; there is vivid colouring, strong and clean; there is an excellent sketch of New York low life in the person of Mr. Earl Percy; and there is one girl, Anne Elliott—a bold choice in names—who can call cousins with Dolly of the "Dialogues" for wit, and is a far more attractive creature.

It gives, too, does this book, an extreme instance of Mr. Tarkington's preoccupation with clothes . . . men's clothes. The story is told by an American painter resident in France. Quite early in the book he informs us that his friend's sister, Elizabeth Ward, "appreciated my going to some pains with the clothes I wore when I went to their house": and at a dinner-party in the remote country given by this same Elizabeth, the unfortunate painter is forced to meditate thus:

"Looking over the men of the Quesnay party—or perhaps I should signify a reversal of that and say a glance of theirs at me—revealed the importance of a particular length of

coat-tail, of a certain rich effect obtained by widely separating the lower parts of the waistcoat, of the display of some imagination in the buttons upon the same garment, of a doubled-back arrangement of cuffs, and of a specific design or dimension of tie. Marked uniformity in these matters denoted their necessity; and clothes differing from the essential so vitally as did mine must have seemed immodest, little better than no clothes at all."

The poor devil, it should be explained, was wearing a suit bought "four, five, or six years ago": this business of raiment is important, symbolically. I shall return to it later.

III.

Before considering Mr. Tarkington's best novels—"The Flirt," "Turmoil" and "The Magnificent Ambersons"—I must cry the praise of those inimitable books about childhood and youth—"Penrod," "Penrod and Sam" and "Seventeen." They are as different in their humour, their observation, their veracity, as "Huckleberry Finn" or "The Golden Age." The episode of Penrod and the tar is Homeric in its gay simplicity and directness, as Dickens is Homeric. There are things one does not quite understand. In "Seventeen" that entrancing little girl Jane, Willie Barter's sister, is encouraged to talk by her mother in a way which would be considered sneakish over here; and it is quite impossible for me to believe that even in the coolest winter any grown up person, male or female, would have tolerated Miss Pratt—"one of the noblest" as poor Willie calls her. This is how this excruciating girl of sixteen years old talks—to every one, mind you:

"'Oh, goody-ente! Here's big Bruvva Josie-Joe. Stroke big Bruvva Josie-Joe's punt teeks, darlin' Flopt . . . 'At's nice! Stroke him gently, p'eshm Flopt, an nen we'll coax him to make pitty singin' for us, like us did yestiday.' She turned to William. 'Coax him to make pitty singin'?' I love his voice—I'm dest crazy over it. Isn't oo'?'"

This horrible child burbles and lisps through a hot summer in this way, and no one kills her. The thing is as incredible as it is indecent. Miss Pratt would have been murdered by goaded parents. I shiver to think of the agony Mr. Tarkington must have undergone while transmitting the creature's conversations. It hurts to read it. "Seventeen" is as good, though, as "Penrod." Never has there been quite such a study in calf love; and never, I insist, has there been a more desirable child than Jane, the infatuated William's sister.

IV.

With Mr. Tarkington's three principal novels one comes up against a problem which confronts one in nearly all American fiction—the problem of clothes, of money, of relative values. No reader of "Beaucaire," of "Cherry," of "Turmoil," can deny Mr. Tarkington's real allegiance to art—the richer because it is not confused with any false and fidgety drawing-room *décor*; but no reader can avoid seeing that he is inclined to deal with art and the artist as if they were on the defensive. Of course, in a sense, they are. All over the world at all times the artist is attacked, or complacently ignored, by the practical men, the business men, the men of affairs. And, except for rash Whistler



Booth Tarkington.

(who was an American), the artist is content to let the big men make the big noise. When very young he may enjoy shocking the bourgeois; later in life he is content to leave them alone. He has conviction; his is the truth and the beauty, and the desire of the world. Why should he scramble in the gutter and the counting-house to prove it? That is the normal attitude of the ordinary European artist, good or bad. And the normal European man of business has an attitude not altogether dissimilar. He does not strive overmuch to prove to the minor poet that dividends of twenty per cent. are worth sweating for. The old world is content to leave the age-long quarrel—except that, if any one is uneasy, it is not the poet: for after all a poor poet can understand quite a splendid stockbroker: but it takes a perfect Napoleon of a drummer to comprehend even a Vorticist.

Now Mr. Tarkington reverses all this. If we are to believe the picture of American society in "The Flirt," "Turmoil" and "The Magnificent Ambersons," it is the artist who is uneasy in the States. To return to the clothes in "The Guest of Quesnay." Mr. Tarkington is laughing; but he is laughing a little grimly. It seems to him stupid, no doubt, but not incoherent, inconsequent or unnatural, that a grown man and an artist, aged about thirty-five, should pay attention to the fact that his coat is cut differently from the coats of other men. Of course we have similar problems here: Kipps, for instance, gets unduly distressed over his apparel. But Kipps is in a state of transition from one grade of society to another. The painter in "The Guest of Quesnay" is in no doubt about his social position—he is simply rather humorously worried in case his fellow-guests should not know he was a gentleman because his clothes are four years old. That seems to me a very horrible thing. I don't want to stress the question of actual raiment too much; but this devastating uncertainty is a symbol of a greater evil. I have never been in the States, and so write with diffidence; but if one may judge from popular fiction at all, there is a real risk in America of good people, sound people, accepting false standards. False standards, standards of success, of money, of bought rank and herited stupidity, exist here; but not among the people who matter. In the States the men who should rule the world become slaves to it. The poet is humble before the plutocrat, and does not think he is doing wrong.

Take Bibbs. Bibbs is the hero of "Turmoil," a novel which nearly achieves greatness. He is a freak in the family. His father, his brothers, are hard, noisy, money making men, with a great deal of shrewdness and natural kindness. Bibbs is nervous, sensitive, and a third-rate minor poet. Well, Bibbs behaves as if he were the worst yellow dog which ever slunk after the heels of po' white trash, scared from the doorstep by a stout nigger. He knows he is nearer the truth, nearer reality than his family. But he can't act as if he were. He has pluck, and spirit, and humour—but merely because he doesn't like noise, and has no head for finance, he is despised. Even his mother is gravely

sorrowful about him, absorbed in her adoring affection for her husband. Now, in England or in France, it would not be possible for a man to behave with the brutality and idiocy Sheridan exhibits towards his son. At the worst somebody would have helped Bibbs to run away.

"Turmoil" remains Mr. Tarkington's best novel: but his latest, "The Magnificent Ambersons," runs it very close. Here he takes us back to that old mahogany age which we are now able to regard with sentimental eyes: it was different when we actually had to sit on horse-hair. This portrait of George Amberson—young George, spoiled, violent, selfish, and yet charming to his mother and to one girl—is a bitter exercise in egotism. One wonders again how George was let grow up such a baby and remain such a cub; he is almost as ill-mannered as Mrs. Ward's Oxford paragon. No doubt Mrs. Amberson explains a good deal. In her Mr. Tarkington has drawn an amazingly successful character. He has contrived to show us a devoted, doting mother, to spare nothing of her weakness, and yet to show her as well as a patient wife, a gay friend, and an experienced lover. I do not remember any character in recent fiction so much in three dimensions as Isabel Amberson. George is, in his way, a complementary portrait to Cora, "The Flirt." I am not sure whether Mr. Tarkington knows how really horrid George is. He spares him not at all, but he seems to expect the reader to forgive him, and that is too difficult. He is sincere—he expresses himself, in the cant of the day: but self-expression is not enough. Long ago Matthew Arnold tried to convince the great public that it was not enough for the sinner and the criminal to stand proudly up, and say: "I did as my conscience dictated." Men have no right to be as stupid as George is, for the grossest stupidity springs from selfishness and egotism, both forms of pride which the wisdom of the Catholic Church long ago made the chief of the seven deadly sins.

It is that which is wrong with this hurried life of business, this rushing life of pleasure, this crowded life of society which Mr. Tarkington has drawn so admirably. The proud man, the man who worships his own success; the proud woman, who adores her own beauty . . . these are taken at their own valuation, even by the poets and painters, the lovers and the old wise men of the world. It is a view which Mr. Tarkington most evidently does not share. Like all sentimentalists, he has a strong vein of cynicism: and we know nothing more genuinely heartrending, more morally destructive, than the vigorous way in which he tells of the gradual degradation of Bibbs, the slow absorption of the little, sensitive boy into the great money-making machine of the City. I like to think that he is drawing a condition of things which is already passing, that already, in those strange new crowded cities of industry, people are speaking quietly, yet persistently, against the gospel of self-help and efficiency, pronouncing definitely on the side of that other creed which proclaims that nothing matters but that the spirit of man should cling obstinately to the things of eternity.

SWINBURNE'S LETTERS.*

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE fascination which many readers find in the published letters of an author, known to them only by his books, is that they hope thereby to see more closely into the man's heart and inner life. Every book of his may be a building which houses a great personality, but the blinds of the inner rooms are generally drawn. The work before us is a House of Personality with up-drawn blinds. Together with Mr. Gosse's "Life" of Swinburne, the picture it gives of the poet should endure. No pains have been spared, and the work has been done by the two men best qualified for the task. No one now living can speak more authoritatively of Swinburne than Mr. Gosse, of whom Swinburne himself once wrote (referring to Mr. Gosse's sonnet "Alcyone"), "I say once for all the mere simple truth—that, with Shakespeare's, Milton's, Wordsworth's, and Rossetti's very finest sonnets in my memory, I regard you as the writer of one among the noblest in this, or in any (even in Dante's) language."

Then there is Mr. Wise. I remember remarking at The Pines that Mr. Wise was "one of Kipling's discoveries," and that Swinburne's flashed "Kipling's discovery! Surely you are mistaken!" was followed (as the thunder follows the lightning) by Watts-Dunton's tardier and rumbled: "Nonsense, man, nonsense! You're dreaming! Kipling didn't discover that fine scholar and generous fellow, Wise, one of the salt of the earth, and the good and generous friend of us all here, any more than you or I did. What's your authority? When did Kipling discover Wise? and how did it come about?"

"As far back as '89 or '90," I answered. "Kipling printed a poem, I think, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, but, at any rate, it was about a great soldier. You will find embedded in the poem, the very first and prophetic reference to Wise. This is how the reference ran:

"He's WISE,
And he does not advertise."

Watts-Dunton affected, somewhat gruffly, to laugh, but my impression was that he did not entirely like my levity, and felt that he had been "drawn" under false pretences. Swinburne, on the contrary, approved the far-fetched jape generously, nodding his head and rubbing his palms together gleefully while repeating:

"He's Wise,
And he does not advertise"

"Perfectly true, perfectly true," he said. "He doesn't advertise. Yet he has done greater things for literature—a labour of love, I know—by his scholarly researches, his precious contributions to our knowledge, than all the little big drum-beaters, whose portraits pursue us—by whose portraits we are simply persecuted" (he shrilled the last word angrily) "in the illustrated weeklies, and in the so-called literary columns of the daily, and especially the evening press."

* "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne." Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas J. Wise. Two vols. 21s. net. (Heinemann.)

The work under review is not the first collection of Swinburne's letters that has been published, but in the interest of the letters, in the width of the net which has been cast, it is by far the most important and most representative. Swinburne's correspondents include Mr. Gosse, Mr. Wise, Lord Houghton, Churton Collins, Sir Sidney Colvin, E. C. Steadman, Mr. Clement Shorter, Professor Dowden, Sir Sidney Lee, Burne Jones, Lord Curzon, Watts-Dunton, Lady Ritchie, Pauline Lady Trevelyan, Bulwer Lytton, Sir Richard Burton, Gerald Massey, W. M. Rossetti, Locker-Lampson, Lord Morley, William Morris, and Mr. Thomas Hardy. Hence the list covers most of Swinburne's intimate friends, as well as some of the most distinguished of his contemporaries.

More even than the importance of the names represented, is the importance of the letters. Every distinguished public man has correspondents, known or unknown to him, to whom letters of a more or less perfunctory description have to be written in reply to letters received; and not a few indefatigable writers of letters to celebrities could compile a volume of epistles, received by them, in which great names would figure. But in the work before us even the very few perfunctory letters have their value. There is not one without a characteristic touch, by means of which to enlarge or to revise our estimate of Swinburne. The most interesting and the most intimate are those to Mr. Gosse. From these alone a pocket volume of memorable sayings by Swinburne might be compiled. On these alone, by skilful use of quotation, a competent writer might pen a lengthy article, glittering with good things and critical gems. It is, in fact, the prodigality of what is memorable which makes illustration by quotation almost impossible. The folk who, liking to talk of books and authors at the club or at the dinner-table, read the reviews of a book to save themselves the trouble of reading the book itself, will in this case be nonplussed. Only by reading the two volumes from cover to cover can the interest, the range, and the charm of the letters be realised. It is my custom, in reviewing, to illustrate and adorn the article by quoting the choicest passages. The number of passages which I had thus marked—passages which, one feels, must not remain unquoted—would fill more than four times my allotted space.

Writing to Mr. Gosse, Swinburne uses Thomson's phrase, "expressive silence," as the only course permitted to him on a certain matter; and if here there be references only to brilliant passages, rather than the quotation of the passages in question—the fact that one has refrained from quotation is equally "expressive" in the sense in which Swinburne used that word. Among the most interesting of the letters are those addressed to Mr. Wise and to Mr. Clement Shorter. The first to Mr. Wise is dated April 22nd, 1885, and Swinburne asks to be excused for "a stupid, inadequate, long-winded, and egotistic letter." As a matter of fact, the letter tells much more of Swinburne himself and of his

literary beginnings, than is to be found anywhere else in the same space, and tells it sparkingly, adequately, and modestly. The first of the letters to Mr. Shorter is to congratulate him on "the service you are doing to Henry Kingsley's memory"; and the many other letters show how greatly Swinburne appreciated Mr. Shorter's work in literature. Those on the subject of Omar Khayyám and Edward FitzGerald should henceforth be counted among the sacred writings of every Omarian and every FitzGerald devotee. A pathetic interest attaches to a letter to Lady Ritchie. I have so often heard both Swinburne and Watts-Dunton express their admiration of the work of Mrs. Shorter a poet of genius, and one of the most remarkable and gifted women whom Ireland has ever produced—that I am not at all surprised to find Swinburne writing to Lady Ritchie, concerning poems by a friend of hers: "It is high praise for me to say that they often remind me of Mrs. Shorter's (born Dora Sigerson), which I hope you know and admire as I do." Watts-Dunton was quick to recognise the work of younger poets. Swinburne, on the contrary, as I have elsewhere said, was something of a Jupiter in his judgments. He was ready to vacate his own throne and to hail one poet as a god, or utterly to overwhelm another with a hurled avalanche of scorn. But he reserved his laudations for his peers, and delivered judgment, uninfluenced by the personal element, by friendly sentiment, or by easy good nature. It was very rarely that he thus went out of his way to pay spontaneous tribute to his younger contemporaries. Irishmen may not agree with all that he wrote on the subject of Ireland. Some may recall his frequent sneers at Tom Moore, whom I have heard Swinburne denounce as "mawkish and sentimental," but his admiration for one of Ireland's most representative woman poets should, by Irishmen and Irishwomen, be gratefully remembered.

There is pathos, too, to those of us who remember Philip Marston, in a letter to Mr. A. H. Bullen. Speaking of John Marston, Swinburne says: "I once had the pleasure of reading some of his finest scenes to my late dear friend, Philip Marston, the blind poet, who greatly enjoyed and admired the splendid work of his old namesake." I have, on more than one occasion, heard Philip Marston speak of the reading in question as one

of the memorable hours in his sad life, and I wonder sometimes into whose hands has fallen the portion, at least, of the original manuscript of "Atalanta in Calydon," then in his possession. (Those who visited him at his rooms, at 191, Euston Road, will remember that the manuscript was always within the blind poet's reach, to the left of his arm-chair by the fireside.)

Readers who are also students will be very grateful to the editors for the admirable foot-notes. Of these

there are many, but not one that is unnecessary or that does not assist to a better understanding of the text. When it was my privilege to assist the late Mr. Locker-Lampson in the editorial work of the last edition of his "Lyra Elegantiarum," he insisted always on the value and importance of foot-notes, and several times expressed his regret—holding that to print foot-notes under the text would be a disfigurement in an anthology—that we had to consign our notes to the end of the book, where, too often, they are forgotten. In a collection of letters it is permissible to print the notes at the foot of the page—the course followed by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Wise. Writing as Swinburne often does of times and persons far removed from the present day, not a few of his most memorable sayings would lose point and meaning but for the lucid, explanatory,

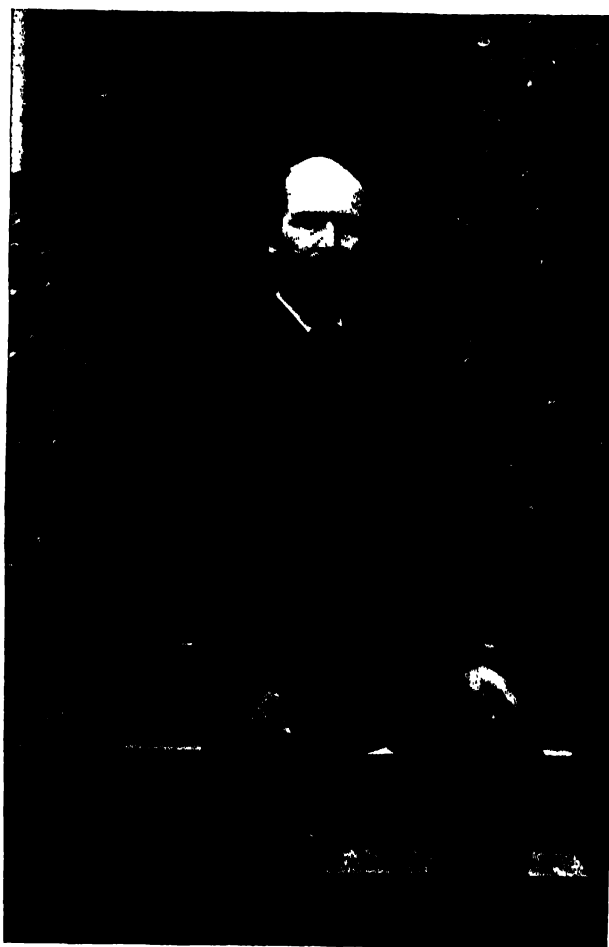


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A. C. Swinburne.

and always admirable notes. The research and labour entailed must have been heavy, and the gratitude of readers should be proportionate. Nor must the judgment which has been exercised in the selection of the letters be forgotten. One cannot often say of a book of this sort that it is supremely well done. To edit a collection of letters gives small opportunity to shine. The requisite qualities for such work, if the work be well done, are for that very reason non-evident. The editorial hand must everywhere be employed in moulding the plastic material, but the touch of the hand must nowhere be distinguishable. That is why Mr. Gosse and Mr. Wise are so warmly to be congratulated and are so deserving of gratitude. To gather flowers by the way, and so to group them as to make each flower seem a component part of one supreme and perfect flower is not easy. To group a selection of more or less promiscuous letters so as to call up for us a living picture of the writer and of his personality is surely to have achieved a triumph of editorial skill and art.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.



W. Kean Seymour.

whose new book, "Twenty-four Poems," Messrs. Cecil Palmer and Hayward have published.

From a drawing by Vernon Hill.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight lines addressed to our soldiers on Peace.
(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best eight lines of original verse on Sir Douglas Haig.)
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—The Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Thora Stowell, c/o Mrs. Dicken, Maadi near Cairo, Egypt, and Kathleen A. Braimbridge, of 22, Blakebrook, Kidderminster, for the following:

A FLUTE IN THE TWILIGHT.

Up the street as the sun went down
A camel passed with a piping child
Scarlet coated, bare-legged, brown
With the kiss of the desert sun He smiled
And he piped a strange and a leaping air
That thrilled my heart with a strange delight,
That crushed my heart with a wild despair
For the walls of the town are about me fast,
And the great barred gates that may never be passed.

I saw in a dream, a low, dim tent,
And a string of camels against the sky,
And, sacred and sweet as a sacrament,
A Bedouin singing a lullaby
To the gipsy child in her arms as the sun
Swept to the west when the day was done

I saw the desert, golden, vast,
Billowing under a golden moon,
The sky as pale as a great steel drum . . .
And I prayed to my gods for one small boon
I prayed to my gods, but the gods are dumb
Ere death be mine to walk one day
Once more 'neath the wide blue desert sky
Where the golden Bedouin babies play
And the gipsy fires leap wild and high.

THORA STOWELL.

GOD'S STAR.

God lighted Him a star. His burning throne
So small an added lustre lacked, 'twould seem,
He stooped to shatter with His hand our dream,
And steal the tiny lamp we thought our own.
High Heaven, ablaze with myriads unknown
Of flaming suns, can scarce require, I deem,
A star so little; whilst (for us no gleam)
God sees us stumble in the dark, alone.
Yet could we hope some wanderer, night-beset,
Watching the cloud-gates riven, pushed ajar
By that so tiny light, might then beget
A strange and sweet desire and hear from far
God's call: mayhap would cease the wild regret
That of our darkness God hath made His star.

KATHLEEN A. BRAIMBRIDGE.

We also select for printing:

HIS DELIGHT AT HER COMING.

I kindled, dear, a fire for thee
Heaped high with glowing branch of pine
The flames that guide thee, sweet, to me,
Upon my lattice dance and shine.

For thee my softest couch I spread,
The pillows brodered green and gold,
To make a radiance round thy head,
For me a dear delight untold,

And by the hearth to scorn the cold,
Should thy sweet step be thither led,
Set fairest fragrance earth doth hold
Stored in a bowl of roses red.

For thee my household gods shall shine
And all sweet harmony shall wear,
My simple fare of bread and wine.
A glorious feast, with thee to share.

And now I hear thy lilting call,
And now thy foot is on my stair,
And now thou stand'st within my hall
Sure that a welcome waits thee there.

Thy hand enfolded close in mine,
I do but ask a smile to win
From those sweet sunlit eyes of thine,
Shut out the night—all heaven shut in.

(Madge S. Goode, 4, Royal Mansions Parade,
West Croydon.)

THE ACCOMPANIST.

I'm sick of the old piano, with its ceaseless tinkle and strum,
But the boys will sing, and I'm paid to play for all the singers that come.
It's "Joe! strike up! they've gone to sleep?—Get busy—we've just begun!"
And they roar to the roof, and forget about me, in what they fancy is fun
And it's "O for my Honolulu love"—(ting-a-ling in the upper clef).
And I smoke my cheap cigar and wish I could all at once go deaf

What songs—or men—are meaning I scarcely note or care,
At times there's a floud tenor, with his "Never mind the air—
Just play the accompaniment, if you please!"—and off with a gasp he goes,
And hints that his heart is broken, for he's lost his Persian K.o.e.
And it's minor—minor—major (*loud*)—"Ah me! I loved you so!"
Give me the garden of your heart!" (*two turns—arpeggio!*)

Then there's our broad comedian—he is very broad and long—
With some stuff he calls a make-up, and some trash he calls a song;
And I hear the clink of glasses and the saw-like laugh and scoff,
And thro' the open window the stars look a long way off.
But it's strum-tum-tum—"My mother-in-law I haven't known her long!"—
And I'm glad my good old mother's dead, and the cheap cigar is strong.

But now and again a singer comes—some lad with curly hair,
Who clambers up upon the stage and sings some manly air,
His voice is sweet and fresh and strong—my part is almost nil;
The old cigar goes out at last, the room is deathly still.
It's "For bonnie Annie Laurie"—the notes swim thro' a tear:
There was a girl in El Paso—once—and the stars seem very near.

(Kathleen E. Douglas, Ranger's Lodge, Milford, Salisbury, Wilts.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Private H. Marsh R.A.F. (Stalybridge), Alys Fane Trotter (London, S.W.), Helena Dereczinska (Paris), A. E. W. (Torquay), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), "Pioneer" (B.E.F., France), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Lieutenant John Bateman (London, N.W.), E. A. Scutton (London, E.), H. M. Casey-Brown (Holborn), Private W. W. Kershaw (Blandford), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), M. B. (Calne), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Elsie M. French (Bristol), Violet D. Chapman (Paris), B. I. Evans (London, N.), Lieutenant G. N. Goodman (Rawalpindi, India), Gunner H. Seager Darby (Lydd), Ethel Davies (Boulder City, West Australia), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Eva Nendick (Bushey), A. B. Christie (St. John's Wood), G. B. Wardale (Shrewton), Sister E. M. T. Harrison (Reading), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Muriel Baker (London, N.W.), Private L. D. Cosgrove (Lee), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), Private P. Milne (Invergordon), Doris M. Hateley (Birmingham), J. T. Robson (Dollar), Ella Marden (Eastbourne), Rev. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Kathleen Burgess (Dublin), M. A. Newman (Brighton), B. C. Hardy (Putney), T. A. Frame (Carlisle), Sergt.-Major W. M. Maher MacNevin (B.E.F., France), I. Arlingham Davis (Crickhowell), "Phalia" (Camden Hill), W. E. R. (Dollar), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Joan Vincent Barrie (Wandsworth), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), D. E. Dalston (Sutton), K. M. Ingram (Twickenham), "Olinthos" (Belfast), Lieutenant J. Peacock (Harton), Charles S. Dougall (Dollar), Sadie S. Clay (Tingley), Thomas L. Tudor (Derby), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), David Conrad (Wanstead), M. M. (St. Leonards), A. D. Somerville (Lower Edmonton), F. Ingham (Hornsea), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), Netta Pollok (Glasgow), Hilda Sinopysky (Southampton), Margaret H. Wyness (Old Aberdeen), J. R. Moreton (Forest Hill), Doris A. Ibbotson (Natal), Harold Matthews (Worcester), Edith



Lieut. Raymond Heywood
(Devon Regiment),

whose book of poems, "Roses, Pearls and Tears," was recently published by Mr. Brskine Macdonald.

M. Carney (Bingley), Elizabeth Heyes (St. Helens), Margaret E. Richardson (Roker), Christine Havers (Edinburgh), T. J. Bayliss (Southfields), R. D. Wormald (Oxford), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth), Lieutenant G. M. (B.E.F., France), Frederic Warner (Auckland, N.Z.), Anna A. Walker (Sleights), E. Raworth (Harrogate), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Leucha Mary Warner (Brettenham Park), Thomas Petty (West Hartlepool), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Herbert Moore Pim (Dunmurry), J. A. Nayler (Dudley), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee), C. E. Ransom (Bovey Tracey), W. Proctor (Sheffield), B. M. Morris (Bath), D. E. Sennit (Harlesden), Cythbert Ellison (Rochdale), Arthur Coates (Edinburgh), Faith Hearn (Ilminster), B. B. Horton (Westerham), Olive Searle (Lincoln), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Dorothy L. Warne (Buxton), Dorothy Silverman (Southsea), "Amara" (Keighley), Private R. C. Bodker (Prees Heath), G. Hill (Finchley), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Mary C. Mair (Bristol), Olive Jolly (Liverpool), Lydia Adelaide Boot (Bristol), William Saunders (Edinburgh), J. Reginald Wilmot (Birkenhead), Freda J. Philips (London, E.C.), K. (Catford), Alfred J. Owens (Wethersfield), Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon), Alice Doris Moorhouse (Birmingham), G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Green), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), W. M. Rogers (Eastbourne), Zoe Provis (Hamilton, N.Z.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss B. C. Hardy, of 11, Egliston Road, Putney, S.W.15, for the following :

WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS. BY BEATRICE HARRADEN-
(Hutchinson.)

"I know a bank."
Midsummer Night's Dream, II, 2.

We also select for printing :

WOMEN WANTED BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"For what are men better than sheep or goats."
TENNYSON, *The Passing of Arthur*.
(L. Nugent, Whitewindows, Sowerby Bridge.)

THE GREAT HUNGER. BY J. BOJER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

(1) "—in the plains of Timbuctoo,
Wouldn't I eat a missionary,
Skin and bones and hymn book too!"
THACKERAY
(K. G. Cox, 46, Upton Road, Broadstairs.)

(2) "He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough"
SIR W. S. GILBERT, *Etiquette*.
(Lieutenant Reg. P. Connell, 2, Old Shoreham Road,
Portslade, Sussex.)

(3) "Give her all Eden, she sighs for a pippin;
Give her an Empire, she pines for a name."
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *Unsatisfied*.
(Emily H. Rowan, 54, Avenue Road, King's Heath,
Birmingham.)

THE TELEPHONE GIRL. BY A. & C. ASKEW.
(Ward, Lock.)

"We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still."
M. ARNOLD, *Shakespeare*.

(270371, Sig. E. H. Ovenden, H.Q. Signals, E. & W. Kent
Yeo. Battn., E.K.R., B.E.F.)

A SIN OF SILENCE. BY OTTWEIL BINNS. (Ward, Lock.)
"Old Daddy Long-legs, wouldn't say his prayers!"
Nursery Rhyme.

(Marjorie Lock, 141, Clive Road, Canton, Cardiff.)

LOVE'S BURDEN. BY MARGARET PETERSON.
(Hurst & Blackett.)

"Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?"
W. S. GILBERT, *Patience*.

(Captain A. H. B. Papillon, R.E., 2nd Q.V.O. Sappers
and Miners, Bangalore, India.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best Motto for the League of Nations is divided, and Two Books awarded to Hubert H. Thomas, of 24, Windsor Road, Griffithstown, Mon., Wales, and Two to Agnes Glynn, of Gort, Ireland, for the following :

"All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together."

LONGFELLOW, *Hiawatha*.
HUBERT H. THOMAS.

"Trust everybody—but cut the cards."—*Mr. Dooley*.
AGNES GLYNN.

This competition has been gratifying in quantity, but a little disappointing in quality. Quite a large number of competitors sent Tennyson's "In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," which is a good description but no motto. The six best of the many others are from Elsie H. Higgs (Keynsham), Bertha M. Roberts (Fressingfield), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), M. Summers (Dunkinfield), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), S. M. Isaacson (Camden Hill).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Private Eric N. Simons, of Officer Cadets' Club, 25, Noel Street, Wardour Street, W.1, for the following :

JOAN AND PETER. BY H. G. WELLS.
(Cassell.)

This is a prose epic that Mr. Wells has given us. It is rich, deep, stimulating stuff, the work of a mind keenly perceptive of the splendid possibilities of life, but perceptive also of the thwarting limitations imposed upon us by ourselves. The story, which is enlivened throughout by crisp, clever comment and arresting phrase, deals with two modern young people, Joan and Peter, their growth and training, their loves and adventures, but contrives at the same time to express the hatred of inertia and egotism, the insistent demand for education of the finest quality, which characterise modern progressive thought.

We also select for printing :

LITERARY RECREATIONS. BY SIR EDWARD COOK.
(Macmillan.)

Sir Edward Cook's collection of essays is the work of a scholar and student, which will also appeal to the general reader. These recreations of a gifted mind, of a widely informed and catholic lover of the best things in literature, are of abiding interest. A devotion to Ruskin shines through these pages, and whether the discussion is on the Art of Biography, or of Indexing, a Study in Superlatives, or The Second Thoughts of Poets, Fifty years of *The Cornhill*, or Words and the War, they all succeed in conveying to the reader a share of the author's enthusiasm.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford,
Notts.)

THE PELICANS. BY E. M. DELAFIELD.
(Heinemann.)

The shaft of Miss Delafield's satire has fallen upon further victims. Bertha Tregaskis, the capable woman who

"understood" children, Mrs. Severing, the shallow hypocrite, Morris, the weakling, all have their failings exposed through the medium of brilliantly written conversation. The two orphan girls, and the convent with its inmates are equally well drawn. In all her three novels the writer has proved herself to be an accomplished satirist. "The Pelicans" is one of the most convincing and subtle works that has appeared for a long time, and I look forward eagerly to another book from the same pen.

(Doreen Norris, 28a, North Audley Street, London, W.1.)

CAMILLA BY ELIZABETH ROBINS
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

As is usual with this author's work, the underlying motive is of universal interest. Camilla the perfect woman, outwardly tranquil, is engulfed in the turbulent seas of divorce and remarriage. Herself innocent, she is offered, and glories in accepting, the love of a true English gentleman, only to find that the knowledge of past possession cannot so easily be shaken off. There is some reaction, but the concluding note of the book is of final understanding. We are led to see that the stringent laws of Society are often pitifully unjust; for Camilla is more innocent than many wives and mothers of irreproachable fame.

(Ethel Webster, Lynton House, Marlborough Hill, Kingsdown, Bristol.)

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF IRELAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GEORGE O'BRIEN. (Maunsell.)

Here is a book which carefully traces the present evil economic conditions in Ireland back to their source with unerring accuracy. The author has succeeded in making a wealth of statistics and other data at once useful and interesting. Its interest will be shared by the man in the street equally with the student of economics. It is a careful compilation of facts from which the reader may draw his own conclusions and beyond the emphasis of some obvious deductions there is no attempt to intrude personal opinions or prejudices injudiciously. Briefly it is a successful economic study.

(Ethel Mulvany, 21, Drury Street, Dublin.)

This prize would have gone to Lieutenant Creswell Payne, but he has exceeded the space limit. Other competitors have, as usual, transgressed in the same way. We specially commend the twelve reviews by Alan D. Emerson (Taunton), Irene Lalonde (Bath), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Edith Beechey (Pentre), H. B. Carson (Belfast), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), J. Sturges (Walton-by-Clevedon), F. Tutt (Greenwich), A. Littlejohns (Bideford), Cyril G. Taylor (Bedall), Rev. W. J. May (Tonypany).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Corporal G. Ralton Barnard, of the Military Hospital, Haxley Road, York.

AN OLIVE BRANCH FROM DISSENT.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

REFLECTING on this peace-offering held out to other denominations and to the Church of England by that eminent Baptist, Mr. J. H. Shakespeare, I am tempted to give it a name famous from of old; for its occasion, drift and significance are to be sought in "The Perils of the Last Days." Long ago, at a turning point in the world's history, the singer opened his dolorous chant, "Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus." Mr. Shakespeare has been watching the signs of the times; he is wide awake to them. For a believer in God and His Christ they have a message, but one not easy to decipher, and still more challenging to fulfil. The question is not "Will Religion survive?" A man of thought, advanced in years, wrote to me with almost flaming indignation when, by way of experiment, I put that query suggested now from many points of the compass before him. "Survive?" he answered. "Religion will survive so long as Death proposes to every one of us the supreme problem." And he was justified. The "whence" and the "whither," not to be revealed by what we term science, will always make men seekers after God, who alone can satisfy our prayer for light. Religion, however, comes down to us in historic forms, in churches, sects, creeds, ministries, in the shape of Establishment and Dissent. How will it fare with such forms during

the crisis—most rightly so named—that is to say, the trial and judgment of every standing power, at this day not to be delayed or evaded? My author beholds "The Churches at the Cross-Roads" one of which leads down to the abyss where so many thrones and dominations have sunk into everlasting night. They were, they are not. Shall it be the same with our long-cherished institutions?

Dissent, for instance, has been a great power in England spiritual and political, at least since the reign of James I. Transplanted to America it overshadowed the Episcopal Church, growing ever until it is now the prevailing form of Christianity in the United States, outside the Roman Communion. At home, thanks to its gift of organising a policy, it sends into Parliament nearly one-third of the House of Commons. Its charities, missionary efforts, publications, societies of the most varied kinds, are beyond counting. We meet its presence all over the land. Yet there is alarm among its leaders at the prospect yearly disclosed of a falling away so steady, so universal, as to forbode the coming of a time when Dissent will be little more than the ghost of itself, lurking in shy corners, without authority to guide any large part of the nation, or charm to win adherents beyond its born disciples. Certainly, it can still rely upon representative men known to us all, enthusiastic, cultivated, shrewd, in touch with modern movements. But its Sunday

* "The Churches at the Cross-Roads." By J. H. Shakespeare, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

schools do not fill ; on the contrary they show enlarging empty spaces ; its communicants decline by the thousand ; it seems unable to get a hold on the working classes ; and for the people as a whole its watchwords have no meaning. Burke once crystallised its proud contention in the phrase, eagerly caught up by this left wing of the Reformers, " the dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion." Admirably said ; but who now is much concerned about the precise truth or cogency of those claims, long so mighty to inspire action, to defy persecution ? Take Englishmen at random, how few would be able to guess in what way the Congregationalists differ from the Wesleyans, or the Wesleyans among themselves, or the Baptists from either sort ! Ancient controversies, obsolete questions, entrenched in overlapping " causes," where a dwindling community repeats in terms never disputed within its walls, but forgotten outside, the shibboleths of a defunct period. Even vast historical Churches have been accused of living in the past. They, however, command a wealth of resources denied to schools or sects which are more like gardens enclosed than nations and types of civilisation. The nation will come out alive from almost any catastrophe ; the Roman or the Greek Church corresponds to a form of culture going back to the origins of Christianity. If, as the facts prove, Dissent was always the birth of a crisis, an episode rather than a new creation, what can it do when quite another sort of crisis breaks out upon us, not interested in the old quarrels at all ?

Such is the engrossing subject to which Mr. Shakespeare brings qualities of the most attractive presentment, in a style of English everywhere well chosen, with a fervour and yet a self-control not often seen in this kind of writing. I have read his pages twice and shall read them again, wishing that by some happy turn of events his hopes might win fruition. For he perceives that Dissent has had its day ; that it must suffer a sea-change, if it is not utterly to perish ; and that the word of the future is " Unity." But there was a " soul of Puritanism " once. How can it remain, in Carlyle's mystic language, " part of the eternal soul of things " ? England remembers, not without a thrill, her Milton, Cromwell, Baxter, Bunyan, Wesley, Spurgeon, and the Pilgrim Fathers who founded a New England, grown to-day into a sister-Commonwealth. Is the spirit, the essence, of all that stern enthusiasm to become mere oblivion, an old almanac ? Not so, my meditative author would reply ; but the need of Nonconformity is past ; the doctrines are, so to speak, blended in a larger view ; men know better how to live and let live. I am reminded of Matthew Arnold's definition of heresy, " separating for opinion " ; and, as Mr. Shakespeare was in writing, though he has not followed out the opening thus afforded, of Macaulay, who recognised in the Roman Church a great principle whereby she reconciles enthusiasm with government. The Church of England never had that secret ; hence Dissent sprang ; and only by acquiring the wisdom of an internal toleration can the severed portions be united. In the Catholic world many are the schools of opinion, Dominican, Franciscan, Jesuit ; but all opinion is held in the unity of one Faith, and by that Faith limited. Mr. Shakespeare would like the denominations to become schools in the one Christian tradition. If the Non-

conformist bodies entered into alliance with one another more closely than at present, each would keep its historic commentary on the creed ; but the creed would be recognised as binding all in the bonds of a Scriptural confession. I am using the word " creed " loosely as equivalent to a common understanding in which the Church of England might join. There would thus be one Federation made up of the Establishment and the Free Churches, with a succession of pastors, episcopal on one side, ministerial on the other, distinct but not divided, bearing some analogy (but let this be not pressed very far) to the relations between the secular and the regular clergy in the ancient churches of East and West. Then the English people might listen to a religious authority which was national as it has never been since the sects arose ; the Puritan and the Anglican would be reconciled.

This vision of peace dawned upon a man who calls himself modestly a " wayfarer." Born in a distant northern village, brought up after the strictest sect of his religion, a Baptist, he was led by slow steps into a larger world. He owes his debt to the late Dr. Parker, to the late Hugh Price Hughes, to R. J. Campbell and Dr. Butler, to the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Winchester and Oxford ; and so we arrive at the Free Church Council, where the new impetus of the spirit made itself felt, while the leaders found how much more vital were the things on which they agreed than the things on which they seemed to differ. But here was the tragic *nodus*, as yet defying the statesman's dexterity, that Dissent, commonly thought to be free and fluent, was hampered as much as the Church of England by establishments, by local interests, by " overlapping " ; and that the vision of peace, central and one amid differences, had not yet risen upon the multitude. They were still, as I remember them myself more than half a century ago, barricaded in their penfolds, unable to imagine that freedom lay outside ; or else, in a mood of despair, they were tempted to " make terms with every worldly interest and power, business, politics, society, sport and intellectualism." Where, one may ask rather sadly, do we now see triumphant the " Puritan ideals " or the " Methodist fervour " ? If in former times " otherworldliness " had its drawbacks, now in the twentieth century there is little fear of them ; the perils of the last days are sheer secularism and paganism, with a conviction deep as life that " death ends all."

Naturally, then, I am impressed by the first chapters in which Mr. Shakespeare deals with general views and widespread threatenings to religion altogether, rather than by those where the question of federating Nonconformists holds the scene. And, of course, I believe in the vision of a Church Catholic appealing to mankind, arrayed in the splendour of one Faith, one Brotherhood. Seldom have I come across a volume marked by such simplicity of aim, such candour of argument ; while the expression is direct and earnest all through, and the feeling by which it is prompted most Christian, most human, putting me in mind of Vinet or another heart-subduing teacher of the true spiritual type. We may sum up the author's conclusion in a single sentence : " Henceforth, let the Church reveal itself as the world's Holy Place ; and in the Holy Place let there be Peace."

New Books.

SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT.*

"It is no disparagement to the erudition and scholarship that have so piously been heaped about Shakespeare to say that we shall sometimes find it salutary to disengage our minds from it all, and recollect that the poet was a playwright." In these words, taken from the Preface to his work, the author indicates the point of view which he has chosen to study several of Shakespeare's plays. It is not the first time that Shakespeare's workmanship has been so considered for there was published some time ago a book by Mr. Brander Matthews bearing the title placed at the head of this review. The chapters in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's monograph were first written as lectures and delivered as such by him in his capacity as King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature in that "sacred Nursery of blooming Youth" that stands on the banks of the Cam. And greatly to be congratulated are the students who were privileged to be participants of what must surely have been a delightful experience. Voice and gesture would give point to the wit and eloquence of which there is ample evidence in these admirable papers, which will be heartily welcomed by the lovers of the immortal works of William Shakespeare, playwright. The plays that we are asked to study with their expositor are "Macbeth," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Henry IV., Parts I and II," so far as they deal with the Story of Falstaff, "Hamlet," "Pericles," "King Henry VIII.," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest." All the chapters are full of good things and abounding common sense, the latter not always a characteristic of the usual commentator, and are delightfully unconventional. Time and again Sir Arthur insists on the fact that Shakespeare was, as a playwright, constructing and writing his plays for the people who frequented the "Globe" and other play-houses and not for Goethe, Coleridge, Johnson, etc. And as written for such an audience they are to be judged accordingly. The play that appeals most strongly to Sir Arthur is "The Tempest," of which he writes:

"And I conclude by asseverating that were a greater than Ariel to wing down from Heaven and stand and offer me to choose which, of all the books written in the world, should be mine, I should choose—not the 'Odyssey,' not the 'Æneid,' nor the 'Divine Comedy,' nor 'Paradise Lost,' nor 'Othello,' nor 'Hamlet,' nor 'Lear,' but this little matter of two thousand odd lines—'The Tempest.' . . . 'The Tempest,' as I see it, forces diviner tears [than those for 'Othello' or 'Lear'], tears for sheer beauty; with a royal sense of this world, and how it passes away, with a catch at the heart of what is to come. And still the sense is royal; it is the majesty of art: we *feel* that we are greater than we know. So on the surge of our emotion, as on the surges ringing Prospero's island, is blown a spray, a mist. Actually it dwells in our eyes, bedimming them: and as involuntarily we would brush it away, there rides in it a rainbow; and its

colours are wisdom and charity, with forgiveness, tender truth for all men and women growing older, and perennial trust in young love."

We note that, although the work was only published "a little month" ago, it is already in its second impression, and rightly it deserves this success not only for its masterly insight, but also for its choice presentation of an extremely attractive subject. It will intensify the enjoyment of those by whom Shakespeare's works are already beloved and should create that enjoyment in others. When this has been said and when the present writer has voiced his debt of gratitude for many solacing hours it is only right to add that the book contains more than a few misprints, many misquotations, which a careful reading of the proofs should have made impossible, and some erroneous statements—such as the one where it is remarked (p. 23) that Cleopatra "hales the dying Antony" up to the balcony (the author is confusing this with an incident in Act II., v.); (p. 222) where a scene in "Pericles" is compared with a similar one in "Macbeth" instead of with "Measure for Measure"; (p. 252) where Hero is described as the deceased *wife* of Claudio; (p. 322) where Florizel's father is stated to have been under the hallucination of jealousy. The "exquisitely poignant" five lines quoted on page 280 are spoilt by "rock" being misprinted "lock." "O Professor!" as Charles Lamb would say. Writing of whom reminds one that a reference to that choice writer (p. 62) is incorrectly cited. The correct reading is to be found in Haydon's Autobiography. A misstatement as to De Quincey occurs on page 281. Sir Sidney Colvin seems to be rather unfairly treated in a reference to his comment on Keats's Nightingale Ode quoted from his monograph on Keats in the "English Men of Letters" series. The opinion there expressed is modified in his recent Life of the poet where he distinctly states that what Keats had truly in mind was the imperishability, not of the "song bird," but of the "bird—



From a photo taken at Los Angeles.

Harold R. Peat, Charlie Chaplin and Mrs. Peat.

Mr. Peat is the author of the very successful story of a Canadian's experiences in the war, "Private Peat," published recently by Messrs. Hutchinson.

* "Shakespeare's Workmanship." By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

song." A writer's malapropos subsequently recanted ought not to be cited to his undoing. Presumably Sir Arthur has not read the *Life* or has, perhaps, overlooked the passage.

On pp. 200-1, there is printed what, as it stands, would appear to be a quotation from a single work of Coleridge on the psychology of Hamlet. It is, however, from both the *Table Talk* and one of Coleridge's lectures, so that the statement that "into the middle of the criticism, Coleridge drops the artless remark, 'I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so,' is not quite appropriate nor accurate seeing that it fell from his lips in the freedom of social intercourse, and was not a public pronouncement. It is the concluding sentence to the first quotation (from the *Table Talk*).

To conclude, the author ascribes to Hazlitt the statement that when we read "Hamlet" or witness it on the stage "it is *we* who are Hamlet." This idea Hazlitt probably borrowed from Charles Lamb who, in his essay on the Tragedies of Shakespeare, makes a similar remark with reference to *Lear*—"While we read it, we see not *Lear*, but we are *Lear*."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.*

In the great days of youth, when we first read "Biographia Literaria," "Modern Painters," and other heady stuff, we used to get excited about the alleged distinction between Imagination and Fancy and the relative worth of works or passages supposed to exhibit those qualities. The value of such distinctions (if I may paraphrase poor Bunsby) lies in the application of them; and in the case of Barrie's delicate inventions the application is singularly baffling; for, in the usual sense of those words, his plays are neither Fanciful nor Imaginative, although one feels they ought to be. Consider. His figures are mere phantasms and his touch upon the facts of life is that of a poet. His world, for all its outward semblance of reality, is as remote as the sphere of Ariel, and it is significant that the controlling character in his latest play is called Lob. He is, in short, as much a poet as any creative artist can be who writes in prose and makes no call upon the imagination. His realm is that of Fantasy, which lies on the farther side of Fancy towards the borderland of the Grotesque. Yet in spite of his unpromising machinery he gets home to our hearts as swiftly and unerringly as Mozart, who brings us trembling before the eternal verities by means of a gay libertine, a comic lackey, and a stone statue that tramps in to supper.

Take for illustration the first playlet in the present volume. The characters are four charwomen, a fussy curate, and a massive Kiltie with hairy legs. They take tea and winkles, and talk in a nice derangement of epitaphs culled from the Sunday papers. They seem to be as crude and vulgar as creatures can be; but they belong to the world of poetry, not to the world of fact. "I am generally admired," says Private Kenneth Dowey of the Black Watch, in the very words of Private Willis of the Grenadier Guards ere he sprouts his wings and marries the Fairy Queen. And with this apparently hopeless apparatus of charwomen and winkles Barrie gets that grip on the heart which is the prerogative of genius; and a perfect little play ends with the old lady, so heroically mendacious, turning over her "medals," relics of that brazen adventure with Kenneth (now fallen), before she takes up mop and pail to start out for her day's "char." Not quite the end; for there is the audience furtively feeling for handkerchiefs, and the spirit of Margaret Ogilvy chuckling through her tears of pride as she exclaims, "I'm in it again."

"The New Word" gives us another aspect of the war—father and son faced by the possible parting, trying to break down their shyness and to get on friendly terms. We

* "Echoes of the War." By J. M. Barrie. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

have met this theme of father and son before, in "Little Mary"; but what was there a whimsical notion here takes a hue of tragedy under the shadow of war. There is nothing deep in this play; but it is delightfully touched with an intimate sense of hearth and home and happy family life in the suburbs. In "A Well-Remembered Voice" the same theme is presented with a strange and daring variation—father and son getting to know each other better across the great gulf, father broken and living, son joyous and dead. Strangely enough, this play of the beyond seems more tangible than the other; but I note in both a direct intimation, new in Barrie as far as I remember, that it is the father, not the mother, to whom the son turns in the great depths of his feeling.

"Barbara's Wedding," a medley of an old soldier's memories and current facts, is a wonderfully written piece in which past and present, the remembered and the real, melt and change into each other before the reader's eye. Incidentally, in the Colonel's young gardener, now a captain, who marries his old master's granddaughter, we get a solution of the Crichton problem not possible before. What becomes of that great man when he leaves service? Of course he goes into the Army and mounts there as naturally as he did on the Island. Barrie must now write the awaited sequel in which Sergeant Crichton of the first act becomes Chief of the Staff in the last and marries his Lady Mary.

Barrie has solved another problem, too, the right presentment of acted plays to a reader. To see one of his plays on the stage is only half the fun; you must read it as well in his own setting of delightful comment and description. Like Hamlet, he is as good as a chorus. On the stage or in print, he is irresistible. He casts his spell upon us and we follow him like another Pied Piper. The Wizard of the North!

GEORGE SAMPSON.

WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS.*

The collecting of jewels was the business as well as the hobby of Tamar Scott, dealer in precious stones and antique jewellery in Dean Street, Soho. The tury of the chase had so grown upon her as to dwarf and almost stifle all the ordinary emotions of humanity. Indeed, when the story opens, Tamar had but one agreeable trait—her friendship for her elderly admirer, Christopher Bramfield, a diamond merchant and kindred enthusiast, who realised that there were unsuspected jewels in Tamar's character if she could be saved from her growing sin of covetousness. Ingeniously Miss Harraden connects the development of Tamar's soul with the history of another collector who had cherished his secret like a guilty thing and had forfeited the love of his wife by the hoard of wealth he had left her. Tamar's expert knowledge had safeguarded the fortune of the Thornton family, who ever afterwards insisted on regarding the sharp-tongued London dealer as their friend and confidante. The Thornton children broke down Tamar's reserve, and the humanising process worked apace. The first proof of it was Tamar's confession to Rupert Thornton of how nearly she had succumbed to the temptation of stealing some of his father's jewels. When the Thornton boys "joined up," Tamar also was gradually drawn into war work. A business visit to Holland opened her eyes to the miseries of war, and from this date Tamar was the secret, somewhat churlish, but very generous benefactor of the refugees. The old greed died hard and made many protests, but her lover, Bramfield, knew that his intuition had not erred. Tamar's change of heart had come too late to make her happiness completely possible and she was left to "carry on" alone with only the memory of her gallant lover. The character of Tamar Scott is brilliantly drawn, and its interest fills and sustains the entire story. Miss Harraden has deliberately sacrificed to the graces to obtain this end. Beside Tamar the rest of the characters are only

* "Where Your Treasure Is." By Beatrice Harraden. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

walking-on parts, and the construction of the story is left to look after itself. There are whole chapters of irrelevant war material and we turn from them, as impatiently as the author must have done, to renew acquaintance with Tamar Scott.

CHAPTERS FROM MY LIFE.*

Some of the most passionate advocates of unity, in the ecclesiastical world, have been stormy petrels, so far as their own careers are concerned. The late Dr. C. A. Briggs was an example of this, in America. Sir H. S. Lunn is another. He has worked for reunion of the churches with a creditable zeal. He writes this book of reminiscences "with special reference to reunion," hoping to promote a peace between the churches after the war. And its pages are for the most part a record of controversy.

The author studied for the Methodist ministry; then resolved to go as a medical missionary to India, and studied for this purpose in the medical school of Trinity College, Dublin, as well as in the theological. But his advocacy of Home Rule did not make for peace and popularity in that quarter, though it proved that he had a soul above ecclesiastical prejudices. When he reached India, in 1887, his health gave way, and he returned to London, to join Hugh Price Hughes in the West London Mission. Then came the bitter controversy on missionary methods which raged in the Methodist Church over his indictment of the policy and "luxury" of European missionaries in India. This nearly drove Dr. Lunn into the Church of England. However, he decided to remain where he was, and gradually passed into a business career, conjoined with an honourable zeal for bringing the Christian churches together. His short-lived periodical, *The Review of the Churches*, his successful Grindelwald Conferences, and a variety of personal efforts all contributed to this propaganda.

Sir Henry has seen clearly one of the vital issues in this problem of church reunion. Ultimately, what keeps the churches apart is not a question of State-relationship, nor of church-government, but of the Sacraments. The most important dogma in the history of the Church has been that of the Sacraments; it underlies organisation to an extent undreamt of by most people. Sir Henry instinctively feels this:

"Although there is to-day a strong revival in Methodism of a desire for a realisation of the rightful place of the Sacraments in the life of the Church, this element had largely passed out of Methodism in the later Victorian period. In those days Methodism had to a large extent lost the note of exultant joy in the thought of the Real Presence of her Lord at the Communion table, where His Love is celebrated."

Sir Henry recalls the truer teaching of Wesley on this point, and boldly claims that many of the Reformed Churches have much to learn in the discipline of the religious life on such matters as confirmation* and retreats.

Another fruitful thought is that reunion will never come except through an increased sense of responsibility for the social ends of the Church. This conviction was probably rooted in his mind by Hugh Price Hughes, and it cannot be emphasised too sharply at the present day. What will bring churches together in a vital union will be the common,

* "Chapters From My Life." By Sir Henry S. Lunn. With a Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

unselfish desire for the greater interests of God's kingdom on earth.

There is more in this book, of course, than propaganda. It is the record of a busy life, interested in the world of men and things. But the author intends it to be taken as a plea for catholicity, and as such it is to be read. Dr. Thomas Hodgkin once observed that "the most easily uttered word in the whole of the New Testament is *anathema*." This touch of gentle sarcasm is not undeserved in some quarters. The hope of the immediate future lies with those who take a better way in the churches of our country, not by ignoring principles, but by considering and expressing the essential unity of true believers. It is a twofold labour, partly the work of responsible ecclesiastics and theologians, partly the work of those who create a genuinely Catholic atmosphere. And Sir Henry Lunn may claim to have forwarded this *rapprochement* in his own communion.

JAMES MOFFATT.

"IN WORLDS NOT REALISED"*

The stream of books still issuing from the press which deal with attempts to verify by scientific or philosophic methods the ancient idea that man is a spirit is eloquent of the interest which to-day centres about the question.

Mr. F. C. Constable in his compact little volume, "Telergy," treats the subject on philosophical lines, relying considerably on Kant—no mean authority—and reinforcing his argument by more recent findings of the Society for Psychical Research of which he is a distinguished member. His thesis may be concisely stated in his own words:

"I have preferred an argument to show that, assuming telepathy to be a fact of human experience, we have evidential proof, proof from human experience, that we exist, transcendent of time and space, as souls, and that communion transcendent of time and space exists between us all as souls."

Telepathy may perhaps be now considered as proved by the evidence accumulated by the S.P.R. and other bodies of psychic investigators, but we are left a little in doubt as to the precise meaning to be attached to the term "telergy." To Mr. F. W. H. Myers it represented the force or mode of action involved in telepathy; to Sir

* "Telergy: The Communion of Souls." By Frank C. Constable, M.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul) "What is this Spiritualism?" By Horace Leat. 3s. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward)



A Steam Trawler in a Gale.

From "Fisherwomen in War Time." By Walter Wood (Sampson Low), recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

William Barrett telergy differs from telepathy as implying the direct influence of an extraneous spirit. The point is of no great importance in the present instance, Mr. Constable's position being that whether in the body or out of it, we exist equally as souls independent of time and space. Still one would have preferred the simpler word "telepathy." Similarly it would seem better to have spoken of "spirits" instead of "souls," since the spirit is generally taken to be the innermost reality of the man, the soul being intermediary between the ego or spirit and the body. The use of the term personality instead of individuality in Mr. Constable's argument is also open to question, the personality being a fleeting thing relating to the physical form (*persona*, a mask).

These are small defects in a book which is valuable and thought-provoking, especially as regards the chapters on "The Communion of Souls," "Ecstasy," "Dreams" and "The Disembodied," howbeit in the last we are brought back again to the question of terms. We find it possible to conceive of a discarnate being, but not a "disembodied" one. St. Paul taught that there is a "spiritual body," and he was not without practical experience in the matter.

Holding by this presumed absence of embodiment, Mr. Constable, while affirming a post-mortem life and the reality of communion between the seen and the unseen worlds, takes up a neutral attitude towards such definite forms of communication as those related, for example, in "Raymond." "They must all be treated as parables for thought," he tells us—a deep saying.

The author is at his best in dealing with basic principles. He offers us the proposition that consciousness is groundless, being in itself the ground of all certainty. That is indisputable, since the veriest materialist can prove nothing except he begins by assuming his own existence as a self-conscious being. This self-consciousness expressed in the "I, myself" of every person must, as the author shows, necessarily exist outside of time and space since it remains independent of all their permutations, and communication between the conscious "selves" is not dependent on material modes.

With Mr. Horace Leaf's exposition of Spiritualism we abandon high philosophy, for the consideration of concrete evidences of human survival as furnished by psychic phenomena, whether physical or mental, induced or spontaneous. It is an elementary but very clearly-written manual. There is little in it that will be new to students of this class of literature. Indeed it is admittedly written for the guidance of the man in the street. Mr. Leaf is an experienced and practical exponent of his subject, and his book will be useful to the uninitiated, although it is to be hoped that they will not be led into the idea that the psychic side of life is its most important one, since the progressive life of the human spirit may be pursued along the common ways, without any assistance from psychic phenomena. The purpose of "psychic manifestations" may well be to serve a special need—the breaking of a thick crust of materialism, to accomplish which the finer methods of the human spirit are unadapted. The book contains some striking cases of supernormal happenings, both personal and from published records.

DAVID GOW.

SUB ROSA.*

For so many years did we delight while the other fellow was squirming—in the shrewd and humorous home-thrusting articles that appeared under the above heading in the *Morning Leader*, that no other title seems possible for this review. The book is a piece of "S. L. H." himself. It is characteristic of the man; and those who have sat under him—don't let us be too literal!—at a table where tongues wag, know that the best part of the feast is not to be found among the comestibles, and that what is characteristic of this man is good company for any old hour.

* "Press, Platform and Parliament." By Spencer Leigh Hughes. 12s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

Talk, Mr. Hughes blandly confesses, he prefers to any other form of recreation; and within these pages, we get such talk as keeps the heart sweet with laughter, is never unkind and proves recreation most excellent.

That Mr. Hughes has pungency in his words is well known; but truly, for a politician he has kept pretty human. That wonderful and redeeming fact is of course largely accounted for by his possessing a well-developed sense of humour. The bore and the hass—Mr. Hughes goes out of his way to remind us that Bumble did not call the law a hass—are always capable of becoming tolerable when their defects are regarded through spectacles of humour; otherwise the gods on their high stools would be having a rotten time. Only once in these reminiscences does the author sharpen his laughter with an edge of ridicule, and that, in the circumstances, is excusable. He uses a photograph of the eccentric Mr. Hunnable, an odd candidate at the Jarrow election (when Mr. Hughes was defeated) clinging to a lamp-post and surrounded by a mass of laughing furnace-men. The incident reminds us that if Mr. Hughes's sojourn among politicians has been pedestrian, as becomes the laughing philosopher in Parliament, he has known an infinity of people, generally interesting, in the three public worlds he has experienced, and can talk about them amusingly. As journalist, as lecturer, as Member for Stockport, he has kept his head; and always, thanks to the shrewdness of humorous insight, has seen the wise and the unwise much as they are, and found them very like. Among the daring achievements of this volume, Mr. Hughes disestablishes the story of the Hartington yawn. His version is that Lord Hartington was the only man who ever dreamed that he was addressing the House of Commons, and woke up to find that the dream was true. Let us keep both versions. The Duke was heavy enough to support them. The frankly farcical, a frequent phase of the Sub Rosa viewpoint, comes hurtling and tramping in towards the end when Mr. Hughes tells the story of the ex-Kaiser's (a nice improvement!) fantastic trip through the Holy Land where, playing the extreme mountebank, he paraded, and posed, and preached. The adventure was so preposterous, illustrating the theatrical sense and utter lack of humour of the chief actor in the old scene, that the details of history Mr. Hughes invented for the occasion were really not called for; and yet the added farce with its grotesqueries and pomposities fitted the eccentric performer so well that it is as excusable as an old-fashioned harlequinade to an old-fashioned pantomime. Enough has now been said of this humorous, human book to send readers after it. It is the right fare for these healing days.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE.*

In the steady stream of anthologies which flows into every editor's office there are a good many minnows and gudgeons, but now and then a genuine "catch." "Songs for Sale" is emphatically one of the latter. Mr. Jones has angled skilfully, and with a nice eclecticism too rare in these days of the indiscriminating haul of good and bad fish alike. And the result repays his care. Few of the poems are "indifferent good"; far less can they be said to be of the obviously bad and banal variety. The poignant "Hapchance Oracle" by Jane Barlow (which gains additional poignancy from the fact that that delightful Irish singer entered the last silence only a few months ago) is one of the best and most original of recent war poems; Wilfrid Blair's "Strange Servant" has a haunting music and a charmingly novel *motif*; and Dorothy Plowman's "Shotover" is a noble piece of landscape painting. Many others deserve

* "Songs for Sale." Edited by E. B. C. Jones. 3s. net. (Blackwell.)—"Spindrift." By V. de S. Pinto. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"First Songs." By Anthony Allen. 4s. net. (Maunsel.)—"Youth and Age." By Claude Collier. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Refining Fires." By Wilfred J. Halliday. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)—"Exiles of the Snow, and Other Poems." By Lancelot Hogben. 2s. net. (Fifield.)—"City Songs, and Others." By Richard Rowley. 4s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

notice, did space permit. A few "Cubes" (not bad as cubes go) only serve as foils to the dignity of the ordered verse. Here is one of the most quotable specimens, taken from Mr. Edward Shillito's "Thanksgiving":

"Before the winter's haunted nights are o'er,
I thankfully rejoice that stars look down
Above the darkened streets, and I adore
The Heavens in London Town

* * * *

The Heavens, whose glory has not known increase
Since Raleigh swaggered home by lantern-light,
And Shakespeare, looking upward, knew the peace,
The cool deep peace, of night."

"Spindrift" is one of those little books of verse, delicate and distinguished, which reflect the scholar's outlook on the war as seen at first hand. Apparently Mr. Pinto has seen it from both the Eastern and Western fronts (he writes from Gallipoli, from Cairo, from the foot of Sinai, and from a battle-field in France); and his attitude is one of stoical bravery, with a touch of that poetry which wrests beauty from the most sordid depths of human misery. He translates from the Latin of Catullus and the French of Gautier and Victor Hugo; and records how evening falls on alien hills:

"Around their spurs a scarl of pale mist steals,
And dims the dreaming meadows all around.
The world's asleep, nor is there any sound,
Save the low droning of the water wheels,
And the boy's song that guides the patient beast,
Wailing old sorrows of the lonely East"

If Mr. Anthony Allen's "First Songs" sometimes miss fire, there is quite a perceptible spark—the promise that is almost achievement in many of them. For a first book, indeed, this gives a quite unusual sense of literary values realised, of poetic felicities sought and, not seldom, seized. Sometimes prose intrudes, it is true, as in the line, "All my sorrows fly like fun"; but the "Attic Outlook" and the "Wee People" nobly redeem the error. "The Child's Hymn of Spring" contains, it must be admitted, phrases strangely unchildlike. "Song," however, is a much better example of child-poetry; and here is a mystical note recalling Blake:

"We met again in tenderness;
We parted, both in deep distress.
The troubles of our lives looked out
Angry in a moment's doubt,
And we two quarrelled as in past years
Though separated by the spheres."

The tragedy of Youth sacrificed to Age—made a mere pawn in the diplomatic game of greybeards—is sung by Mr. Claude Collier with a passion and a fearless outspokenness worthy of the theme. He sees how the safe stay-at-homes have power to make war by secret treaties; men who cry "To the last man!" complacently, sure that their own comfortable club-life and arm-chair strategy will go on as before. Meanwhile Youth pays the price; Youth that, while Old Age and Middle Age discussed the "gamble" at Gallipoli, "saw the maggots creep in livid wounds" and in the "skulls with young, white teeth." Some of the verses are as noble in poetry as in passion; and one records the priceless lesson the young men have learnt:

"That those they fought were husbands, lovers, sons,
Even as they,
Fighting as bravely for the same sweet hopes,
And dying the same way."

Lieutenant Wilfred J. Halliday is another of the intrepid band who mix song and soldiering with a cheery courage at which we at home can only marvel. He writes a good sonnet in "Misunderstood" and a good lyric in "The Issue," and shows, like so many of our soldiers, a lofty Christian faith triumphant over all the horrors of war. But it is unfortunate that he has cumbered his book with so much controversial matter—the diatribes against Suffragists and trade unionists are particularly regrettable at this time of day—and also that he has not studied the

art of the window-dresser, his best things being hidden away in the middle of the volume. Here is one of them:

"So the Great Refiner's hand
Lays its shadow on our land;
Purifies, if we allow,
Clears the anguish from the brow.
But the will to choose is free.
Light or dark—which shall it be?"

The "refining fires" whose fierceness civilians can hardly imagine have left this young soldier's head and heart unbowed and his ideals intact. All honour to him.

Love of nature and devotion to the aims of democracy are the dominant motives of Mr. Lancelot Hogben's modest, dove-coloured little volume. His "Exiles of the Snow" are liberated political prisoners returning from Siberia; and his book is dedicated to his comrades of the *Herald* League—facts equally significant of his allegiance to the grand fraternity of Shelley, Mazzini and Garibaldi. But it is nature, after all, which touches him most nearly and tenderly. With the huddled figures on the Embankment he handles—we might almost say he fondles—the forms of homing rook and sunset-kindled clover, of rowan-berries red as a robin's breast and foam white as the fleeces of clouds. He should cultivate an ear for rhyme (the broadest stretch of poetic licence will not make *scarsh-debauch* an assonance); but he shows himself capable of achieving something of verbal melody in stanzas like this:

"The joy of sounds is gentle, full
Of tales pitiful that lull
To sleep the fret, the care, the rage;
The sound in shells, I know that 'tis
More wise than lore of priest or sage,
And each dear bird a poet is."

The love of humanity, on the other hand, conquers the love of nature in Mr. Richard Rowley. He has the tangible stuff of the poet in him; but the fabrics woven by pale mill-girls, rather than the gossamers fairies weave or the royal tapestries of Minerva's looms, are what he seeks to fashion from it. His well-named "City Songs" throb to the tramp of the London multitudes; he prefers their tragedy and comedy to the drama of wood and field—not because he lacks the poet's sense of beauty but because, to him, it is impossible to dream in summer solitudes while so many of his kind are penned in the fetid air of slumland. The passionate humanity of the book brings that tragedy of the poor very near to us, and few things have brought the stark horror of war, as it affects the humblest homes, more vividly and intimately home to the present writer than the poignant dramatic piece, "The Knocking at the Door." And here is one of his happier verses:

"Little brown birds of the city,
With the city soot on their wings!
But laughter rules in Laughter Street,
And joy at the heart of things."

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

LITTLE ENGLAND.*

There have been novels already which have shown the war's effect upon the middle classes of England; but Miss Kaye-Smith has chosen to picture a corner of Sussex and the sorrows in particular of one family. In scheme the book she has written most nearly resembles Miss May Sinclair's "The Tree of Heaven." In "Little England," as in Miss Sinclair's book, the reactions are, as it were, concentrated into a small circle, a family circle; and the book has none of that leaping into political and philosophic digression to which Mr. Wells's "Mr. Britling" and "Joan and Peter" have made us accustomed. It is a simplified and typical picture without arguments and without explanations. The lives of perhaps a dozen people, representing the lives of many thousands of real sufferers by the war, are gathered into the pages of "Little England," and the book is offered to us as a war document. If it is nothing else, the book is that. It is quite definitely a book which

* "Little England." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 7s. net. (Nisbet.)



Camera portrait
by Hugh Carl.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

gives, as no other has done, its clear record of the way in which war has been met in the English countryside.

The Beatup family of father and mother and five children—Tom, Harry, Zacky, Ivy, and Nell—is the family upon which Miss Kaye-Smith shows the war's action. To them are added Thyrsa, who marries Tom; and the Baptist minister, Mr. Sumption, and his wild boy Jerry. Tom is killed, Jerry is shot; the girls have their love-affairs and marriages. Through all their dumb followings of impulse the distant sound of the guns in Flanders tragically runs. It is the war that gives unity to the book, and reality also. In themselves the persons of the tale are such that the reader can only at times perform that delightful act of imaginative identification. They are not intrinsically interesting, and they do not step out from the pages as disturbing realities. They are typical, sympathetically seen and almost always veraciously rendered; but they are not vehemently alive to the reader apart from the incidents and the picture in which they have their literary life. That is because Miss Kaye-Smith has seen them as creatures moulded by life and by the war, as tiny struggling details in a cataclysm. They have been sacrificed, so to speak, for art's sake. Now if they had been as passionately real as they are movingly typical "Little England" might have been a masterpiece. That the book is less than a masterpiece is due to the fact that, in the hackneyed phrase, it has the defects of its qualities. When one has seen the war going on and the casualty lists so constantly increased one has ceased, perhaps, to think of each individual in the battle. Obviously this must have been so, as everyday conversation has testified. Miss Kaye-Smith has felt the war's largeness, and has observed our tendency to think in numbers and uniforms. Her heart has rebelled against the horror of this failure to imagine the individual life; but the inspiration of her book, it seems to me, is intellectual rather than imaginative. It is as though she had resolved to show very quietly and truly the greater truth that every casualty is an immeasurable grief or an equally immeasurable release from apprehensiveness. But she has chosen the intellectual method of showing us a group, of picturing a typical home, and not the purely imaginative method of showing us the passionate hearts of those who have suffered. Her book is measured and restrained; but only within circumscribed limits is it moving. It could hardly be deeply moving when the central character in each of its seven parts

is a different actor; for the air of continuity is obtained only by the invocation of the war as an embracing unity. Otherwise, each character is a sketch merely, and is both seen and portrayed objectively.

To say this without qualification would be to misrepresent "Little England," which is a novel that one is bound to respect and to admire. It has passages of beauty and distinction, of real feeling; it is restrained and scrupulous to a degree which makes more casual work appear crude and without form. Nevertheless in the skill and care of its presentation, its chosen scenes and words and pictures, one has sometimes a great longing for something outrageous, some ghastly joke or torment, to break the regularity of its scheme and by its jagged rending of Miss Kaye-Smith's excellences to shatter these typical figures and start them into life uncircumscribed. It is as a war document that "Little England" will take its place among the good novels of the year; for its characters are conventional and do not surprise us. But as a war document it has great virtue, and it is good that we should be made to think that in the war, as in all other times of crisis or of apathy, other classes besides those in which we live have had their actions and reactions, their passing joys and their inevitable sorrows.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE AND MESOPOTAMIA.*

Turkey's surrender gave urgency to problems affecting the future of large tracts of land that have been wrested from her during the war. Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, of the British Palestine Society, has very definite views concerning Palestine, and therefore his book is opportune. He wishes "to build up a great dominion of Jews in the eastern Mediterranean." That State would comprise not only the Maritime Plain, the Shephelah, and Judæa, but also "the wealthier and more fertile provinces of the north (Galilee)." Without Galilee, he contends, "the State would inevitably contract to Judæa, fit home for a theocracy, but not for a modern State achieving financial independence and capable of a thriving commercial life." He would like to see the eastern boundary carried as far as possible consistent with the interests of the new Arab State. It would be colonised altogether by Jews, immigration being strictly regulated.

From the outset, Mr. Sidebotham would have Palestine, thus constituted, "in close political dependence on the British Crown, in fact, an integral part of the British Empire." Since the Jews are "at the same stage of political development as ourselves (the British)" they could at once be associated with "the current work of Imperial organisation and defence." Thus the State would be more like a British Dominion than a British possession.

When he comes to discuss tentative details for the governance of Palestine, the author suggests Crown Colony government, to begin with. In other words, he would entrust the government to an "Executive Council presided over by a Governor." Neither the Council nor the Governor would be elected. The officials, "preferably Jews," would not be responsible "to the people of the country but to the sovereign Power." While he does not wish to create a chartered company on the model of the East India Company or the South African Chartered Company, because a "limited company has no political conscience" and also because "to have the financial centre of gravity of Palestine outside the country would be fatal to political peace and progress," he would leave the work of "the economic development of the country" in the hands of a chartered company which "should have one or more representatives on the Executive Council."

Mr. Sidebotham is keen upon the conversion of Palestine into a British Colony (Dominion he would no doubt prefer to call it) because he thinks that would be the

* "England and Palestine." By Herbert Sidebotham. 6s. net. (Constable.)—"Eastern Exploration, Past and Future." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

best way of meeting the menace to Egypt and to India. "Egypt," he says, "is our master interest in the East not so much because Egypt is valuable to this country as because it is the main channel of our communications with our Indian Empire." He contends that to say "Egypt is our master interest in the East . . . is to say that Palestine is our master interest; for Palestine, now as always, is the key to Egypt."

In case Palestine cannot be converted into a British Colony, Mr. Sidebotham would consent to the United States establishing a Protectorate over it. "The Jews and Americans," he says, "get on well together. American politics are wide and tolerant, and by reason of her very remoteness America would have no conceivable interest except to promote a strong, healthy Jewish State in Palestine." At the same time the British interests would be conserved, for "America in Palestine could never be a danger to Egypt or to India."

The French claim for *La Syrie Integrale*—the country from the boundaries of Egypt up to the Taurus—rouses Mr. Sidebotham to a vigorous protest. He contends that if France had Palestine the conflict of interests between Britain and her would become apparent sooner or later. He takes pains to refute every claim to Palestine advanced by the French and their protagonists.

Palestine being the author's chief concern, he refers to Arabia and Mesopotamia only casually. He makes it abundantly clear, however, that he would like to see the new Arab State under the "influence or suzerainty of its creator, England," and the British Empire stretch from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean Sea.

In his zeal for Zionism, Mr. Sidebotham forgets that the Muslims regard Jerusalem as one of their sacred places, and that some even give it precedence over Medina, where their Prophet Mohammed is buried. It also appears to me that he does not seem to have any conception of the Muslim desires regarding the governance of the lands containing their sacred shrines.

Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, in his book, makes an earnest appeal for the conservation of the numerous monuments in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and for systematic excavation by scientific men in those countries. A celebrated archaeologist, who has to his credit many valuable discoveries, his outlook is wide, his sympathies broad. He states that "our (the European) view of the greatness of Persia and its splendid civilisation has been unfortunately clouded by our dependence on the accounts of its enemies, Rome and Greece." He says that:

"At the time when the Greek reached the improvement of a ledge in his drinking cup to keep back the grit, the Persian was boiling all the water-supply of the Court in silver cauldrons when on campaign. No modern sanitary service could do better. In art also Persia led the way. No Greek had ever gone beyond the primitive smuck in his sculpture, until the Persian art—sane, noble and complete in its feeling and effect—showed him a higher road. The influence of Persia must have been immensely spread by the vast loot of artistic objects in the camp of Marlonius, which served as models, and by the flood of Persian troops left behind as slaves in Greece. On the narrowest estimate Xerxes brought in 300,000 men, of these, 60,000 left with Xerxes, and Artabazus rescued 4,000 more, but of the other 200,000 there must have been a great number who survived, and became slaves according to the universal rule of Greek warfare. These would be mainly drafted into mechanical arts, which were despised by the free-born, and were limited to the great slave majority of the Athenian population. We see here the reason for the sudden burst of advance which Greece made in the fifty years from the Persian war to the Peloponnesian war, including all the greatest architecture, sculpture, and philosophy. This was to Greece what the sack of Corinth was to Roman development."

Research in Persia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine would, Professor Petrie thinks, reveal materials to enable the world to readjust its views concerning the influence that the East exerted upon Greece and Rome, and *vice versa*. He raises his voice against neglect, vandalism and amateurish excavation. His suggestion that the little plot on which Jerusalem stands be reserved "as the sanctuary of three faiths—a space for peace and meditation," and modern Jerusalem be built to the south-west or north-west deserves special attention.

SI. Nihal Singh.

THREE SORTS OF POETRY.*

Some one was saying the other day that the peasants of Dorset have no place in their lives for Barnes, their poet; and that to write dialect poetry is to throw very heavy bread upon the waters. Well, if the work of Barnes has been less fortunate than that of Burns, it is at any rate most valuable in preserving for us the language and the customs of Dorsetshire. It is no doubt easier for poetry to survive in the library than on the lips of the people; but if the people do not choose to avail themselves of a gift, that is no reason why the world should be deprived. One might argue that a poet would do greater service in making his work acceptable to the whole country, but, apart from all scientific value, there is something fascinating and delightful in the dialect poet—and if, for example, the Lincolnshire farmer eschews those poems of Tennyson, there may well arise in the future a more intelligent race of countrymen. Perhaps Professor Moorman will never hear his verses crooned by the Huddersfield weavers or the fishermen of Hull, but in so far as they are the material for a local reawakening we are all in their favour, and the fact that they are poetically good *ne gate run*. One thinks of a meeting of Yorkshire worthies as a rather stolid function—yet in Yorkshire (*pace* the other parts of the kingdom) are found the best singing voices (it is said that every cathedral choir in England possesses at least one former member of the choir of Leeds Parish Church)—and there are various songs in this book which seem to promise a more joyous Yorkshireman, if only he will sing them. If only one of them be taken to their hearts it will produce a local patriotism greater than that aroused even by the exploits of George Hirst, the irrepressible and most resourceful of cricketers. How can one fail to enjoy "The Bells of Kirkby Overblow," which cause the aged sinner to think of his youth:

"When you hear von church bells ringin',
You can't enjoy your sin,
T' bells clutch at your heart strings
T' U' ale-house ower your gin."

* "Songs of the Ridings." By F. W. Moorman. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.) "The Kiltaran Poetry Book." Prose Translations from the Irish by Lucy Gregory. (Dublin: Gaela Press.) "The New World." By Laurence Binyon. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Professor F. W. Moorman.

At pitch-an'-toss you're laikin'.
Down there i' t' wood below;
An' then you damn them rowpy bells
O' Kirkby Overblow "

We learn, by the way, a good deal of interesting local lore. For instance in a poem on "The Hungry Forties," the lads march down the street "Wi' penny loaves on pikes allsteeped i' blood," and apparently the then Duke of Norfolk gave the Food Controller even more fantastic advice than did Marie Antoinette. His panacea was curry-powders, which he recommended the people to sip in lieu of bread. "The Local Preacher" is full of humour, and the song in honour of "Lord George," the bestower of Old Age Pensions, is really delicious.

Another kind of language is that employed in this book by Lady Gregory. She says it is the speech of the thatched houses where she heard and gathered the poems. Here is an extract from Raftery's Lament for O'Daly: "It was Thomas O'Daly that roused up young people and scattered them, and since death played on him, may God give him grace. The country is all sorrowful, always talking, since their man of sport died that would win the goal in all parts with his music. . . . There is sorrow on the men of mirth, a clouding over the day, and no trout swim in the river. . . . And Raftery says this much for O'Daly, because he liked him." There is pathos and humour and beautiful language in these renderings, as one naturally expects from Lady Gregory; and one cherishes the hope that the people do really talk and sing in this fashion and that our translator has done not much more than to select the finest specimens. The welter of politics does not seem to have driven out of their minds the credulous outlook; in a cottage in Achill Island the other day an elderly person assured a friend of ours that he knew exactly what prevented the United States from seizing Canada—it is entirely owing to a great bribe, annually paid by the British Government and amounting to £30,000. "He is clean gold," says another song, "he is Heaven about the sun, he is a silver vessel having wine in it; he is an angel, he is the wisdom of saints . . ." and very likely the author of this rhapsody would have had the same explanation as another compatriot on Achill Island, who said that the hens have to be small in that part of the world, as they would otherwise be unable to get underneath the beds.

There is in Mr. Binyon's new book a very different appeal. He has been called a studious and dignified poet, but he is also full of pleasant fancies and, as in his sonnet on Kitchener, he can rebuke with effect. In this book some of the most notable pieces are devoted to young warriors, dead or surviving:

"Where is the pure blossom
That fell and refused to grow old?
The clustered radiance, perfumed whiteness,
Silent singing of joy in the blue?
—I am thinking of the young men
Whose splendour is under the mould."

And in the poem on "Oxford in War Time":

"It is as if I looked on the still face
Of a Mother, musing where she sits alone.
She is with her sons, she is not in this place;
She is gone out into far lands unknown"

Now and then we seem to hear an echo, perhaps the penalty that one pays for being a scholarly poet. In "Morn like a thousand shining spears" there is a flavour of Blake. On the other hand in "Dark Wind" there is a highly original image. A great wind is blowing in the night:

"It was like a great ship now, abandoned, her crew dead,
Driving in gulfs of sky; it staggered above and sped;
I lay in the deeps and heard it rushing over my head.

"And the helpless shaking of window and door's desolate
rebound
Seemed like tossing and lifting of bodies lost and drowned
In the huge indifferent swell, in the waters' wandering
sound."

This in its way is almost as effective as Raftery who speaks of "his nose thin that it would go through a cambric needle;

his shoulders hard and sharp that they would cut tobacco;
his head dark and bushy like the top of a hill; and there is
nothing I can liken his fingers to."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

BACK TO JOY.*

Those of us who know and love Mr. Lawrence's earlier books, especially "Pilgrimage" and "Much Ado About Something," read his excursion into modern problemism and the realism of the sordid, in "Mrs. Bente," with admiration for the talent displayed and yet with certain misgivings as to whether the author was going to give himself over to the delineation of the drab in literature. Now comes a book, a brave joyous book, which proves our misgivings false. After his excursion into certain unlovely ways of modern life the author has gone back with keener vision, with fuller zest, and in the true spirit of abandonment, to the dateless days of dear delightful romance. The result is a story which should be in brisk demand with all true lovers of that same romance who are anywhere between the ages of eight and eighty.

Some years ago—a year or so after Mr. Maurice Hewlett had published his engaging book, "The Forest Lovers," I lent one of William Morris's later romances to a lady; she soon returned the volume saying that she could not get on with it, "it was too like 'The Forest Lovers.'" That was perhaps a little hard on Morris who was something of a pioneer in the particular kind of romance. His stories, and Mr. Hewlett's famous book always seem to me a kind of tapestry-fiction, in which we see the people and events as parts of a rich ornamental whole, rather than feel them as actual people engaged in actual doings. It might have seemed, with two such masters of romantic narrative, that this tapestry-like effect was all that could be achieved. But now comes Mr. Lawrence to demonstrate in happiest fashion that such is not the case. We care not to what century Sir Michael of Palentyre belongs, we care not on what map the land of Argovie is to be looked for—it and he are as real to us as the Forest of Arden and the company that play their parts in it immortally.

In "Youth Went Riding"—the title itself is an invitation—the author has humanised old romance; his are real people, going through adventures strange and hazardous enough to please the most exacting; yet all seems true to the reader's feelings. Not only are shown brave scenes, not only do we read of heroic deeds, but our sympathies are enlisted by the doers. If at the outset we may think of Sir Michael as a somewhat quixotic youth, we soon find him a genuine, impressionable and lovable young fellow, and give ourselves up whole-heartedly to following him on his damsel-rescuing exploits—Isabelle, Ermyntude, Myrette, Jehanne, Jeannette, Avrille; the very names of the damsels are as a peal of bells from the fairy land of Romance.

Mr. Lawrence is dowered with that "love of love" which a poet has said is one of the poet's gifts; in this story he shows himself capable not only of humanising knightly romance in a way which makes it a living reality, but he shows himself capable also of lighting his narrative with glowing humour. If "Youth Went Riding" prove not one of the most popular stories of its season then many readers will be losing much joyous entertainment which is comprised within its covers.

WALTER JERROLD.

FANTASY, TRAGEDY AND HUMOUR.†

It is too long since we had a new book by Mr. Neil Munro, and his reappearance is a matter on which lovers of fiction set forth in alluring English are to be congratulated. Mr. Munro's last long novel, "The New Road," was hailed by many critics as his best, and there are abundant proofs in

* "Youth Went Riding: A Romance." By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. net. (Collins.)

† "Jaunty Jock." By Neil Munro. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

"Jaunty Jock," a collection of short stories, that the hand which wrote "The Lost Pibroch" has not lost its cunning. A comparison has been initiated between these two books, but they are not comparable: each has its own well-defined individuality and charm. "The Lost Pibroch" came as something new in letters, and many of the features that brought it immediate success figure in the new work—freshness and vividness of phrase, for instance, and the sense of mystery and romance—but, in the main, "Jaunty Jock" differs essentially from its predecessors.

The scene of the greater number of the stories is the Western Highlands, but that of the tale which describes the escapes of Jaunty Jock himself is Edinburgh of the old days—the days when there were sedan chairs in the Northern Capital, the watch could be heard with his "Twal o'clock, twal o'clock, an' a perishin' cauld nicht" and Court of Session judges as well as ladies of quality still spoke braud Scots. Mr. Munro effectively recreates the atmosphere of the period, and at the same time shows his merit as a humorist, as he does in several of the stories, notably "The Tudor Cup," which tells how a seemingly unsophisticated Border laird outwitted a London firm of Jewish curio dealers in an attempted swindle. It is a style of story that will come as a surprise to those unacquainted with the author's writings in lighter vein. In another manner is "A Return to Nature"—an account of how a douce middle-aged lawyer became obsessed by a long-forgotten clan-legend of his ancestors, how he armed himself and made a fort from which he held a whole countryside at bay, and how his return to normal was as sudden and complete as his reversion to cateran type. "The Isle of Illusion," "The Brooch," "The Boon Companion," and "The Silver Drum" could have been written by few save Mr. Munro; and quite as admirable is "Young Pennymore," a tragedy in his earlier style both as to subject-matter and treatment. Young Pennymore is to be hanged for a murder he did not commit. His father and mother set out to see him where he lies condemned. They have a breakdown, and the man leaves the woman to get assistance.

"For a moment only she heard his footsteps, the sound of them soon lost in the din of nature—the uproar of the forest trees, whose ponderous branches creaked; the wind, canorous, blowing between the mountains; the booming creptation of the sea upon the rocks."

A sudden burst of moonlight reveals to the woman that she is under a gibbet on which there hangs a man.

"My son! My son!" she screamed, till the rocks and trees gave back the echo, and yet the distant lights of the burgh town glowed on with unconcern."

Then follows the story's splendidly-kept and startling surprise.

In "Copenhagen: a Character" humour and pathos are intermingled. He had been twenty years in the Navy, and had seen but a single engagement—the one that gave him his by-name:

"He was elderly, he was as we should think it now ill-educated: he was without wife or child of his own; he had at times the habit of ran-dan. Heaven plainly meant him for a Highland school and so he opened one—this same so lowly to-day among the nettles. . . .

"Yesterday . . . I passed the ruins of Copenhagen's school. How far, since then, have travelled the feet that trod there. . . . Dear lads, dear girls, wherever you be, my old companions, were we not here in this poor place, among the hazel and the fern, most fortunate and happy? . . . Now it is mist for ever on the hill, and rain-rot in the wood, and clouds and cares chasing each other across our heavens, and flowers that flame from bud to blossom and smoulder into dust almost before we have caught their perfume; then, old friends, we pricked our days out leisurely upon a golden calendar: the scent of the morning hayfields seemed eternal."



Barrack 5. Lined up at the Kitchen waiting for their cabbage soup.

(from "Interned in Germany," by Henry C. Mahoney (Sampson Low))

THE HAPPIEST OF POETS.*

The first impression of Mr. Davies's ninth and latest volume of poems is the final impression also—delight, expressed in a phrase, *How he keeps it up!* All the qualities of the best poems in "The Soul's Destroyer," published twelve years ago, are preserved in "Forty New Poems"; but the faults have disappeared, and the unconscious, patient artistry of those twelve years has borne fruit in the sure and more frequent perfectness of the latest lyrics. Singleness of aim has resulted in singleness of effect. The attempts and achievement of other writers have never seduced Mr. Davies from his devotion to the pure lyric of which he is equally servant and master. He does not try to write in the manner of others, but has fashioned a manner so serenely his own that it is hopeless for others to adopt it. Such loyalty and confidence are the moral foundations of imaginative work; they ensure the sincerity of Mr. Davies's poetry and set him among his contemporaries an isolated sharp figure, neither of their time nor of any other. His poetry is *pure*, unembarrassed by theories, ideas or abstractions. His mind is absorbed into his poetry, and does not make war with the sensuous beauty in which the poetry is born.

But although a new reader would see at once that Mr. Davies's poetry is pure poetry, he would not find it impersonal. It is the simplest and most direct natural expression of a man who exists as part of the visible world which he loves. The character of the poet is borne without misadventure into almost every one of these forty poems, and is to be read in all his preferences and passions—in his love of birds and beasts, of the natural pleasures of the senses, of light, of air, of the beauty of women and children, in his love of his fellows—as well as in the intensity of his observation as, one by one (the larger vision not being his), he notes the individual features of all the things he cares for. He is never dramatic, and never introspective: it is out of his own heart that he sings, with his own eyes he sees, and he has never turned those eyes torturingly and tortured upon himself. He loves too well the beauty of the world to care if it be real or only seeming. Or he knows, surely, that beauty so exalted cannot be less real than his own spirit. He writes so directly out of his own mind that the beautiful first stanza of "Birds," reminding you at least of Campion:

"When our two souls have left this mortal clay,
And, seeking mine, you think that mine is lost—
Look for me first in that Elysian glade
Where *Lesbia* is, for whom the birds sing most"—

D. H.

*"Forty New Poems." By William H. Davies. 4s. net. (Fifield).

is followed by others in which Lesbia is all forgotten, and the freshest of Clare-like tones is heard :

" Off have I seen in fields the little birds
Go in between a bullock's legs to eat ;
But what gives me most joy is when I see
Snow on my doorstep, printed by their feet."

Yet the first stanza is as naturally his own as the second, and in " Lovely Dames " he repeats that note yet more exquisitely :

" Of Helen, which brought Troy so many harms ;
And lovely Venus, when she stood so white
Close to her husband's forge in its red light
But when I look on thee, love, thou dost give
Substance to those fine ghosts, and make them live "

Art here seems not simply to conceal itself, but to be unconscious of itself, so perfectly fused is idea with music. There is scarcely a page that does not show this complete fusion ; as when Mr. Davies speaks of the deep silence :

" That makes all music hollow though the lark
Raves in his windy heights above a cloud "—

and on the next page tells how

" That slanted rain, so light and fine,
Had almost settled in my mind
That I at last could see the wind "—

on another, of the bird that

" . . . Hops in between
The leaves he dreams of, long and green,
And sings for nuptial-buds that show
Where the full breasted leaves must grow "—

and in yet another of

" The wild fast driven clouds this night
Hurled at the moon, whose smiling face
Still shined with undiminished light "

Quotation alone can show the continuing freshness of Mr. Davies's lyric gift. He has the spontaneity and natural music of a bird, and a bird's joy in his world, and that delight in perfection which only pure artists can experience. He is what William Morris has been less truly called—the happiest of the poets.

JOHN FREEMAN.

A STATESMAN SPEAKS.*

There can be no estimate of the debt that modern Europe owes to Lord Bryce for the action and counsel he has devoted to the causes of the free peoples. For many years he has been a leading champion of oppressed nationalities, and has had and expressed a clear view of the human suffering consequent on the subjection of Christian races to Brother Turk. Over a long span of time he has used the influence of his vote and voice to realise the principles of true democracy ; and, as one of the most acceptable ambassadors sent from this country to America, he has been able to wield the authority of a trusted counsellor on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not possible to compute the moral value of his advocacy of the Allied cause during the years when the issue of the " war of principles " seemed uncertain. That James Bryce, the democrat and historian, the student and statesman, should think our cause righteous was an asset in America. And now he has rounded his offering of service by publishing a volume of eight essays that justifies Britain's action in the war, and makes suggestions, through the realisation of the League of Nations, to mend the havoc this poor world has suffered through Prussian brutality and greedy aggression.

Now that the war is done, the Brute is broken, and we are confronted with problems domestic, national and international, it is the last two articles in this book to which readers will first turn, for the earlier chapters, commenting on the attitude of neutral nations, on the psychology and methods of the War State on the effects of War on Human Progress, are rather of concern for a leisure we cannot at present indulge. While the anguish was upon us we might humour nepenthe with such considerations :

* " Essays and Addresses in War Time." By James Bryce (Viscount Bryce). 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

and, indeed, it was urgently necessary that not only neutrals but ourselves should realise the justice of the cause which, as Lord Bryce reminds us, was to vindicate the principles of morality and humanity that were at stake. But the battle is ended, its smoke and wrath are drifting away, though never can its red wrongs be forgotten ; and we need promptly to turn to the new chapter of world-history that is to be constructive.

The League of Nations is still only an idea, and though ideas are of the things that cannot perish, it requires a deal of courage, patience, decision and discussion to bring the League of Nations within the bounds of practical politics ; for Germany slew more than men when to suit her immediate purpose she destroyed the scrap of paper and ignored international law. She cut away the very foundations of future dealings, of mutual trust, among the nations of mankind. How can such distrust be mended ? Only by sincere discussion and an earnest joint attempt at practice. Lord Bryce presents a tentative scheme. The Americans, under the auspices of Mr. Taft, have prepared another. So in both branches of the English-speaking union the feelers are out but how small is the beginning, how vast the object, how uncertain the aim ! Yet it is the reverse of serviceable to stand on the threshold and cry it cannot be done. It must be done : something of the kind must be done if this planet is to improve its levered existence and become at last a decent place. Lord Bryce's book is a right offering, helping towards the desiderated fulfilment. We hope its cautious yet enthusiastic counsel will be well studied and inwardly digested, especially by those possessing the ears of the hustings or the voices of the newspapers, who seem, however, rapidly to be getting back to the old marchings and counter marchings and mouth-marchings of political partisans.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

Novel Notes.

THE WAR AND ELIZABETH. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Collins.)

Not by any means one of Mrs. Ward's happiest efforts—how could it be, since it was written at a time when we were all most anxious about the war : People in years to come will turn to this distressful novel for a picture of things as they were before it was sun clear that we were victors. The hero of the book, a Conservative squire, who fiercely objects to allowing his park to be ploughed up for food production, is the most unconvincing person in it. We all knew selfish folk who refused to do their bit when things were darkest, but Mrs. Ward draws her Mannering in such black colours—makes him so utterly callous and indifferent, that we do not feel the smallest enthusiasm at the idea that the plucky, cool and efficient heroine will eventually become his wife. Excellent Elizabeth, who dettly with a fork removed the piece of bread placed by the side of her neighbour at a war dinner, is not in the least exaggerated. The episode of the young officer who takes so long in dying is very painful, and so possible that we wonder how Mrs. Ward steeled herself to write it.

L. 2002. By Edgar Jepson. 6s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Edgar Jepson has the happy knack of putting us on good terms with the people in his book from the moment we meet them. The hero of this engrossing story, " L. 2002," is a delightful young man, full of the joy of life, full of ideas, and full of courage to carry out these ideas. He is a most likeable young man, and we feel for him a sympathy and interest which makes us follow his highly exciting career with eagerness and not a little anxiety. Michael Blackshaw (for that is his name) is swindled out of his inheritance by a greedy old uncle. Finding that he is no good as a clerk, Michael becomes a taxi-driver in order to support himself and his sister Betty. L. 2002 is the number of his cab. The adventures he has in connection with his fares—which include " crooks " and spies,

and murderers, make thrilling reading. Mr. Jepson introduces us to a miscellaneous crowd of people, including a charming lady detective, and some one with a lost memory. Each character is well drawn, and the love interest of the story is touched in in a delightfully quaint manner. Michael's "revenge" on the greedy uncle is most original and laughable. For wholesome, entertaining reading it is a book to be highly recommended.

THE GIRL WITH NO PROPOSALS. By Marjory Royce. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Marjory Royce shows a subtle understanding of character, portraying with much skill the contrasting natures of the twin sisters Edith and Philippa in her new book, "The Girl With No Proposals." For the first twenty-six years of their lives the sisters have lived happily and contentedly at home in a quiet country rectory. The rector and his wife, whom to look at "was to think of tea-cosies," lead a comfortable and happy existence with their daughters always about them, and none of them worry at all about the future. Into this placid domestic circle a bomb is dropped; a bomb in the shape of a wealthy and eccentric elderly lady—a cousin of the rector's—who comes to visit them, and then proposes to "adopt" Edith as her heir. She shocks the rectory family by her outspoken remarks on marriage. "But what have you girls been doing?" she asks. "Are you engaged to be married?" And when she learns they are not, "What have you been doing with them, Martha?" she asks of the girls' mother. "Haven't you made opportunities for them?" "I call it gross neglect on the part of parents not to have negotiated marriage for their daughters before they are twenty-six. The poor dears have probably met nobody." This cousin, who thinks she is a born match-maker, having induced Edith to go home with her for a month's visit, proceeds to "match make" clumsily, with the result that she nearly spoils all her own plans and Edith's future happiness. Almost—but not quite. The story of how the "girl with no proposals" eventually finds true happiness is skillfully told, the reader's sympathy and interest being securely held to the end of the book.

MOCKERY: A TALE OF DECEPTIONS. By Alexander Macfarlan. 6s. net. (Hemmenham.)

The strange story that Mr. Macfarlan has to tell is on the whole better in its beginning than in its close. It opens indeed excellently with a vivid description of a village meeting of four peripatetic agents of a "No Popery" league, who with a travelling van go up and down the country places impressing upon all and sundry the enormities associated with Popery. A young man rejoicing in the nickname of "Deadly Earnest" Grant is the chief one of the four, and his faith in the matter given him by the league which employs him is such that he repeats it unquestioningly, and thus gets himself into such trouble that emigration seems the best way out of it. Himself the fruit of one piece of deception, he practises another to win a woman for her wealth, while she (believing him to be wealthy) seems likely to be a ready victim. Meanwhile she has found herself in love with another—and so has he. Wrecking on a lonely island, and the murder of a man who has sought to bring about the union of these two are necessary to bring about in effective fashion their dis-union. It is, indeed, a veritable orgy of deceptions that are practised, from the birth of Grant. If it is the author's first novel it should be followed by better work, for excellent narrative ability is shown in the realistic rendering of the early part of the story—but the conclusion becomes almost fantastic in its unreality.

LOVE AND A COTTAGE. By Keble Howard. 2s. 6d. net. (Simplon, Marshall.)

To regard the world and his wife as honeymooners, past, present and prospective, is an agreeable tole shared alike by railway porters, popular novelists, and the salesmen in the Tottenham Court Road. And the novelist who can write entertainingly about a honeymoon is sure of an audience composed of all three classes. Certainly

everybody who has had a honeymoon or hopes to have one will find much to smile over in this new edition of Mr. Keble Howard's "Love and a Cottage." In these days of special licences and breathless war-weddings, it is good to recall the laughable, leisurely honeymoon adventures of the young couple who, searching about for "a sweet little cottage four miles from anywhere," eventually succumbed to an advertisement, and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Stream, Nancy the donkey, Joey and Augustus, and a host of other entertaining characters. The charm of the book, of course, lies in the fact that the two young people are very ordinary young people, who laugh and love and quarrel, and make it up again in just the ordinary way. And whether you laugh with them, or at them, or with a touch of both, will depend on your age and the state of your heart. The book contains eighty characteristic illustrations by Mr. John Hassall.

THE ADORABLE LAD. By Keble Howard. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

In these light, humorous stories, of love in various settings and situations, we have Mr. Keble Howard at his best. He whets our appetite for his dainty fare by introducing us to Cupid, Venus and Puck on the eve of their departure into the world on three distinct missions: Cupid to engineer the love affairs of "all the very young people"; Miss Venus to stir up the married people. "Make 'em jealous! Tease 'em! Rouse 'em!" And Puck to "catch people in the most extraordinary places and play them up to the limit of their endurance." The first and longest story in the book concerns a very business-like confidential secretary and her very business-like employer who does his best to undermine her self-confidence and prove she is not worth the unusually large salary she demands. The tests he prepares for her and her remarkable perception and ingenuity in meeting them form the substance of the tale—as lively and laughable a tale as you could wish for. In the end Cupid pierces the tough hide of business with one of his sterilised darts and carries all before him. The other stories are in every way as entertaining. Just the book to take with you on a railway journey, or to sit over the fire with during a long winter evening.

MOON OF ISRAEL. By H. Rider Haggard. 7s. (John Murray.)

Reading "Moon of Israel" suggests the Scotsman's famous remark, that while some whisky is not so good as others, there is no bad whisky. Sir H. Rider Haggard is always a master-writer in his own line, but this book is not up to his high-water mark. The archaeological knowledge is there, the careful construction, the excellent characterisation, the hand of the practised novelist—but the magic touch is wanting. As a rushlight to the sun, so is this tale to "The World's Desire," which deals with the same period of Egyptian history. There is a glory in the earlier book—a suggestion of magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas, which is absent from the later one. It seems to be the work of a weary man, and it may be that the war has induced its lack of vitality. Moreover it is a twice-told tale, and Sir H. Rider Haggard has repeated Moses in a somewhat tame manner. Some things cannot be reduplicated: the Exodus is one. Apart from this deprecatory criticism, the story is excellent, as it would be, written by so famous an author. Prince Seti is uncommonly attractive, and Ana the scribe reveals himself, in telling his tale, as a very interesting and capable person. Merapi is rather an ordinary heroine; scarcely marked enough in vice or virtue to figure as such. She is, as one might put it, too balanced like Tennyson's Maud, too faultily faultless, and a trifling exaggeration of some feature would have improved her. Useri is better, as her character is more decided, more daring and dramatic. The two Jews, Laban and Jabez, are so good that it is a pity we do not see more of them. But the two best actors in the drama are Kherheb Ki and Bakenkhonsu. Here the author is himself again, and recalls the creator of Sle and Allan Quaterman. The descriptions of scenery are all capital, and there are some stirring dramatic scenes, which

stand out boldly from the over-smoothness of the tale. The Ambush, the Smiting of Amon, the Night of Fear, the Dream of Merapi are all that could be wished in the way of colour and movement. Therefore, on occasions, we get sparks of the old tumultuous fire, and warm ourselves with delight as of yore. But "Moon of Israel" is disappointing—at least it is to be feared Sir H. Rider Haggard's many admirers will find it to be so. Will he not give us a story of ancient Greece, dealing with the Olympic Games, the Eleusinian Mysteries, the great dramatists, the beauty and grace of Athens, and the wizardry of Thrace? There are very few modern novels concerned with Ancient Greece, and there is no writer more able than the author of "She," to illustrate such a theme. We have had the return of She; let us have the return of Haggard with his glow and fire and colour and imaginative splendour, his deeds of valour and ringing descriptions of glorious impossibilities. We want the old warmth. "Moon of Israel" leaves the reader cold.

A LITTLE WELSH GIRL. By Howel Evans 6s. net (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dylis Morgan, the little Welsh heroine of Mr. Howel Evans's new novel, simple, pretty and perfectly innocent of the big world that lies beyond her native mountains, is suddenly brought face to face with the terrible belief that she has murdered a man. Afraid of meeting even her lover, she runs away and wanders over the country disguised, the companion of an old fiddler, and finally finds herself in London winning success by her wonderful singing. It is a fresh, natural story, the characters well drawn, and the contrast between the placid existence in a Welsh village and the stir and bustle of theatrical life in town being cleverly depicted. All who have read the author's previous novel, "A Girl Alone," will make sure of reading this one, and will follow with interest the adventures of a charming, lovable girl who weathers the storm of experience and returns safely at last to the harbour of her heart's love.

THE ORCHARD OF TEARS. By Sax Rohmer 6s. net (Methuen.)

Mr. Rohmer has been very generous to the hero of his new romance. Paul Mario is a young man with dynamic emotions, a head like Julius Caesar's, and a mouth like Dante's; and by the age of twenty-six he "had swept across the literary terrain, storming line after line." Between him and his wife, Yvonne, there was, however, imperfect sympathy, and while the philosophic Paul found satisfaction in a platonic friendship with the wood nymph, Flamby Duveen, his wife fell easily into the toils of the vulgar painter, Orlando James. The literary success of Paul became astounding. His mystical books were applauded as a new evangel, and the world recognised in him its master-spirit. But his two dearest friends, Flamby and Don Courtier, had an uneasy sense of there being something amiss in the new philosophy, and half hinted that Paul was becoming merely the mouthpiece of his Mephistophelian friend, Jules Thessaly. In the long run Jules was vanquished by the power of love and friendship, but the mysterious force of which he was the embodiment exacted from Paul and his friend the last penalty of all. This is an interesting, if somewhat hectic romance, and no one will deny its originality. It is a spiritual mystery by the author of "The Yellow Claw."

THOMAS SETTLES DOWN. By H. B. Creswell. 6s. net (Nisbet.)

In this the second of the entertaining "Thomas" books, Thomas chatters merrily away on marriage, wedding presents, children, lawyers, architects, poets and merry widows. After nine years of it, Thomas is of opinion that marriage is a heavy let-down. "For instance: if any one had told me, even at the church door, that by marrying I was contracting to carry, in each year, half a ton of parcels sixty miles, I should have said, 'The marriage is off.' . . . It is not merely the fetching and carrying,



Photo by G. C. Beresford

Mr. H. B. Creswell.

however; it's the remembering to fetch and carry—or rather the remembering *not to forget* to fetch and carry' . . . Marriage throws a strange complexion on endearments. If, for instance, you hear a woman regularly calling her husband 'Podge,' while he addresses her as 'Hag,' you may be sure that they are as thick as thieves, and that it is all right. A man scrupulously calls his wife 'dear' when he is finding her a bit tedious; 'dearest' when he feels weary of her; 'darling' when he can scarcely endure her; and 'sweetest pet' when he is tempted to do her a violence." Thomas is at his best in describing his quest for the ideal house and his interview with the pseudo-Neo-Grec architect. His more serious adventures (if indeed that adjective can be applied to any of Thomas's actions) include a flirtation with the merry widow and a truculent appearance in the local police court on a charge of assault and battery. Altogether, "Thomas Settles Down" is a lively volume revealing life from an amusing angle.

The Bookman's Table.

LES RUBÁIYÁT D' OMAR KHÉYYAM Traduits en quatrains français d'après la version anglaise d'Edward Fitzgerald par Odette St. Lys. (Skeffington.)

A translation of a translation gives one an uneasy feeling that one must be getting rather a long way from the original author; and when the middleman is Edward Fitzgerald that feeling is well grounded. For, as every one knows, there is at least as much of the translator as of the tent-maker in the famous quatrains. However, if Mme. St. Lys's readers are not getting a faithful rendering of the Persian, they are at any rate getting a version of a great English poem, and a version on the whole faithful and adequate. Mme. St. Lys has managed to keep pretty close to her original, or pseudo-original. For instance:

"Moi-même en ma jeunesse ai fréquenté
Docteurs et saints, qui j'ous discuter
Mais, néanmoins, je resortais toujours
Par la même porte, où j'étais entré.

Again:

"Remplir m'amour, la coupe qui d'ennuis
Et de regrets nous fait grâce aujourd'hui;
D'main? Possible qui je sois alors
Avec les 'sept mille ans' des hiens enfuis."

This French Omar (which has the English opposite the French) is a pretty little book, which would go into a man's waistcoat pocket or a lady's handbag.

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From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, *which doubled my salary* (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes *trebled* and even *quadrupled* as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for; they are sent of the writers' free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter from a journalist, who had only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the *perfectly natural method of progression*. There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

Worth a Hundred Times the Price.

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant.

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman Course. I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter also from a medical man.

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

"Results are Wonderful."

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration, but honestly *no pen can express one tithe of the value the Course really is*. What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through *two lessons* when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

The following extract from a Pelmanist's letter has previously been published but will bear repetition. In the course of a very warm tribute to the system he said:

"I used to think the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic and impossible; now I consider them to be understatements of the truth."

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Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee may be obtained, gratis and post free, by any reader of THE BOOKMAN who applies to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

FERNANDO. By John Ayscough. 7s. net. (John Long.)

"When 'Gracechurch' appeared, some of its best reviewers picked out for special praise the parts which were most autobiographical, and, like *Oliver Twist*, asked for more; and that, particularly, in reference to the passages in 'Gracechurch' most indicative of the foregone conclusion of 'Johnnie's' conversion. Hence 'Fernando.' Thus the author in his dedicatory note—His book—in no sense intended for a novel—gives glimpses of the spiritual side of his own early life—the life of an Anglican boy who, convinced that the Catholic teaching and practice are exclusively right, is dismayed to find the validity of the Anglican Orders denied by the Catholic Church. It is an earnest, wistful record that should appeal to all having the author's temperament.

POEMS OF A PANTHEIST. By Nora Bomford. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

A neatly bound volume of poems mostly of a philosophical turn of thought. The author has originality, and a quiet charm of style. Perhaps she is at her best and most musical in the poem entitled "Laughter." It is unaffected in utterance and its main idea is simply and clearly brought out. Some of the other poems seem at times needlessly obscure, and we must confess to a feeling of irritation at the too frequent introduction of colloquialisms into otherwise more or less academic lines. Their omission and less insistence generally on the personal note would greatly strengthen many of the poems. Nearly all the poems show introspective thought rather than the pure emotion usually associated with poetry, and on the whole we are inclined to take the view that most of the subjects chosen would have found better expression in prose. Nevertheless, as it is, the book should certainly appeal to many, especially to those who, like the author, are of a philosophical turn of mind.

BEHIND THE BARRAGE. By George Goodchild. 7s. net. (Jarrold.)

Writing from personal experience, for he served as a Lieutenant of Artillery in the late war, and was wounded and gassed in France, Mr. George Goodchild has written an extraordinarily interesting story of his military life from the time of joining his battery onwards. His description of the battery in action is as vivid and impressive a thing of the kind as we have read, and the study in the psychology of the men under fire shows skill and real insight. There is a long preface in which Mr. Goodchild frankly and forcibly expresses his opinions on war correspondents, war humorists, and the ingratitude of the public to the soldier when the fighting is over and they can manage without him. It is a bitter indictment, but who can say it is not true? Some things that needed saying are said plainly in this preface, and one hopes they may be widely read.

GALLEYS LADEN. No. XXIII. "Adventurers All" Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

This number of the "Adventurers All" series contains examples of the work of four poets: Ernest Denny, Nora O'Sullivan, C. Doyle, and Gwen Upcott. The poems of Ernest Denny are well selected and all of them show genuine ability. They are simple and sincere. Particularly good are "The Last Adventure" and the lines entitled "Epitaph." Attractive, too, are the poems by Nora O'Sullivan. This poet has a wide range and a quaint and whimsical manner of expression which is very delightful. She has an exceptionally delicate touch, and knows how to use the right word in the right place. "Gifts" is a charming thing. "Mater Inviolata," "September," and "Depths" are also of her best. "The Haunted Countryside" by C. Doyle is an able piece of work, and has just the right atmosphere about it. The other examples of this author's work show ability and true poetic sense. Gwen Upcott, the fourth of these poets, has a sound poetic instinct. "The Dream" has a wistful tenderness that keeps it in the memory. "Brother Fidels" and "Childhood" are almost as good. Altogether, the work of these four poets is very pleasing and full of promise.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The March BOOKMAN will be a Lowell Centenary Number and will contain a special article on James Russell Lowell by R. Ellis Roberts; "Poetry and Verse," by Katharine Tynan; "Burns at Abbotsford," by John Muir; "Stevenson's New Poems," by Major S. Butterworth; "Pen Pictures About Russia," by C. E. Bechhofer; "Sainte-Beuve," by Eugene Mason; "The Brood of False Lorraine," by Jane T. Stoddart, &c.

Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice's "Forty Days in 1914" will be published immediately by Messrs. Constable. It tells for the first time how the Old Contemptibles came to be at Mons, explains the part they played in Marshal Joffre's plan, and gives a full account of the Great Retreat and the First Battle of the Marne

We record with deep regret the death, at the age of fifty-three, of Mr. H. A. Hinkson, the husband of Katharine Tynan. Mr. Hinkson was the author

of many successful books for boys and some admirable novels, of which perhaps the cleverest was "Fan Fitzgerald," published some few years ago by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Since 1914 Mr. Hinkson had been Resident Magistrate for South Mayo.

The danger of the German in our midst is the subject of "Never Again," by W. Bourne Cooke, which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall have in the press. It is dedicated to Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia.

Mr. Walter White, who has for several years been the manager of the Edinburgh house of Messrs. Oliphants, Limited, has been made a Director of the firm.

Those who are tired of controversy on Naval strategy will be interested in a new work of a different character, by Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, entitled "The Fleet from Within." Mr. Moseley, after being discharged from the Army, obtained a commission in the R.N.V.R., and obtained such varied experiences as going down in a super-submarine, flying in one of our Zeppelins, bomb-dropping in the latest war-plane, and going into action in one of the famous "Hush-hush" ships. Mr. Moseley writes from the point of view of the R.N.V.R.—a



Photo by E. O. Hoffé.

Mr. Walter Jerrold.

whose new book, "Douglas Jerrold: Dramatist and Wit," is reviewed in this Number.

standpoint which is quite novel and his book is intended to reveal the men of the old Navy and the new Navy to each other and the world at large. It will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

A new novel which Mr. Sax Rohmer has almost finished is "Dope," a sensational story of London's Chinatown and the prevalence of the drug habit. It will be published by Messrs. Cassell.

The first number of the Royal Air Force annual, "Air Pic," will make its appearance this month under the joint editorship of Mr. Cecil Palmer and Mr. W. Kean Seymour. It contains stories and poems by Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, Israel Zangwill, Robert Hichens, Marie Corelli, Coulson Kernahan, Jeffery Farnol, W. B. Maxwell, H. de Vere Stacpoole, and other distinguished authors, and among the numerous artists who contribute pictures in colour and black-and-white are Sir William Orpen, Frank Brangwyn, Sir John Lavery, Augustus John, Muirhead Bone, C. R. W. Nevinson and Will Dyson. Mr. Cecil Palmer is one of London's youngest publishers, being still on the right side of thirty. Coming of a family with long literary and journalistic traditions, he served an apprenticeship to Messrs. Simpkin,

Marshall & Co., where he and his brother, Mr. Frederick Palmer, who won the V.C. for an act of great bravery in France, worked together. He left Simpkin's to become manager of the London house of Messrs. Foulis, of Edinburgh; and some seven or eight years ago started as a publisher himself and founded the firm of Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

Mr. Frank J. Claringbull has left Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. to found a new publishing firm, which will trade as Robert Hayes, Limited, with registered offices at 61, Fleet Street, E.C.

"Tradition and Change," a new collection of literary essays by Arthur Waugh, will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

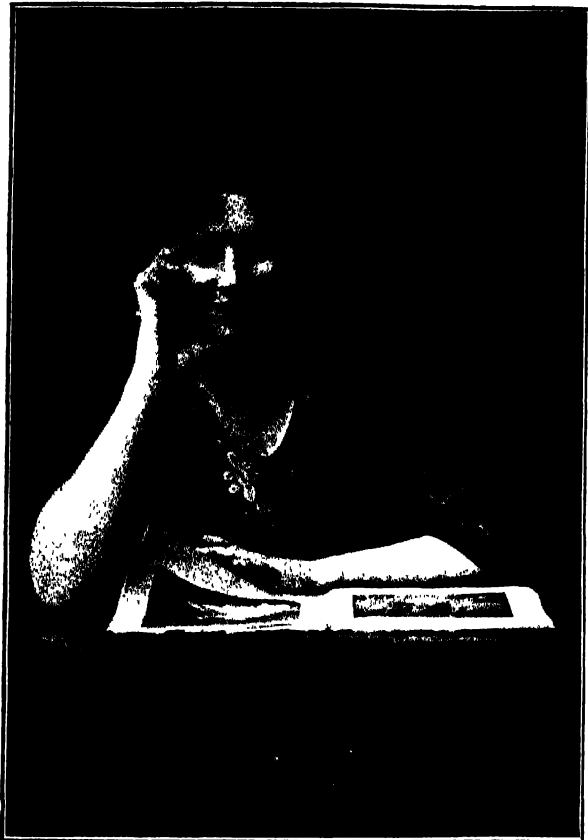
The heroism of the Merchant Service in the great war is the chief theme of Miss C. Fox Smith's "Rhymes of the Red Ensign," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately.

A new romance of London life by C. E. Lawrence, "Such Stuff as Dreams," is to be published this spring by Mr. John Murray.

Messrs. Dent announce "The Rhymes of Amot Orlaunch," a collection of humorous verse about

**Mr. Cecil Palmer.**

From a caricature by H. M. Bateman.



Miss Storm Jameson.

life as it is lived in motor launches. The author, Lieutenant Gordon S. Maxwell, R.N.V.R., has seen much native service with the Dover Patrol, took part in the famous raid on Zeebrugge, and was mentioned in dispatches.

Miss Storm Jameson, whose first novel, "The Pot Boils," is to be published this month by Messrs. Constable, is a native of Whitby, from which picturesque town she draws much of her inspiration. She has a second novel almost ready, and is also engaged on a comprehensive survey of modern European drama.

The University of London Press has a full list of interesting and important books in preparation, including a series of historical and legal works on "The Law of the Sea," several of which are ready, or almost ready. The volume on "The Declaration of Paris, 1856," a documented study by Sir Francis Piggott, has just been issued, and "The Documentary History of the Armed Neutralities, 1780-1800," will be out this month, to be followed by "The Documentary History of the French Wars, 1793-1815," in two volumes. Other volumes on the principles governing the relations of belligerent and neutral are well in hand. The same firm is issuing at once five new volumes in the "Military Medical Manual" series. This series has been largely used by physicians and surgeons on active service abroad

and in military hospitals at home, and by practitioners who want to avail themselves of the latest discoveries which the war has provided. The series of twenty-six volumes (an American edition of which is published by Messrs. Appletons) forms a comprehensive record of the medicine and surgery practised with such wonderful results during the great war. The five new volumes, edited by leading English authorities, are entitled "Disabilities of the Locomotor Apparatus"; "Electro-Diagnosis of War"; "Wounds of the Pleura and Lung"; "Mental Disorders of War"; and "Com-motions and Emotions of War." Mr. W. Stanley Murrell, the manager and secretary of the University of London Press, has had long experience as a publisher. Incidentally, he is well known as a sportsman in Kentish circles and was "skippering" a cricket team when war was declared. He resigned from this team in 1914, and joined the local Volunteers, later transferring into the Special Constables.

Messrs. Jarrold publish an amusing skit on the methods of some of our Government Departments in the shape of the registered papers, minutes and correspondence of the "Ministry of State Control" (1s. 3d. net), dealing with the case of Jonas Rowbottom, Cowkeeper, and his application for an

Photo by The Studio,
Newgate Street.

Mr. W. Stanley Murrell.

official order for ten hundredweight of cow cake. From April to October his letter and the form attached to it are referred from one chief clerk to another, to divers assistant secretaries, to the Chief Secretary and the Minister, each sending it back, or on to somebody else, and each entering a suggestion or objection or query on the growing minutes, or glancing into side issues such as the habits of cattle, whether it is better they should be fat or lean, Mr. Dallymore proposing that a Special Commission should be set up to decide on these and other points before the cow cakes are granted, and hinting that he will shortly be free to undertake the secretaryship of it. From time to time the unfortunate Mr. Rowbottom writes an urgent letter of reminder, pleading that the cows are starving, and when at long last it is decided to send him a series of questions as to himself and his need of the cake, and 14,000,000 special forms have been printed to this end, the one forwarded to Mr. Rowbottom is returned with ribald and satirical replies, and on further inquiry it turns out he has lost interest in the matter as his cows have now "snuffed it." It is excellent fooling, but might do more good than a tract if it were distributed freely in the right quarter.

No reference book has become more generally indispensable than "Who's Who," the 1919 volume of which (30s. net. A. & C. Black) runs to two thousand seven hundred and sixty pages and contains the addresses and tabloid biographies of some twenty-seven thousand men and women who have risen to distinction of one sort or another in public life.

From Messrs. A. & C. Black comes also the 1919 issue of "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book," edited by G. E. Mitton (3s. 6d. net), an invaluable directory for the free-lance contributor in particular, containing as it does, complete lists of British, American and Colonial publishers, magazines and newspapers, with details of the various kinds of work required by them, information concerning royalties, copyrights, dramatic writing, music publishers, how to correct proofs, and the hundred and one things that make it the authors' and artists' most serviceable Enquire Within upon everything.

Title-page and Index to Vol. LIV. will be given with next month's BOOKMAN.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

PERHAPS some of us are tempted to whittle down the greatness of the Victorian Tennyson because we have no Georgian poet who does not seem rather small by comparison with him. Possibly for the same reason we have been generous in supplying with more than respectable reputations quite a number of the Georgians who are graceful enough artificers but, being short of material, say nothing in particular though they say it very well; or who, having little skill in the art, pose as rebels against tradition and disguise their lack of thought and technique in pretentiously eccentric forms of utterance. Mr. Lyon Phelps touches on that absence of imaginative and emotional quality from many of our present-day poets of distinction in "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century" (New York: Dodd, Mead); and in another American book, "The Path on the Rainbow"—an admirable anthology of songs and chants from the Indians of North America (New York: Boni & Liveright)—Miss Mary Austin says a true word about those new old-fashioned poscurs who fancy they are doing an original thing when they write more or less in Whitman's manner, but without his philosophy or breadth of vision to atone for their rhymeless, metreless crudity. A reading of what was written by those aboriginal bards of America

enables you to appreciate Miss Austin's remark that our latter-day "vers librist" are really only beginning "just about where the last Medicine Man left off."

In the circumstances, it is strange and yet not altogether strange that so true a poet as Ronald Campbell Macfie should be less talked of nowadays than are many who are not his peers. He does not belong to the new group; he has never belonged to any group, and so has missed the impetus and advertisement that accrue to one who attacks the reading world in that sort of massed formation. When his first book made its appearance ("Granite Dust." Kegan Paul, 1892) Henley, William Watson and John Davidson were in the ascendant; the Bodley Head was a nest of singing birds; and among such competitors he was crowned with praise by Andrew Lang, William Sharp, and other such leading critics of that day. John Davidson himself, who was not given to easy eulogy, wrote, in reviewing it, "had Mr. Macfie called his book 'Diamond Dust' it would not have unfitly described much that is splendid in it." Following this, after a longish interval, came his "New Poems" (John Lane, 1904), which contains some of his finest lyrics and justifies those who from the first had singled him out as a poet in idea and feeling as well as an artist in phrase and form. Later he published his

romantic play, "Vladimir"; a stately, impressive ode on the Titanic disaster; an ode that is "rich and rough" with jewelled imagery on the quatercentenary of Aberdeen University; and, last year, the most ambitious of his odes, "War" (John Murray), which for scope and depth of thought and sustained imaginative power is one of the most memorable poems the war has yet inspired.

These, and a new collection of verse which Mr. Murray has in preparation, represent the sum of Mr. Macfie's poetical work, but by no means the limit of his activities or his total contribution to literature. For he is not one of the fortunate few who can withdraw from the stress of ordinary life and devote themselves exclusively to the service of the Muses. By profession Mr. Macfie is a doctor of medicine. The greater part of his time has been taken up in the practice of that profession; most even of his writings have been in prose and concerned with scientific research and the art of healing. In addition to numerous essays on such subjects, he has published books on "The Romance of Medicine" (Cassell, 1907); "Air and Health" (Methuen, 1909); "Science, Matter and Immortality" (Williams & Norgate, 1909); "Heredity, Evolution and Vitalism" (Bristol: Wright & Sons, 1912); and "The Art of Keeping Well" (Cassell, 1918). Add two volumes of "Fairy Tales for Old and Young," written in collaboration with Lady Margaret Sackville, and you have the tale of his books complete.

An Aberdonian born and bred, Mr. Macfie is on his father's side of West Highland origin, and distinctly Celtic in temperament. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen—that "Granite University" he honoured with such love and loyalty in his quatercentenary ode:

"Eternity was author of thy plan,
The fire-must, and the sun, and earth, and man
Joined in thy making. Yea, by fire and thought
The gracious granite miracle was wrought.
And now thou art full grown,
Full-leaved, full-blown—
An encrinite,
Stately and white,
A lily made of stone—
A torch that flares across the night
Of the Unknown—
The spindle and the loom of light—
An altar and a throne—
A temple where the feet of truth may fare—
A peak where wisdom may be set on high,
Under a cloudless sky,
In Alpine air."

As a student Mr. Macfie was President of the University Literary Society and a member of the Students' Representative Council. Always a lover of books and keenly interested in poetry, he was so far from resembling the orthodox poet that he went in considerably for athletics, playing football, competing in half-mile and two mile hurdle races, and frequently refreshed himself by walking more than forty miles in a day. When he was nineteen he took his M.A. degree, and presently went a journey round the world, spending nine months in New Zealand, where he dug for gold without raising a fortune.

Thereafter he travelled extensively; passed two winters in Egypt, visited Canada, America, the Cape, and sojourned in divers European cities. Since graduating in medicine he has specialised in diseases of the lung, and has been Resident Medical Officer at various sanatoria in England, Scotland, Ireland and Tenerife.

In his scientific works Mr. Macfie interprets the wonders of the universe and the mysteries of the human organism with the knowledge of the scientist and, as often as his themes lend themselves to such treatment, with the insight and imaginative suggestion of the poet. He writes a lucid, virile prose and, having that great and often foolishly underrated gift, a popular style, knows how to make learned and sometimes abstruse subjects understandable and interest-

ing to readers who may not have been students of them. "The Romance of Medicine" is none the less true to the facts of medical discovery because it is so written as to be a fascinating story. "Heredity, Evolution and Vitalism" discusses with the same simplicity and charm of manner old and new theories and the trend and significance of modern research in these perplexing matters. "Air and Health" is deeply learned in questions of hygiene, and drives its facts home with carefully prepared statistics; but "The Art of Keeping Well" is a book in which the man in the street may find pleasure as well as guidance; it combines medical knowledge with practical common sense, and qualifies the two with the tolerant wisdom of the man of the world who makes allowance for the fact that there may be compensating virtues in a bad habit and that nothing is bad and nothing good for everybody. I am inclined to rank as the most masterly of these books "Science, Matter and Immortality," as enlightening and ably written an exposition of the origin of life as I have ever read; it unfolds subtly and brilliantly the story of those theories of the genesis of man which have been superseded or absorbed by the



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie.

theory of evolution. Mr. Macfie is no materialist ; he does not close the gate against the hope of humanity, but believes that " conceived aright, science must always lead to belief in the unseen and to hope of immortality " ; the essence of his philosophy is that " after all, no analytic knowledge of a rose or a star can surpass the rose itself or the star itself " ; and " better let a man give all his time to selling groceries if he win thereby the means of winning love, and a home and children, than give all his time to the problems of life and fail to live."

If he has surrendered to science much that was meant for poetry, his bread has not been cast in vain upon the waters. As a poet, no less than as a scientist, he probes beneath the surface for the soul and meaning of things : he has found sun, stars, earth and man the more profoundly wonderful the farther he has searched into the secret of their origin and functions ; and the stupendous truths of evolution, marvellous and mysterious beyond any tale of magic that was ever told, are to him the very stuff of poetry and have yielded him dreams and high imaginings that he fashions to music and beauty in the loftiest of his verse.

Not that he is always moving on those heights : he finds inspiration as readily in the passions, emotions and homely experiences that are common to all of us—in love, when he writes such charming lyrics as that which opens with :

" If I were Sleep
With scythe to reap,
Like faded flowers,
The weary hours
Of withered day
If I were Sleep
With dreams to keep
And give away. . . ."

or as " You and I," which is as quaintly fanciful as an Elizabethan song :

" I am the Earth and you the Sea :
Against my rocks your billows roll,
And flood with surging melody
The silent caverns of my soul . . ."

he finds it in remembrance, as in the lines to James Mathieson, where he tells of the strange island on which he found again the Hopes, Sorrows and Memories of his past ; in all the motley cares and joys, and doubts and faith that are the warp and woof of human life. His pity is for the suffering and the poor, though he has seen that :

" between the slough of life,
Between the gutters of the meaner streets,
And the far summits of the World's success,
Are silent battlefields where souls are made."

He recognises that individual pain is of no moment in the vast scheme of things, that no good comes except by strife and vicissitude, yet he feels :

" It is so easy to condole,
Sitting amid your golden hoards,
With your poor drunken brother's soul
Cofined between the sandwich boards."

With this large sympathy and breadth of vision he bares, in his latest ode, " War," the inner significance

of Armageddon, and reveals it, not as a ruinous catastrophe, but as part of the natural order of evolution, part of the age-long struggle of man out of the depths towards the heights, of the universal conflict between the elements of good and evil. He looks back into the night of time, and sees the earth moulded by fire and wind and frost, till the iron ice melting filled the world's enormous hollows with the sea :

" And softly round the ledges of the land
The surf went fumbling like a lover's hand
Feeling with wistful wonder
A living heart thereunder . . ."

then in the briny mud flickered sparks of green that were to burgeon into " granaries of autumn gold," and give birth to the songs of birds, to the " mighty harmonies of human speech," to " living hands of flesh, and blood, and bone." So, through the slow centuries, new forms being born " faster than death could kill," life clothed the world with beauty, and man, at last, rose from the dust :

" And still life came of death, and joy of pain,
And still, as Man his fellow-mortals slew,
Like a red rose, watered with bloody rain,
The human spirit grew
Grew in the depth and height of its desire,
Grew as the Earth had grown amid the fire."

And when he comes to picture the horrors and agonies of the war, he does not vision it as a lapse into barbarism, but as an inevitable continuance of the mighty conflict of forces through which man and the spirit of man were hammered into existence, and have evolved :

" Bodies and souls from a furnace came, and lo in a furnace still
War is moulding the human heart, smelting the human will.
Things of the spirit, things of the mind, these are the things at stake,
Not bodies only but faiths and creeds the bomb and the bullet break. . . .
These are not swords but living souls that clash in the trenches there,
Not battle-planes but battle-dreams that fight in the azure air.
Foolish may be our war-desires, blundering, blind our aims,
But still the shoddy and sham of life are burned in the battle-flames.
By tempest, by fire, by talons and teeth, by war, and disease and lust
The hand of Death and the hand of Life have wrought at our wondrous dust,
But ever above, the hand of Love our destiny controls,
Moulding to beauty and to truth our bodies and our souls."

Even through all the ancient ravages of Tamerlane, Attila, and the ruthless warriors of antiquity, " eternally man's spirit grew," and still the power beyond us :

" Keeping a watch and ward,
Shapes man's immortal soul by man's own foolish sword."

Mr. Macfie has gone from strength to strength ; his latest book is also his best ; and I am not surprised that critics here and across the Atlantic have spoken of this Ode as the greatest poem of the war.

A. ST. J. A.

THE READER.

JOHN RUSKIN, 1819—1900.

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE first centenary of a writer's birth is the first real day of reckoning for him. It is something, indeed, if he can achieve his century without oblivion. To be talked about after a hundred years is a kind of provisional immortality, ratified or cancelled at the next anniversary. The first centenary means the first disinterested criticism. Our great man's death will have evoked no more than the usual obituary amenities amounting generally to solemn assertions that the deceased was as good as everybody else, if not rather better. By the first centenary we have grown cooler and can take a less palpitating view of his accomplishment. In the case of Ruskin, the coolness is almost sure to take the form of a melancholy assurance that his influence is not what it was. That may be entirely true and yet undistressing. The influence of John Ruskin may have diminished and still be more powerful than (say) the influence of Samuel Butler, which has increased. The only person whose influence is sure to be steady is one who never had any.

Ruskin was bound to lose much of his direct influence by the very nature of his work. It was all propaganda—propaganda more purple than a whole college of cardinals could create, and the inevitable fact about propaganda, even the purplest, is that the more effective it is the less effective it will be. The preacher of a new doctrine will affect his own contemporaries; but it is they, not he, who will convert the next generation. The next generation, in fact, may absorb all the doctrine without knowing the preacher, whose work when they do encounter they may be apt to call stale, because they knew it all before. Who fished the murex up doesn't trouble them.

Thus to-day we are all in many ways Ruskinian whether we know it or not. That Turner is the greatest of English artists and one of the greatest artists of the world is a fact we accept so unquestioningly from tradition, that we forget the tradition was created for us by Ruskin's courageous and untiring championship. Thackeray could write a fine appreciation of "The Fighting Téméraire" as long ago as 1839; but it was easier to admire the "Téméraire" in 1839 than "Rain, Steam and Speed" in 1844. And we are

indebted to Ruskin not merely for the establishment of Turner's reputation, but for the very existence of many lovely sketches, which he snatched indignantly out of the damp vaults in which official indifference was placidly leaving them to rot. Wherever upon the dingy walls of our galleries there gleams the magic light of Turner's sea and sky, there shines, too, some influence of the writer whose passionate and fire-shot prose first taught us "to behold the light and whence it flows," and see it all with joy.

In the older realms of art, as well, we are still the disciples of Ruskin—we still admire the pictures he first taught us to like; though whether we like them for the reasons he gave is another matter. It may be objected that his art criticism was bad in essence, in that it was literary and not pictorial; he seemed to transpose pictures into prose, and to offer the paraphrase rather than the picture to our admiration. The objection is worth considering, but being fitter for a treatise than an article we pass it by. The important point is that he really did make people look at pictures and try to like Fra Angelico better than Guido Reni. To measure what he effected turn to the book of another writer and painter, who lived almost exactly a century before him—the admirable Sir Joshua; and having glanced through the once famous "Discourses," turn next to a catalogue of the Arundel Society's prints, produced and published under the direct inspiration of Ruskin's teaching. You will find scarcely a point of contact. The practice of Reynolds

fortunately rested upon surer foundation than his theory, for the "Discourses" are now little more than a museum of bad opinions; the pictures remain. As you turn Sir Joshua's pages, the names you find constantly recurring are Raphael, Michelangelo, Salvator Rosa, Maratti, Le Sueur, Poussin, and the Carracci, especially Ludovico, who in certain respects is described as near perfection. Veronese and Tintoret are damned with faint praise, and Titian praised with faint damns. Among the inferior artists of "Gothic rudeness," from whom, however, something may be learned, as long as it is "wrought up and polished to elegance," are Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden. Never a word of Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Filippo and



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

John Ruskin.

Filippino Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Luini, Benozzo Gozzoli, Carpaccio, and so forth. Hazlitt, who was travelling the new world of picture galleries in Italy and England when the infant Ruskin was still rapturously gazing at water-carts from his Bloomsbury windows, manages to get at times surprisingly near to modern preferences in his vigorous notes and criticisms; but his immediate influence was not great; and it is due to Ruskin that nowadays none but millionaires can buy Carpaccio and that the Carracci are two a penny. In short, before Ruskin the general view was that Italian art began with Raphael and Michelangelo; since Ruskin the general view is that Italian art ended with Raphael and Michelangelo. The Pre-Raphaelite painters, now everybody's possession, were discovered for us by Ruskin; and in that respect his influence, though it be dead, yet lives.

The name reminds us inevitably of the modern English painters who called themselves "Pre-Raphaelites." In their work, and its offspring the "Æsthetic" cult, we can see the influence of Ruskin working in unforeseen, not to say startling channels, which, however, being in the nature of backwaters, we will not at the moment follow. Nor shall we attempt any discussion of Ruskin's general doctrine in the arts. Two sentences, however, may be quoted as food for reflection. The first is a simple definition: "The art of man is the expression of his

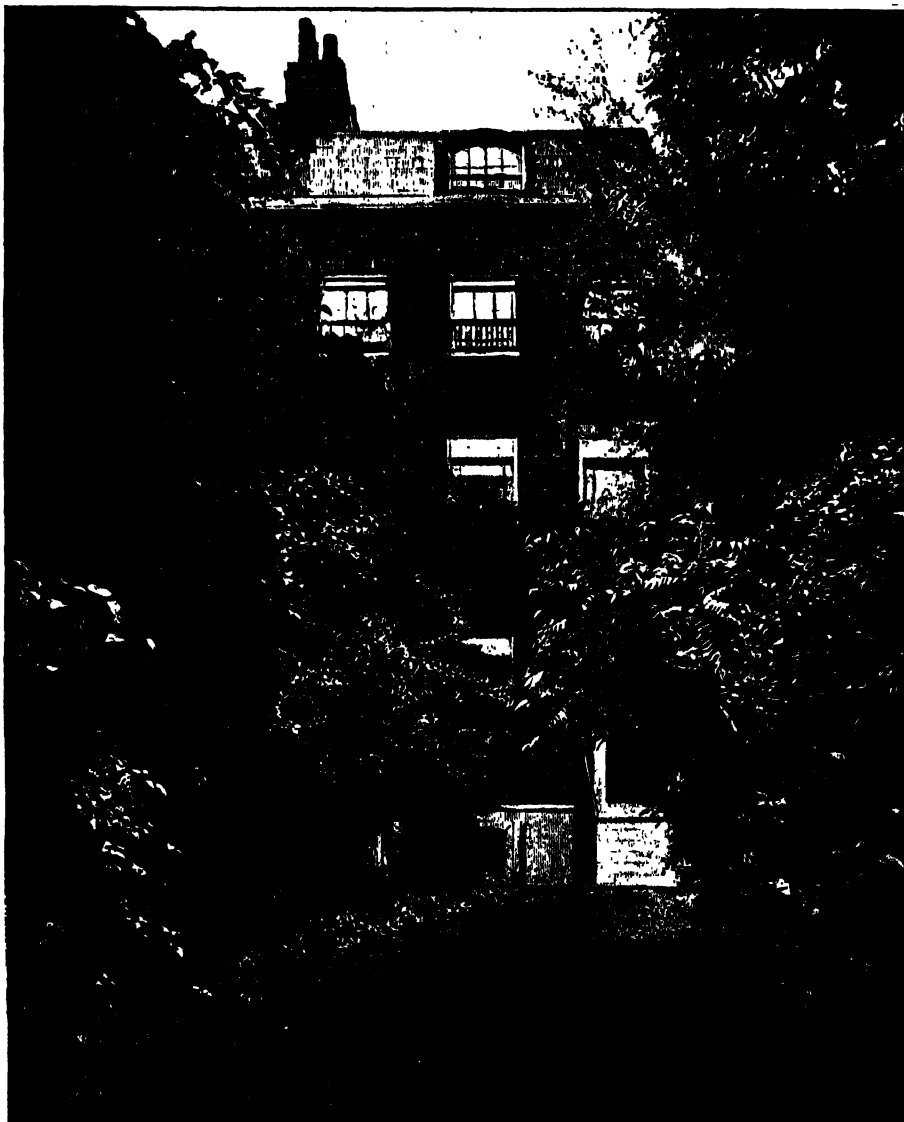
rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which he forms part." Like all definitions of the indefinable this is interesting as a basis for discussion, and quite useless as a test of fact. You can judge a tendency by it, but not a picture. It did not avail Ruskin himself, for it led him to a depreciation of Whistler, which can perhaps be forgiven him, and a depreciation of Rembrandt, which cannot. The other sentence I wish to quote is one whose wisdom should be a law to all our criticism when it is confronted by some new thing:

"Men of perfect genius are known in all centuries by their perfect respect to all law, and love of past tradition; their work in the world is never innovation, but new creation; without disturbing for an instant the foundations which were laid of old time."

There is more in this sentence than may meet the eye at first. It applies to the arts that principle of "conservative innovation" which Bagehot had already indicated as a necessary condition of stable evolution in the world of government. There are no Melchizedecs in art. True art must have a genuine genealogy.

The first volume of "Modern Painters" was almost contemporary with the later "Tracts for the Times." To say that Ruskin contributed to the Catholic Revival would be true only in a vague and questionable sense;

for Ruskin, religious as he always was, never taught the religion of theologians, whether Low or High, Wee or Free. It would be nearer the mark to say that he helped to mitigate and sweeten our Protestantism. Into the thorny thicket of religious (or rather theological) controversy I have no intention and no qualification to enter. The simple fact, however, is that the historic religion of Europe is not the religion of Protestant sectarianism; nay, more, the historic religion of this country is not the religion of Protestant sectarianism. Observe, the superiority of one to the other as a depository of truth and a guide to life does not at the moment concern us. The point is, that European history cannot be understood from the angle of Protestant sectarianism; and, as Ruskin came to recognise— he, brought up in the strictest of Evangelical homes and destined by his mother to become an Evangelical clergyman, even, if possible, an Evangelical bishop—European art cannot be understood from the angle of Protestant sectarianism. We are now so used to a larger view that we have almost forgotten past antagonisms; but with "Præterita" to exhibit the narrowly religious home in its best aspects and "The Way of All Flesh" to exhibit aspects less pleasing, we may perhaps

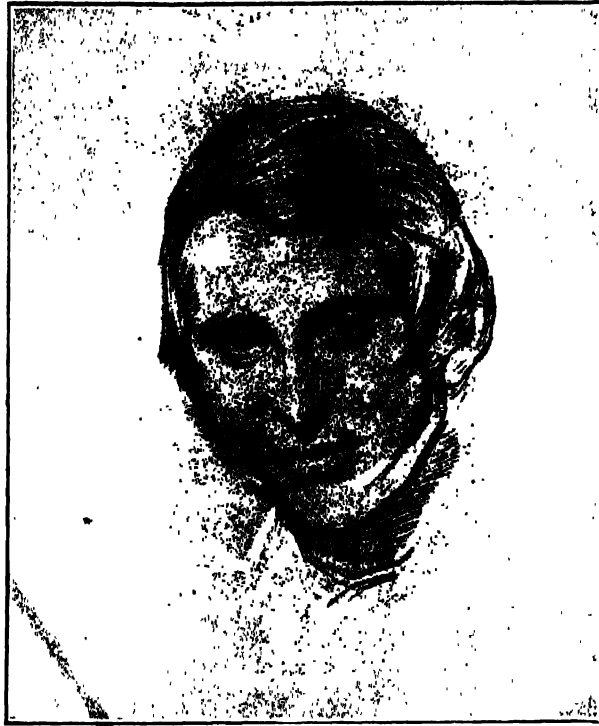


Ruskin's House at Herne Hill.

Here he went to live, with his father and mother, in 1823.

appreciate what Ruskin and others accomplished in widening the national view. His own first notions of worship were derived from a chapel in Walworth; and so it is appropriate that his final revolt should have come at a Waldensian chapel in Turin, where a congregation of nineteen or twenty pallid, stunted folk congratulated themselves on being the elect of Italy. The contrast between their pitiful sterility and the teeming life without – vital life of man and glowing life of art, completed his own emancipation from obstructive religion, and in that book he read no more. In "Childe Harold," Byron, so much admired by Ruskin, had written for England the first and best guide-book to Europe. Ruskin continued the tradition. Penetrating to the respectable circles where Byron would have been suspected, Ruskin's influence served to Mediterraneanise our rather provincial island. Carlyle tried (and fortunately failed) to Balticise it.

Ruskin's insistence upon art as a mode of wholesome individual and national life led him more and more to a preoccupation with social questions. It seems to me impossible to distinguish between Ruskin's aesthetics and his economics. The kind of art he desiderated must be the product of the kind of community he desiderated. The righteous polity he visioned would naturally express "its rational and disciplined delight" in the arts and crafts he so passionately praised. There were not two Ruskins. Like the Republic he was one and indivisible. When he died, nearly twenty years ago, there was a tendency of the post-mortem panegyrists to excuse his social doctrines as the excesses of a weakening mind, and to declare that his teaching



John Ruskin.

Drawn by George Richmond, R.A.

the wind was southerly, he knew a fact from a fallacy. It is in the riotous opulence and extravagance of "Modern Painters" that you can discern the excesses of an imprudent temper, rather than in the patient argument and quiet beauty of "Unto This Last," the finely disciplined prose and matter of "Fors" or the charming garrulity of "Præterita."

His dogmatism is of course unescapable. Our fathers of the mid-Victorian period had much to endure from their men of letters. Were there ever people more ruthlessly preached at – by Emerson, by Arnold, by Ruskin, by Carlyle? Even the poets wouldn't let them alone, and indeed were liked the better

for their preaching. Carlyle simply bawled and ranted, and is now paying the penalty. The Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church was too refined to bawl; but he was often petulant and peevish. There never was such a consistent laudator of times past. A belief that whatever is is right



Photo by Frederick Hollyer.

Ruskin and Holman Hunt.

cannot be called wholesome; a belief that whatever is wrong must be called even less wholesome, especially when coupled with an equally firm belief that whatever was going to be could only be described in language that would melt the type it was set in. Trains were ever Ruskin's pet abomination—travel of course being limited to those who, out of the profits from good sherris sack, could afford to roll through Europe in a travelling chariot with four post horses. It is a pity he didn't live to see the touring automobile and the tube train. (George Eliot, by the way, foresaw a time when we should be hurled through tubes instead of carried on the coach-roads.) He declared that modern dancers could not dance, and that modern singers could not sing like the performers he had known. By a singular coincidence all the sincere artists had perished with those he met in early years, their successors being invariably persons moved by some ignoble vanity. He sneered at people because they would not climb mountains, and when they did climb sneered at them for turning mountains into greasy poles. He sneered at the crowds that went up the Rigi and sneered at the crowds that didn't go up the Dôle. It is possible, by the way, that the merry winter sportsmen who spend their Christmas holidays ski-ing at St. Cergues could teach Ruskin something about the Dôle, for it is certain that he never saw the view from it in mid-winter.

But these are mere trifles. Ruskin's authority is not diminished by any singularity in his views of the singers of yesterday and the day before. That he concerned himself at all with such matters is rather endearing than repelling—it exhibits the Prophet of Brantwood as just a very human old gentleman instead of a flawless inhuman prig. His feelings may have been at times erratic, but his great heart was in the right place. And, till the end, there was little the matter with his head. His later publications are in nearly all respects his best. As a tract for the times "*Fors Clavigera*" is almost miraculously apposite. It begins with the Germans in France and travels through nearly all our present discontents. Its first number was issued nearly fifty years ago, but there can be few books so valuable to so many people at the present moment. It will open our eyes and clear our heads. The nations of Europe are sick, some sick almost to death; and we are come into this danger because we have followed evil and pretended that it was good. The apostles of profits, who are ready to sell anything or anybody for thirty pieces of silver, are still vehement in their old doctrine that the main rule of life is to take the

cash and let the credit go, although the world is in ruins because we have followed them. As long as this is the national creed, the national life will be discreditable. For the prevalent moral sickness of states there is no panacea. What is needed is a wholesome regimen of life. Ruskin offers no panacea, and tells us plainly that there is none. The righteous nation will be made righteous simply by righteousness. In the next world we may be justified by faith; in this world we are justified also by works. That, in effect, is his message, and he delivers it with unwearied patience, emphasis and iteration. If he despaired, it was not because his teaching was false, but because his hearers were indifferent, and hurried smiling to their destruction. England had need of Ruskin's influence when he wrote; she never needed it more than now.

Humanity was always his passionate concern. His standing quarrel with professors of the Dismal Science (or theirs with him) arose precisely because he would introduce the human factor (which they ignored) into all economic teaching, because he insisted on reckoning national prosperity in units of happiness instead of aggregates of wealth, and because he demanded that economic theory must relate to the very world that is the world and not be left pinnacled dim in the intense inane. Poor Sissey Jupe was by anticipation a disciple of Ruskin when she rejected the facts of Gradgrind and McChoakumchild, and thought of the starving people rather than of the percentage of starvation. No two men could be less alike than Cobbett and Ruskin: yet in their crusade against commercialism they were brothers in arms—the one foreseeing the evil, the other having seen it. Dickens, greatest of creative artists since Shakespeare, the magnanimous, faulty, noble, vulgar Dickens—vulgar as the mother tongue is vulgar and common as the Book of Common Prayer is common—was not more passionately indignant at man's humanity to man, more fearless in denouncing national hypocrisy, or more courageous in demanding hope and life for the poor victims of our commercial triumphs, than this professor of the Fine Arts, who refused a life of ease and luxury, disclaimed sentiment and popularity, and became a voice crying in the wilderness, preaching not merely that we must repent, but that we must bring forth works meet for repentance, a prophet sometimes perverse, petulant, shrill and excessive, but always unfaltering, unflattering, undeviating and undismayed. In letters of gold let us write him as one who loved his fellow men.

THE WITTIEST MAN IN LONDON.*

BY RICHARD WHITEING.

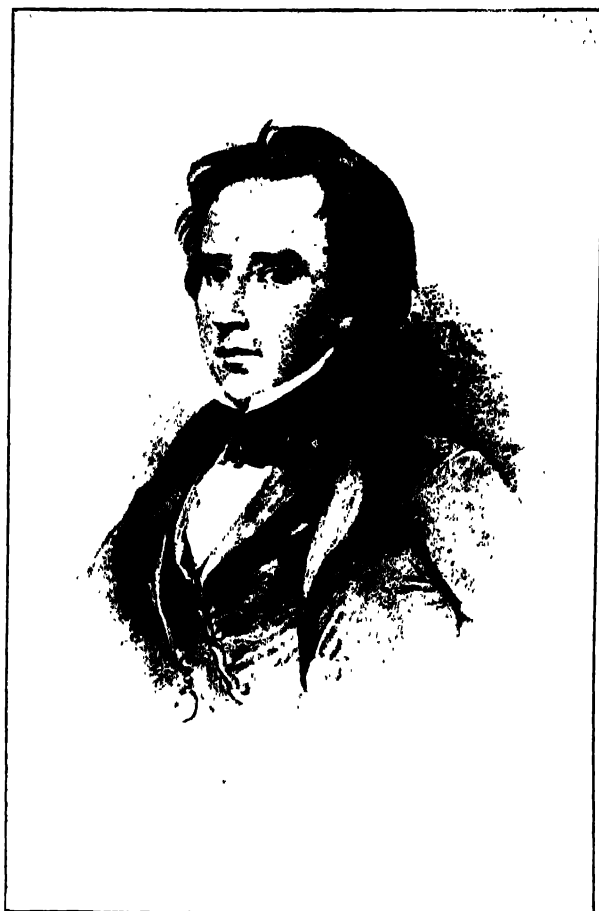
THE man, once hailed as above by an enthusiastic admirer, could manifestly have been no other than Douglas Jerrold. These two substantial volumes now devoted to his memory may be described as a tribute of filial piety, in the nature of the worship of ancestors. They are dedicated "To the descendants of Douglas Jerrold, grandchildren, great-grandchildren,

and great-great-grandchildren (upwards of fifty in number)." One volume perhaps might have sufficed, not for lack of matter, but only because, in this busy age, those who read insist on running at the same time. And there is one other consideration—the Jerrolds have done bravely from 1803, when the hero of the piece was born. The youngest, or thereabouts, to date, has just made a promising start in literature; and her father, the author of the work, inherits almost in full measure the

* "Douglas Jerrold." By Walter Jerrold. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

great ancestor's gift of punning repartee. It is a sort of clan of faculty in kindred arts, and it seems quite natural to think of them in the plural. They are *The Jerrolds*, and there an end. One branch formed an old theatrical family, Scottish on the mother's side, and, as Douglas, one of her sons bore her maiden name.

Like Pope, he may be said to have "lisp'd in numbers." He wrote his first play at sixteen, and this in very adverse circumstances and with nothing on the other side but his indomitable will. Moreover, it was a success, and this not in London only, but in Paris where it appeared in a translation, and with equal or greater good fortune. The French rarely borrowed from us in those days, though our authors in vogue almost lived upon them, and thought it no shame. At nineteen he had several pieces to his credit, among them a dramatised version of a *Waverley* novel. Copyright was a joke at that time—to all but the authors. He was then at case in a printer's office, where Phelps was reader, each educating himself in his miscalled leisure hours for a career. The former learned Latin and Italian in this way. His earnings with the pen were wretched; no wonder he had scant love for managers. He parted with four plays, all produced, for twenty pounds, when he was but two-and-twenty. Yet in the interval he had the pluck to marry a girl whom he had chosen for his wife at eighteen as "the only she." The fates seem to have been tickled into tenderness by a sense of the joke; and in 1832 they gave him an idea for a comic paper, *Punch in London*, suggested by the production, a month earlier, of *Figaro in London*, under the editorship of Gilbert à Beckett. *Punch in London* soon vanished from both the metropolis and from the universe, but there was still a germ of promise in one part of the title. In 1841, under other ownership and other management, *Punch* pure and simple saw the light, and Jerrold received a cordial invitation to join the staff. This gave him his great opportunity, and some of his best work, including the exquisite "Story of a Feather," was done for the new paper. Its success was not far to seek. It was staffed by a band of joyous Bohemians who had seen life in the most ample and generous sense of both the terms. Even Thackeray, with his better social start, was no



Douglas Jerrold, 1845.

From an etching by Kenney Meadows.

From "Douglas Jerrold: Dramatist and Wit," by Walter Jerrold (Hodder & Stoughton).

exception. They all had the democratic bias, the desire to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number by touching the springs of laughter or of tears. Nothing could surpass the variety and the good fortune of their experience of life and character. They could hobnob with the cobbler in his stall, or with the best of his customers. At the same time, their preference, for the standpoint, was that middle class into which most of them were born—mainly a middle class without guile. Hence the question: "Why is *Punch* not so good as it used to be?" still carries the paradoxical answer,

"It never was." It had its golden age; and *quicquid agunt homines* was its rule of life. An age of iron which has supervened—to say nothing of the dash of brass between—has given us a staff perishing of in-breeding in Bayswater flats, and with the minor proprieties of gentility alike for its religion and its fun. The note (with its due limitations in decency) must ever be: Who cares? To see the difference we have only to compare the Caudle lectures of Jerrold, the inventor of the *genre*, and "The Naggletons" designed much later as its substitute, by a more fastidious writer for a more fastidious age.

Jerrold, as we have seen, began as a dramatist, and in that line he produced some sixty odd plays. Among them was his version of "Paul Pry" in which he had other writers as rivals, or pirates at their own sweet will. His "Black-eyed Susan" suffered much in this way. A single one of these or of "The



West Lodge, Douglas Jerrold's Home at Putney Lower Common.

From a photo by A. S. E. Ackermann, R.Sc. Taken in 1910, shortly before the demolition.
From "Douglas Jerrold," by Walter Jerrold (Hodder & Stoughton).

Rent Day," duly protected by law, would have brought affluence to its author. The rest, good, bad or indifferent, ranged over the whole field of life and manners, from "Thomas à Becket" down to "Mr. Peppercorn at Home," or "Bamfylde Moore Carew," King of the Beggars, to "Vidocq" the French Police Spy. "Black-eyed Susan," which owed its title to a song in "The Beggar's Opera," was a failure at first, until it found its hour and its man with T. P. Cooke in the cast. Then it was a fortune for the actor and for the management. Yet the author had to be content with sixty pounds, screwed up to seventy by his selling the copyright. The piece was true to nature all through, from the manners to the pathos, for one of his episodes of experience was a long term at sea. Tiring at length of these starvation wages, he started *The Shilling Magazine*, a portent in that day both for quality and quantity. It was a brilliant idea, but its projector was not a man of business, and it died the death in its infancy. This was followed by a brief return to the drama (1845) and a year later by his sub-editorship of the *Daily News*, then just starting with Charles Dickens in command. Within three weeks the chief had quitted his editorial chair "tired to death, and quite worn out"; and in about three months Jerrold had followed his example. Then, but only after a long interval, came another bite at journalism—*Lloyd's*. Years before that appeared he had projected a paper on much the same lines, on his own account, from which he could thunder the Liberal and Radical creed, then in the plenitude of its high spirits and faith in its mission. But this was not to be, under his guidance and management in its practical affairs. Nature had denied that, but with her wonted bounty to him she took care to have her eye on a man who could supply the defect to perfection. In 1842 *Lloyd's Illustrated Weekly* had been started by Edward Lloyd, an enterprising young printer and a herald of the cheap popular press, chiefly by "Advertising's Artful Aid." All he wanted to complete the conception was the man to advertise; and at length, but only after ten years, he ventured to approach Jerrold with the offer of the editorship.

He was at first coldly received, but he was equal to the occasion. "Mr. Jerrold," he said, "you are unaware of the terms I was going to propose."

"Quite."

"A thousand a year."

"Oh! that puts another complexion on the case. I'll see you again to-morrow."



Douglas Jerrold, 1852.

From the painting by Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

From "Douglas Jerrold," by Walter Jerrold (Hodder & Stoughton).

The morrow came, and both men no doubt were punctual to the appointment. "Make it twenty pounds a week," said Jerrold—or words to that effect—"and I'm your man."

"Done!" said the other, under the same reservation as to the literal accuracy of the text, and the bargain was struck.

So who says that Jerrold was not a business man?—though it must be admitted that he usually contrived to conceal that talent in a napkin.

Both were men of honour, and the settlement was never disturbed. The new editor held his post down to the day of his death, five years later. He worked like a slave on the paper, and took it out of journalism into literature, while still leaving it precious to the humblest reader dowered at a pinch with only one of the three R's. His name had a line to itself all across the front page:

"Edited by Douglas Jerrold," like a guarantee of the genuineness of a potted meat. This label survived him, with but one change, "Blanchard," for the paternal name. It had all the benefit of an endowment, and it suited the proprietor of the paper as a suggestion that the public were still dealing in the spirit with the old firm.

He was a mighty sayer of good things, hot and hot from the brain, if not always from the heart. His quips and cranks, grave or gay, and all impromptus, were the common possession of the workshop, the club and the drawing-room. They are freely quoted in this book. He could argue, rebuke, denounce, chastise, praise—all in a jest. There is little in the collection to blot out of his record, but this rule unfortunately admits of one almost appalling exception. A friend at an evening party called his attention to the fact that Mrs. Jerrold had joined in the dancing with another of the guests. "He must be a member of the Royal Humane Society," said that woman's husband. In no circumstances can this brutal pleasantry pass muster, even on the supposition of an overdose of something that was not good for him, a rather common infirmity of the time. But it would be hard to part with such a man as he was without giving him the benefit of that doubt.

The illustrations include various portraits of Jerrold, with other plates, and a good index which may serve as a kind of epitome of the literary and dramatic activities of the Mid-Victorian period. The work has evidently been a labour of love, and it fills a gap in the history of its subject. It is a worthy monument to the memory of a very remarkable man, and is delightfully written from first to last.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight lines of original verse on Sir Douglas Haig.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best original four-line epitaph on War Bread.)

IV.—PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The Prize for the best lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, W.13, and to Vivien Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

THE UNHEEDED MINSTREL.

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(The way is weary, the road is long!)
Over the hill top and into the town,
Over the cobbles all golden and brown
In the glow that falls as the sun goes down,
(Oh but the way is weary!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(My feet are tired and the stones are cold!)
Under the eaves do your candles glow,
Firelight and shadow dance to and fro,
Comfort and cheer doth the goodwife know.
(Oh but the wind blows dreary!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(The sun goes down like a lamp of gold.)
Alone I stand in the market-place,
With never the smile of a friendly face;
And the frost on your windows makes fairy lace,
(And a song I make for your pleasure!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(The moon is up like a blood-red flame.)
Your doors are barred and your cloth is spread,
The babes dream warm in a curtained bed,
But the pitiless snow falls on my head
(My singing is all my treasure!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(In a hundred years 'twill be all the same!)
No one listens to songs of mine,
I sing them alone in the pale star shine
And the stars sing too with a lilt divine,
(My song and the stars' together!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(I can sing no more, I have sung so long!)
The songs that awoke in my heart are mute,
That I carolled at dawn to the blackbird's flute.
See! I rend the strings of my quivering lute!
(Down the wind drifts a grey goose feather).

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

BLIND.

You, who have known her perfect loveliness
May guess how it would be
To have, to hold such beauty; to possess
And yet not see!

Like Tantalus of old, allured, beguiled
And cruelly denied,
So fretted, how shall I be reconciled
How satisfied?

Love, love, I were an ingrate to complain:
Rather I should rejoice,
Finding eternal balm for all my pain
In your dear voice.



Photo by Taylor, Harrogate.

Mrs. Charles Ratcliffe,
whose volume of poems, "Dales of Arcady,"
Mr. Erskine Macdonald has published.

Your touch my sombre prison can unbar :
I shall not lack for light
While your sweet presence rises like a star
Upon my night.

And if I may not wholly ease my drouth
With thirsty finger-tips,
I shall not go with parched and burning mouth
Having your lips.

VIVIEN FORD.

We also select for printing .

FOR THE AVIATORS.

God be with you, you who fly,
O'er the mountains in the sky.

Thro' the tempest's aftermath
God go first and pave a path.

And amid the dews and damp
May He light His kindly Lamp.

God your gracious Pilot be
Thro' the azure misty sea.

God, lest you should lose your way,
Give you conduct night and day.

Bring you, when each mile is past,
To your haven, safe at last.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

THE FOOL DEFIANT.

What's the good of loving and crying out on love
With the blithe sun about us and the blithe skies above ?
Oh I am sick of loving, and the glamour and the pain—
Let's laugh and forget them, and feel the wind again. . . .

There are sweet birds in Sussex, and there's sunlight in
the park,
And gay the yellow lamps wink out along the edge of
dark—

There's music, too, to dance to; joy between star and
star
And the pulsing roar of London swings up faintly from
afar.

Oh I have need of no man, but I'll make my path alone—
A sweet road to follow once young teasing Love has flown,
For he's a faithless fellow and a cruel and a sad
And he goes with mocking laughter—and you've lost
most joys you had.

But now I will have none of him—and proud and free I'll
go
Down the high road, the lonely road, with sun and wind
and Oh !

I'll find a greater happiness with those who are my friends
Than with the fleeting splendour—with the ashes of its
ends.

Then sly-eyed Love came peeping down with laughter as I
spoke—
Came with low laughter peeping as the first pale star
awoke,
"O soon," he cried, "soon," he cried, "you'll call for
love again,
And I shall turn my head away, and you cry out in vain."
(P. Whitehouse, 52, North Street, Horsham, Sussex.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by
Peter Chevasse (Walsall), R. Taylor (Wallasey), Sydney
Jeffrey (Salonika), Marguerite Sanders (London, W.),
Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), B. Campbell Guerin
(Guernsey), Margaret K. McEvoy (London, N.W.),
Private William C. Pocock (Dublin), May Herschel

Clarke (London, S.E.), "Thalassa" (Brixham), Sydney
Berry (Elmham), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston-on-
Thames), Alfred Watson (Nottingham), Wilfred W.
Kershaw (Southport), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno),
L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), J. A. B. (London, N.), D.
O'Connor (Beaconsfield), F. Olse (Q.M.A.A.C., France),
Jessie Hare Wakefield (Barnsley), Julian Waterhouse
(Liverpool), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Percival Hale
Coke (Harrogate), Cuthbert Ellison (Rochdale), Leslie
D. Cosgrove (London, W.), Herbert Wallace Barnsdale
(Lincoln), C. Burton (London, S.E.), Jessie Jackson
(Beverley), R. Case (Eastbourne), James S. Smith
(Salisbury), S. G. K. (Redcar), J. T. Robson (Dollor),
Lilian Holmes (Charing), Julia Wickham Greenwood
(Gibraltar), Marguerite Sanders (London, W.), Emma
R. Goodwin (Massachusetts), Laurence Tarr (B.E.F.,
France), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Arthur
E. Church (B.E.F., France), B. E. Todd (Doncaster).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation
is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33,
Hartfield Road, Eastbourne, for the following :

THE GIRL WITH NO PROPOSALS. BY MARJORY ROYCE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That everybody knows."

T. H. BAYLY, *Why Don't the Men propose.*

We also select for printing :

MOCKERY: A TALE OF DECEPTIONS. BY ALEXANDER
MACFARLAN. (Heinemann.)

"Water, water, everywhere
And not a drop to drink."

S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

(Maud Simpson, Minterne Grange, Parkstone, Dorset.)

THE ROUGH ROAD. BY W. J. LOCKE.
(John Lane.)

"The corn, oh the corn . . ."

R. D. BLACKMORE, *Exmoor Harvest-Song* . *Lorna Doone.*

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

LOVE AND A COTTAGE. BY KERLE HOWARD.
(Simpkin, Marshall.)

"Ask not how long our love will last."

G. ETHERIDGE, *To a Lady.*

(M. McDonnell, 12, Robert Street, Lancaster.)

THE GIRL WITH NO PROPOSALS. BY M. ROYCE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I looked at her and looked again
And did not wish her mine."

WORDSWORTH, *The Two April Mornings.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

(2) "Still nursing the unconquerable hope."

M. ARNOLD, *The Scholar Gipsy.*

(Muriel Westwood, The Park, Sutton Coldfield, Warwick-
shire.)

(3) "I am here at the gate alone."

TENNYSON'S *Maud.*

(Mrs. B. W. Heath, 26, Phoenix Lodge Mansions, Brook
Green, London, W.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best
eight lines addressed to our soldiers on Peace
is awarded to May B. Wardale, of Shrewton,
Wilts, for the following :

TO THE SOLDIERS ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

To you, who offered all things for our sake,
Glad tribute of our love and praise we make.
Your warfare is accomplished—suffering o'er :
Behold ! your name shall live for evermore.

And when Peace leads you home with gentle hand,
God grant you find a cleaner, happier land :
Teach us the lessons you have learnt, that we
May worthier prove of your high chivalry.

From the large number of replies received we select for special commendation the twelve by Cyril G. Taylor (Bedall), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Private R. C. Bodker (Prees Heath), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), G. M. Sturdee (Taunton), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Edith Beechey (Bristol), E. Hindley (Clapham Common), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), A. D. Moorhouse (Birmingham), W. E. R. (Dollar).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

GLENMORNAN. By PATRICK MACGILL.
(Herbert Jenkins.)

"Glenmornan" is less a story than a sketch of a Donegal village as seen through the awakened eyes of one of the natives, who has been out into the world and, wearied of journalistic life, has returned to his old niche. The baffling personality of the Irish peasant is dispassionately drawn—his strangely primitive way of life, his curious mixture of shrewdness and superstition, his traditional submission to the priest. Though Doalty himself is a shadowy figure, some of the characters—such as old Viney Leahy—live and the book breathes the tang of peat smoke and newly ploughed earth.

We also select for printing:

SHOPS AND HOUSES. By FRANK SWINNERTON.
(Methuen.)

This clever study of the mentality of a small town swathed in its narrow conventions, feeding upon its own small affairs and smaller gossip, strongly on the defensive against ideas from without, is accomplished with all Mr. Swinnerton's keen insight and sure handling of psychologic detail. The freshness and originality of Dorothy, so disturbing to the self-satisfaction of Beckwith, stand out in bold relief against this background. The bitterness of the implied criticism is not decreased by Dorothy's conclusion that Beckwith is less a place than a disease for which there is no cure—a disease to be avoided by escape at all costs. (Isabelle Griffin, Enville Cottage, Bradmore.)

We select for special commendation the fourteen reviews by John van Druten (Gerrard's Cross), Gladis Fletcher (Highbury), Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin), G. M. Field (Earl's Court), Eve Casey (London, W.C.), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), J. Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), Mrs. Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Elizabeth Miller (Motherwell), Ivy Ray (Surbiton), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Alfred Green (Skipton), Helen M. Jordan (Cheltenham), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Maud Montagu Bruce, of Airth, Sunningdale, Berks.

THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS.

By ASHLEY GIBSON.

A CHINESE philosopher once left home and travelled for a year and a day in search of the herb Suma, that brings peace to doubting hearts. Footsore and in rags, he reached at nightfall a monastery high and alone upon a rugged cliff. "What seek you?" said the watcher at the gate. "I seek the herb Suma, the blessed herb, soother of troubled spirits, as is indeed very well known." "Enter then, brother," quoth the watcher, "and await your turn, for even at this hour the head of our order, none holier among Lamas, communes with the Infinite upon the floor of his cell before the divine herb of which you speak, now brought hither since a year and a day by a pious mendicant. From the city of Kwen he bore it, where among the stones before a wise man's dwelling it sprung and blossomed, and was tended, as we have heard, by a virgin whose eyes are like almonds of jade, whose teeth are like moonstones, whose hair is fine and silky as the grass beside the waterfall. They say the buds upon the cherry tree in spring are no more—" "Peace, brother," quoth the philosopher, "for this city

of Kwen is no more than mine own city, and the wise man therein none other than my brother-in-law the apothecary, a devout man in sooth but a widower and blind of one eye, and the virgin, for so much I would not gainsay, but tire-wench to the brats of my deceased sister, a squinting hunchback, a cross-patch. I mind me this weed serves but to brew potions for a queasy stomach." "Adieu, then, brother," quoth the watcher, "and learn to look well about thee before thou goest more a-travelling, for not always does the plumpest chick fall to the hawk."

I cherish a little porcelain figure of this Chinaman. Flanked by a half-platoon of new books, and throwing their Hunnish paper jackets into harsh contrast with his own flowing robe of *famille rose* and lavender, he stands on my table wearing an air of sagacity, a round black hat with a turned up brim, and long, snaky moustachios. One is justified in assuming that he was cross with the concierge and only said spiteful things about the plant because he was angry at not having detected it before. And he has reminded me of the way

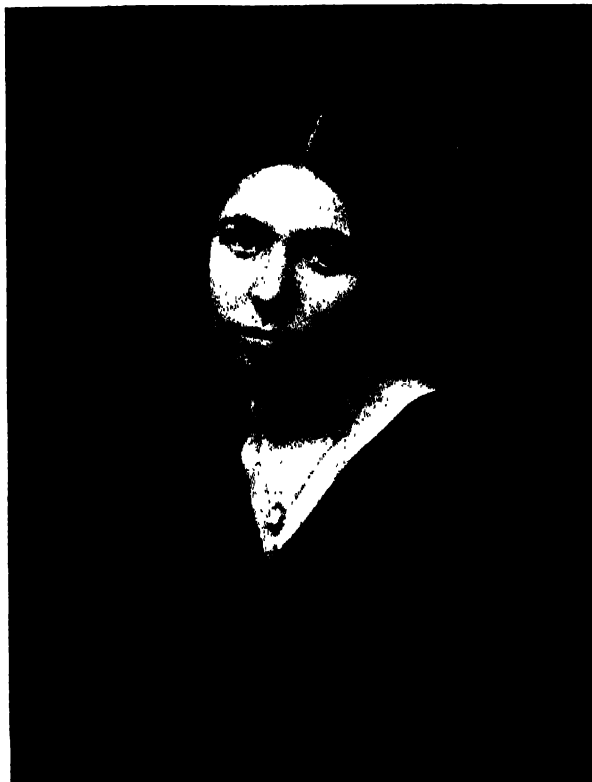


Photo by G. C. Heresford.

Miss Viola Meynell.

one discovers so many of the jolly things in art, as in life.

Quite several years ago, on a very far and tropic shore whose outstanding and almost sole features were coconuts, catamarans, and a few mail papers, it befell me, prying idly enough among literary flotsam from the Antipodes, to mark where a moral storm had passed and left some far away reviewer a little upset and at a loss for epithets. On investigation the focus of this malstrom. It was Viola Meynell. His literary editor had slipped "Modern Lovers" into the good easy man's parcel. You could have gathered from the resulting commotion that he ought to have coped with it himself, or posted it to somebody else, or better still perhaps have ignored its existence altogether. Because this sort of thing from an *ingénue* was remarkable, of course, but well, really—

To be startled, or rather perhaps to be mentally arrested by one after another of the characteristic virtuosités of Miss Meynell's occasionally *bravura* art or by some wayward touch of a queerly nimble fancy, will in all likelihood be the first sensation aroused by fresh acquaintance with her work. Others will no doubt follow. I am rather glad it was not I who met her first between the covers of "Modern Lovers," highly as I would rate many qualities of a curious and often beautiful book that did, after all, serve as my first introduction. I really believe it is spoilt by its men. One is harassed by what seems a recurring constitutional weakness in their vertebral structure, not that any one is going to cavil at this overmuch in the early work of a writer who finds her public while she is still in the schoolroom. Gradually, too, these rather foot-in-the-grave young men are elbowed to the rear as her work develops by a more corpuscular and rough-hewn order of being, though the type persists as a kind of subsidiary or ornamental feature of the composition. And they seem to merge without jarring or dissonance into the backgrounds of those delightful rooms where fathers and mothers hold intimate fragmentary talk with all kinds of daughters in the firelight hour. There is no shadow of doubt but that Miss Meynell is first-rate at daughters. I know of no other gallery where one can study the young woman of the period with the advantage and delight that her half-dozen novels offer. Coltish, passionate, scheming, neurotic, romantic, or just gorgeously and sublimely good (not naughty as a rule if one excepts Effie Rutherglen, who possessed a father and other cogent reasons for rebellion), and all hall-marked "intellectuals," who are as well up in the points of Persian rugs,

antique furniture, Bokhara bed-spreads, *incunabulae*, and the works of Augustus John, as the longest-haired and soufulest of their male acquaintance, these Marthas and Alisons and Millies and Imogens and Esthers are a delicious garland of blossoms in the bud. Not that one could not almost barter the collection for a representative brace of the other damsels who are not "intellectuals" at all, but just fascinating and vivid *gamines* of the genus whose manner and phraseology Miss Meynell has caught and echoed with the deftly photographic skill which is not the worthiest but a very potent weapon of her armoury.

One ought not to be surprised at Miss Meynell, as the daughter of her father and mother and presumably in her pinafore days the critic on the hearth of Francis Thompson's fairy stories, taking to writing almost before she had finished with the multiplication table. A new fountain pen and access to the parental inkwell may be pictured as having done the rest. And it is entirely to her credit that while others have had similar inducements and achieved little or nothing, Miss Meynell has made good, and goes one better every time. "Martha Vine," for instance, appeared in its author's teens. Since then "Lot Barrow," "Columbine," "Modern Lovers," "Narcissus," and "Second Marriage" have marked every year or two the growing, ripening of a precocious talent. To have read Miss Meynell's books is to know that she lives much in the country, where, in a corner conveniently off the map, one understands that she has surrounded herself with objects dear to her heart in what was once a cowshed and is now a hermitage where dreams and work alternate in a pendulum habit favourable to the best development of both. She pleases to vary creative effort with a little criticism, and admits that her publisher is before long to bring out a book of her poems. At the moment

she happens not to be writing another novel, and the moment, I am sure, is a brief halt on the road to very considerable distinction indeed. Insight, observation, sympathy, humour, and creative facility, have always been at her command. And the larger view, which alone she may be said to lack in a degree that keeps her just, but only just, behind the very foremost of her contemporaries, is being revealed to her in ever widening glimpses.

A hopeful and characteristic feature of the new school is that so many women should be producing better work than so many men, and it is a very good thing for everybody, not excepting Miss Meynell, that she should have distinguished competitors of her own sex and generation. Admit, if you like, that women authors tend to be humorous



Miss E. M. Delafield.

and satirical rather than imaginative, but surely this is fruitful and responsive earth to delve in, and if Phyllis in gaiters realises her limitations and surrenders the remainder of the landscape to the mere male, she is certainly not going to lose by it. Of all the long list of books that owe their being to the war there is a novel of satire that overtops all rivals in its own field, and that one is a woman's work. Miss Delafield's "War Workers" is mordant, acute, deadly almost in the unerring accuracy of its analysis of character and motive, but malicious never, nor ever really uncharitable, because its apparent callousness is nothing more than the camouflaged benevolence of the expert surgeon. You have only to watch the meticulous but supreme artistry with which Miss Delafield elaborates her subordinate types among the Midland Supply Depot's voluntary workers to realise that having learnt to understand commonplace people she finds it not difficult to love them or to demonstrate their loveliness to the world.

"The War Workers," if it happens that you have never discovered Miss Delafield before, will send you hunting through booksellers' catalogues, backwards for what you have already missed, and forwards among the new announcements with a lively sense of pleasure to come. In the one case you will be rewarded with "Zella Sees Herself," and in the other with "The Pelicans." It would not be unfair to Miss "Delafield" (for we must respect the not too opaque pseudonym that shuns the pulling of a string convenient to the grasp of a popular favourite's daughter) to suggest that she had never drawn a more admirable portrait than of this far from unattractive but never unconscious *poseuse*. Almost she need never aspire to improve upon it, when she is making it her business, that is, to concentrate on one personality and use the others merely as supports or foils for the central figure. Not the daughters of Eve only but every son of Adam is dowered with Zella's legacy, hardly, fortunately for most of us, in such brimming measure, or rather it may be mercifully set off as a rule by an ameliorative dimness of vision where the springs of our own motives are in question. Each of us has pretended to knowledge of books and pictures that we have neither read nor seen, most of us have wilfully misled our elders to a belief in our possession of prayer-books that were really of the hypothetical variety, some of us have been inspired by the whispers of fools to play-acting for the inept indecorousness of which we have afterwards wept, and yet with the average individual these regrettable incidents have occurred not so much at the crucial turning



Miss Tennyson Jesse.

points of life as by way of trivial dallyings along the path. Zella de Kervoyou was unfortunate because her particular black dog always barked when happiness was just round the corner and frightened that cat-like wayfarer into the undergrowth. One would be grateful to witness so long deferred a meeting in another novel.

Not every one will subscribe to a fairly general conclusion that "The Pelicans" is a better book than "Zella." There is humour and satire to spare, an understanding of the gossamer mechanism of feminine mentality and feminine behaviour inexpressibly delicate in perception and distinguished in expression, but a weakness of synthesis and an unsureness of logical development that lead one, when all is said and done,

nowhere in particular, after criticism has been armed by promises explicit in the title and implicit in the text of a properly marshalled argument marching to a triumphant Q.E.D.

There is another woman writer whose work rather suggests than challenges comparison with Miss Meynell and Miss Delafield. Read by themselves one or two of Miss Tennyson Jesse's short stories seemed, in the *English Review* and elsewhere, to bear the test of good company well enough to foreshadow work of a high order such time as the writer chose to tempt fame with a full-length novel. But here, I think, Miss Jesse has hardly done herself justice at present. "The Milky Way" was a young book, fresh and high spirited and buoyant, no more jejune in quality than nine tenths of what pass for the successes of older and more practised hands. If its writer's way was a little too milky for palates that were more likely than not to be a trifle vitiated, one hoped for a stronger tang in later draughts from the same spring. And now one is impelled to think that Miss Jesse has matured too quickly. "Secret Bread" Miss Jesse is almost defiantly honest in her titles—is dry on the tongue before one is through with it. Personally I liked Ishmael Ruan enormously throughout babyhood and youth and middle age. As a patriarch I find him a little boring, after the fashion of grandfathers. By way of recompense, however, the regiment of women who twine and untwine their sylph-like forms about the lonely Ishmael like *figurantes* in a *corps de ballet*, flaunting their appeal in a gamut of modes bounded by the crinolines of Frith and the kimonos of Futurism, are extraordinarily, almost painfully, alive, and amazingly interesting. Only a woman could have perceived a Blanche and a Judith with the deadly clarity of Miss Jesse's vision, only a woman could have etched their portraits without ruth and left an unfudged outline.

New Books.

REUNION IN ETERNITY.*

The audience for a book of this kind is ready and large. The great war has made thousands of Christian people think, as they did not think before, about the question, "Shall we know our beloved in the next life?" Sir William Robertson Nicoll has offered them a book which is full of wise and sympathetic counsel, written with literary grace and, with what is more vital in this connection, a spirit of religious conviction. It is divided into two parts. The first contains twelve essays on the subject, the second is devoted to a rich and varied anthology of passages from ancient and modern literature which breathe this hope. Probably many people will be surprised at the extent to which faith in reunion has affected the human mind. The evidence from avowedly Christian writers is itself ample. But even authors who are more or less detached from the Church, if not from Christianity itself, have shown a remarkable leaning to this belief, from Victor Hugo to Carlyle, from Mazzini to Mrs. Grote. It is a revelation, as you turn over the pages of this book, to discover what a chorus of assent the belief has evoked. You wonder why no one has thought of collecting such testimonies until now. However, it has been done, and done competently at last, though Sir William Robertson Nicoll would be the first to disclaim any completeness for his anthology.

The main conclusions of the book may be best stated in his own words:

"They are: (1) That faithful souls pass in dying to the immediate presence of Jesus Christ. (2) That they are, as Bishop Gore says, 'cleansed and enlightened and perfected.' (3) That they are carried into the heart of their desire in immediate reunion with their beloved who have gone before. (4) That they wait in peace for the Second Advent, the Resurrection, the Judgment."

The fourth conclusion is not worked out into any theological scheme. Perhaps wisely. I do not remember coming across the word "eschatology" in all the two hundred and eighty pages, and this was a relief. The very word "eschatology," like "pedagogy," has a clank about it. Besides, what most people who read this book want, is the strengthening of their hopes, and that can be done, it is done here, thoughtfully, without entering into technical discussions which may be found in any textbook of doctrine. Such arguments and illustrations as are provided in the essays and the anthology run up into steady affirmations like these:

"Because Christ is Christ and His people are His people, because there is a great and deep love between many who have been parted for the time by death, it is certain that we shall know them in the world of Eternity as we know them—and far better than we knew them—in the world of Time. . . . Our beloved dead are waiting as eagerly to tell us their story as we are to tell them ours. . . . Our gathering together unto Him in the next life, to know and be known of Him, will of itself make necessary our knowledge of one another. He Who inspired the human love that now seeks its own . . . will never deny us our heart's desire."

The conclusion of the whole matter was put by Tennyson in his simple line about Hallam:

"I shall know him when we meet."

Like all the simplicities of thought or of speech, this was not reached without an effort, which the author analyses in his pages upon "In Memoriam." But it was reached. Tennyson worked his way from the earlier craving for the bodily presence of the departed, to a contented hope that beyond death souls would unite and unite perfectly. In poetry, he and Dante are the supreme exponents of this conviction.

The essay on Dante is contributed by Miss Jane T. Stoddart. I think it was Mr. Augustine Birrell who said

* "Reunion in Eternity." By W. Robertson Nicoll. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

once that if you were ever to enjoy reading over your own books, they should be written in whole or in part by some one else. Sir William Robertson Nicoll will enjoy this joy. Miss Stoddart has also contributed an essay on Luther and Melancthon. She notes that Melancthon was far more absorbed latterly in this question of reunion than Luther. The appendix to the volume contains four letters from other hands. Dr. A. S. Peake calls attention to the real but vague faith in reunion which the Hebrew put into his shadowy underworld of Sheol. Dr. T. E. Page cannot find any specific traces of the belief in paganism of the classical period. Mr. A. E. Waite accounts for the surprising silence of the great mystics on this subject by their tendency to "regard the love of creatures as a hindrance, except in so far as it belonged to the detached counsels of charity." Their monastic environment must have also fostered this limitation. Dr. William Barry has a slightly sub-acid touch in his letter upon the teaching of the Roman Church. He speaks of English Christians who believe "they still carry their family arrangements into a world which transcends all the lines and qualities of mere human nature," and disparages some favourite hymns. But after all this is generally no more than homeliness carried into religion. It may be selfishness just as the monastic mystic was selfish in another fashion. Still it is probably not further away from the truth than the de-humanised passion of an individual soul for absorption in the Deity. "In the Mass," says Dr. Barry, "we do indeed recite St. Paul (1 Thess. iv. 18), but the comfort held out is 'to be ever with the Lord.'" Precisely. But St. Paul had just written, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?"

The catena of passages begins with a collection of prose and verse upon the family, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and so on. Then follow miscellaneous testimonies from history and literature. Perhaps the most sincere way of showing one's gratitude to the author will be to offer him two passages which are not unworthy of being placed beside his fine collection. One is Sir Gilbert Parker's sonnet, "Reunited":

"When you and I have play'd the little hour,
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death
Yield up his sword . . .
Alone, we two, who never yet did meet."

But I notice Sir Arthur Quiller Couch has been able to put the whole poem into his Oxford Book of Victorian Verse. To that I add the superb sentences from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" which describe Christian and Hopeful being conducted from the river of death to the gate of the heavenly city by two Shining Ones, who tell them: "There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you." From the story of the welcome I take these words:

"Thus therefore they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these Trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his Brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. . . . But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the Gate. . . . Then I saw in my Dream that some from above looked over the Gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, etc."

Any bookman will recognise the great prose. But these words corroborate an argument of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, that "it would certainly appear that there is a near future for the soul and also a remoter future." Bunyan's imagination plainly conceived that death was not immediately followed by entrance into the heavenly city.

JAMES MOFFATT.

MODERNITY AND CONSOLATION.*

The five volumes of poetry here to be considered are very different from one another in detail, but they are united in one essential quality. They are all intensely modern, both in method and in spirit. And their modernity is marked by nothing so conspicuously as by their unhesitating honesty towards the problems of life; they do not sentimentalise life, nor gloze it over with pretence, and yet upon the whole they decide that its consolations render it worth while. One poet finds one malady to deplore, and one another; and the consolations offered change with the temperament of the artist. Yet all unite in praising life as an affair of great opportunities, if only man has the courage to seek them out amid the tangle of emotion and disappointment which inevitably besets his way. Their general effect becomes in this fashion stimulating and strong, and by far the stronger, of course, for the poets' courage in looking facts directly in the face.

Mr. Ernest Rhys, the first poet on our list, is also in many respects the most notable, and his latest book will probably be regarded as his strongest. It marks, at any rate, a singular concession to the modern spirit, in one who has hitherto shown more inclination for the poetry of vision and pure imagination. From his Welsh mountains and mythical legends Mr. Rhys, compelled by the absorbing panorama of war, has descended into the thick of the crowd, rubbing shoulders with the troops and their womenkind, sharing their confidences in the breathless tube and tram, and watching everything with a keen and sympathetic eye. Nothing better has been written in verse about the war than some of the pieces in Mr. Rhys's "Tommiad." He goes straight to facts; yet never fails to illumine them with some flash of intimate interpretation. There is a wonderful picture of the Northern warrior on his way home in the railway carriage, half dumb, dreamy-eyed, full of visionary memories:

"Newcassel to Lee Halver---
Ten mates, and him, went over.
Take ten away--that's one
Left, going north, alone."

There are vivid glimpses of light loves in the portal, of rough handling, crude sentiment, brutality even, but behind it all, the heart of a man enduring and of a woman suffering, without illusion:

"Good bye! . . .
You was none too good a boy---
Cruel to me, more'n once,
So you was, but often kind.
You never said your prayers,
You never saved a cent.
Cigarettes, and swears---
That's how the fancy went;
And you whistled every girl,
Like a starling on a tree."

"Good-bye! . . .
When you're fightin' out in France,
And the trench is deep in mud
One side, the old road home
That was mired in the rain;
On t'other, 'tarmity---
Tom, Tom, you mother's son,
Think o' me!"

These strong, honest, gripping poems of war and warriors succeed wonderfully in retaining the coarse flavour of fact without losing touch with the poet's art of irradiating reality with imagination. They are the principal contribution in Mr. Rhys's new book, but they do not stand alone. The heart of human sympathy, which fills them, overflows into the other lyrics of a more idyllic fancy; the whole volume is alive with a sense of consolation and reserve strength. There is a beautiful poem of childhood, recalling a nursery story, which the poet's mother used to tell, about a ship at sea, and a brave captain who did great

things. Years have passed; the children have grown up; the mother is ill and lonely at home; but the old story reawakes to comfort them all with recollection:

"There is a ship still sails the deep,
And the crew 'is 'sad aboard;
The Captain, is he fast asleep?
Ah, could he speak the word,
To allay the pain, and make well again---
How kind were that accord!"

"If he would wake, for an old-boy's sake,
And a mother's, that would be
A word, I think, that would heal her now,
As often she healed me;
And bring the song, though time be long,
Safe back across the sea."

Life, the poet seems to say, is full of these regrets and partings, these tears and lonely places; but the heart is equal to its fate; and when the hour comes to endure, the strength will fit the hour:

"When the hour is gone, and the leaf grown brown,
Its green delight over---far better be down!
Well if the wind come then, and deliver
The leaf to the earth or the sea-going river:
What should it do there, outliving its day?
Well if the wind come, and blow it away."

That is the true poet's heart, which knows its own bitterness, but refuses to waste in despair. The word of courage is the Word of Life.

The change in environment, which separates Mr. Rhys's latest book from his earlier poetry, is thoroughly characteristic of the modern movement, whose very essence is to seek poetic inspiration in apparently unideal surroundings, and to experiment in bold, crude metrical effects. The idyll seems to have exhausted itself for a while, and the next move is inevitably towards realism. Mr. John Presland, so far as material is concerned, is modern of the moderns. Deliberately and of free choice he adopts the London street as his theme, and the wayfarers of the gutter as his dramatis personæ:

"So be it; let the tide of men's affairs
Carry me back and forward; let the rub
Of greasy ha'pence passed from hand to hand,
In humble traffic of a bunch of herbs
Not pass me by; let me jog arm in arm,
Or cheek by jowl, the shady side o' the street,
With friends and neighbours, glad to know them there,
Imperfect, human, kind, and tolerant."

The experiment is abundantly justified; for Mr. Presland sees clearly, feels intensely, and is a master of picturesque description of the superficially unpicturesque. He attempts no metrical excesses. Holding to familiar harmonies, he imbues them with the spirit of modernity by the suggestion, elsewhere so perfectly achieved by Mr. J. C. Squire, that nothing human is really alien to the poet's art. Remembering dawns on immemorial hills, he yet finds the daybreak on a sea of London slates no less filled with mystery and message:

"And not more wonderful, nor otherwise
Shall dawn come up from the dewy hills,
Nor in the mountains, where the rivers rise
That water Eden; and no lovelier lies
The dawn on Paradise, than this that fills
The space 'twixt house and house with tremulous light."

"Yet, on the pavement, huddled fast asleep,
A thing of dusty, ragged misery,
Grotesque in wretchedness, from London's deep
Spumed off, a strange, distorted thing to creep
From God knows where, and he, and let all be
Unheeding, whether of the day or night."

These "Poems of London" are packed with fine imagery, subtle suggestion, and a sense of that infallible humanity which underlies all human effort, wherever practised and perfected.

Mr. Eric S. Robertson's slim volume is particularly interesting, because an interval of over twenty years separates the earlier from the later work; and it is easy to notice a gradual change of method, corresponding to the prevailing growth of freedom in thought and liberty of style. Mr. Robertson prints his later poems first, and they are very suggestive. In manner they suggest the metaphysical

* "The Leaf Burners." By Ernest Rhys. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Poems of London." By John Presland. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"From Alleys and Valleys." By Eric S. Robertson. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)—"Escape and Fantasy." By George Rostrevor. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Oxford Poetry: 1918." 1s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

school of the seventeenth century. They permit themselves considerable variety of pattern and a certain crudity of rhyme, in which dissonance and discord secure an effect which practically depends upon violence for its force :

" To the mill
Come, then, Pain !
Round again,
Come away, come away !
One more day,
Agony's wheel
Heaves its steel
Up to the rafter-heaven of bats,
Down to the rats
Lording the plashy through-gang of sorrow.

" But to-morrow, to-morrow !
Gag the wheel ! Let it rust and drip, a-dream
In the Hell stream.
When all's done,
Out in the sun,
With the gust and the lark,
I will sing, Pain,
My gain,
The song that grew in the creaking dark
Of the mill."

The spirit of the volume is embodied in the opening " Carillon of Life." Life is a " malady," which is no less a " melody " (a characteristic discord !) to those who have the courage to endure. Out of doors there is toil and struggle ; within are the consolations of the heart :

" Daughter's loved foot, on morning stairs,
Blithe to descend for household cares—
Still wistlier marked, while candle's light
Gilds innocent starward steps at night :

" The holiest beauty earth can trace,
Selflessness in the lady-face
White-crowned, meek-browed, with eyes that years
Have taught the light outlasting tears."

The spirit must escape from the ugliness of its surroundings into the peace of the well-attuned soul, and the essence of that peace is simplicity :

" Released, I dwell
Where sky and sea
Acknowledge Majesty ;
Where, at the core
Of rebel wonder, harmonies lap man's mind ;
Clean shadows spell
Light's reverie :
My weird I dree
Mid litanied lore
Of Loveliness, sped Loveward on each wind "

This passion for escape is, in its way, an exact antithesis to that frank acceptance of the rugged ways which we have noted in Mr. Rhys and Mr. Presland, and in Mr. George Rostrevor it resolves itself into that sort of dreamy idyll from which poetry in general is now endeavouring to emancipate itself. Mr. Rostrevor is a confessed fantastic, haunted by gleams of beauty, but none the less completely emancipated from the world of action :

" Take thy fill
Of rest, rest,
O separate will—
Wayward, wayward, wayward will
Of each wild creature, take thy rest
Lulled on the breast
Of the cool dark hull.

" Very deep,
O baffled will,
Be thy sleep
On the sombre hill.
But heart of the world, awake, awake,
For Orpheus' sake ! "

This was indeed the sort of vision which Oxford used to breed in its children, and the latest of Mr. Blackwell's volumes of contemporary Oxford verse catches something of the old echo and the old hope. The gem of the collection is undoubtedly Mr. Robert Nichols's pastoral of Polyphemus, where a wandering shepherd recites to his love that deathless story of disappointed dream. The picture

of the desolate Polyphemus is particularly fine, studded with imagery and alive with beauty :

" He on an ocean pinnacle of rock'
Sat, scowling, motionless. In truth he seemed
Rather a further buttress of the crag
Than a giant, helpless and unhappy being.
About his brooding bulk all day the birds,
The slippery swallow, the pois'd martin,
Lifted or swept a-scatter ev'n as when,
Chatting, such gad around the ravaged mien
Of the colossal Pharaoh or twin gods
Hawk-headed and immense of ancient Egypt.
Thus grieved he. And the huge begarled hands
Pillared his jaw. A chillness gloomed his face
As on bare hills shadow of moveless cloud.
Nor spake he aught. But when the sun raged high
Grappling a rock he dashed it 'gainst his breast
And roared till the golden-green sea blackened
And spouting drove, loud with careering gulls,
Before his gusty breath ; but, passion spent,
Dropping then pined, while from the single eye
One tear, as huge and hot as Phlegethon,
Fell in a hissing flood."

But even into Oxford the modern spirit has forced its way, and Miss Margaret Leigh's sonnet, " The Journalist," shows that, even if Oxford is empty of its young men, the " gentler sex " has not forgotten that gift of satire which used to be one of the sprightliest gifts of culture. It is a vigorous picture, true to the time :

" He called for blood, and would not shed his own,
He sat at ease, and sent young men to die
With his strong pen ; he was the enemy
Stalking at noontide, by whose hand were sown
Rank tares among us—love of country grown
To poisonous cant, and blind hostility.
He forged a chain to lead the people by,
A chain of words, rattling with strident tone.
He battered on men's selfishness and fear,
He pulled the strings that shook their statesmen down ;
The people were content to sit and hear
His platitudes, and tremble at his frown,
And followed him with meek attentive ear
Till His Mendacity assumed the crown "

Nothing could be more modern in atmosphere, and an equally modern sentiment animates Mr. H. C. Harwood's " Incompatibility," which is among the ripest products of the collection :

" There shall be no more sorrow and no more pain.
Go you to your anger and I to my books again.
You loved me, but never have liked me, the issue was plain,
Woman, if you be woman, you live too late,
Never the man was suckled to be your mate,
Wed with a god and break him in battle with fate.
You are truth, and the world is illusion ; faith, it is doubt.
It wraps its disaster in darkness, and you shine out ;
And the liquor that drugs to endurance is not for your drought.
Pass on to the waste and the fell ! I stay, and forget
Your breasts and your hair and your laughter like suns that
are set.

Despise me, forgive me, but leave me. I love you yet."

The general impression of these volumes is one of great alertness of mind, receptivity of impression, vigour of fancy, and variety of form. Poetry was never more alive in England than it is to-day ; and the coming opportunities of peace should find the next few years full of high inspiration for the young and hopeful.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

POETS ALL.*

The title " Twelve Poets " given to the volume before me is a sufficient indication of its scope. It does not suggest any particular comradeship between the twelve writers, nor emphasise any peculiar community of ideas. Neither is it easy to perceive any common denominator of their numbers. This is not to imply that their inclusion between the covers of one book does not afford a vastly agreeable entertainment. As a fact it does, for the variety

* " Twelve Poets : A Miscellany of New Verse." 5s. net. (Selwyn & Blount).—" Twenty-Four Poems." By William Kean Seymour. 1s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward).—" The Pedlar's Way." By Alicia Sheridan. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

of their gifts piques and sustains interest, and keeps a reader's attention more alert than does a volume written by a single hand. This miscellany of verse applies the principle of the music-hall to the song book. It is frankly a succession of turns. The names of a dozen performers are upon the programme. You work through the show from the first item to the last, or else—according to your individual taste—you start with the star turns. I will be quite open. I chose the latter course, and commenced with the contributions of Mr. Walter de la Mare and Mr. J. C. Squire.

Mr. de la Mare's poem is extremely characteristic and therefore the more exhilarating to a public which wisely prefers that an old favourite should appear in an accustomed rôle. The narrative is a modern version of the ancient story of the Three Wishes, and is none the worse for that, since the stock of original stories—small in the days of Adam—has long since been exhausted. "Sam's Three Wishes" is a delectable tale, with a delectable epilogue. It introduces many of its author's familiar properties, and is altogether an excellent specimen of his delightful humour.

Any regret we may feel that Mr. J. C. Squire failed to get elected to Parliament is tempered by the consoling reflection that he will have the more leisure to compose poems for our profit. There is no poet amongst us with greater possibilities than the author of "The Lily of Malud." A modern of the latest hour, an experimentalist in metre, an innovator in break and cadence and pause, he is yet sure of the sympathetic attention of the most orthodox, because these recognise that he has a sensitive ear, and that his audacities are not the result of ignorance or of fumbling. By far the most important of Mr. Squire's four contributions is the poem entitled "The Birds." Like others of the verses included in this anthology it has appeared before, although not in book form. Subject and treatment are alike arresting, and the poem must always count amongst its author's finest work.

Space will not permit me to appraise the entertainment item by item. It must suffice to say that pride of place is allotted fittingly to Edward Thomas, who found his talent so late and died for his country so early; and that a dignified elegy to the memory of his dead friend is provided by Mr. Vivian Ellis. I should also wish to draw special attention to the brilliant translations of Irish epigrams by Mr. Robin Flower; to the artless lyrics of Mr. W. H. Davies; to the quite other than artless lyrics of Mr. Hugh Fisher, and to the fine poem, "Clerks on Holiday," by Mr. W. J. Turner, which concludes the volume. From first to last this is a quite admirable miscellany.

With a very sure instinct, Mr. W. K. Seymour has set "The Shawl" in the forefront of his new book of verses entitled "Twenty-Four Poems." It is indeed the most charming poem in a collection which contains many delightful rivals, even though it includes no peer. This happy lyric seems an epitome of those qualities that make Mr. Seymour's two previous volumes so stimulating to the fitting reader. It exhibits the form and pressure of his lyrical gift, together with a richness of colour, and a technical accomplishment deserving of instant recognition. The touch of enforced humour at the close of "The Shawl" is a note not stressed in Mr. Seymour's earlier books, although strikingly evidenced in his contributions to periodical literature. The poem itself may be said in a sense to derive through Flecker from Keats, but the choice of masters so careful to load every rift of their subject with ore should be counted to a young poet of to-day for righteousness.

The reverent study of great models is apparent in the best of his "Twenty-Four Poems." The flavour of a fine vintage must be appreciated by any educated palate. There is no imitation whatever, but rather a delicate assimilation of qualities. The eerie imagination of "Casualty" not only reminds the reviewer that Mr. Seymour is a private in the Royal Air Force, but also that he is a student of Coleridge. "The Poppy" carries a faint but pleasant suggestion of the poem by Francis

Thompson similarly named; whilst "The Ambush"—beautifully realised and expressed—has much of the haunting significance we associate with Christina Rossetti.

Of course, Mr. Seymour is not always on these heights. Like most young writers he includes too much, and so risks being judged on inferior work, rather than by his best. But from his three published books a delightful garner could be stored, for—winnowed of that which is not his finest grain—his verses should be of concern to all lovers of poetry.

Miss Alicia Sheridan in "The Pedlar's Way" proves herself the fortunate possessor of a lyrical faculty, simple, unobtrusive and sincere. The losses and crosses of the war obviously have left their marks upon her, but the emotions of her heart are hidden behind doors of reticence and expressed with a fine reserve. Miss Sheridan's lot has carried her from Ireland to distant places—to the near and far East, Sicily and Cochin and Madras. It is interesting to note with what dramatic fitness her lyrics take colour from their surroundings. Yet, ardent as her Eastern verses may be, I cannot but prefer the quiet and tenderness of those dealing with her home. The familiar landscape, the bogs and glens, the pixies and elves, inspire her most delightful poems; for in India she was but a wistful exile, whilst in Ireland she is at home.

EUGENE MASON.

OUR LITERARY LEGACY.*

There are many ways of approach open to the historian of English literature. If we view the subject from a critical acie, every channel and tributary conveys something of value, in a higher or lesser degree, to the main stream. From the biographical standpoint, the lives of our authors afford the compiler ample opportunity for the study of temperament. Histories of English literature in these two kinds abound, and, in some cases, the history has been grouped into ten or twelve volumes, each dealing with a prescribed age or period. It has been left to Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett to cover the same ground as his predecessors, but from a quite different viewpoint. Casting aside the purely academic attitude we associate with so many of the histories, Mr. Compton-Rickett essays the task of enlivening many of the duller periods of English literature by picturing in concise, elegant form the social background and environment that influenced the growth of our literature, or that were, in their turn, influenced by the dominant national expression that has kindled the minds and found outlet through the powers of the poets and prosemen of the successive ages.

As joint-author of "The Life and Letters of Watts-Dunton" and author of a small "History of English Literature," Mr. Compton-Rickett has already work that stands to his credit, and we are therefore in a position to expect great things from him. To say that he disappoints us would be to undervalue a work of magnitude, produced with considerable concentrative and sustained powers. To write in an attractive way a History of English Literature from Anglo-Saxon times to Chesterton is no small achievement. Of course, there was never yet a work of this nature that could not be ransacked for faults, foibles, and prejudices, and it would have been absurd to expect the present book to be entirely free of them.

This work, like some of its forerunners, suffers from compression. Within the space of about 700 pages the author has managed to outline the pageant of English literary history, but the proportion of the sections is sometimes at variance with the significance of the work or author dealt with. It is surely curious to devote eleven pages to Tennyson and to assign only five pages to Scott. Milton, too, might have received fuller treatment than is given him.

* "A History of English Literature." By Arthur Compton-Rickett, M.A., LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

Some persons, like the present writer, may take exception to the half-hearted estimate of Thackeray. Again, the author has nothing really very new to say in this survey unless it be in the latter portion dealing with present-day tendencies, and even there one's heart sinks to find the author dismiss Conrad, so far perhaps our greatest twentieth-century novelist, with a mere passing reference. The excuse given for this, that Conrad's genius is not representative enough of the present generation, is by no means a sufficient one. There might have been a better selection of quotations from Swinburne and Meredith. For those who enjoy the chaff of literature rather than its grain, the omission of Mr. Hall Caine must be a grievous fault, but then it is more than likely these persons will never wish to consult this book, so that either we may be asking too much of Mr. Compton-Rickett or else we are over-estimating his appeal to the reading public. We have come across one or two errors of taste, where the author refers to "the *saccharine* joys of romanticism" and "the graceful *saccharine* sentiment of Sir Edwin Arnold," and when he writes that Dickens could "mix his *sermonic powders* in such excellent jam." After all, it is doubtful, however well done it may be, whether the emphasis given to the social background can be considered a true method of treatment. It has the advantage of arousing interest in the life and times of the authors, but, at the same time, it leads the mind away from a true historical perspective of the literature itself, its birth, growth, rise and development, to the contributory influences and side issues that went to its making. In order to insure accuracy in future editions, it is only right to draw the author's attention to two misprints, both of which are in quotations. On page 311 Wordsworth's line, "The sleep that is among the *lowly* hills" should read—"The sleep that is among the *lonely* hills," while on page 413 Tennyson's line should read, "More black than ash buds in the *front* of March," not, as it stands, "the *frost* of March."

In spite of these shortcomings, the comprehensive, all-embracing outlook is unmistakable in this book. No wish to praise unduly and insincerely prompts us to state that the dawn at the beginning of English literature has never been less dryly described, so freshly set forth, as in these pages. The times of Chaucer and Shakespeare are excellently done, and brought home to us vividly. Special mention should be made of the sections so adequately devoted to The Poetry of Childhood and to Light Verse and Parody, kinds of verse that receive scant justice in most literary histories. On many points of criticism, Mr. Compton-Rickett proves himself a sound scholar and, on the whole, a reliable æsthetic judge. He can be richly suggestive as in this criticism of John Donne: "In many ways it is not unfair to summarise Donne's remarkable genius by saying that he was an Elizabethan Browning, and placed beside Spenser, the two poets shine somewhat in the same fashion as Tennyson and Browning did in the Victorian age." His eye for happy construction is shown to advantage when he fitly apportions Browning's development as a writer into four periods. Two of the best things in the book are the balanced criticisms of Bridges' poetry and Wilde's work. Even in their highest moments his appreciations are shorn of extravagant praise. One hesitates whether to admire the more Mr. Compton-Rickett's intrepid industry as compiler or his keen acumen as critic, while as a narrator he is entitled to honourable mention. His style is invested with Pre-Raphaelite colour and detail. However, it is more particularly for its exhibiting the gift of clear historical narrative in relating the story of English literature that one would finally award an especial place for this work by Mr. Compton-Rickett. I was about to write Compton Rickett, instead of Compton-Rickett, and the mistake would not have been without point as an indication of how successfully the elements of the subject have been welded together by this fully-qualified literary historian. Enhanced by a full index, without which such a work would be open to be discredited at once, this is a worthy reference book and a timely reminder for us of the amazing wealth of our literary legacy.

W. M. PARKER.

THE SHIRRA.*

For thirty-three years Sir Walter was familiarly spoken of as "the Shirra." Comparatively little has been said about his work in that capacity. To his successor in office (a triple sheriffdom it is to-day) we are indebted for the full story of a judgeship which must always be interesting from the fact that Scott occupied it during the greater part of his working life. To be known as the Laird of Abbotsford was a source of great gratification to Scott. He prized that appellation perhaps more than the distinction won by his baronetcy. To be called the "Shirra" was the acme of respect and reverence.

As early as his twenty-ninth year Scott was installed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, in his own romantic country, the Scottish Border. Valleys so besung as the Ettrick and Yarrow and the "ever-dear Tweed" lay within the sphere of his judicial operations. Selkirk was the county town, and the venue of the Sheriff Court.

It is curious to note that most of Scott's work was done at home. At Edinburgh, at Ashestiel, or Abbotsford, or wherever he chanced to be, he read through the processes which were sent to him. He penned his deliverances in his own clear, firm handwriting, "with never a correction and scarcely ever a clerical error." They were then dispatched to Selkirk where a resident Sheriff-Substitute finally disposed of them. But Scott was not always an absentee judge. He attended the Court when it was necessary for him to take evidence, or hear debates, or preside at criminal trials. And he spent many hours inspecting ground which was in dispute. So that the post was not the sinecure some people have supposed.

For almost a century these judgments of the "Shirra" have been buried amongst the dusty muniments of his old Court-room. They have been unearthed—to the number of one hundred and fourteen—and are here carefully tabulated and reduced to a readable analysis by Sheriff Chisholm. We are thus privileged to observe the mind of a romancist at work in the rôle of experimental lawyer, and to pass criticism on the adjudications of a poet in such unpoetical matters as the courtesies of a toll-bar or the right to cast feal and divot from the Town Common.

For the outside world, however, there is nothing of importance in any of the cases. They are concerned chiefly with the everyday life of the Lowland peasantry, and consist, for the most part, of petty disputes between landlord and tenant, master and servant, tradesman and customer, seller and buyer, between adjoining proprietors, and so forth. Serious criminal causes, being outside a sheriff's jurisdiction, were dealt with at the Circuit Court, or at the High Court in Edinburgh, of which Scott was one of the Clerks. In his own Court he was called to decide infinitely smaller issues. Of the major proportion it may be said that they ought never to have come before any Court at all. Even Scott wrote in his "Journal," "I try to check it as well as I can, but so 'twill be when I am gone." The litigious spirit of his race is *raison d'être* for the Sheriff-Courts themselves.

That the man of letters was never lost in the man of law even a casual examination of these quaint and sometimes whimsical pages assures us. There is good evidence that Scott, as the novelist, was taking ample stock of things, "making himself" hardly less as the full-fledged Sheriff than when as a callow advocate he explored the Liddesdale recesses with his friend Shortreed. In the course of his judicial work he must often have encountered the "Dandie Dinmonts" and the "Peter Peebles's" of actual life. That eternal bone of contention, for instance—"the auld marches"—occurred more than once in the Selkirk Court. It was over scores of such wretched trivialities that Scott was forced to issue his interlocutors. The picture of Walter Scott sitting in judgment on wranglings begun in spleen and carried on from obstinacy has been compared to the employment of a Nasmyth hammer for

* "Sir Walter Scott as a Judge." By John Chisholm, K.C., Sheriff of Roxburgh, Berwick and Selkirk. 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh: Green & Son.)

cracking filberts. But no matter the paltriness of the case, the ever-conscientious "Shirra" gave it a most painstaking attention, and formulated his decision with as much consideration as though far vaster consequences were involved. Justice and right were the only determining elements, and all the "Shirra's" soul was set on fair play for every plea that came under his notice.

All this, be it remembered, went on concurrently with that superlative record of literary activity whereat the whole world has wondered. Scott may not have been a profound lawyer. He had a truly legal mind, for all that. And if one were left to judge from his decisions as a sheriff alone, the impression received would be, as Mr. Chisholm says, that the man who pronounced them was a judge and a lawyer in the first place, and not that they were but an insignificantly small and heterogeneous part of his intellectual output.

To the lover of Scott as "King of the Romantics," this volume is a resurrection which was worth achieving. Echoes of the "Minstrelsy" and of the Waverleys are heard here and there. Charles Erskine, who was Scott's Sheriff-Substitute, probably sat for the portrait of "Sheriff-Substitute MacMorlan" in "Guy Mannering," "a man of intelligence and probity." A note out of ancient ballad lore seems to sound in an interlocutor in which the "Shirra" appoints parties to meet him at Penmanscore to perambulate the marches:

"He bids ye meet him at Penmanscore,
And bring four in your company."

Another perambulation in 1813 may well have suggested Dumont's description in "Guy Mannering," not many months later, of the dispute as to the marches between himself and Jock o' Dawston Cleugh:

"Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthoprigg after we pass the Pomoragrains. For the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belong to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cut lugged stane that they ca' Charles Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charles hope they march. Now, I say, the march runs on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again he contravenes that and says that it hands down by the auld drove road that gae awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldarward; and that miks an unco difference."

W. S. CROCKETT.

R. L. S., ANOTHER WRITER, AND THE WAR.*

"My dear Mr. Hammerton (there goes the second M: it is a certainty)." Thus writes R. L. S. in a letter dated 1881, to be found in "Letters to His Family and Friends." Was it with an eye to the future—with the second sight which some Scots possess—that Stevenson thus insisted on two M's in Hammerton? Did he cryptically address his letter to P. G. Hamerton, intending it all the time for a future disciple, then a captious, critical young journalist engaged, Saul of Tarsus-like, in stoning the literary prophets but thereafter to become a Stevensonian St. Paul, whose mission was to preach the Gospel according to Louis, wherever he went?

I call attention to the coincidence and to Stevenson's insistence that he could recognise only those who spelt the name with two M's as true Hammertons, and in the artistic succession; firstly because the Stevenson lover's comment, on reading Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "Wrack of War" is likely to be, "How R. L. S. would have appreciated this!" secondly because the only long article all too short for most of us—is entitled: "With R. L. S. in the Land of War"; and lastly because the work has the qualities which Stevenson most valued. The sentences are finely cut and finely balanced. They have cadence, quiet strength, music, and much beauty of imagery.

* "Wrack of War" By J. A. Hammerton. Illustrated. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

Open the book, and you read (Mr. Hammerton is writing of the faces he has seen in France):

"Strong weather-worn faces, exhaling character and resignation, eyes of every hue, from the merry blue of the English yeoman to the mystic darkness of the Celt, like mountain tarns of his far Highlands, gleaming coldly in the infrequent sun."

Again:

"The thud of the soldiers' heavy boots resounds along the wooden platform, as the files of fate go slowly past."

Yet again:

"In the man there is little of beauty in these lumpish figures, grotesque in greatcoats and jutting accoutrements, whose colour-note is the dust to which we must all return."

Or:

"Here and there the horizon blue of some French officer."

The italics are mine, but all these extracts are from the first chapter only. I could quote scores of fine passages and swiftly flashing metaphors that remind us of Stevenson, had I gone further afield.

To say of a book that it has blue blood in its veins may seem a queer figure of speech. But a book is not called suddenly into being by its author, as, let us say, Adam was by his Creator. Books have for the most part a long line of forbears; conception and gestation preceded birth. Sometimes it is possible to say of a book that it was begotten by another book in the brain of a writer, sometimes the book's ancestry is uncertain. Of "Wrack of War" one may, however, say that, were there such a work as a "Debrett" or a "Burke" of books—it would be there, not in such an *Omnium Gatherum* as, say, a "Who's Who" of books, that "Wrack of War" would have place.

Just as distinction counts more than mere good looks in man or woman, so about "Wrack of War" there is the quiet, confident manner of one who carries himself easily because he is sure of himself, knows his social status and



"The Man who Wept."

From "Wrack of War," by J. A. Hammerton (John Murray).

his strength. Some very able war books are less convincing than they might have been because they "shout" at us. This book never raises its voice, never disturbs as it were the easy level of life, but I shall be surprised if it do not leave a deeper and more abiding impression upon the reader for that very reason.

In a sense, a reviewer has—among other parts—to play fielder to the batting bookman at the wicket. Your fielder may clap his hands together to cry, "Well played, sir!" or on occasion and if he can, may clap the same hands together to catch the batsman out. As a cricketer Mr. Hammerton affords the field few chances. He writes: "Enough can be told to interest and to encourage the reader to believe, as I would have him believe." My point is that the word "to," being the sign of the infinitive mood, cannot accurately be omitted and so I ask "How's that, Umpire?" at least of Mr. Hammerton's "have him believe." The answer will probably be that "usage entitles the author to the decision, Not out." I pass on to ask why the sentence on page 158 should not read: "A whole volume could be devoted to the marvellous organisation of this labour, and will doubtless yet be written," instead of "and such will doubtless be written," as the author words it. He means of course, "such a volume," but if he omit "volume," he might equally omit "such," which is not necessary, is not a noun, and is an ugly word as a nominative.

On page 171 we read: "Nature . . . is even kind to her children that shatter each other with high explosives. She dulls their senses in the shock, and the force that breaks their poor bodies applies an anodyne from Nature's laboratory."

I prefer "who shatters," especially as the word "that" is in the next sentence. Also does not one use "anodyne" in the sense of allaying pain? In the case of bodies shattered by high explosives, anæsthetic would surely be the better word?

Mr. Hammerton observes (p. 170): "Painlessly were we born, and painlessly do we die." I hope he is right on each count, but I remember a sentence by a well-known writer who had studied both pathology and psychology, which ran: "A child suffers in being born, and is there no pain in the birth of a soul?" I do not contradict Mr. Hammerton, I merely raise the question for his consideration.

With the exception of "the blonde beast," of which one tires, he uses no stereotyped phrase or word. Many of his effects he obtains by contrast, others by an entirely original, sometimes fanciful, but always fascinating line of thought. At another time he holds the reader by some singularly applicable but unhackneyed quotation, as when referring to the ruins of Messina:

" . . . an earthquake smacked its mumbling lips
O'er some thick peopled city."

When I saw his book announced, I wondered at his daring. Never, remembering the restrictions placed upon them by the censor and the soldier, have war correspondents drawn more wonderful pictures for us than during the great war. Some of these correspondents had military knowledge scarcely inferior to that of the soldiers. When Mr. Hammerton went out, I take it that he had practically none. As an ex-Territorial Officer who has spent some time in studying military history as well as the textbooks, and has lived awhile in camp and barracks, it is possible that I should be as quick to detect what is amiss in "the angle of error," as the reviewer who confesses to no interest in or knowledge of these matters. From first to last I find no slip in Mr. Hammerton's book. Not that he makes the least claim to special knowledge, other than that of an observer on the spot. Nor, and wisely, does he attempt competition with the war correspondents. Where they "filmed," as it were, life at the front, that we might see it as realistically as they saw it, Mr. Hammerton has given us little idylls of the great war which etch themselves deeply and enduringly upon the memory of the reader. Some of these idylls, "The East in the West," "Devastation

and Some Emotions," "Sacred Ruins and Hill Sinister," seem to me perfect of their sort, and are war memorials of permanent worth. Mr. Hammerton has genius for selecting only what has symbolism and saliency, and for presenting it with passionless aloofness and restraint which stir one all the more strongly and strangely because of the seeming calm with which he writes. In a word, "Wrack of War" is Literature.

COLUSON KERNAHAN.

THE BIBLE AND FOLK-LORE.*

In approaching a new and monumental work of Sir James Frazer, there are two features which might well be passed over without reference thereto, save indeed for one's personal satisfaction. The first and most inevitable is the learning which has been brought to the task, exhaustive in respect of his subject and suggestive—as it seems to one—of an almost inexhaustible store which still remains over. If we think for a moment of the twelve volumes comprised by "The Golden Bough," of the treatise on "Totemism and Exogamy," the "Early History of the Kingship," of "Psyche's Task," and remember that yet other fresh materials await our exploration when "The Belief in Immortality" is completed, we shall, I think, surrender any feeling that the writer's term of research is reached. On the contrary, growing hardened by wonders, we may anticipate that the force of his knowledge and untiring power of production will go yet further. There are always "fresh woods and pastures," but it is only for the immortals to go on always and find them. The second feature is Sir James Frazer's rare and beautiful quality of candour, combined with modesty. There is plenty of candour in the world of learning, and there are various kinds of modesty displayed by writers of authority, but I have not met with them too often in the grace and comeliness with which they are invested here, surprising one unawares continually, and putting difference at a sudden disadvantage—at times when it is most serious. But there is also the innate reverential sense which is present in all the studies that have come under my personal notice; it may be only a literary sense, but it suggests to me a native attraction towards the good and ideal truth. It led him some time since to make and to publish an admirable selection of passages from the Bible, "chosen for their literary beauty and interest"; and it has led him on the present occasion through the compilation of seventeen hundred pages, full of perilous material for "ordinary believers," without, I think, once using any form of expression which could reasonably offend the most delicate sensibilities. Such books are a silent lesson to several somewhat blatant workers in the same fields.

And now as to the subject before us, we need of course a definition of folk-lore, and it is ready to our purpose at once—as the whole body of "traditionary beliefs and customs." It might appear, therefore, for a moment, that on the hypothesis of what is called revelation, folk-lore would embrace this; but "the individual influence of great men" is immediately excepted, and an "inspired messenger" would be included by this category. I am doubtless constructing the definition from my own standpoint, it being inconceivable to me that the way of escape taught by Buddha or the vital elements in the great Vedic religion can belong to folk-lore, any more than the experiments set down by pseudo-Dionysius in the tract on "Mystical Theology," any more than the teaching of Christ on the necessity of inward regeneration. On the last point more remains to be said, as we shall see in its place, and shortly.

There is made, as it seems to me, in this manner a

* "Folk-Lore in the Old Testament: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend and Law." By Sir James George Frazer. 3 vols. 37s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

considerable clearance of issues about Sir James Frazer's field, and we shall be enabled to see in proceeding how his great work, excellent and enlightening as it is, can be classed only as *nihil ad rem* in the real matter of religion. There is no question that the Old Testament contains "rudimentary survivals" of the folk-lore kind; their absence would be astonishing and unnatural. There is no question, in like manner, that Christianity at its formative period absorbed customs and practices of the pagan world. It was almost inevitable that it should. But the "higher side of the Hebrew genius," its spiritual religion and pure morality, are unaffected by "the lower side of ancient Hebrew life"; while that which is from everlasting to everlasting in the Christ-message emerges also untouched. The era of Scribes and Pharisees was a far worse ordeal for Jewish monotheism than a certain persistence of ruder modes of myth, and a handful of superstitions surviving from a savage period. So also the spirit of this world and of the prince in whom Christ has not anything is another and more fatal presence in the Christian sanctuaries than the occasional transformation of some old cultus into new forms and observances. It seems to me, therefore, that the life of Old Testament religion is one thing, and that the relics of myth and folk-lore foreign thereto, but "preserved like fossils" therein, are another, and that "the illustration and explanation" of the relics to which Sir James Frazer has addressed himself are without prejudice throughout to any part or feature of the spiritual life. It might be undertaken by any one with equal learning and genius, he cleaving in all sincerity to the Church of England as by law established, or fulfilling his Easter duties under the obedience of the Latin Rite. For all that I know to the contrary, these facts, which are—as it were—a discovery for myself, may be recognised so fully by the author, and lie so clearly within his intention that he may have expected their tacit recognition rather than that they should be set forth at length.

Let us attempt now a few references to the long sequence of subjects, and observe the indelatigable patience with which each has been followed out in almost every possible direction. (1) After comparing the "priestly" and "Jehovistic" accounts of the creation of man in "Genesis" with their most approximate parallels in Ancient Egypt and Babylon, it may be said almost that the whole world of myth and legend is swept, not merely in search of further analogies, but of all accounts whatever. The quest in reality is for the collection and comparison of creation and evolutionary accounts, and the digest is most valuable. (2) The Hebrew story of a great flood is treated after the same exhaustive manner, and not less important than its traditional correspondences wherever met with—are the notes on their geographical diffusion, and their absence in certain parts of Asia, as also in Africa. (3) In connection with the kinship of Jacob there is a study of the law of primogeniture in its contrast with ultimogeniture—the eldest and the youngest son—which offers, as it seems to me, a singularly brilliant instruction, and it bristles with new facts. (4) Again there is Jacob's marriage, which raises the question of marital union with cousins, and "the harmony of Biblical tradition with popular custom." It is followed through two hundred pages into India, Burma, China, Africa, America, Australia, and elsewhere, while there is a valuable and informing study of the distinction between cross and ortho-cousins.

These are some main features, and here are a few points of subsidiary interest. (1) There were three official Keepers of the Threshold in the Temple at Jerusalem, and "superstitions of the threshold" are tracked through Syria, China, Turkey, India, Persia, Java, even to Scotland. (2) A passage in a psalm suggests that swallows built nests about the Altar in the Temple of God, and the bird as a denizen of sanctuaries is traced in Athens and Hieropolis. (3) Elijah was fed by a raven, and we have a monograph on ravens in Scripture—in Palestine, America and Rome. (4) A long study of sacred oaks and terebinths is exhaustive so far as scripture is concerned, and we are reminded that "the Jewish nation came to an end," in the days of Hadrian,

"on the very spot where it was traditionally said to have been founded by Abraham"—at the sacred oak or terebinth of Mamre. (5) A chapter on high places in Israel offers an example of the author's best and most reverent manner; the subject is followed through modern Palestine, Africa, India and Borneo. (6) The parable of Jonah and the whale is paralleled curiously by a folk-tale of New Guinea. (7) The ordinance that a homicidal ox should be stoned to death is appalling to modern ears, but it gives an opportunity for a pleasant and diverting paper on mediæval and later proceedings-at-law against rats, mice, flies, caterpillars and domestic animals.

On the other hand, a somewhat tentative explanation concerning the Fall of Man is unconvincing, at least to myself. The Biblical parable is of course "an explanation of the origin of death." A hypothesis, however, that the Creator according to some mother-myth intended to confer immortality on man by means of the Tree of Life, but was cheated by the serpent, which designed to confer it on serpents, appears unserious, and the parallel from the Gilgamesh epic, "far more ancient than Genesis," is concerned with a plant and not a fruit-bearing tree. There is also the story of Jacob and the kidskins, by which the birthright of Esau was made void. It is suggested that the account may embody an abridged form of an ancient rite of the New Birth from an animal.

Many examples of this strange ceremonial are given; but it seems to me that the intent of the scriptural narrative is on its simple surface, and that the learned explanation encumbers it. There are also rites of Adoption which simulate the coming forth of a child from its mother's womb, and these are cited at length. I do not need to say that no analogy is instituted with the inward and spiritual regeneration on which Christ insisted, firstly, because this symbolism is foreign to the Old Testament and, secondly, because Sir James Frazer suggests nowhere in these volumes that purely spiritual experiences are to be explained by myth, or indeed that the moral elevation of the Jewish scriptures has root therein. Once more it seems to me that the experience of Jacob at Bethel is very little helped or illustrated in a true sense by the recitals which follow concerning dreams of the gods, tales of heavenly ladders and sacred stones. Perhaps, from one point of view, the more ladders going up into heaven the better; the more angels or gods descending and ascending, the better also; communion between earth and heaven cannot be over-symbolised. But the folk-tales of Africa, Madagascar and Russia are tales of *faërie* rather than spiritual tales.

To make an end of these pleadings, I do not think that we need commentators on Genesis to tell us why Jacob burst into tears on meeting his cousin Rachel, nor do we need a most erudite folk-lore scholar to furnish us with other instances from all the wide world over. The key of such things is in the heart rather than the head. But if one needs to go further, there is the great *Sepher Ha Zohar*, which I understand better, as a symbolist, when it says that the meeting of Jacob and Rachel is the world above kissing the world below. To the author of "The Golden Rough" this may spell nothing that he can receive, and yet—for the mystic—an ineffable intercourse subsists between heaven and earth.

To conclude, those who regard the Old Testament as the inspired work of God will read these memorable volumes without finding anything to shake or vary their belief. Those who regard the scriptures as a memorial of the growth of religious belief in a nation which stood alone among nations will find the development illustrated by innumerable side-lights.

Finally, a mystic like myself—who holds that the vital importance of old religious records is in that which they are capable of showing forth concerning the light of the soul in man—welcomes the contribution as a real aid to knowledge, enabling him to discern in the by-ways the glimmer of those same lights which shine elsewhere more brightly.

A. E. WAITE.

THE ART OF FRANK BRANGWYN.*

We are all tired of the party system in politics, but not more tired, perhaps, than we are of the party system in Art. It is common for the critic or expert who has learned to admire one great artist or group of artists to feel it necessary to found a cult and justify his admiration by opposing and condemning the ideals and methods of other artists or groups that do not appeal to him. All such contention is barren and rarely proves anything except that the taste of the critic is exclusive, and his sympathies not without limit. There is something of beauty and good craftsmanship even in the work of Alma Tadema and Leighton and, since their neat conventionalities have delighted multitudes who are not drawn to Michelangelo or Tintoretto, we may well be thankful that they lived to give pleasure to so many, and be a little humble in the presence of powers that are, at all events, greater than our own.

Without being quite so all-embracing as this, Mr. Shaw Sparrow is too reasonable, too wisely human to waste much space over ideas of beauty and forms of art that are no joy to him. His concern is with Frank Brangwyn: he devotes the nearly three hundred large pages of this handsomely produced volume to an enthusiastic but shrewdly critical study of the various phases of Brangwyn's art, and his judgments are amply supported by the selection from Brangwyn's paintings, etchings, sketches and drawings that are reproduced, in colour and black and white, between its covers.

The things that first affect you in these pictures of Brangwyn's are their freshness and breadth of imagination, their individuality and extraordinary vigour of style; there is no daintiness, no prettiness. Their beauty is, in the main, the beauty of elemental force, of healthful, strenuous life, of rough, masculine strength. If, as Sir Frederick Wedmore has said disparagingly, it is the sort of beauty that leaps to the eye, it shares that quality with the glory of sunrise and sunset, the night and splendour of the sea, the aggressive magnificence of storm and earthquake, and eclipse. The oak is not less beautiful than the violet, the lion than the butterfly, the vast warehouse than the ivied country cottage; moreover, their beauty does not leap so readily to the eye till it is interpreted by such genius as Brangwyn's. At times he reveals so much of grandeur in what passes current for ugliness, such bizarre beauty in what we had turned from as sordid and grossly material, that to look at some of his pictures of ordinary life and industry rather shakes one's faith in the dogma that commerce and industrialism have in many places laid waste the loveliness of nature, and raised on the ruins nothing but scenes of squalor and unsightliness.

To say that Brangwyn has been influenced by Rembrandt and Legros is to say only that, as an artist, he is not a freak with no ancestry. Whether he handles again such age-old themes as the Nativity or the Crucifixion, or such matters of to-day as his "Iron Workers," "Stone Masons at Work" or the "Return from Work in a Shipyard," he is always, in thought and feeling and manner, essentially himself and essentially modern. This sumptuous book and Mr. Shaw Sparrow's exhaustive, critical appreciation, fine as they are, are yet not so much worthy of him as he is of them.

REGRETS AND APPREHENSIONS.†

Mr. Masfield's new volume provokes melancholy thoughts. The poem "Rosas" is a very bad poem, telling a story in which one's interest is feeble, and in the telling sagging between the rhetorical and the stark. It cannot have been by mere accident that in other books Mr. Masfield has achieved and sustained beauty—in "Biography" of one kind and in considerable passages

* "Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn; With Some Other Phases of His Art." By W. Shaw Sparrow. With 50 plates and other illustrations. 2s. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

† "A Poem and Two Plays." By John Masfield. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

of "Dauber" of another kind; surely there has gone to that achievement not simply the breath of imagination, but the intellectual and constructive effort without which no narrative and no reflective lyric can be brought to life. Is it then by mere accident that he has written in "Rosas" a poem from which imagination is absent and of which the shapeless body is dead?

Rosas is the child of an Argentine lord, damned into life and possessing such wildness that "even as a child men were afraid of him," and a "poor old loon," seeing him at a fair and shrinking in horror, foretells that:

"This bright child is fated to such crime

As will make mark a bloody smear on Time."

Happily the father dies soon after this prophecy, and Rosas escapes from his mother's control, "to daunt wild horses for his livelihood." He becomes leader of a crew of wild Gauchos, and "knew death as the bloody pay of all mistakes." A natural king of men, he masters horses as easily as men, and can "beat the unbacked stallion from his mare." Then the hour strikes, and he is invited to quell the state's internecine strife which the Whites and Reds have prolonged almost as successfully as Kilkenny cats; and when he consents upon terms of unquestioning submission, he renews the slaughter of Whites and Reds indiscriminately until each party is cowed. So is South American Bolshevism cured by its own medicine:

"So Rosas came to power. Soon his hold

Gripped the whole land as though it were a horse.

Church, Money, Law, all yielded. He controlled

That land's wild passions with his wilder force.

And through their tears men heard from time to time

His slaves at worship of his clever crime."

"Death was his god, his sword, his creed of power.

Death was his pleasure, for he took delight

To make his wife and daughter shunk and cower

By tales of murder wreaked on Red or White.

And while these women trembled and turned pale,

He shrieked with laughter at the witty tale."

One man alone, the Bishop's chaplain, Lawrence (called Lorenzo when the line demands it), sickens because of the Church's shame, and in his sickness he yields to secret love for Camilla O'Gorman. Threatened with marriage to another, Camilla flies with the Chaplain (Saint Kaitsean echoes drift across these poor stanzas of the new Lorenzo), and somewhere in the West they teach a little school. The press of a neighbouring South American State raises an agitation against this monstrous immorality, the agitation spreads to many lands untouched by the reports of mere murders and oppressions, and Lord Rosas, "foaming with rage," plots the ruin of the unlucky pair. The plot succeeds:

"Then hand in hand they faced the firing squad

Who shot them dead into their waiting graves.

Love for each other was all the wealth they had,

Love that atones, the steady star that saves,

Love that, when shattering bullets broke them blind,

Let them a path and linked them mind to mind."

Excess brings retribution. Thousands upon thousands of men, hitherto enduring habitual cruelties, exiled themselves from the land in order to avenge the lovers' death. Rosas is defeated, flees to England and dies there; and the poem concludes with the loving toil of soldiers who, when they are not drilling, are training roses over the graves of Lorenzo and Camilla. Unless Mr. Masfield disavows the authorship of the poem I do not see that any feeling can survive the reading of "Rosas" but one of astonished regret. The conception is vapid, the verse slack, and beyond a repeated regret there is nothing more to say about either.

Happily the slight plays (dated 1906 and 1905) are in prose and are better. "The Locked Chest" is based upon an episode in the Laxdale Saga, a vigorous episode of which Mr. Masfield has seen clearly the dramatic possibilities. It is unfortunate that he has adopted a colloquial style which removes the subject effectually enough from all traditional and heroic associations. For instance: "Let me give you a nip of brandy," says Vigdis; and her husband answers, "Brandy? with a headache? You know brandy nearly kills me. Now do for Heaven's sake leave

PELMANISM IN 1925.

BY A BUSINESS MANAGER.

In the Pelman lesson dealing with Imagination and how to turn it to account occurs the following sentence: "It is by the power of Imagination that we are enabled to picture what might be." After re-reading this during one of my periodic reviews of the Course, it flashed across my mind that it would be interesting to attempt to visualise what Pelmanism might be in 1925.

So rapid has been its progress during the war that one can do no more than speculate on what will be the exact position of Pelmanism a few years hence, though it is fairly easy to foresee some of the results of the spread of this System of mind and memory training.

A SHORT REVIEW.

Let me remind readers quite briefly of one or two facts concerning Pelmanism. A quarter of a century ago it was unknown. For years its advance was slow—it was too new for most people. They scoffed at the idea of mind training, said it couldn't be done. But its founder, Mr. W. J. Ennever, and those associated with him, lacked neither courage nor hope. Sooner or later, Pelmanism would earn the recognition which was its due, of that they were confident. During the three or four years immediately preceding the war, Pelmanism was just coming into its own. It remained for the war, however, to work that change in our mental outlook which has given Pelmanism its real opportunity. In the fifty-one months since August, 1914, as many people adopted Pelmanism as during the previous twenty years, while since the armistice was signed I am told that the daily enrolments have been greater than ever, and that the half-million total in the membership of the Institute is now within sight.

MILLIONS OF PELMANISTS.

In my mind's eye I see Pelmanism making inevitably greater and greater headway each year until, in 1925, its adherents are numbered by millions, even if no move has been made in the meanwhile to nationalise the study, as has been repeatedly suggested in many quarters. But I cannot imagine five years— and five of the most fatiguing years in the history of the British Empire—passing before some definite step is taken by Parliament toward making Pelmanism a part of our national education.

A MINISTRY OF PELMANISM.

Thus my imagination pictures the establishment of a Ministry of Pelmanism, working in close harmony with the Ministries of Education, Labour, Overseas Trade, and other Departments of the Government. Pelmanism will then occupy a prominent position in the curriculum of our elementary, secondary, and public schools, while every teacher will be a qualified exponent of its principles and their application, not only to the study of other subjects, but also to the problems of after-school life and work. "Going to school" will be shorn of its terrors and become a true delight to the children. Their ordinary lessons will gain so much in interest through Pelmanism that the task of the teacher will be considerably lightened.

I conceive, too, that every boy and girl over school age will be required to work through the Pelman Course and pass an examination on its teachings as a part of the vocational training which, we hope, by that time will be a feature of our national life. So many of the employers of 1925 will be people who are now studying the Course and will benefit from it during the years

just ahead of us that it will no doubt be a common practice to insert the stipulation "Must be a Pelmanist" in their advertisements in the "Situations Vacant" columns of the newspapers, for, by 1925, it is practically a foregone conclusion that the superiority of the Pelman-trained man or woman will be universally recognised, no matter what his or her occupation may be.

EXIT THE SCOFFERS.

No great movement has made progress without arousing a great deal of opposition. Pelmanism is no exception. Yet it seems to me that another five years will witness such a thinning of the ranks of the scoffers and sceptics who now, through sheer ignorance, deride Pelmanism, that no anti-Pelmanist will dream of airing his views in 1925 for fear of being considered eligible for a lunatic asylum.

THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.

By 1925, we may assume that another General Election will have taken place. Any keen Pelmanist of the present time will agree with me that it would be an excellent thing if it were a *sine qua non* that every aspirant to a seat in the Commons should be conversant with the principles of Pelmanism. Nothing proves this more conclusively, in my opinion, than the character of the average election address issued during the recent electoral contest. Is it too fantastic an idea to suggest that the M.P.'s of 1925 will, in the main, be Pelmanists?

A PELMANISED WHITEHALL.

At the risk of being considered a visionary or a super-super-optimist, I think we might count within the realms of possibility the reorganising and reconstruction of our Governmental Departments on a Pelmanistic basis. The examples of business efficiency provided by two or three of the newer Ministries have raised hopes in some of us, and surely, with Pelmanism on the flood-tide, we can look forward to the time when all the departmental cobwebs and red tape will be swept away, leaving behind only organisations which will be of real service to the nation.

And here my imaginings must end. These somewhat scrappy views of what Pelmanism might be, and might be doing, in 1925 may appear far-fetched and rather ridiculous. Blame my enthusiasm for Pelmanism for my foolish optimism, if so you describe it, but remember at the same time that, six years ago, nobody would have dared to predict that Pelmanism would occupy the prominent position it does to-day. So six years hence, my "vapid vapourings" may be nearer the mark than appears at all likely at the present moment.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Ivuth's" famous report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE BOOKMAN who applies to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48 Market Street, Melbourne; 15 Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

me alone." Later the author's more characteristic touch appears:

"He had soft brown hair with threads of gold in it like the bright bird's feathers. Now it's dabbled with blood, dabbled with blood, dabbled with blood."

The second play, "The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight," is upon an Irish theme. It is a very short play with action which (so children are taught) speaks louder than words. The style is sometimes rhetorical but not too rhetorical for the stage, and on the stage the play would be sure of success—in Ireland, although perhaps not in England at the present time. But even these two plays do not achieve the redemption of a volume which, to adapt the phrase of another poet, "takes the reader backward rather than forward." Alas, that a poet of Mr. Masfield's genius should agitate his readers with these regrets and apprehensions!

JOHN FREEMAN.

Novel Notes.

ISAACS. By Joseph Gee net. (Herbert Jenkins)

"Isaacs" is the life and adventures of David Isaacs, which are represented as being told by his lawyer. Though Isaacs is described on the title-page as general merchant, general swindler would be nearer the mark. He is of Jewish extraction and devastating garrulity, and his various exploits are not without a humour of their own. The plots are ingenious, and all of the stories have their small, amusing surprises. The style of the book is suggested by the following: Isaacs is speaking (he usually is):

"About that Scotchman," he commenced. "First time I met 'im was in Oxford Street, near the Circus. 'E was lookin' in a shop window, wiv his mouth 'alf open, makin' the glass foggy wiv 'is breath. You never saw such a rig-out. 'F had a golf cap three sizes too small on top of a yellow 'aystack of 'air what 'adn't been pressed down. 'Is eyebrows and eyelashes was the colour of a glass o' sea water. 'Is ears stood out from 'is 'ead tellin' yer they weren't missing any of the 'eavenly breezes, and 'is face was the colour o' smoked salmon. As fer 'is 'ands, I don't believe there's a glove shop in London could fit 'im."

Mr. Joseph Gee is clearly a close and successful student of the books about Bindle. The pleasantries and philosophies of Isaacs and those of Bindle have a marked family resemblance. The compliment to Bindle's creator, Mr. Herbert Jenkins, is not inconsiderable. The people who liked "Bindle" will like "Isaacs," and their name is legion.

THE THROW-BACK. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson)

Mr. G. B. Burgin has gone to the East for the setting of his new story, and not only for the setting, but for the heroine. He is perhaps a little disturbed by the brisk, assured girl of this workaday world, and thinks she has lost her charm for man. Whether that is so or not, he finds in Zuleika, a Turkish girl, the very perfection of loveliness and sweet companionship; one so attractive that an Englishman of good attainments becomes a True Believer that he may marry her. Lancelot Graves is engaged to Ethel Sartoris who, to save her father from going under and out, dismisses him in order to wed a rich old duke. A week later her father inherits £20,000 a year. Graves goes to Baba Nakatch, near Constantinople, and discusses religion with the great man of the village. Then in the deepest depths of his despondency he sees Zuleika, and the world is transformed. Ethel does not marry the duke, but pines for the man she loves—even as Zuleika would have pined, and is noble enough to save her rival from a threatening disaster that Graves may have the happiness for which he longs. This is not by any means the end of the story, but it shows—whether intentionally or not—that the two women share the same spirit. The book is full of light and colour, for Mr. Burgin shows

us the pleasant aspect of a country which, to those who do not know it, has an unattractive aspect as well. He writes with all his old charm and kindness, though the broad humour of his early work has changed to the give and take of sprightly conversations.

THE STATUE IN THE WOOD. By Richard Pryce. (Collins.)

There was haunting, hurting loveliness about the statue in the wood, and when the widowed Ann Forrester came upon it by chance one summer day, she felt its strange enchantment. She thought of the courtly, polished, handsome old man who had been her husband, but not her mate, and gazed at the image of the beauteous youth with longing. "Her pulses were again the pulses of a girl . . . She moved forward like one sleep walking, and laid her face against the stone face. Youth to youth. . . Her eyes filled with tears." In this melting mood Ann proceeded to fall in love with a land agent, Timothy Coram. Thence came, first danger, then disaster, then misunderstanding, and then love. Mr. Pryce's plot is ingenious, surprising and not very pleasant. But one is moved to admiration by the delicate craftsmanship of the book. It is written with care and art; the sketch of Ann, a purely feminine creature, is without flaw. Claudia, the sweet cunning friend, is also a triumph. The writer strives very hard to make us realise Coram, the hero, but he is never very convincing. "Coram served not God and Mammon, which we are told is impossible, but God in a sense, at least—and somehow a very true sense—and the god of love." Does the reader ever truly feel enthusiasm about the lover who, at the beginning at any rate, both betrays and fails his lady? The novel suffers somewhat from the obscurity of the plot, which may often puzzle the reader. But there is admirable sound work in its pages.

THE FLAPPER'S MOTHER. By Madge Mears. 6s net (John Lane)

Miss Mears writes both thoughtfully and amusingly, even though the pivot of her tale is the blundering stupidity of our marriage laws. For that reason there is a certain uncomfortable atmosphere about her story, for the English world tolerates only the normal home life, and novel readers do not like their puppets to be sad. The flapper's mother is a lovable woman, with an undesirable husband who left England one day never to return; he did not even write once to his deserted wife to prove his existence. However, his cousin falls in love with her, and they wait for over six years in the hope of assuming the position of husband and wife. If Miss Mears had only let them wait the full seven years when the law presumes death—they could have married and been happy, but then there would have been no story. The flapper is only seventeen, a crude and wilful child, who falls unconsciously in love with a man bound to an insane wife, a barrier which the law regards as unbreakable; however, the girl does what the mother could not bring herself to do, but she does not find happiness in her unconventional position. The author shows a fine sense of character all through, especially when dealing with the vicar with his prejudices and strict honour; with Billy, the vicar's son, so physically unfit, yet with so heroic a soul, and the capable, dense daughter. They are all very real people, as is also Miss Marshall, the severe purist who sacrifices everything for her moral ideal.

AN ARMED PROTEST. By F. Bancroft. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson)

One of the curious features of the war period has been the way in which marriages have been made in haste, in many cases to be repented at leisure; and that is the thread upon which F. Bancroft has strung this story. Though an old subject it has in this case been treated with such sincerity and force as make it at times thrilling. Heather Gamble, brought up on the veldt, spends four years in England, and at twenty falls in love with an English officer who is on the boat with her when she goes

back to Africa. He, believing her to be an heiress, persuades her to marry him in secret, though they announce the deed as soon as it is done. Before three months are over Heather has plumbed the depths of unhappiness, has learnt an old scandal about the mother whose memory she adores, has seen her husband publicly enamoured of an attractive widow, and has felt his brutal nature. Insulted and outraged she leaves him openly, as an "armed protest" against a two-standard morality, and goes to her home on the veldt. She is such a delightful girl, compounded of opposites, that readers, having once got into the grip of the story, will follow it keenly to the end. Not the least interesting feature of the book is the insight it gives into the ideas of the cosmopolitan dwellers on the veldt and the inner meaning of the futile Boer rebellion on the West German borderland.

The Bookman's Table.

HAROLD TENNYSON, R.N. The Story of a Young Sailor Put together by a Friend. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

This is one of those poignant records of a short and gallant life which will be re-read long after these days. Harold was a real Englishman, "an absolute sunshine" Captain Evans, under whom Tennyson served, wrote of him, "A type specimen of the successful product of the new scheme of training. He had made the most of his instruction and he used his brains and his charming personality to the very best advantage for his country and his friends. . . . Well, he is gone, this steel-true sailor." His life history is graphically described in this volume, appropriately bound in the emerald green covers we associate with his grandfather's poems. The bright beginning of his life, spent in Australia (he reached Adelaide just before he was three—his father having been appointed Governor of South Australia) is recorded in some detail, and we have a charming picture of his vivid, lovable mother, and of the family's almost naïve delight in the pleasures which came their way. Then come Harold's first letters, and later the wartime correspondence. There is an amusing little account of how Harold on the *Viking* brought Cabinet Ministers back from Calais to England. "Sir Edward Grey was entertained by the foremost gun's crew who had not the foggiest idea who he was and whose language must have made his hair stand on end. . . . Lloyd George sat on an engine-room casing side by side with a fat and dirty stoker who pointed his remarks with suckings of teeth and digs in the ribs." Harold was killed by the blowing up of a mine and he had written a farewell letter to his parents having a premonition that he might not live through the war. "By the time you get this," he wrote, "you will know that I have got that 'Perfect Peace' I have been longing for. The strain has been awful—I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do, and I have died with a joyful spirit." We lay aside this volume with reverence and thankfulness for all that this boy was.

THE DREAMER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Helen Cash. 3s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

There is a good deal of thought and feeling in this attractive little book of poems by Miss Helen Cash. Here and there one comes across a verse lighter in mood than the rest, but as many of the poems touch on war subjects the author's graver mood is more preponderant than her gay. The spirit in which her poem "The People" is written should meet with widespread sympathy at the present moment. Miss Cash reaches a high dramatic level in some of her work, such as "Brothers," "To W. D. B.: In Memoriam," and "Remembrance." We should like to quote one of these had we space, but as we must choose

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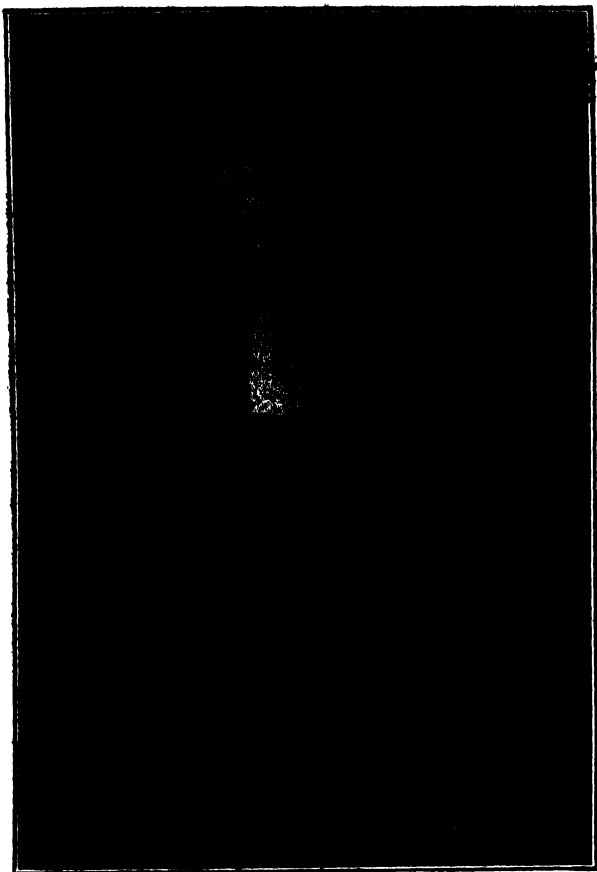


Photo by Cecil.

Miss Helen Cash.

a shorter example of her work we take a vivid little pen-picture which she calls "A Concert."

"Like the long rustle of wind-rippled leaves,
Stirring the languor of a summer noon,
Flutter of silks and programmes, droning dron
Of voices, laughter, heat that sways and heaves:
Then, o'er their shifting masses stillness spread,
Such a deep hush on all that motionless sea
Of living faces, turned expectantly,
As makes them seem a battle host of dead.
Till o'er the shivering silence sharply fall
The crashing chords, and with the hollow roar
Of storm waves beating upon rock and shore,
A tempest of wild music fills the Hall.
It rose in gusts and sank, then, bird-like, thin,
Came the clear warbling of a piccolo,
And ceased, when, throbbing, passionate and low,
Burst the wild rapture of a violin."

THE LETTERS OF EVE. By Olivia Maitland Davidson.
6s. net. (Constable.)

Eve is among women what Mr. Dooley is among men—a shrewd and amusing commentator on current events and the ways of women and men, and life in general. But unlike the philosopher of Archery Road, she moves in the best circles, and uses the polite slang and quaint locutions that are current in smart society. Her first letter to "Dear Betty" is written in June, 1914, and in her lively, flippant, witty fashion, with occasional touches of seriousness, she gives you a vivid and intimate picture of how the war came to London, and how London lived and played, and worked and wept and laughed throughout the first three years of it. She discusses the doings of great persons freely, and with the airiest badinage. The early recruiting, the sewings of Sister Susy, the coming of conscription, the uprising of the woman war-worker, flag days, charity concerts, the entertaining of the wounded and men on leave, food control, the intrigues, blunderings and successes of politicians, the varying news from the Front, the thrill and excitement of air-raids—all the panorama of the war as it unrolled itself before the civilian at home is faithfully preserved in Eve's airily humorous letters. She has her own quaint style, her own philosophy. She shoots folly as it flies, and deftly wings her arrow with a feather from the bird she aims at; and if you remember all the folly that has been flying about in the last few years, you

will guess that she had good sport—and she gives her readers the same.

THE TIDE AT NIGHT. By Evelyn Chase. 2s. 6d. net.
(Erskine Macdonald.)

The author of these poems has a pleasant gift for writing simple and unaffected verse, and shows considerable ability in such as "On the Moor"—to give one good example. This is a very happy little poem giving in a few well-chosen words a vivid picture of familiar scenery. Another well-knit and harmonious poem is "An Eastern Love Song," showing skilful handling of words and melody on the part of the author. Indeed, we think many of the pieces would do well with a musical setting. Quite one of the most pleasing features of the book is contained at the end under the title of "Bird Poems for Children." These are really delightful, having an old-world charm and fragrance about them which will give joy to young and old alike.

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS. By Bion the Smyranean.
Translated by Winifred Bryher. 1s. (Humphreys.)

Bion's dirge for Adonis is one of the beautiful things of later Greek poetry. Most of us know it in Lang's translation in the Golden Treasury edition of the idyllists, or in Mr. J. M. Edmonds's in the Loeb Classics. Miss Bryher's excuse for making a new version is that "one is persuaded in reading the English versions that the mind of the translator is consciously interposed before the mind of Bion, blurring a little the concise Greek, robbing it of its vividness." She has tried to avoid this fault, seeking only the spirit of the original. She is therefore simpler and more direct than Lang; for instance, where he writes:

"He reclines, the delicate Adonis, in his raiment of purple,
and around him the Loves are weeping, and groaning aloud,
clipping their locks for Adonis,"

Miss Bryher has:

"Youthful Adonis lies enwrapt in purple and about him
weeping Loves bewail his death aloud. They clip their locks
for Adonis."

On the whole, this is an adequate version of a poem of which the translator writes: "It is the spirit itself of richness, of a richness seldom captive to expression, a vital loveliness which keeps the words of Moschus true, mourning the dead poet, 'Thy lips, thy breath lives yet.'" The book takes the form of a handsome pamphlet, with Greek and English facing one another.

WITH THE R.A.M.C. IN EGYPT. By Sergeant-Major,
R.A.M.C. 6s. net. (Cassell)

The triumphs achieved in Egypt by our R.A.M.C. in fighting insect pests and keeping down cholera, enteric, bubonic plague, and typhus during the war give a faint idea of the successes in store for preventive medicine, just beginning to supersede the old school of "kill or cure." Although great bodies of Oriental soldiers and labourers coming from cholera and plague infested places were massed together in Egypt and Palestine—lands teeming with deadly germs and reeking with the filth in which they were bred—only thirty cases of cholera and eighty cases of plague, we are told, broke out during the entire campaign. The author vividly describes the work that wrought this miracle. He tells of orderlies elbow-deep in filth indescribable, hunting down the deadly germs and battling against them, taking their lives in their hands every moment of every day. We are given a picture of the late Sir Victor Horsley, down on his knees, scrubbing the floors of a hospital. The author's suggestions regarding the lines that British rule should take in Egypt if it is to succeed deserve serious consideration. "The most disastrous mistake we could make," he declares, "would be to attempt to rule" the childlike Egyptians "by the rod." They should be treated "as if they were a nation of Boy Scout recruits: start them right at the beginning of every elementary principle of honour, good form, healthy hardihood of body and mind, and all the wholesome, reasonable give-and-take comprised in the word neighbourliness." As he truly observes, "the raw material for the work is no sow's ear, but good silk all through; and the silk purse is sure to materialise in time."

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The April BOOKMAN will be a Spring Special Number and, in addition to all usual features, will contain an Illustrated Supplement devoted to new and forthcoming books.

Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly "The Strong Hours," by Mrs. Maud Diver. This is not so much a sequel as the second half of her striking novel, "Strange Roads," the full story being too long to be included, in these difficult days, in a single volume. Reviewers who described "Strange Roads" as unfinished, please note.

"The House of Courage," a new novel by Mrs. Victor Rickard, will be published early this month by Messrs. Duckworth.

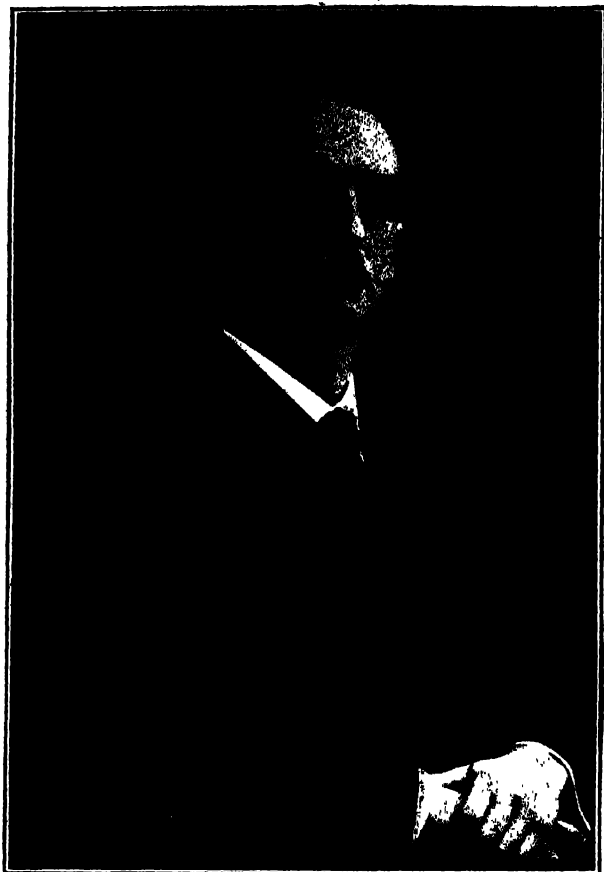
A monograph on the late Cecil Chesterton, written by his friend, Louis J. McQuilland, assisted by J. K. Prothero (Mrs. Cecil Chesterton), will be

published shortly by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. The book will be an intimate personal study of its subject, from his childhood until he died in hospital at Boulogne as a private in the I.L.I. It will be illustrated with some interesting photographs.

A "History of Modern France," in two volumes, is shortly to be added by the Cambridge Press to their Cambridge Historical series.

Sir George Douglas writes: "The unveiling of a monument to Benito Pérez Galdós at Madrid is a tribute to Spain's foremost living writer which deserves notice in this country, where his novels of 'Doña Perfecta,' 'Gloria,' and 'La Familia de Leon Roch' are probably the best known of contemporary Spanish works of fiction. Besides novels, Galdós has of course written history (Episodios Nacionales) and plays, among which I lately observed that the critic of *La Epoca* characterised 'El Abuelo' as the greatest Spanish play of the last century. But here, as in the case of Hugo's 'Cromwell,' length forbids scenic representation, for it runs to over four hundred printed pages."

"German Days," which Mr. John Murray has just published, narrates the personal experiences of a Jewish child, a Polish girl, and gives her impressions of the troubled life and very bad manners that prevail in latter-day Germany.



Mr. Herbert Trench,

who has recently completed a new drama, "Napoleon," which will be published and probably staged in London this year.

A new long novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. It is called "Christopher and Columbus," and is the story of two young orphan girls, children of a German father and an English mother, who when it became unpleasant to be of German parentage in this country, during the early stages of the war, were sent to America to meet with lively and remarkable adventures.

"The Fourth Dimension," a book of essays in the realm of unconventional thought, will be published this spring by Messrs. C. W. Daniel. The anonymous author is an officer of the Grand Fleet.

A new humorist is not a common discovery, and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. consider they have found one in Sidney Hastings Webb, whose piquant light-comedy story, "Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr. Guy!" they are publishing early in April. The book will be illustrated by the distinguished *Punch* artist, G. L. Stampa.

"The Passing of the Barque *Sappho*," another narrative of a war-time voyage by J. E. Patterson, is to be published this month by Messrs. Dent.

"The Australians: Their Final Campaign, 1918," by the well-known Australian war correspondent, F. M. Cutlack, will be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. The same firm has in the press "Zooms and Spins," a new book by the clever airman who writes under the pseudonym of "Raffbird."

A book of drawings by Lieutenant John D. Coleridge, which form a gallery of spirited impressions of the great exploits of the Fleet during the war, is almost ready for publication by Mr. Lee Warner, for the Medici Society. Lieutenant Coleridge made his sketches while he was on his ship, *Glorious*, at Scapa Flow, Rosyth, and elsewhere. The book is to be entitled, "The Grand Fleet: A War-Time Sketch-book."

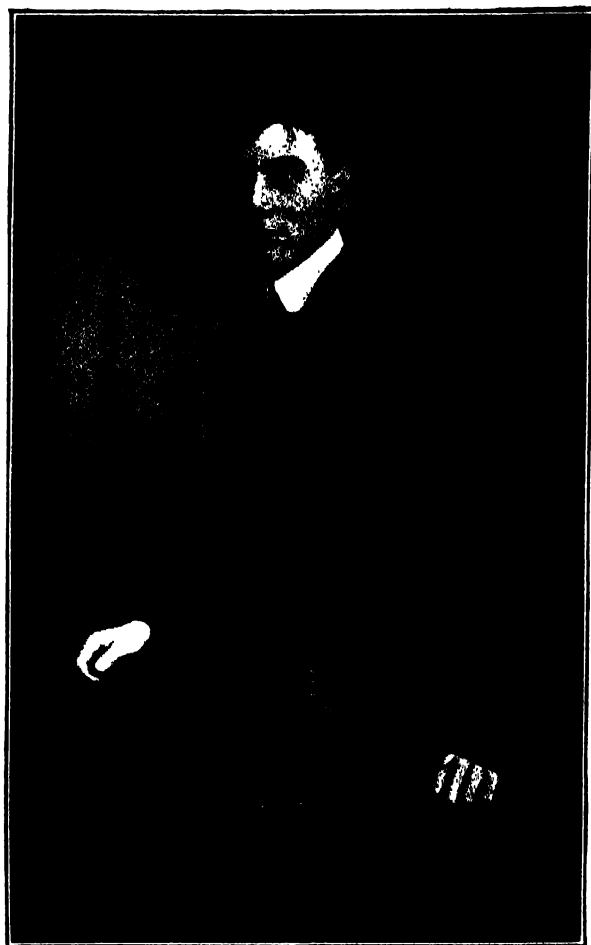
If testimony were needed to the vogue of Rex Beech, it may be found in the fact that the Film Booking Offices are producing on the "movies" a pictorial record of the 12,000 mile expedition he made, with Dr. Salisbury, the explorer, Dr. Willis and Mary Roberts Rinehart, through Central and South America. Some of the pictures show how the famous novelist occupied his leisure while the expedition was resting.



Captain Shaun Malory,

whose new novel, "The Quest of the Golden Spun," was published last month by Messrs. Jarrold.

We learn with much regret of the death of Mr. John F. Harris, of heart failure, at the age of thirty-one. Mr. Harris, who had done work of considerable promise in literature, after passing Responsions at Oxford and winning an open exhibition in History at St. John's College, Cambridge, was for a time Master at the North Devon School, Barnstaple. In October, 1910, he went into residence at St. John's, Cambridge, and took the College Essay Prize three years in succession, and a second in Part I. of the Historical Tripos. In 1914, in which year he took his B.A. degree, he became tutor to the sons of Sir Henry Babington Smith and, at Cambridge, passed the Modern Language Special, obtaining a Second Class in the French Section and a First Class in the English. Abandoning his intention of taking Orders, he now devoted himself entirely to literature, in which he had proved his capacity by editing and writing for the *Cambridge Magazine*, and writing for the *Eagle* and the *Gowensman*. From January to July, 1915, he was a master at the Preparatory School at Slerborne, but resigned owing to a breakdown of his health, from which he never really recovered. He was afterwards literary adviser to Mr. Grant Richards who, in 1916, published his book, "Samuel Butler: Author of 'Erewhon': The Man and His Work."



Mr. John F. Harris.

WAR BOOKS.

"The League of Nations" By Mathias Erzberger. (7s. 6d. net. Hodder & Stoughton.) To realise at a glance the difference between the German character and outlook and the character and outlook of the nations that have been opposing her, you should read first General Smuts's impersonal, large minded, eminently reasonable proposals for establishing "The League of Nations," and then this self-assertive, covertly or openly boastful book upon the same subject. There is no contrition for the immeasurable loss and ruin that Germany's thirst for power has brought upon the world; no modesty, no diffidence, though Erzberger does admit that it was a mistake for Bethmann-Hollweg

to say that Germany was not only ready to enter such a League but to place herself at the head of it. He finished his book last September, when it still seemed

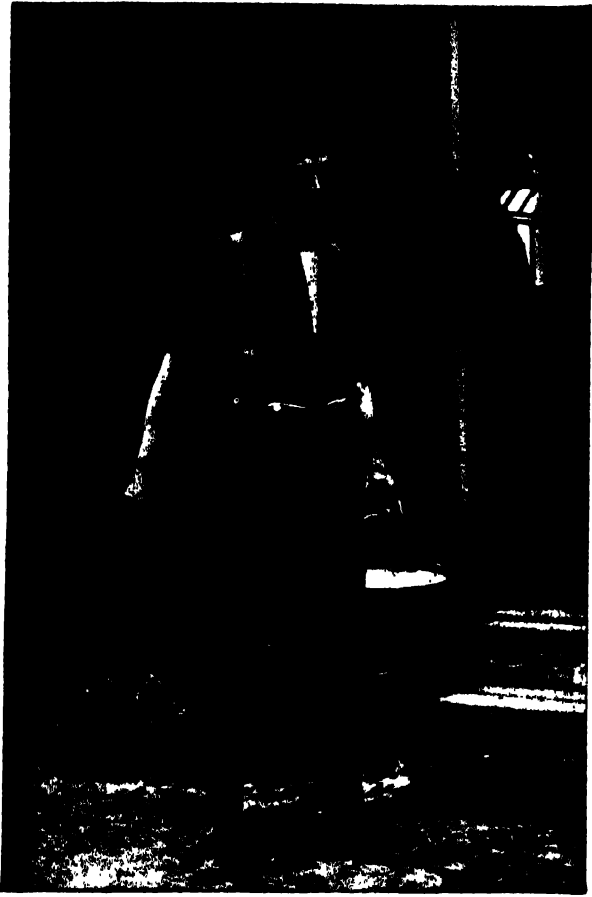


Photo by Richard W. Hutt, Bath.

Mr. Frederic Harrison,
whose new book, "On Society,"
Messrs. Macmillan have published.

Mrs. Will Gordon,
Author of "Roumania of
Yesterday and To-Day."
(John Lane.

Mr. Louis Raemaekers,
the famous Dutch cartoonist.



The late H. H. Munro ("Saki"),

whose new book, "The Toys of Peace," has just been published by Mr. John Lane. An article on H. H. Munro's work, "A Great Humorist," by S. P. B. Mats, will be published in next month's BOOKMAN.

probable that, if Germany could not be victorious, she could not be defeated, and this may help to account for his superior tone. He claims that Germany was the first nation to set the example of referring national disputes to arbitration, yet has to confess in passing that it was Germany's unfortunate opposition at The Hague that prevented the Powers from making an agreement for the reduction of armaments; and he prides himself on the fact that the Hague Conference, with Germany's help, produced a Convention by which "the lot of sick and wounded in naval warfare was assured," and we know how the Hun has respected that Convention. His claim that Germany must have its Colonies back because "it must have an opportunity of displaying its ability as compared with other nations," is at least amusing; and his suggestion that the African Colonies of Belgium and Portugal ought to be given to Germany, in addition to the Colonies there that once belonged to her, illustrates vividly how impossible it is for the Hun even now to realise that there is anything unjust in robbing weaker nations, or to see himself as others see him. The book is valuable, as indicating the claims that will be advanced by the German Delegates when they are admitted to the Peace Conference.

"Front Line Lyrics." By Lieut.-Col. F. W. D. Bendall. (2s. 6d. net. Elkin Mathews.) There are no affectations, no eccentricities in these poems; they reflect, in grave or lighter moods, the thoughts and feelings of a soldier while he was campaigning in Gallipoli, France, and elsewhere. They have imagination, and a simple, sincere emotional intensity. The battle lyrics are splendidly vigorous and spirited; and there is truth and beauty of thought and expression in several of the quieter descriptive or reflective poems. A little book of verse that deserves to be read and remembered.

"The Diggers." By Patrick MacGill. (2s. 6d. net. Herbert Jenkins.) A graphic, breezily-written narration of the heroic doings of the Australian soldiers in France and Flanders.

"Birds of a Feather." By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (6s. 9d. net. Hutchinson.) The author of "Looking for Grace" can always be depended upon for good entertainment, and this story of London in war time is as deft and sparkling and as gaily humorous as any she has written. A love interest, more than one, comes into it with the lively, pretty widow, Rose Devenish; and a spice of excitement and some amusing complications arise out of Mick Vyner's secret service mission and the adventures of an escaped German prisoner who contrives to make Rose and her sentimental companion responsible for keeping him in concealment. The characters are lightly but cleverly sketched and, except for the tragic end of the German, it is all a book for the pleasantest laughter.

"The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Tramp." By Y. (6s. net. Constable.) Tells, in a series of letters, of the very miscellaneous adventurings of a French tramp steamer which, till it was sunk with all hands, dared the U-boat peril and fetched and carried across the water German prisoners, coals, troops, and did gallantly the hundred and one odd jobs that such ships were sent to do. A capital yarn, full of gusto and incident and written with such evident knowledge that it reads like truth; and is possibly true.

"The Romance of the Red Triangle." By Sir Arthur K. Yapp. (6s. net. Hodder & Stoughton.) This record of the great work done by the Y.M.C.A. among the fighting men, at home and at the front, is one of the finest and most romantic stories of the

war. It leaves one not only wondering at but grateful for the energy and far-flung organisation that provided so efficiently and in so many ways for the spiritual and material welfare of our soldiers the

world over. An inspiring chronicle which one reads with a feeling that the Y.M.C.A. has reason to be proud of itself, and the nation even more reason to be proud of the Y.M.C.A.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

BEATRICE BASKERVILLE.

WHEN Miss Beatrice Baskerville's fourth book (her second novel) was published it met with an entirely favourable reception from all except one of its reviewers. He was a little bitter and declared that, reading the story, it was "easy to see the author had never lived abroad." Which must mean either that the reviewer was not a good judge, or that no reliance can be placed upon internal evidence. For, the fact is, not only was that particular book written abroad, but Miss Baskerville has rarely lived anywhere else.

She began her career as a journalist, and has gone into various parts of the globe as correspondent of the *New York World*; and in the intervals of journalism she has worked hard and through many disappointments to win the assured place that now belongs to her as a writer of fiction. Her first essay in literature was a translation of Gogol's "Taras Bulba." She followed this with an admirable study of "The Polish Jew," and that with her first novel, "Their Yesterday." These books were well enough received, but their success was not more than respectable and she confesses that she was discouraged. So much so that she resolved to "stick to journalism," and in addition to her work for the *New York World* began to contribute occasional correspondence and articles to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly*, and other periodicals. Also in those days, after an interval, she tried her hand at playwriting, but had no luck with the managers.

During a holiday at home in the summer of 1913, it occurred to her that one of her many rejected plays had a strong topical interest and might well be converted into a novel. By April, 1914, this novel was ready and the manuscript of "When Summer Comes Again" went to a London publisher. She had written it in Warsaw, and the story was intended to reveal to

England something of those secret workings and intentions of Germany which have since culminated in and been frustrated by the great war. But the war had come before the book found acceptance, and it was not published until late in 1915. Nearly every publisher in London declined it, and such readers' opinions as she was allowed to see were so scornful that "I felt on reading them," says Miss Baskerville, who by that time was busy again with journalistic work in Rome, "the proper place for the author of such hopeless stuff was the Tiber."

However, the novel found harbourage, and on its appearance the reviewers were unanimously and warmly appreciative, with the lamentable exception of the one to whom we made reference in our opening paragraph.

But the book was not more than moderately successful, its warnings were already fulfilled, and people who will not always listen to prophecies before the event are, of course, less interested in those that, though written before, do not make their appearance till after it. If, on the whole, the results were again a little disappointing, Miss Baskerville was by no means deterred. In 1915-16, whilst she was acting as special correspondent for the *New York World* in Milan, she wrote "Baldwin's Kingdom"—a powerful and

wonderfully intimate story of Russian life and character, and its publication rather more than a year ago left her future as a novelist no longer in doubt. It marked a real advance from her previous books not only in popular success but in the mastery of her art as a teller of stories. The story itself wears an air of convincing truthfulness and its people are so simply and vividly human that one is not surprised to gather that most of them have, or had, their prototypes in actual life.

Even while "Baldwin's Kingdom" was being written, says Miss Baskerville, "things were happening in Russia which have ended in sweeping away for ever Petrograd



Photo by Stuart, Zurich.

Miss Beatrice Baskerville.

as I knew it. Of the Russians whose characters suggested the book not one, I fear, is now alive. Of the others, Tim is flourishing and the father of a family, Stella lives, as she was born, in the shades of the renaissance villa on Monte Parioli. Lady Avon is, I believe, in America and her amiable husband a great favourite in New York society."

In November, 1915, Miss Baskerville went from Milan to Lucerne on business connected with her work as newspaper correspondent, and at Lucerne she met some old and dear friends who had escaped from Warsaw when it was overrun by the hordes of the Hun. They told her of terrible experiences through which they had passed, and even the worst of their anecdotes were amply corroborated by what she learned later from many other refugees, Poles and Russians. As she was leaving Lucerne one of her friends urged her, with tears in his eyes, to "tell England what Poland has endured," and with these memories and that plea upon her she presently fashioned the realistic romance of "Love and Sacrifice." She began the book in Rome, in the summer of 1916, and has put into it not one incident of German rapine, brutality or cowardice that was not endured by Poles she has known and whose sufferings were related to her by themselves or by eye-witnesses. But the story is very much more than all this. Its interest centres on the old, aristocratic Polish family of Ruvno, on the Countess and her son, Ian; more especially on the orphaned Vanda, whom the Countess has adopted, and the rivalry of Ian and his cousins Roman and Joseph for her love. Ian had grown up with Vanda and, not conscious of how deeply he loved her, had always put off the idea of marriage, with a placidly secure feeling at the back of his mind that when he decided to take a wife she was there and waiting for him. Vanda, loving him, had become resentfully aware of this quiet sense he had of proprietorship in her, and her self-respect is hurt and in secret revolt against it. When Roman and Joseph arrive at the castle almost simultaneously, bent on asking Vanda to choose between them, Ian wakens suddenly to a knowledge of his love for her and of his folly in delaying until the chance of winning her seems gone. She rejects the dissipated, charming Roman, to Ian's astonishment, and accepts the cool, selfish, commonplace Joseph; but within an hour of the marriage Joseph is abruptly and imperatively recalled to his regiment by the outbreak of the war.

Living in Prussian Poland, the two brothers are, under compulsion, officers in the German Army, but, hating the Kaiser's rule even more than the Czar's, Roman promptly deserts and volunteers in a Cossack troop. Joseph is too mindful of consequences to take such a risk, and fights under the banner of the Hun. It is not long before the thunders of war can be heard at Ruvno castle; not long before tragic multitudes of refugees are swarming past along the road; not long before a vast rabble of ill-armed, ill-fed Russian troopers are passing in disorderly retreat; then, after temporary reverses, the Russians rallying gallantly and checking and driving them back, the German forces begin to arrive, and their reign of terror asserts itself increasingly over the devastated countryside. Sanity is not farther from madness, health from the ravings of delirium than the quiet pictures of life in and around Ruvno, at the

outset, are from the dreadful chaos into which the war dissolved them all. The castle itself goes up in flames at last, the Germans suspecting its occupants of signalling to the Russians, and the Countess and Ian, Minnie Burton, the English girl who was staying with them, Vanda, and the quaint old priest, Father Constantine, narrowly escaping with their lives, are fugitives, stumbling and toiling across the dark fields and along the high road, hoping to reach Warsaw before the retreating Russians have left it and the trains for Petrograd stopped running. The incidents and hardships of that journey are detailed with a brilliantly imaginative descriptive power. The old priest drops exhausted and dies by the way. The rest stagger into a small town where the Russian Red Cross is toiling in haste and confusion to get the wounded away before the enemy is there, and after their appeals for help have been brusquely rebuffed by a bewildered, overworked staff, short already of all means of transport, they are fortunate in finding a friend and are enabled to travel, some packed into trucks with German prisoners, some in a crazy train that is crowded with wounded inside and on the roof. If I dwell on these things it is because they are made so real and alive that they haunt the memory as potently as if one had actually seen them.

Through such scenes of fighting and slaughter, of suffering and confusion, the love romance of Vanda is shaped by chance and circumstance to a happier conclusion than had seemed possible, for the war throws down the barrier that Ian's foolishness had raised betwixt her and himself; but he has learned the truth of Roman's saying that the essence of love is sacrifice, and for her sake and his country's sake, he cannot take the dishonourable way to happiness that is open to him and leave his compatriots to go on without him through the grim struggle that must end either in death or freedom. One hopes there may be a sequel to bring these scattered people together again—such of them as remain—and show us what manner of new world they are now building for themselves out of the ruins of the great war.

As it was first written, parts of the tale were told, from their various standpoints, by Ian, by the Countess, by Vanda and Minnie and the old priest; but Miss Baskerville was advised that it would be more effective to tell the whole story in the third person, and, feeling that the advice was sound, she wrote the book all over again, altering its title (which she now regrets doing) from "They Who Endured" to "Love and Sacrifice," and it was published last autumn by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. Earlier last year she resumed work on a novel, "Little Tin Gods," which she had started to write at Rome in June, 1914, and laid aside when the war came. It is a story of Spalattia and its King and Queen. These two, whom she met in the Balkans some while ago, and their curious little Court are taken from life, but the rest of the tale and its characters are fantasy. She is now engaged on another novel that is still without a title—a romance of dramatic situations and a strong love interest that knows nothing of the war. These two books should be published during the present year, and "Baldwin's Kingdom" and "Love and Sacrifice" justify us in looking forward to their appearance with more than ordinary expectations.

H. H.

THE READER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891).

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

I.

WHEN I was very young and very wise and conscious only of the second qualification I fell in with a group of young men who, like myself, made literature their chief interest. Confession is good for one's conceit: and I here confess that the most contemptuous word we young decadents could find was the word "healthy." "A terribly healthy book" was the final condemnation: the author passed hurriedly into an unread oblivion. It would be easy to blame us too much. The love of the morbid, the odd, the unusual, the exotic is often found in very healthy people: Tennyson and Jowett spent a whole night together, in their sober middle age, discussing notorious murders. It is only the invalids who insist on the robust in art. Yet I find it hard to forgive myself the misuse of that beautiful word health; only a boy in rude health, ignorant or careless of all its laws, could so misuse it. I was made aware of the misuse in this way. Talking about books to a friend I praised Lowell, whom I had loved and learned since I was in the early teens. My friend, who at the time was translating one of Mallarmé's more lucid poems, exclaimed reproachfully, "Lowell is terribly healthy, a more vigorous Tennyson." I upheld my belief in Lowell, and only gained a reputation for eccentricity. To-day, if I were asked to give Lowell's most characteristic quality, I think I should say in praise what was then said in blame, and laud him for his health. Health, as a distinct aesthetic quality is a peculiar mark of a great many authors who otherwise have few connecting links. Great authors and good authors are without it - for instance, I do not find it in Dickens, or Carlyle, or Milton, or Stevenson; it is obviously lacking in Richardson and Sterne, and Pope and George Moore. It is evidently present in Fielding, in Kingsley, in Whyte-Melville, in Browning and in Lowell. It is not a moral quality, and it is unusual to find it in the greatest men, such as Browning; for the great poets usually live and write on a plane which has transcended the particular sort of moral vigour that is to be found in lesser men. On the other hand, it is rare to find its opposite, the sin the theologians call *accidia*, in the great artists. A great artist may have an attack of it, but it will not be a permanent quality of his work, as it is of Poe's, of de Quincey's, or of Baudelaire's.

This quality of health has a cathartic virtue; the authors who possess it will brace their readers, will give something of that freshness and clearness which belongs to the North-East wind whom Kingsley sang. Lowell in particular, of all the nineteenth-century poets, has a power of emotional refreshment, of evolving a sound and glad mood, of recalling to the most jaded the inalienable claims of honesty and truth and fair-dealing, the beauty of truth and righteousness and human brotherhood. In some of his work this is perhaps a little too obvious. His popularity on the pulpit and the platform have been great, and there are still some quotations from him which are invaluable in perorations. It is easy to laugh at this. But Lowell's rhetoric is the true eloquence of a man naturally moved; and if it has been misused or overused that is no fault of his. The present age has, after a weary period of flat utterances by incredulous politicians, seen once more how great a task true eloquence can accomplish; and possibly the men who have listened to or read the speeches of Woodrow Wilson may turn with a fresh interest to the gallant poems and the sunny, well-balanced essays of James Russell Lowell.

II.

Lowell's work as a critic is in that old American tradition which always seems more English than the English. No one has caught the atmosphere of English country life as has Washington Irving; and no one has rendered the savour of old college libraries better than Lowell. He had a respect for and a knowledge of the English language which were rare in English essayists; it comes out again and again in his defence of Americanisms, and in his plea for the older and more sonorous pronunciation of such words as ocean and patience. No reader of the essays on Chaucer or Pope can fail to notice the breadth of Lowell's sympathy, and the extent of his knowledge. And his judgment is as sure as his knowledge. The essay on Pope remains one of the fairest criticisms on an author difficult for a man of Lowell's feelings and periods to appreciate at all. I do not know where you will find a better conclusion to the Pope controversy than his final sentences:

"He was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing, which in his hands was living and powerful, because he used



James Russell Lowell.

it to express artificial modes of thinking and an artificial state of society. Measured by any high standard of imagination, he will be found wanting; tried by any test of wit, he is unrivalled."

It is to the essay on Chaucer that I should send any one who wishes to test Lowell's highest capacity as a critic. With the exception of a rather dubious excursus on the Anglo-Saxon and his capacity for art, there is not a page in it which does not display insight, quick appreciation, shrewd sense and a generous enthusiasm for beauty and honesty. Honesty in an author was a sure passport to Lowell's heart; the lack of it made him immediately suspicious. When Carlyle took to praising Frederick, Lowell's sound sense revolted against the panegyric bestowed on a man "very far below any lofty standard of heroic greatness." In Chaucer he found and praised a simplicity, a downrightness, a naturalness which are rare in any literature, and especially rare in an art so consummate as Chaucer's; and I think Lowell was the first considerable critic to claim for Chaucer his high place as "one of the most purely original of poets, as much so in respect of the world that is about us as Dante in respect of that which is within us." And how good and just is this:

"The very form of the Canterbury Tales was imaginative. The garden of Boccaccio, the supper-party of Grazzini, and the voyage of Giraldu make a good enough thread for their stories, but exclude all such equals and friends, exclude consequently human nature in its wider meaning. But by choosing a pilgrimage, Chaucer puts us on a plane where all men are equal, with souls to be saved, and with another world in view that abolishes all distinctions. By this choice, and by making the Host of the Tabard always the central figure, he has happily united the two most familiar emblems of life—the short journey and the inn. We find more and more as we study him that he rises quietly from the conventional to the universal, and may fairly take his place with Homer in virtue of the breadth of his humanity."

III.

Good critic as Lowell is, it is his poetry which gives him his secure place in our affections. He wrote at a time when the world was full of the vision of poets; and in this country he has never, I think, quite had justice done to him. He has always had vehement admirers, men like Hughes and Ludlow, who strove to popularise his work, and succeeded in getting an audience for the "Biglow Papers" and a few of the narrative and lyrical poems. And he has always, I think, been loved beyond measure by those to whom his poetry came early with the breath of health and the promise of dawn upon it. He is without Longfellow's almost excessive mellifluousness; but his best verse has a vigour and a virility which no American poet save Whitman can approach. Such a poem as "The Parable" carries the charm of rhetorical verse, the peculiar direct appeal of eloquent statement as far as it can go. It is in the tradition of which Hood is the best exponent in England. Indeed, I think that in Hood we have the nearest parallel to Lowell. Hood had not Lowell's learning, and was more of a professional fun-maker; but each poet has a whimsical, friendly outlook on life; each has an ingenuity in verse-making which is at times an actual danger; and each suffered from the proximity of greater authors than himself. Just as Hood's verse stands in a

position of tutelage to Keats's, so Lowell's debt to Wordsworth and Tennyson is obvious; yet in each case it is easy for the careless reader to overlook the power and beauty of the lesser poet's production. Indeed in Lowell's case it might be argued that it is rather that his verse, like that of his English contemporaries, derives from the great traditional sources of English poetry. Yet Lowell was not, in any sense, a derivative poet; he was not disciple to any man in the way, for instance, that O'Shaughnessy was disciple to Swinburne. His serious verse is not of the first rank, frequently not even of the second; but it is as definitely his own as is Kingsley's or John Davidson's. He is one of those poets for whom his predecessors' work has been not a model to imitate, but an inspiration as natural and as fecundatory as the glad things of nature and the deep things of life. He had, again resembling Hood, the lithe imagination which responds readily to the beauty which has already been expressed in art; an imagination in no wise unresponsive to the great things of the real world, but touched more quickly if those truths are presented to it in a form which already owes something to art. His one grave fault is a tendency which he himself mocks at in his "Fable for Critics" and in "The Origin of Didactic Poetry": I suppose the self-portrait in the Fable is still well known, but the criticism in The Origin may be less familiar. The poem describes Athene's desperate efforts to write verse, the boredom which ensues when she recites her poems on Olympus, and how she finally tore her manuscripts to pieces and flung them through "Olympus's back window." Then Lowell describes their fate:

"The verses? Some in ocean swilled,
Killed every fish that bit to 'em;
Some Galen caught, and, when distilled,
Found morphine the residuum;
But some that rotted on the earth
Sprang up again in copies,
And gave two strong narcotics birth,
Didactic verse and poppies."

Yet Lowell's own didactic verse can hardly claim to have soporific powers. It suffers at times from overemphasis, it rouses opposition by its vehement and boldly-stated preference; it is, in short, rhetoric rather than poetry—but what good rhetoric it is! The last verse of the stanzas to Freedom has been thumbed out of all freshness by every tub-thumping orator, used and misused in all sorts of strange causes, tied in doleful tatters to the cars of alien and unpleasant parties—but even now it rings true metal, and I am certain would gain a sure response in simple hearts:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

A man is poor in imagination and thin in blood if he cannot realise how triumphant a defiance that stanza was, how clear a challenge, how proud a war-cry in the great struggle on whose outcome depended the very existence of the United States.



James Russell Lowell.

IV.

The poet's first function, some would say, was to cheer the warrior into battle; his second to console those left behind with generous praise of the fighting and the fallen. Rarely have poets in historical times fulfilled the first of these duties. There is nearly always something stiff and ceremonial about the occasional poems written during war. Here Lowell is the great exception. It can be seen how great an exception if we stop to think how English literature would have gained had we possessed a Lowell during our civil wars, or a Lowell during the great wars with Napoleon. The first Biglow Paper and the first poem were a violent attack, a scathing and unanswerable satire on the Mexican war. It started a series of poems which has no parallel in English literature. There are points, no doubt, in which the Lowell of the "Biglow Papers" touches the Burns of the "Jolly Beggars"; but the aims of the two poets are so different that the resemblance is scarcely more than superficial. By all the rules of chance the "Biglow Papers" should have been mere journalism; but Lowell's white-hot sincerity, his passion, his sense for freedom and righteousness have burned so into the poems that they remain still a flaming fire against all oppression and untruth and dishonesty. Is there any political platform in any country where the remarks of Increase D. O'Phace would not be still suitable? Increase is complaining that their member has voted the wrong way:

"Who ever'd ha' thought sech a poisonous rig
Would be run by a chap that wuz chose ter a Wig?
'We knowed wut his princerples wuz 'fore we sent him?'
Wut wuz there in them from the vote to pervent him?
A marcful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our princerples swaller;

* * * * *

Ain't princerple precious? then, who's going to use it
Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin' up to abuse it?
I can't tell the way on 't, but nothin' is so sure
Ez that princerple kind o' gits spiled by exposure."

And I hope that some one at the Peace Conference will recite the Pious Editor's Creed. It would not be a bad thing if it were said every morning before the Conference

opened. Anatole France might be trusted to give a very perfect French equivalent for some of those immortal stanzas:

"I du believe that I should give
Wat's his'n unto Caesar;
Fer it's by him I move and live
By him my bread and cheese air;
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his superscription—
Life, conscience, honour, honesty,
An' things of thot description.

"I du believe in prayer and praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs -in every thin' that pays,
But most of all in Cantin';
This doth my cup with mercies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh, I *du* in interest."

Never have any political poems been so full of point, so biting and at the same time so generous. There are poems of Swift's which can compare with the Biglow poems for irony and bitterness and anger; but in Swift there is always a strange inhuman note, a kind of indifference which makes us move uneasily, as under the flail of a god, rather than from the buffets of a fellow-man. That is the most abiding thing in Lowell's best verse—the sense of human brotherhood, of comradeship, of equality. It is something which is the mark of a good deal of American, as of English literature; but Lowell does not make so much a display of it as Whitman, or some of Whitman's English disciples, and yet I feel it is with him a sincerer and more natural thing. His humanity and fellowship are like the fellowship of Dickens or of Lamb. He is one of the companionable authors who do not trouble greatly always to be at their best, but who give you what they can when they can. Considering rather your need than their capacity, they may not be the greatest artists, but they have the charm of good company, and that is a thing which is surely one of the most valuable and heartsome things in literature. Lowell is the kind of author who could make you put up with a coal shortage; there are many greater men of whom that could never be said.

ESSAYS IN ROMANTIC LITERATURE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

EVERYBODY who has paid any attention whatever to the biographical side of History knows that, from time to time, men appear who, without being—or at least without always being—what have been called *stupores mundi*, objects of the world's wonder, have been its *deliciae* or darlings. They have held this position sometimes—as in the cases of Alcibiades and still more of Bolingbroke—without any great moral worthiness; sometimes, as in that of Sir Philip Sidney, with a good deal of this; but the difference has not much influenced their peculiar acceptableness to the narrower or wider circles with which they have come in contact. And the

narrowness or width of these circles, though it may have affected the quantity of their fame, has not affected its quality.

To this class, in the estimation of almost all who knew him, the late George Wyndham belonged—in what exact measure and degree it is unnecessary to calculate. People who knew him early and well liked him long and better; people who only met him casually found him singularly agreeable; some even, who "began with a little aversion" for this or that reason, felt that aversion turned into liking after a fashion not wholly explicable. "He did not *do* much," said his detractors, proceeding sometimes to urge that, as a politician, he was a positive failure. His vocations and avocations were indeed so

* "Essays in Romantic Literature." By George Wyndham. Edited, with an Introduction by Charles Whibley. (Macmillan.)

numerous that some want of concentration upon any one of them was almost inevitable. Soldier, statesman, sportsman, man of letters, man of society—half a dozen other things; and to add to this, dying in rather early middle life, he had more chances than he could use except in the first condition (where the late war would probably have given him his best opportunity but one) and more proclivities than he could profit by. But this very many-sidedness contributed very largely to his unique attraction. He interested others so much because he himself had so many interests, and was so enthusiastic as regards them all.

The exception just made—the best opportunity *but one*—was intended to indicate the subject of the book before us. No competent reader can doubt, even if he had no previous knowledge of the matter, that if Mr. Wyndham had devoted himself, not exclusively—for that way lie pitfalls—but mainly to literature, he would have made a very considerable man of letters—that indeed there is stuff here which is actually very considerable in value, though none of it received his final revision for presentation in book form. But its interest is increased by the fact that such presentation was definitely contemplated, that the contents consist of the completed part of the author's own plan, and are not, as those of such books too often are, merely "sharked together." Mr. Whibley, of course, though in his admirable introduction he has given much illuminative comment on book and author, has not attempted the revision which, in two cases especially, Mr. Wyndham expressly contemplated; but the fact of the contemplation is distinctly valuable. As the book stands, it consists of a Rectorial Address in 1910 to the students of the University of Edinburgh on "The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe"; of three Introductions to books, "Selections from Ronsard and the Pleiad," "North's Plutarch" and "The Poems of Shakespeare"; of two shorter essays, "The Poetry of the Prison" and "Elizabethan Adventure in Elizabethan Literature"; and of another Address—a Presidential one—to the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club, delivered in 1907. All these were intended by their author to constitute a book on Romantic Literature; and it must be a very ignorant person or an inveterate carper who denies, even in the case of Plutarch, that they properly and rightly do so, or asserts that the author has failed in his treatment of them.

The two pieces which he thought "must be cut down" were naturally the two longest, the "Plutarch" and the "Shakespeare"; but some readers will agree with him unequally on this point. The present reviewer certainly would not lose a page of the "Plutarch"; on the contrary he wishes that it had been in Mr. Wyndham's way (as for more reasons than one it was not) to add a good deal on the lights we get from the interesting and puzzling collection called the "Moralia." In regard to the Shakespeare essay it is different. This begins with an amply justified complaint about the way in which commentators on the poems, and especially on the sonnets, have busied themselves with personal and other "riddles" instead of attending to "the impression of a work of art." One cries "hear! hear!" enthusiastically and, knowing Mr. Wyndham's susceptibility to such impressions, expects the result eagerly. It certainly comes; but

alas! it is swaddled and smothered in discussions of the very same kind of "riddle"—the "Poetomachia" of Jonson and Marston and Dekker, in which there is no evidence that Shakespeare had any concern at all; the everlasting Mary Fitton—who surely is nearly as much "personal" and irrelevant as the "Mr. W. H." on whom our author refuses to dwell—and so on. "Cut and spare not" one would have said, here, if nowhere else. The theory of the Rectorial Address as to the connection of English Romance with the marriage of Henry II. and Eleanor of Guienne may not exactly hold water; but the speech was a striking contrast to the moral and other platitudes which some such addresses contain; while at the other end no one, Scot or Englishman, could have been more thoroughly in sympathy with Sir Walter than Mr. Wyndham. The two shorter essays above mentioned, and the longer one on Ronsard and his fellows, are delightful examples of critical *gusto* unmarred by the least touch of critical quarrelsomeness. And the Plutarch is really a triumph. It is as "live" as the "Lives" themselves; and is constantly lighted up with those literary and historical parallels and allusions which distinguish the real man of letters from the pedant. "Does one not," he says of the passage on the ill-omened sound of the Parthian kettledrums during the fatal march of Crassus, "recall the Aztec war-drums on the Noche Triste?" One wonders whether the familiar inquisitive reader wrote to Mr. Wyndham requesting him, politely or peremptorily, to explain the allusion, and to say whether *noche* is not a misprint for *noce*.

It was this constant transfusion of interest from literature into life, and *vice versa*, which showed Mr. Wyndham's gift for the former; and there is no doubt that if he had had longer time for extending his knowledge, or more such opportunity for concentrating himself on the subjects he did take up as he actually had in the case of the "Plutarch," we should have had many more essays, of value as great as or greater than that of the best here. For, as he had some rare qualifications for such work, so he was free from other, and unfortunately not so very rare, disqualifications. In particular he had absolutely nothing of that most unfortunate jealousy of fellow-students and lovers of his subjects which is so sadly common. He never committed the opposite, and even (in both senses) more vulgar, error of flattering clumsily. But he once said to a fellow-student of one of his subjects who was expressing pleasure at something he had written, "Why, *you* fished the murex up!"

To have this book, therefore, is a satisfaction unusual and permanent. But, having often in the abstract expressed proper condemnation of the practice of wishing for something else in a book besides that which is given, one may in the concrete dream of an interleaving of the volume. That interleaving should contain, besides and between the actual contents, certain other things. One might be that account of a Royal Procession, in which he himself was concerned pretty intimately, which has been already printed elsewhere. Another, a short history of his Egyptian experiences. A third, some sketch of a run with the hounds or a steeplechase. A fourth, one of those speeches in Parliament over which, as Mr. Whibley tells us, Hansard itself lost its matter-of-factness. And the present writer would like—in order to complete the half-dozen necessary to "interleave" the

seven essays here given—records of two after-dinner conversations, one of them taking place on the first occasion when he himself met Mr. Wyndham many years ago; and the other on the last, just after the heir of Clouds became its possessor. The first told how, in one of the most famous of English country houses, the host, to please a guest's fancy, had up from the ancestral crypts bottle after bottle of famous and almost fabulous vintages—some undrinkable, but all curious; the other

developed the plan of that new library at Clouds itself which he lived partly to realise but not thoroughly to enjoy. Then the casual reader might have some, though still an inadequate, idea of George Wyndham as he was "all round." And we do not think that Mr. Whibley would dislike this "extra-illustration" of his subject, or that the illustrations themselves would be discordant with the title. For the essence of Romance is that it takes in the whole of life.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original four-line epitaph on War Bread.
(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best welcome to Cricket in four lines of original verse.)
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

- I.—The Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Phyllis Marks, of 172A, Alexandra Road, N.W.8, for the following:

DANSE MACABRE.

They bid us dance. Then come, my sisters, rise.
What though you have the vision in your eyes
Of those who lie with lips awry with pain,
And shattered limbs, who will not dance again?
What though the seal of bloody war is set
Upon our brows and breasts all redly wet?
For: "You are young," they say to us, "and youth
Is made for dancing." What allure it has—
A fox-trot, murry-roll, three-step and jazz—
Oh, blinded eyes, that cannot see the truth!

Come, sisters, hearken ye to the endearments
The music lisps for us, and cast aside
Your ghastly cerements,
Those shrouds that hide,
Those clouds that do eclipse
Fair, rounded limbs, white breasts, and flying feet.
Drop honeyed laughter from once-pallid lips;
Dance on, my sisters. dancing is most sweet.

And some there are who, smiling, look on us
Wrapt in our sparkling beauty, and they say:



Miss Winnifred Tasker,
whose new book, "Songs of Wales and Devon" (Erskine Macdonald),
is reviewed in this Number.

"Embodiments of golden youth are they,"
And cannot tear their spell-bound gaze away.
Poor fools, blind fools! A throng of prostitutes
In garish dance were less lascivious.

Were you to see
The graves gape wide asunder,
Cracking with noise of thunder
The marble monuments, and thenceforth rise
Strange things with cavernous emptiness for eyes,
And wormy horrors in a ropy mesh
Where there should be round limbs and veined flesh,
Dance, as we dance, a light and am'rous round,
With many a cracking, creaking sound,
So lewd a sight were you to see,
Your brain would reel and spin.
Turn you your eyes within
On us—even such, even such as these are we.

For naught to us is left
But the outward semblance of our youth,
Mocking the mirror, Truth.
Of all are we bereft,
And ye will see, whose sight is keen,
Death dwelleth in our breasts unseen
With our rose-crowns is crowned
With our gold girdles bound.
Dance then, my sisters, know at every breath
Youth is profaned—in his guise dances Death.

Dance on, dance on, a wild, unmeasured dance,
Until our beauty fadeth and is gone,
And all the sunny sparkle of our glance
Has flickered out; until our foamy hair
Hangs slack, and our white breasts are nothing more
Than yellowing, corrupted, sagging skin,
And outward are we what we were within.

And from the bloody, furrowed fields of France
We seem to hear dead, twisted lips again
Utter a thin, uncadenced sound of pain.
I hear you, sweet—Oh, Christ, what joy to dance!

PHYLLIS MARKS.

We also select for printing:

SPRING—AFTER WAR.

Comeh once more to the earth, war ridden,
Smiling and sweet, the Spring, unbidden
Seeking a feast of hope, new spread,
And wine of joy, as her young lips, red,
The board is spread and the host is here
Love hath a table, not a bier.

The gracious folds of her cooling dress
Lightly the grave-sown world caress,
Silent and shy, unmet, she stands,
Grief's rosary hangs in her empty hands—
"Look up, look up, do ye still forget?
Further than Calvary—Olivet."

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

"While one on'y remembers, and all the rest forget."
—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

God lent an angel to the earth awhile:
But no one saw how heaven was in her smile,
Or pondered the perfection of her look,
Which from His throne its quiet radiance took;
Or touched the vastness of her heart and mind.
God lent an angel . . . and their eyes were blind!
Her feet found ready, they were promptly sent
On countless errands, and un murmuring went;
She sweetly did what others sought to shirk;
They found her willing, and . . . they made her work.
And slowly, surely, youth died from her eyes.
Like cloud-wisps strayed among the black night skies,
Grey streaked the hair above her patient face:

Last, God had pity on her wearied grace.
And, all's forgotten! All her stolen youth,
Her brave, tired fingers—all, in very truth!
Or, if some thought of her strays through their mind,
It is but slightly, stumbingly to find
The work of others something lacks, beside
The work she did. A pity that she died!
Forgotten! Yes, since never truly known!
But . . . she's found youth again before His throne,
And is so happy! Who could wish her back,
To stumble, ageing, on her old dull track?

There's just one heart that, crushing longings vain,
Thanks God He took His angel home again!

(Margaret Brown, 17, High Street, Calne, Wilts.)

From the very large number of lyrics received, we select for special commendation those by Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Lorna Rutter-Leatham (Durham), J. D. I. Waugh (London, W.C.), Geoffrey Dearmer (York), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), Sybil Knight (Dorset), A. M. Christie (London, N.W.), G. L. G. (London, W.), B. N. Saxelby (Manchester), Anne Richardson (Camberwell), E. (Highgate), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Lieutenant Raymond Heywood (Adelphi), Julian Tenison (Sittingbourne), L. A. Russell (Liverpool), W. E. R. (Dollar), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), E. R. Faraday (Orleton), H. E. Holland (Wimbledon), "Erl" (Durham), R. Case (Eastbourne), Freda Baxter (Catford), E. A. Lawrence (Liverpool), J. A. B. (Highgate), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), F. H. Price (Birmingham), Olive Searle (Lincoln), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Harold Matthews (Worcester), D. M. D. (Lee), Cuthbert Ellison (Rochdale), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Vera L. Temple (Iron Bridge), George B. Butt (Mitcham), Captain A. R. Wiggins (Newcastle-on-Tyne), May Brownridge (Felixstowe), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Muriel Wiles (Brixham), Ada Strike (Worthing), A. E. W. (Torquay), Private R. F. Hopes (B.E.F., France), Tom Yarwood (Northwich), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Emmeline Brook (Ilkley), Jessie Hare-Wakefield (Barnsley), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), J. N. MacIver (Armfield Plain), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Edith A. Proctor (Manchester), Lieutenant E. L. H. Jansz (Colombo), Laurence Tarr (B.E.F., France), Mary C. Mair (Bristol), Jeanie G. Featherstonhaugh (Dublin), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), G. M. Macalister (Edinburgh), M. Lovett (New Milton), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Philip G. Chadwick (Dewsbury), Ruth Underwood (Ealing), A. F. Trotter (London, S.W.), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Netta Pollok (Glasgow), A. D. Harris (Liverpool), Averil M. Richardson (Guisborough).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Basil D. Nicholson, of Ivy Cottage, Broadwater, Worthing, for the following:

THE ART OF KEEPING WELL.

By DR. RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

"Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray."
GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY, *The Jester's Sermon*.

We also select for printing:

THE FLAPPER'S MOTHER. By MADGE MEARS.

(John Lane.)

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

THOMAS TICKELL, *Colin and Lucy*.

(Miss G. M. Newton, c/o Mrs. Knott, 69A, Adelaide Road, Brockley, S.E.)

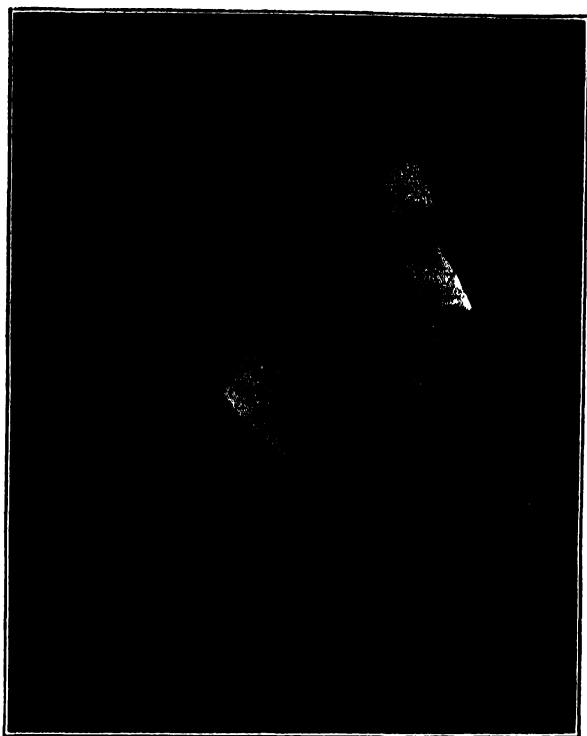


Photo by Sarony.

Miss Edith Sitwell.

Editor and one of the contributors to "Wheels" (Blackwell), which will be reviewed in next month's BOOKMAN.

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT RACE

BY MADISON GRANT. (Bell.)

"I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tail"

T. HOOD, *Equestrian Countship*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, J., Hartheld Road, Eastbourne.)

THE GREAT HUNGER BY JOHAN BOJER.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Went on cutting bread and butter"

W. M. THACKERAY, *Servants of Weather*.

(Miss Blackett, 9, Florence Terrace, Falmouth.)

LOVE AND A COTTAGE BY KIRKE HOWARD.

(Simpkin, Marshall.)

"It's telling on young William, who's reduced to skin and bone"

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of original verse on Sir Douglas Haig, is awarded to Captain R. Charles, Ashville, Ballymena, Ireland, for the following:

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

Amid the many voices in his praise
Cry loudly those who in unhappier days
When long the journey seemed, the path beset
With perils, could their manhood so forget
As to blame him for what their coward hearts
Feared might befall. Hot throated fame departs;
This shall remain, nor time its glory dim,
The soldiers' tribute: "We had faith in him."

We select for special commendation the six tributes by H. W. Mottram (London, W.), S. M. Isaacson (Camden Hill), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), William Sutherland

(Sunderland), Margaret L. Peck (Bournemouth), I. May (Barnes).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. N. Saxelby, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

THE NAVY ETERNAL. BY "BARTIMEUS."

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

The modesty of our naval men causes the continuous heroism of their service to be slightly overlooked. "Bartimeus" supplies a need, and supplies it well. His sketches are not fiction, they are the far more miraculous truth. Some are accounts, from within, of the great encounters: others, descriptions of the less well-known, but equally heroic, daily "carrying on" in all branches of the service, under, on, and over the sea. But the author's vivid pen shows us something better than heroes, to be admired only. It shows us Men, to be emulated, and raises the standard of the race

We also select for printing:

MARTIN SCHÜLER. BY ROMILR WILSON.

(Methuen.)

This remarkable book, which follows the young musician from his first brilliant moment of vision, through years of annual contentment with the second-best, to the final inspiration of the Black Forest, shows real psychological insight and an unusual power of characterisation. There is true art in the trivial incident which breaks down Schuler's self-absorption, driving him at last to his ideal—in the selflessness of Hella, the in consequence of Sophie, and the strange devotion of Wolf. The powerful restraint with which the performance in the Opera House is described, confirms our impression of a writer at once forceful and dignified.

(Vera R. Nation, 4, South Street, Louth, Lincs.)

THE SECRET CITY. BY HUGH WALPOLE.

(Macmillan.)

Semyonov dominates this book as he dominated "The Dark Forest." Cynical, haunted, despairing, seeking death, but afraid to kill himself. Semyonov is a big thing, ominous, and out of nature for us of a distilled civilisation, but natural within the Secret City. The fears, the loneliness and agonies of that place are such as the doomed city on the Neva endured and yet endures. The author firmly believes that Russia will rise again. It is a fine book and a masterly piece of work seeming like the work of a Russian to one who knows Russia only through her writers.

(M. A. Newman, 71, Freshfield Road, Brighton.)

We select for special commendation the twelve reviews by Sergeant V. E. Hamson (Palmer's Green), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), Irene Lalonde (Bath), Gladys E. Pearsall (Bombay), Joan Billson (London, W.C.), Helen M. Jordan (Cheltenham), Charles Gent (Belfast), Jack J. Southall (Staines), Fredk. Willmer (Ramsey), Lieutenant M. B. K. Hemphrey (Tabora, East Africa).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to R. A. Finn, The Sundial, Surbiton.

BURNS AT ABBOTSFORD.

BY JOHN MUIR.

RECENT editors of Burns have had so much to tell their readers about the out-of-the-way sources whence they drew their new materials, that one is sometimes tempted to ask whether all the known sources of information regarding the poet have been thoroughly examined and completely utilised. In more than one public institution known to the writer there are unpublished letters and poems of Burns which lovers of the poet would be pleased to see in print; and the whole of British, but more especially the whole of Scottish, Chapbook Literature has yet to be carefully and exhaustively examined and utilised in the light of present-day scholarship. A very agreeable surprise is in store for the man who first bursts into that silent sea—who first goes through the Burnsian Chaps—that is, chapbooks containing verse and prose concerning Burns. As a result of such an examination as is here desiderated, more than one poem, hitherto considered to be pure Burns, will be found, in whole or in part, in one or other of those little books of Excellent Songs which used to be hawked about in their packs, as part and parcel of their “braw troggan,” by the John Cheaps, the “chapmen billies” of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

The Burnsiana preserved at Abbotsford has never been utilised—it has never even been examined by editors of Burns. Even the information—meagre enough, no doubt, but unobtrusively suggestive—given in the Catalogue of the Library at Abbotsford presented to the Bannatyne Club by Major Sir Walter Scott (second and last baronet) has not yet been used. A careful editor would of course wish to examine the books and manuscripts for himself, apart from the anonymous cataloguer's descriptions of the items listed; although these appear to be accurately recorded, so far as one can test them by corresponding entries in the various Burns bibliographies.

So far as the Abbotsford Library Burnsiana is concerned, the editors of Burns never get beyond the undoubted fact that the copy of “Tam O'Shanter,” in the poet's own hand, which Burns sent to Robert Ainslie (of which, however, there is no record in the poet's correspondence as published), was gifted by Ainslie to Sir Walter Scott. Ainslie has noted on the margin of the manuscript that when the poet read the poem to him (at Ellisland, October 15th, 1790, as we learn from a letter of Ainslie's) he added two lines, which are not in the Abbotsford nor in any one of the six manuscript copies of “Tam O'Shanter” which are known to be in existence; and the question naturally suggests itself, where is that manuscript now? The lines in question are these:

“The crickets joined the chirping cry,
The kittlin chased her tail for joy.”

Sir Walter suggested that Burns may have deleted those lines on recollecting how closely they imitated a stanza in Goldsmith's well-known ballad:

“Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;

The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.”

Even if Sir Walter's suggestion be correct, it is difficult to accept it as a reason for Burns's fastidiousness in this instance, in face of the many appropriations, imitations, and echoes of other poets with which even his best poetry abounds; for Burns, although with different ends in view, and, of course, by vastly different methods, succeeded in embedding much of his verse in as fine a layer of mosaic as even the “elegantly melting” Gray himself had done.

The Abbotsford manuscript is thus prefaced:

“Alloway Kirk, the scene of the following poem, is an old ruin in Ayrshire, hard by the road from Ayr to Maybole, on the banks of the river Doon, and very near the old bridge of that name. A drawing of this ruin, accompanied perhaps with ‘Tam O'Shanter,’ will make its appearance in Grose's ‘Antiquities of Scotland.’”

The poem appeared originally in the second volume of Grose's work, April, 1791; the first volume having appeared in 1789. There is not the least doubt on that point notwithstanding the assertions and reassertions to the contrary of the Centenary editors and others, who do not seem to know that Grose's “Antiquities of Scotland,” like his corresponding work on England, was originally issued to subscribers in parts. The number containing the drawing referred to by Burns—Aloa Church, Air Shire—is dated May 1st, 1790. The text, including “Tam O'Shanter,” which Grose describes as “a pretty tale, by Mr. Robert Burns,” followed later, but at a date anterior to the March, 1791, issue of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and of the *Edinburgh Herald*, March 18th, 1791, in which periodicals, it is erroneously stated, by the editors and others referred to, that the poem originally appeared and prior to its publication in Grose's work.

In the first (page 13) of the four volumes of the “Interleaved Museum” which are now, like the manuscripts from Clenriddell's collections, associated with the name of Mr. John Gribbel, Philadelphia, Burns, according to Cromeck, wrote the following note on which a hitherto unknown manuscript at Abbotsford throws some much needed light:

“This charming song is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, ‘The Toast,’ as he calls them. There is another set of words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but, though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.

“[The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear:

“‘Saw ye my Maggie,’ etc.

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fireside circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.”

That is the note as it is printed in editions of Burns from 1808 down to date; but only the first paragraph was written by the poet. The second paragraph, here put within square brackets, is an unpleasant reminder of Cromek's and Cunningham's (honest Allan's) fabrications; for the second paragraph does not exist in the manuscript from which Cromek said he copied it, nor in any other manuscript written by Burns; and there's an end on't, as Dr. Johnson was wont to say.

The songs thus honestly commented upon by Burns, and dishonestly commented upon by Cromek, are two lyrics in Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum" (1787, Vol. I., No. II.), which are fitted to the same air; one, anonymous:

"Saw ye nae my Peggy:"
and the other Ramsay's "The Toast":

"Come let's hae mair wine
in."

These songs are derivatives from an ancient ditty, now apparently lost, as Burns thought; but a variant of this last song, of which the above line is a part, has been preserved and has hitherto escaped notice. Neither Dr. Laing, nor Stenhouse, nor even Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in their notes to the "Museum" (1853), ever suspected that the original representative song, in the holograph of Burns, was carefully preserved at Abbotsford. The manuscript is bound along with a copy of "The Fornicator's Court"; an early undated chapbook, of which there have been many issues. Sir Walter, in placing "Saw ye my Maggie" between the same covers with "The Court," would seem to imply that he considered both pieces as equally fescennine. They are—"The Court" moderately and "Maggie" slightly—fescenninean: they write themselves as belonging to that class of literature which the authors of the "Decameron" and of the "Heptameron" cultivated so assiduously.

The fescennine is not an elevated or elevating branch of literary art; but, as exhibited in, say, Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," it is capable of great artistic treatment; so much so, indeed, that Mr. Henley, one of the Centenary editors—quite needlessly, however, as even he had afterwards to admit—regretted that Burns had not read La Fontaine's "Contes"; whereas the poet had not only read, at least twice over, "Les Contes de Fontaine," as he styles them, but had also read many another merry book in English and in French, the only languages, he tells us, that he knew, other than his native vernacular, in which he found Cloaciniads and Chrohallanisms galore.

Sir Walter, as a student of human nature, and as a collector of popular poetry, and without, as all men

know, the least tinge of pruriency or concupiscence, preserved both "The Court" and "Maggie," as we should have expected him to do; for was he not the first person to raise his voice against the exclusion from the works of Burns of that superb specimen of Pantagruelism, "The Jolly Beggars," which the not too scrupulous Currie, and the entirely unscrupulous Cromek, refused to touch on any terms whatsoever? All honour to Sir Walter, who not only taught but who practised the precept that to the pure all things are pure. Sir Walter's attitude to the fescennine in literature was

precisely that of Dr. John Brown, author of the immortal Rab, to those plain spoken letters by John Locke which are known to be in private circulation.

The Abbotsford version of "Saw ye my Maggie" might easily be published. Its publication would help to fill up one of the numerous gaps in our lyrical records, which are provokingly imperfect. Its publication would also add another production to the number of Burns's writings—or rather, to the number of those compositions, plainly traditional in origin and popular in character, which cannot be traced beyond Burns; who is, so far as literary history is concerned, to all intents and purposes the author of them. In some cases he admits paternity; in other cases he fathers his own or the gets

of others on nameless bards, or on bardlings like John McCredie, who cannot be traced; or on poetasters like Mrs. Scot of Dumbartonshire, who demonstrably comes under the sweeping declaration of Mrs. Betsy Prig to Mrs. Sairey Gamp, relative to Mrs. Harris: "I don't believe there's no sich a person."

Among the large number of Burnsiana preserved at Abbotsford—large, that is, for a collection formed so early, and before the rise of the Burns cult—only one other of the items can be noted here. Perhaps the most interesting, as it is certainly the most valuable, is a copy of the Kilmarnock or first edition of Burns; to which Sir Walter, most careful and methodical of the sons of bookmen, has added a number of illustrations and cuttings from newspapers and magazines containing pieces ascribed to Burns. These fugitive pieces, if properly sorted out, would be found to contain some rather curious readings, not to speak of misreadings, and to furnish a surprise, and a solution of at least one Burnsian crux.

As the history and present ownership of all the other accredited copies of the Kilmarnock volume are well known, it would be interesting to learn from whom Sir Walter got his copy. "Little Mrs. Riddell," as he called her, whom Burns so ungallantly lampooned, and



N.P.G.

Sir Walter Scott.

From the painting by Landseer.

whose husband he so unmercifully epitaphed, corresponded with Sir Walter in her post-Burnsian days; but there is no trace in the correspondence of either poet of her ever having had a copy of the 1786 edition;

although Burns gallantly presented her with a copy of the 1793 edition, on the fly-leaf of which he wrote one of those affected half English and half French inscriptions which are an eyesore to many of his admirers.

New Books.

POETRY AND VERSE.

I am old enough to remember the coming of "Michael Field" and how "Callirhoe" and "Fair Rosamond" fluttered the nest of young poets in Dublin of those days. W. B. Yeats was the leader in our enthusiasm. We were all convinced that a new tragic poet had arisen, a fixed star of some magnitude. Well, for some inexplicable reason, "Michael Field" never came to her own, or to their own; for it is well known that two ladies collaborated as "Michael Field" and the two were aunt and niece. Perhaps after all this impassioned and eloquent poetry is for the future. It is well-advised of the Poetry Book-Shop to publish these three plays.¹ When the fashion swings round again to poetic drama in England (it is always in fashion in Ireland) these three plays should be heard of. Michael Field has something of the less well-known—not by any means the lesser—Elizabethan dramatists; something also of Swinburne when he wrote "Chastelard" and "Fair Rosamond"; or, perhaps both Swinburne and Michael Field drank at the same fount. This dramatic poetry aims at great things; perhaps it has too much tragic intensity for the modern stage and the modern reader; but if it were less beautiful poetry than it is one would still remember that:

"He who aims a star
Shoots higher far than he who aims a tree."

In "The Lost Leader"² we find Mr. Lennox Robinson, one of the playwrights of the Abbey Theatre, at his most modern and most audacious. He treats an heroic theme as a matter of everyday commonplace life, and of course there is no bad art in that. In Lucius Lenihan, a queer rambling old man, who passes as elder brother to an inn-keeper at a famous fishing village in the West of Ireland, there is supposed to hide Charles Stewart Parnell, who has become legendary with the Irish like their great kings and chiefs of old. The Irish peasants used to say: "Sure no one ever saw him dead!" and like those tranced great knights who sleep in a cave of Errigal, one of whom rose up when a peasant stumbled on their resting-place with, "Is it time?" and went back to stone when no answer was given—he was fondly looked for, many a year, by simple hearts in Ireland. Charles Stewart Parnell, coming back in Ireland's dark hour, when the Irish are sheep without a shepherd, but old and weary, his lips struck dumb before the oracle can speak, is a fine and daring dramatic conception. Perhaps the end of the play, in which one is left in doubt as to whether Lucius Lenihan was really Parnell, is one of the finest things in it. These young men, the playwright and Mr. Fred O'Donovan, who played Lucius Lenihan at the Abbey Theatre, suffer because Parnell is for them too old to be a memory without yet being a tradition. An old Parnellite sitting out the first night of the play with fascinated interest asked:

"Is this the Jew
That Shakespeare drew?"

No, Lucius Lenihan was not Parnell, but that, I think, was due to the actor rather than the playwright.

"Later Verses"³ is a pleasing little book of facile verse over which one rather rubs one's eyes in these days of sharp poignant contrasts. It makes quite a picture of the

¹ "Deirdre." By Michael Field. 5s. (The Poetry Book-Shop.)

² "The Lost Leader." By Lennox Robinson. 4s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Kiersey.)

³ "Later Verses." By Alfred Cochrane. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

life of the public schoolboy grown to a cultivated country gentleman, such verse as would be praised by the *Spectator* and *The Times Literary Supplement*, and by reviewers who had enjoyed the same placid delights and happy adventures as Mr. Cochrane. It has charm and accomplishment, but light verse is out of date. Its achievement is that it makes one realise how delightful were many aspects of gentle life in an England that is past or passing.

Captain Hopwood had the good fortune to write a ballad of Drake and Nelson which is for the anthologist, but nothing in "The Secret of the Ships,"⁴ good as it is, comes up to that swinging ballad, "The Old Way." All the same it is fine honest dignified balladry, with a taste of the salt sea on the lips of the singer. A variation of the metre and the absence of the prose explanation to each poem might take away from that feeling of deliberation which the ballads have for one reader who, finding them so good, yet is not stirred and quickened as she ought to be. There is a monotony in the rendering. One would like to have "The Galleon" alone for the thrill. When you get several in the same manner, good as they are, you begin to ask for the something, the "that" which is the difference between honest achievement and genius. Yet "The Old Way" had that.

"Vibrations"⁵ is unequal. The first poem has a real thought, the second has a beautiful manner and manages a difficult metre triumphantly well. Coming upon the book in a discouraged mood there is the sense of finding something which so rewards the reviewer:

"February comes with her gay skirts a-flutter;
Wet eyes a-dreaming, tender hopes a-stir;
Loud though the following storm-wind mutter,
Soft is the touch that he lays on her."

Only a poet could have written this poem, even if the thrill does not often come in the succeeding pages.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SAINTE-BEUVE.*

This admirable volume of Selections from Sainte-Beuve, edited by Mr. Arthur Tilley, with a luminous Introduction and notes, should be of assistance to all young students of French literature, and not to them alone. Sainte-Beuve is read usually in packed and unenticing volumes, innumerable, daunting and severe. It is much to have some eight or nine picked monographs, by the greatest literary critic of the nineteenth century, brought to our door in so handy and pleasant a form. The essays selected by Mr. Tilley are chosen from the more mature work of their author, from his Literary Portraits, from the big book on Port-Royal, as well as from his famous Monday Causeries in the press. They deal mainly with the classics of France, Molière, La Fontaine, Montaigne; the only modern writer included being Taine.

In his Introduction Mr. Tilley rightly emphasises the fact that Sainte-Beuve's master note was a sympathetic curiosity, and that to this he owed the essential quality of a supreme critic—catholicity. His duty was not to

⁴ "The Secret of the Ships." By Captain R. A. Hopwood. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

⁵ "Vibrations." By Muriel Elsie Graham. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

* "Selections from Sainte-Beuve." Edited by Arthur Tilley. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

sit in judgment, but to understand, and for this purpose he patiently collected every fact relating to the life of his subject, the society in which he moved, and the influence of his age. No pains were too great for him to take, for he was both a voracious reader and a voracious critic. Not only was Sainte-Beuve interested in books: he was also concerned with men and women and ideas. He had lived through many phases of taste, and had changed his opinions on religion and politics so many times as to know the strength and the weakness of any position at first hand. All this was to his great advantage as a critic, and being the possessor of an excellent style—a style sown with anecdote and strewn with allusion—he was admirably fitted for his life's work. Sainte-Beuve was the finest literary critic of the modern world. Possibly the day may come when criticism will remain the final and supreme art. When all the tales are told and every combination of notes exhausted, the effort to appreciate and to understand man's long and varied past will abide. Should that be so, Sainte-Beuve may well represent in the province of criticism (the phrase is of M. Anatole France) what St. Thomas Aquinas stands for in the region of theology.

As stated before, Mr. Tilley's volume of selections deals mainly with the classics. Sainte-Beuve, however, lived amongst great contemporaries, and criticised their books freely. Hugo, Gautier, Flaubert and Musset received faithful treatment at his hands. Was he not a doctor! It is comparatively easy to write monographs dealing with the famous dead. A consensus of opinion, a literary tradition, makes the path plain. The difficulty is to apply the canons of taste and judgment learned from the impeccable dead to the faulty living. Should the public require a companion volume of Selections from Sainte-Beuve—a consummation devoutly to be wished—may I suggest to the distinguished editor that it shall contain not only monographs on the older classic writers of France, but also reviews of the work of Sainte-Beuve's contemporaries who now occupy the same glorious position.

EUGENE MASON

MIDAS AND SON.*

Though not apparently written in any satirical spirit, Mr. McKenna's "Midas and Son" is a mordant satire on the vanity of riches. The story is built up with great deliberation; every detail concerning it is minutely and revealingly touched in, so that by degrees you grow most intimately acquainted with its protagonists and with the past and present influences that have moulded their characters. Sir Aylmer Lancing, without any particular desire for wealth, has a curious instinct for making money; whatever he touches turns to gold. He is, by middle age, a multi-millionaire, in America, but, while he is overworking on a new and ambitious scheme, he is stricken with paralysis. When he struggles back from death's door his wife is dead and, broken and nearly helpless, he travels to England with his little son, Deryk, buys up a stately old English country house and settles down with no interest remaining in life but to see his son realise his ambitions for him and fill a great place in the world. But as Deryk grows older a stubborn conflict of wills keeps the two at cross-purposes. Deryk's ideas of the future he should set before himself are wholly at variance with his father's; he cares nothing for social or commercial successes; and has something of an artistic temperament. He resents having to account for whatever money he requires and, insisting in vain that he should have a regular allowance to spend as he chooses, breaks into revolt and, under favourable conditions, goes to London with a resolve to earn a living for himself at journalism.

But idealistically honourable as he is, Deryk is temperamentally unstable; he does not know his own mind. By his hesitations and erratic behaviour he drives Idinia, whom he loves and who loves him, to believe he is tired

of her. In this belief and because circumstances have left her destitute, she marries a man she no more than likes; then, plunged in despair by this loss, Deryk is drawn into indiscretions that fret him afterwards with self-contempt. Later, when Idinia's husband dies, a brief rapture of reunion and revival of the old love is followed by a revulsion of feeling and Deryk realises that if he marries her there can be no happiness, for her ways irritate him and he soon wearies of her presence. Meanwhile, his father has been trying to win him back by yielding to all his wishes, but, in spite of the deep, undemonstrative affection between these two, Deryk has sullenly refused to be placated, and when, responding to a last urgent message, he hurries home, his father is dead before he arrives. Out of love for his son he had, just before the end, destroyed a trust deed and so left Deryk in uncontrolled possession of his vast fortune, but the very weight of this burden—for he cares nothing for wealth and is appalled by the responsibility of it—added to his shrinking from the marriage he cannot now in honour avoid, precipitates a tragedy that brings all his hopes and his father's anxious plans to mere futility. A very able and poignantly interesting book; the irony of it is the more effective for being wholly unemphasised but quietly implicit in the story itself.

A HISTORY OF THE GUISES.*

There are two standard French histories of the House of Guise. That of René de Bouillé, in four volumes, is grave, learned, impartial yet sympathetic. Forneron's two volumes are light and lively, brimming with the gossip of the Valois court. If Forneron could pick up a piece of scandal from L'Estoile or Brantôme, he wrote it down without always troubling to inquire how near the contemporary tattler was to the scene described. Mr. Noel Williams, in his new work, "The Brood of False Lorraine," has modelled himself on Forneron. His book, which is not intended for the student, sets out with freshness and accuracy the main incidents in the rise and fall of the Guises, thus covering the long period of ninety years. Careful account is given of the chief military events in the life of the Duke Francis, especially his defence of Metz, his taking of Calais, and the siege of Rouen at the beginning of the Wars of Religion. Protestant and Roman Catholic historians do honour to this great captain. Mr. Williams rightly lays stress on his pioneer efforts towards the humanising of warfare. In an age of pillage he ordered his troops to pay for what they took from the peasantry. In his care for the wounded, alike of his own army and the enemy, he showed the Red Cross already moving forward on the battle-fields of Europe. Agrippa D'Aubigné's famous estimate of the Duke is not quite accurately rendered by Mr. Williams. The original words are: "Ainsi mourut ce grand capitaine . . . duquel le naturel se fut porté, non à la ruine, mais à l'estendue de la France, en une autre saison et sous un autre frère."[†]

Mr. Williams translates the closing words: "whose talents would have carried him, not to ruin, but to the rule of all France, in another season and under another brother."

Surely the passage ought to read: "whose natural disposition would have led him, not to the ruin, but to the extension of France, in other times and under a different brother."

The word "estendue" is noted in the edition of the French Historical Society as equivalent to "extension." D'Aubigné was not thinking of Guise's personal ambitions, but of the benefit France might have drawn in happier times from his genius and valour.

Hurried and misleading translations are to be found on other pages. Mr. Williams quotes the passage in which Forneron discusses Coligny's attitude towards the murder of the Duke of Guise.

* "The Brood of False Lorraine: the History of the Ducs de Guise (1496-1588)." By H. Noel Williams. With 24 Illustrations. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

† "Histoire Universelle." (Edition de la Société de l'Histoire de France.) Vol. II., pp. 143, 144.

* "Midas and Son." By Stephen McKenna. 8s. net. (Methuen.)

"Sa faute," says the French historian, "fut de ne pas désavouer la joie immorale de son parti, et non d'avoir cherché le salut dans une trahison."

Mr. Williams translates the words: "His fault was not to have disavowed the immoral joy of his party, and not to have sought safety in a treason" (p. 300).

We prefer this: "His error lay in the failure to disavow the unprincipled joy of his party, not in having sought safety by a treacherous crime."

Mistakes of fact occur but seldom in these attractive volumes. Catherine de' Medici died in her seventieth, not her sixtieth year (p. 532). It is incorrect to state that the Cardinal of Lorraine accompanied the Duke of Guise to Joinville on their return from the conference at Saverne, and that he was present at the massacre of Vassy (p. 264). The Cardinal and the Duke separated on the return journey, the former proceeding to Reims, while the latter went to Joinville. It was the Cardinal Louis de Guise, a younger brother, who witnessed the scene at Vassy.

The most disappointing feature of Mr. Williams's book is the superficial estimate of the character and work of the Cardinal, Charles of Lorraine. The second personage of the House of Guise is rarely mentioned except in language of invective. Here is a typical sentence: "This brother—the crafty, vindictive, cowardly and unscrupulous Cardinal of Lorraine—had been Guise's evil genius, drawing him into dangerous projects and useless cruelties, overriding his scruples and involving him in unworthy intrigues."

Beside this and many similar passages we may set Bishop Creighton's judgment: "He (the Cardinal of Lorraine) was justly popular with the people—a man of commanding presence, great affability, ready eloquence, unblemished moral character, unwearied zeal in discharging the duties of his archbishopric, and a high reputation for sanctity."

Mr. Williams, copying Forneron, has thought it worth while to quote the sneering passage of Pierre de L'Estoile on the Cardinal's last illness, without even indicating that first-hand evidence exists of a very different character. An impartial historian would have quoted the letter of Edmond Auger, the learned Jesuit who acted as the Cardinal's confessor during his last days at Avignon. It was written to a friend at Verdun, and is published in biographies of Auger. The letter had undoubtedly been seen, or the confessor had been interviewed by the contemporary biographer of the Duke and Cardinal, Nicholas Boucher, "preceptor of the princes of Lorraine." Boucher's account is followed by René de Bouillé, but the Jesuit's letter is not copied.

Auger tells his friend that the weary, disappointed statesman, though only in his fiftieth year, had expressed to him the wish to die. He closes his narrative of the fatal illness with the words: "That was the end of one of the greatest and most virtuous men of our time." According to his account, the Cardinal bore his sufferings, not only with resignation, but with exemplary piety. "We shall not reach the truth about the Guises by greedily accepting the slanders of their enemies, while ignoring, as unworthy of credence, the testimony of their closest friends."

JANE T. STODDART.

SHADOWS OF PASSION.*

If Reality is the nourisher of Romance (as it is), we should soon be enjoying artistic triumphs as a consequence of the experiences and strenuous endurance of the last five years. It is possibly too early yet for the full, ripe fruit of such mighty tillage; and obviously the work of creative pens now being offered for criticism was written while turmoil and anxieties still were visiting us. Such is probably the reason why this brace of novels has less than the average quality of their authors' work. "David and Jonathan" is an excellent inspiration, a fine opportunity, missed. It provided occasion for romantic abandon,

* "David and Jonathan." By F. Temple Thurston. 6s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Strange Roads." By Maud Diver. 6s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

strong handling and rich colouring, with just such artistic treatment as Mr. Temple Thurston has delighted in. Mrs. Diver's overbuilt and yet truncated novel is a great deal less and worse than an opportunity missed. Her "Strange Roads" lead to—pedestrian commonplace.

Mr. Thurston takes his readers to the romantic bourn discovered for moderns by Daniel Defoe. As the title tells, David and Jonathan are friends of many years' standing. Their intimacy began with the customary school-fight, continued until both were approaching the sedate forties; and then was threatened and sundered because Joan, the compelling woman, wrecked from the same ship as spilt them on the African coast, drifted into their marooner's paradise to set loose basic passions and to make clamorous the age-long rivalry of animal mankind. When one woman and two men are all the people of a contained country it is pretty obvious that one of the men is too many. Which on this occasion was it to be? David, the idealist and dreamer; or Jonathan of the practical hands? So far as ordinary utility is concerned there can be no doubt; for dreams alone never yet knocked down the milky coco-nut. Yet, usefulness is rarely, if ever, the test where the heart of woman is concerned; and unquestionably David with his sympathy and thoughtfulness might have won, beating helpful and practical Jonathan, when in the way of idealists he gave his rival an extraordinary opportunity. As to that which followed thereupon we say nothing further; for the plot, as they call it, is but a part of the appeal of this story. Civilised man, restored to the primitive—his conventions put to the primal test—in a virgin world is a theme meriting bold treatment. It is Crusoe's existence, but with leopards raging in the background, and hatred, the converse of love, released. Mr. Thurston has strangely restrained the passion and bold contrasting colours of the occasion. This might have been a great romance driven with the urge of tragedy. Instead, it is a placid tale, with the "flats" obviously joined; a halting story that lacks conviction.

Yet is it better than Mrs. Diver's book, for she offers her public merely a half-tale broken abruptly. Paper scarcity and control she pleads on her three hundred and eighty-fourth page have compelled this incompleteness; but the excuse is insufficient. Her narrative might easily have been compressed and the characters better finished. A smaller canvas could easily and with benefit have been used. As it is, people like the Schonbergs are introduced within the earlier pages and promise developments to come; and then—they disappear. All they stand for is the uncertain prospect of a 1919 book. The novel is marred further by views of politics that never quite were—Radicalism or Toryism as explained by one of the other side may be a very strange bird!—and by a most shadowy group of characters. Persons, such as Ina and her barrister-betrothed, flit across the scene, the reflections of ghosts. It is unsatisfactory and a pity, for Mrs. Diver has a literary record that is worth preserving. Her hero, Derek Blount, shares this condition of inadequacy. He is meant to be an attractive rebel against the conventions of his well-established family, and is easily forgiven by the author for becoming a wanderer in a Norfolk jacket and old hat, a woodman who yearns to spare the trees, and the self-sacrificing husband of a girl who has loved imprudently. He declines an offer of political usefulness to go into the lumberman's world, and is about to answer Britain's call for men in the great world war when the inconclusive ending comes, Mrs. Diver managing with some thrusting to kill Lois, his inconvenient wife, just in time.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

FIVE BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA.

The Russian Revolution and the Bolshevik Terror which has followed it have revived the flow of books in this country about Russia. Here are five of the most diverse character. Miss Buchanan describes her impressions of

1 "Petrograd, 1914-1918." By Meriel Buchanan. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

"I'D LIKE TO TAKE UP PELMANISM, BUT—"

SOME DOUBTS DISPELLED.

The very prominence which Pelmanism has attained during recent years forms the basis of a doubt which exists in the minds of many people. A business girl said to me only the other day, "I'd like to take up Pelmanism, but it's so much advertised that I wonder whether there is not a certain amount of quackery about it."

The association of extensive advertising with quackery is a relic of long years ago, but it is strange how it persists. I was rather surprised, nevertheless, to hear this business woman express the doubt, for she is a marked success in her sphere of work, with a keen, analytical mind.

Inquiry revealed the fact that she had read only one or two of the Pelman announcements closely, though she had glanced in a half-interested way at scores of them. I then divulged that I was a Pelmanist, and immediately a regular machine-gun fire of questions was opened upon me. Was there anything in Pelmanism? Was it free from quackery?

IS THE CASE OVERSTATED?

Did not the advertisements overstate the case? Wasn't the most made of the successes attained by a few students, while the many secured no benefit worth speaking of? To all of which I replied by two further questions: Was it conceivable that over 300,000 people would voluntarily adopt Pelmanism, unless they were convinced that they would gain in some way from the study? Would so many of the leaders of thought, including prominent educationalists, influential business men, and well-known authors and editors, publicly state their unbounded faith and belief in Pelmanism if it were not capable of withstanding the most searching investigation?

TREBLED MY INCOME.

These broadsides took instant effect, and I followed up my advantage by mentioning some of the results Pelmanism had achieved in my own case: vast improvement in memory; keener perceptions; realisation of dormant possibilities; consciousness of greater power; appreciation of the beauties of poetry; easier concentration. I reserved for my final shots the two most practical outcomes of my Pelmanistic studies.

The first of these had a telling effect, for this would-be Pelmanist was full of ambitious plans in business. I told her that during the past two years my earnings had more than trebled, in spite of many difficulties and setbacks, and that to Pelmanism was due the major part of the credit for this financial improvement. The other result was the consummation of an ambitious plan which I had often contemplated— but which, until I had become a Pelmanist, I honestly believed to be something unattainable.

This conversation suggested to me that others are probably deterred from taking up Pelmanism by a variety of "buts," each of which could be disposed of in a minute or two if only it were possible to meet the doubters face to face.

For instance, at various times friends of mine have said: "But I'm not enough of a student to tackle Pelmanism. I could never sit and pore over books and lessons, even if I could find the time." Here we have a dual objection: (1) Pelmanism is thought to be hard to study; and (2) no time can be found for it. Let us deal with the second part of this objection first.

The Pelman Course requires from thirty to sixty minutes daily for a period of about three or four months. Many of the exercises can be practised at odd moments— when walking through the streets, while waiting in a friend's office or home, during train or bus rides, and so on. Other parts of the study can be done at home or at the office without seriously encroaching on one's time for other matters. The main fact to be borne in mind is that all of us can find or make time to do those things which really interest us. And Pelmanism is one of those things. Which brings me to the first part of the objection we are rebutting. Pelmanism is as unlike ordinary formal studies as anything can well be.

The very first lesson reveals the fascination of Pelmanism, and this fascination becomes intensified with each succeeding "little grey book." Of course, you cannot get the most out of Pelmanism unless you are prepared to follow the training closely. But any Pelmanist will tell you that there is no difficulty in doing this. Pelmanism itself provides whatever incentive may be needed by those who by nature are disinclined to apply themselves to study. Thus we can dismiss the plea of personal inaptitude for study.

BRAIN POWER.

A frequent contention of the anti-Pelmanists (for there are people who, without knowing what Pelmanism is, are opposed to it) is that it is impossible to make brains grow where none exist. By which they apparently mean that Pelmanism will not make wise men of dullards. Let me say that, so far as I know, The Pelman Institute has never claimed to be able to perform miracles, though tens of thousands of its members would unhesitatingly declare it has done so in their cases. An ordinary school education is the only foundation necessary to enable any man or woman to become a successful Pelmanist.

In fact, it might be said with a great deal of truth that Pelmanism can be of far more benefit to those of comparatively few scholastic attainments than to those who have been endowed with a more liberal education. To be deterred from taking up Pelmanism because it is thought that only "brany" people can make profitable use of it is to allow oneself to be influenced by an inaccurate or incomplete idea of what Pelmanism is and does.

Then there's the man who says: "Yes, Pelmanism is no doubt all right for the brain worker or student, but I'm a mechanic" or a farmer, a grocer, a policeman, a telegraphist, a rate collector, as the case may be. Just because some people reach much greater success than others in these vocations is proof that there is scope for keen workers in these and similar fields.

PELMANISM FOR INDUSTRIAL WORKERS.

A Pelman-trained mind will show the industrial worker, for instance, in which direction advancement lies, and what steps to take to attain the goal toward which he is striving. Thousands of letters from Pelmanists have been published at various times, demonstrating in unmistakable manner the great benefit which anyone can derive from the Course. A coal miner declares Pelmanism to be very useful to him in his work; a munition worker gives Pelmanism direct credit for his ability to design a patent pile; a Manchester bleacher says he never spent money to better advantage than on the Course. These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. The man or woman who hesitates to adopt Pelmanism through a mistaken notion that it is useful only to the business and professional classes is neglecting the supreme opportunity of his or her life.

If you have any lurking suspicion or any feeling of doubt concerning Pelmanism, apply to the Pelman Institute, at the address below, for a copy of "Mind and Memory," and carefully read it through. No sceptic who will take this slight trouble will longer remain unconvinced of the advantages which Pelmanism confers on those who adopt it in a whole-hearted fashion.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE BOOKMAN who applies to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

Russia during the last five years. As the daughter of the British Ambassador, much was open to her at the capital which was hidden from the outer world, and, within the narrow limits where her life was cast, Miss Buchanan has made good use of her advantage. Her book tells in lively fashion of life at the Tsar's Court in its last days, her own journeys to Moscow and to the Black Sea, the outbreak of the war and the anxious waiting for England to intervene, her experiences as a Red Cross nurse among the wounded and the refugees, the coming of the Revolution and, most interesting of all, the risings of the Bolsheviks in the summer and autumn of 1917. Miss Buchanan saw the Provisional Government and the Constituent Assembly overthrown by Lenin and his colleagues, who had promised their adherents peace, plenty and liberty. Two months later the British Ambassador and his daughter left Russia. Quite impersonal is Mr. Drew's little study,² which falls naturally into two parts, the first setting out the political, the second the economic problems of Russia as the author has observed them during a business career in that country of more than twenty years. It is always useful to have these problems restated, and the reader who wants a rough idea of Russian conditions before the war will find a useful guide in Mr. Drew. Mr. Brennan's still smaller volume³ gives his impressions of Russia during the Revolution. An interesting inclusion is a translation of the notorious Order No. 1, which was issued by a section of the Petrograd Soviet in the first days of the Revolution, and struck the first blow at the discipline of the Army. Mr. Brennan's statements are not always correct—for example Suhomlinov was not the War Minister at the outbreak of the Revolution; he had long been in disgrace—but his argument that "the present situation in Russia is not a direct result of the great revolutionary movement which took place in February, 1917," is one which cannot be too often insisted upon nowadays. A precisely opposite view, however, is taken by Baron Graevenitz,⁴ who writes of "this disastrous event [the Revolution] and its even more disastrous consequences." This is an unjustifiable standpoint; the Revolution was an event forced upon Russia by the old regime; it was Russia's only remaining hope; if it found the country immature in political organisation and leadership, and economically exhausted, whose fault was this but that of the truly "disastrous" despotism which had preceded it? When again Baron Graevenitz gravely assures his readers that "the opinion prevalent in Western Europe, that the lower classes were oppressed in Russia, was due to the lack of any deep knowledge of our country," they will do well to turn to the pictures of life under the old regime given in Mme. Calina's pages.⁵ The authoress, who vouches for the authenticity of her descriptions of peasant and prison life, is a Polish lady who was arrested in her eighteenth year by the Russian police, under suspicion of being a member of a revolutionary organisation. She was imprisoned (without trial, of course) and subsequently banished from Poland into the interior of Russia. Her younger sister and her brothers, one of them only fourteen years, were also arrested at the same time. Mme. Calina's descriptions of the brutality of the police and prison officials, the sufferings of the prisoners, the filth, floggings and starvation, recall the writings of George Kennan and "Stepniak," who first made known to the outside world the full horror of the old Russia's "justice." Not less striking are Mme. Calina's pictures of the unspeakable poverty and degradation of the peasant's life under the Tsar. Taxes, drink (a Government monopoly and one of its chief sources of revenue), over-crowding, dirt, vermin—all these things combined with the overbearing behaviour of the minor police officials to make the peasant's life one of unrelieved misery:

"The old woman was preparing supper, and Nikifor was

¹ "Russia." By A. N. Drew. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)

² "Sidelights on Russia." By Hugh Brennan, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)

³ "From Autocracy to Bolshevism." By Baron P. Graevenitz. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

⁴ "Scenes of Russian Life." By Josephine Calina. 6s. net. (Constable.)

thinking. The beetles were continuing their assemblies. The two hens were standing beneath the bench, their heads hidden under their wings. The rat was still there. . . . So, I thought, human life can still continue even under such conditions. Nikifor took it for granted that he lived in an age of injustice, and that there was nothing to be done to improve his lot—that the beetles had to be there where they had been appointed to live . . . that all the poverty that surrounded him would vanish when he departed to another world. There was no doubt that Nikifor's mind was working around certain problems. He could not find the answers to them."

Is it surprising, then, that the overthrow of the old tyranny in Russia has been followed, after a short and glowing interval of great possibilities, by a period of horror in which the oppressed Nikifors are taking a terrible revenge upon their country for their past sufferings? But it is the irony of fate that the *intelligentsia*, which suffered so cruelly under the old regime, is now the victim of the new despotism also; once more the educated classes are faced by their implacable enemies, the gendarmerie, the police and the prison officials, who ever since March, 1917, have flocked to the Bolshevik camp, where they have found scope for their hideous talents and a safe refuge from the well-merited punishment that threatened them in the early months of the Revolution at the hands of an indignant democracy.

C. E. BECHHOFFER.

STEVENSON'S NEW POEMS*

This collection of hitherto unpublished poems by Stevenson was originally printed for its members by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1916. It was not noted by the editor of the Bibliography of the Works of Stevenson which was reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN* for December. Seeing that the Preface to the latter work was not written until 1917, and that the editor is an American lady, the explanation of its omission from the Bibliography is not very clear.

The series of new poems consists of one hundred and thirty-eight pieces besides several "Fragments." The editor, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson, does not give any clue as to how they were discovered or in whose possession they were before they became available for issue by the society above mentioned. Such information would have been much appreciated by all Stevensonians. Mr. Osbourne thinks that the fact "that Stevenson should have preserved these poems through all the vicissitudes of his wandering life shows how dearly he must have valued them; and shows too, I think, beyond any contradiction, that he meant they should be ultimately published." We do not feel quite so sure on that point, for as most of the poems were undoubtedly composed at a fairly early period of Stevenson's literary career and were available for publication when he produced his several volumes of poems, it may well be that for this or that reason they were rejected by their author. It should, however, be remembered that, as Mr. Graham Balfour informs us in his Biography of his cousin, "he (Stevenson) made his son promise that he would 'never publish anything without Fanny's approval.'"

That behest makes it probable that Stevenson recognised the fact that among his literary remains there might be material the publication of which he was not set against provided his widow's consent should be obtained. Such a safeguard has been nullified by the regrettable death of Mrs. Stevenson early last year. Be all this as it may, there can surely be no question of the friendly and delighted reception of these additional poems by all who love R. L. S. and his works, both prose and verse. One might quite confidently have anticipated such a reception, an anticipation which is confirmed by the announcement that the volume has already reached a third impression. Stevenson's position as a poet will at least be sustained even

* "New Poems and Variant Readings." By Robert Louis Stevenson. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

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if his reputation be not increased by this publication. Many of the poems are truly what he wished them to be:

"Songs with a lilt of words, that seem
To sing themselves."

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"Death, to the dead for evermore
A king, a god, the last, the best of friends—
Whene'er this mortal journey ends
Death, like a host, comes smiling to the door;
Smiling, he greets us, on that tranquil shore
Where neither piping bird nor peeping dawn
Disturbs the eternal sleep.
But in the stillness far withdrawn
Our dreamless rest for evermore we keep.

"For as from open windows forth we peep
Upon the night time, star beset
And with dew for ever wet;
So from this garish life the spirit peers;
And lo! as a sleeping city death outspread,
Where breathe the sleepers evenly; and lo!
After the loud wars, triumphs, trumpets, tears
And clamour of man's passion, Death appears,
And we must rise and go.

"Soon are eyes tired with sunshine; soon the ears
Weary of utterance, seeing all is said;
Soon, racked by hopes and fears,
The all-pondering, all-contriving head,
Weary with all things, wearied of the years;
And our sad spirits turn toward the dead;
And the tired child, the body, longs for bed."

No poet need be ashamed of having written that! Then there is an exquisite poem possibly inspired by Charles Lamb's "Dream-children," which begins, "God gave to me a child in part"; a delightful lyric, "To what shall I compare thee," and a notable sonnet—one of a series of eight—a form seldom used by Stevenson—"As starts the absent dreamer when a train" in which is embodied the poet's brave and unconquerable spirit.

This little volume beautifully printed on good paper will surely be greatly treasured by all good Stevensonians.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S LATEST.*

Mr. Arnold Bennett seems still conducting experiments, still feeling about for a new method to match his desire to extend his range of observation. When he said good-bye to the Five Towns he started a revolution in his own art which was greater than he anticipated at the time. The change of venue synchronised with a holiday mood—like his "Card" he was for combining business with pleasure, giving himself recreation as well as prospecting farther afield—but knowingly or unknowingly he was cutting himself away from his moorings. The first result of his withdrawal from Bursley and its sister towns, and from the photographic realism to which the memories of childhood helped him, was farce, rollicking, jolly extravaganza, the central figure of which, that pushing, impudent, yet engaging Midlander, Machin, kept him just in touch with his past. But with farce went looseness of structure; irresponsibility involved some inconsequence. The contrast between the patient, elaborate construction of a "Clayhanger" or an "Old Wives' Tale" and the go-as-you-please scramble of "The Regent" was as marked as the difference between his seriousness as of an historian in his pictures of provincial Mid-Victorian civilisation and the adventurousness and frivolity of these excursions amid scenes of wealth and bohemianism which he undertook by deputy. He had, however, always permitted himself in lighter forms of fiction, as those who know their "Grand Babylon Hotel" and its sensational machinery and apparatus of luxury will recall, the indulgence of fantasy and colour. In "The Lion's Share," with its background of suffragism, he let fantasy run riot, technique go all to pieces, and appeared

* "The Roll Call." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

to trust entirely, and none too satisfactorily, to his own powers of improvisation. You perceive the improvisatore at work again in "The Pretty Lady," notwithstanding all its brilliant analysis of "gay" life and its practitioners; and here also you will note a trick or novelty of method which, to judge by his latest tale, he appears likely more and more to affect. He is to be seen constantly shifting his scenery, offering us peeps at different phases of smart or bohemian society, playing indeed the rôle of a "movie" showman.

And now for "The Roll Call" and its study of the career of a young architect carving his way in London to fortune. At first glance it looks as if Mr. Bennett had returned to the "Clayhanger" traditions of carefully accumulated detail and leisurely movement. During nearly half of the book, when certain jumps of time and action are allowed for, we have built up for us the experiences and environment of a youngster of genius learning his work in a Bloomsbury architect's office and finding a home and a sweetheart in the purlieus of Chelsea. The art may be a little thinner than that of the Five Towns novels, but apart from the fact that a boy with George Cannon's gifts is a lad in a million, the whole atmosphere is true—and such a character as Haim, the elderly clerk, so pitifully bent on securing married happiness for himself at the expense of his daughter, is a piece of portraiture the novelist has never bettered at his best. But suddenly Mr. Bennett seems to tire of his posture of close application, and his hero's success with his ambitious design supplies him with an excuse for relaxing effort or rather perhaps for achieving what has been his main object from the start. No longer close-knit, the novel becomes a panorama with constant variation of setting, in which modern youth is shown eagerly wooing pleasure, sampling the amenities of the world, making love and pushing towards success, as well as submitting to routine and responsibility. Mr. Bennett has always championed youth as against age, though never blind to its failings. Here with more partiality to its egoism than is usual with him, he is to be found claiming for it its place in the sun, its share in all that keeps life from being a mere drudgery, and claiming with much of youth's own zest his right to cover as wide an area as possible, to gratify his own instincts for adventure and change, to picture the comforts and delights of existence as a balance to its disciplines. So on the one hand he makes Edwin Clayhanger's stepson reject that martyr to duty, Marguerite, for the buoyant, passionate, pleasure-loving Lois; so on the other hand we get a cinema-show effect in the story, film replacing film in its latter section, till George Cannon volunteers for the Army and leaves the artist with fresh vistas opening out for the hero in a possible sequel. Still it cannot be said that from a technical point of view Mr. Bennett has turned out work that is all of a kind. "The Roll Call" is a compromise, one half, if you please to style it so, old-fashioned, the other perhaps foreshadowing his manner in the future, but by no means harmonising with the rest. Its author has either got to go on or to go back. Since he has never lacked enterprise his choice will probably be for the former procedure, so that there should be fresh excitement in store for his readers.

F. G. BETTANY.

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Mr. Leeder says, more than once, that there is no real cleavage between the Christian Copt and the Muslim Egyptian except in the cities. He attributes the differences that have arisen between the two largely to:

"... writers who are always telling them (the Copts) that (after fourteen hundred years) the Arab is an intruder in Egypt, and the country really belongs to the Copts; that because 'the genuine Egyptians are the Christian Copts' they ought to have special treatment at English hands; that their faults are largely the faults that come from oppression; who would, indeed, keep alive for ever a hatred of Moslems by dwelling on the past while flattering the Copts by attributing to them virtues they do not possess."

He goes on to say that the cleavage between Copt and Moslem, thus fostered, "dates only from the British occupation... the two have no innate antagonism, as history has again and again proved." He does not hesitate to assert that from the "English the Copt has gained nothing by the cleavage, but rather the claims he has made to special favour have resulted to some degree in a denial of bare justice."

The author substantiates the Coptic claim that "whereas when the British took control of the country their people occupied a great number of the highest positions in the State, in less than a quarter of a century almost all Coptic heads of departments have disappeared." For instance, they "were fully represented on the bench of judges, but gradually the number has been reduced to *nil*; and so in every other department of State, the process of removing them, and shutting the door against fresh appointments, has gone on until they have been reduced to a state of discouragement bordering on despair."

Mr. Leeder says that whereas Copts in Upper Egypt would ride "for three hours on a donkey's back to attend the Sunday worship," yet Government offices are not closed on Sundays, and even Coptic priests are compelled to attend courts on the Sabbath. He considers it to be an irony of fate that under a Christian government—for, as he says, in pre-war days as now, the British were the real rulers of Egypt—the Christian Copts are being absorbed by Islam.

The frankness and courage with which Mr. Leeder writes are most admirable. The conclusions at which he has arrived are, as a rule, sound. His book, especially the latter part in which he discusses Egyptian problems, deserves to be read carefully and sympathetically.

Myriam Harry, like Mr. Leeder, writes in a pleasant style. Her description of life in Jerusalem, which for centuries has been the axle upon which the religious world of Christian, Jew, and Muslim alike have revolved, are vivid and faithful. Containing, as the city does, the shrines of these three great religions, it draws to itself a motley crowd of pilgrims from all over the world—"Bulgarians with their straw shoes; the Tcherkesses, carrying organ pipes on their chest; the Greeks, wearing white garments like ballet girls; the Polish Jews in their kaftans; the Persians in their astrakan fur caps; and the tall Austrians, wearing small peaked hats... the Russian pilgrim... old men and women... their hobnail boots clattering noisily at every step," American millionaires, and Cook's parties, all bound for the Holy Sepulchre.

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During the winter when they abound Jews bend "over their benches at work," Sundays and weekdays, "with their hair twisted up in long curl papers which dangle from each ear and look... very much like the spiral shavings that fall from their planes," which fashion olive wood into bindings for tourists' books. They wear "long, greasy kaitans, which flop round them with every movement, yet never seem to cause them any inconvenience." Some have "black velvet caps on their heads, edged with fur," which remind one of curled up cats. "A few old women in silk wigs" sit together "in one corner with their knitting, whilst a dirty little brat" crawls about on "the floor, his ragged trousers revealing skin of very doubtful cleanliness."

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Those of us who look back on the eighties and the early nineties and contrast those distant times with the present may well sometimes be moved to wonder whether the literary enthusiasms which some of us felt then have any parallel among the youthful readers of to-day. There is not very much evidence of it, it is to be feared. Yes, feared, for after all sincere hero-worship may at the least be said to imply something of noble aspiration, if no more, in the worshipper. Do our young people feel towards any of the writers of the present day as some of us felt towards George Meredith in days when the acquisition of a fresh one of those dark-blue cloth-covered volumes was a memorable event? Are long walks taken simply that the admirer may look upon the home of the "master," as many of us have walked miles through Surrey to look upon Flint Cottage from the upward slope leading to the summit of Box Hill? If not, then it seems well-nigh hopeless to suggest to our younger contemporaries all that is meant to many of us by such a book as that which Mr. S. M. Ellis has produced.

There have been many books on George Meredith since the admiring recognition of his genius by an audience "fit but few" expanded into something not far removed from popularity. Much has been written about his personality and the story of his life since those days when we had little but his books—and rumours. Some of those rumours, amusing to look back upon, are indicated in this latest addition to Meredithiana; light has been thrown since Meredith's death on many things that piqued our

* "George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to His Work." By S. M. Ellis. 21s. net. (Grant Richards.)

curiosity just because they were dark to us in the days of youthful hero-worshipping. In Mr. Ellis's book it may be said that such light is thrown on to details of the whole, making clear some matters that remained blurred. Whether hero-worshippers are right in desiring to know all that can be known about the object of their worship, and whether others are justified in seeking to satisfy that desire, are matters on which opinion is likely always to be divided; for most of us, however, Thackeray's words stand true—"his one or two happy and heroic actions take a man's name and memory out of the crowd of names and memories. Henceforth he stands eminent. We want to know all about him."

Those in whom—as poet, as novelist, and as man—George Meredith evoked the true feeling of hero-worship will find in this volume much that is fresh and much that is deeply interesting. If they find also some things that are painful they will yet reach the close of the work with their regard for the great man no whit diminished. They may find things about their hero which are sad—yet they are things which, if they indicate something of temperamental weakness, do no more than that. There was a want of sympathy between him and his father—curiously reflected in the relationship between him and the son by his first marriage as that son grew up; there seems almost a want of feeling in the refusal to visit the dying wife from whom he had been separated yet it is better to know these things, than to have them hidden merely because they are not pleasant. Cromwell's instruction to the painter, "warts and all," should be borne in mind by the biographer. Biography should be a truthful record, not a mere selection of elegant extracts concerning a man deemed worthy of being the subject of such.

We can—rich in the array of volumes he bequeathed to us—afford to smile at the way in which Meredith chose to mystify the world as to the place in which he was born, the family to which he belonged. It was surely a pardonable weakness. Had he flaunted the fact that his father and grandfather had kept a naval tailor's and outfitter's shop in Portsmouth, the generality of readers would have found in it matter for derision, would have scoffed at the very idea of a tailor's son who should have essayed the portrayal of such society as is shown in "The Egoist," though they might have found something pertinent to the matter in the surname of the hero. That there was no real littleness in maintaining a mystery as to his family origin may be assumed as certain; were it otherwise it is scarcely conceivable that he could have so faithfully founded his fiction of "Evan Harrington" in the facts of his own family history.

Mr. Ellis—himself a grandson of the novelist's aunt who was the original of the wife of Major Strike in the great novel of tailordom—has much that is interesting to tell us of the extent to which the story of Evan Harrington is founded in family history; though maybe his zeal for his theme takes him a little too far afield when he thinks it necessary to give, though briefly, the service records of "Major Strike's" family. It will, perhaps, for most readers be particularly interesting to read of that one of Meredith's aunts who was the original of that wonderful woman, the Countess de Saldar, one of the most remarkable figures in the whole of the novelist's portrait gallery of women. It is curious to find how closely in writing this particular novel the author adhered to fact—so closely, indeed, that it might well make some readers think it necessary to find "originals" for all his great character portrayals.

It is a fascinating Meredithian miscellany that Mr. Ellis has produced, one in which we follow the story of the great poet-novelist's life from its strange beginning up to the time when the comparative public neglect of his work during his busiest years was succeeded by his being throned as the object of a cult. The volume is illustrated with many capital portraits and views, and may confidently claim a place on the shelf of every true Meredithian.

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with the "flaming whiteness" of the main fabric. The brothers, Cyril and Eric, "had but one soul in their two bodies." Jonathan and David, in the old, dim wars of Hebrew and Philistine, loved no more truly or fervently. And their faith was as wonderful as their love; it was less faith than vision, "the substance of things hoped for," revealing the Real Presence in the scenes most likely to prove its negation. But the chief impression left on the reader's mind is the unutterable waste and cruelty of the war, which doomed to Flanders mud lilies born, surely, to enrich a worthier garden. These boys saw Christ in the trenches; if we see Him as clearly we shall create, for the boys of the future, a world where trench horrors will find no place.

SONGS OF WALES AND DEVON. By Winnifred Tasker
2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Miss Tasker makes her first bid for recognition in this slender volume, but it is not too slender or slight to offer evidence of faculty and the beginning of art in verse. Indeed, some passages there and here have more the suggestion of attainment than that of initial effort, and if there are not many they are enough to make fair promise of things which should follow in their season. The poems are mostly descriptive, as the general title indicates, but Miss Tasker has the saving gift of making her places pictures, and her pictures suggestive also, so that they become familiar to the inward eye, though the eye of flesh has not seen them. This is no common quality in poems of places, as their long annals bear witness, nor is it all that should be said of these songs, for some of them do more than make suggestive pictures; occasionally they are haunted and haunting, so that in the Pass of Aberglaslyn, beyond "the sound of many rivers" it seems to us—as to the singer—that "all the harps of Wales" are playing. To us also as to her, that road which "leads to Wooda Bay" is in truth neither road nor cave, but a place of Faerie, set about with the "worship of July"; and when the late moon comes over the presences throng in hosts. Bettws-y-Coed may be less than a name, but we see those far-off hillsides, the rhododendrons of that particular river, and most of all we know those certain voices, "crying through the night." So the book is not apart from seership, because it gives the visions, and we think therefore that it makes a good beginning.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE NATION. By P. S. O'Hegarty.
4s. net. (Maunsell.)

Among students of Irish history Mr. O'Hegarty has earned the reputation for meticulous and original work, and is well known in Gaelic circles as a lecturer of ability. The volume under review treats in a brief but fascinating way of the five centuries of history commencing with the first English invasion, and culminating with the overthrow of the clan system. He shows how the federal instinct of the Irish was at once their weakness and their strength. Their weakness, inasmuch as there was no one king with the power to call a general hosting; and their strength because there was no central government, the overthrow of which would mean the defeat of the whole nation. Thus every inch of territory was fought for again and again, and it was not until the subtlety of English statesmen attacked the roots of nationality—language and customs—that the English gained any firm foothold on the country. The book is written from an entirely Irish point of view, and Mr. O'Hegarty has had access to the widest sources of information. In all cases where the Irish annals and the English State papers disagree the Irish authority has been accepted. It is a common belief that the religious question looms, and has always loomed very largely on the canvas of political Ireland. Mr. O'Hegarty denies this, and says that his studies have convinced him that until the introduction of the penal laws religion had no material influence on political happenings. Occasionally we can see our author writing furiously in a white heat of passion, but as a whole it is a sober treatise, and one that everybody interested in the question of "small nationalities" should read.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

Competitors should write on one side of the paper
only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send
in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on
the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

The Editor,

THE BOOKMAN,

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and must reach the BOOKMAN office by the first post on
September 4th next.

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for
October, when a selection of the poems, essays and
drawings will be published, in addition to those to
which prizes are awarded.

The May BOOKMAN, a Walt Whitman Centenary
Number, will contain a special article on Walt
Whitman by Ernest Rhys.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book of poems, "The
Years Between," will be published almost immedi-
ately by Messrs. Methuen.

A new novel by Mr. Zangwill—the first he has
written for several years—"Jinny the Carrier," a
comedy of rural life, will be published this spring by

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN

SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

THE BOOKMAN monthly Prize Competitions have
been so increasingly successful that we have decided
to offer twelve special prizes for competition as
follows—

(1) We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of
£2. 2s., and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original
lyrics in not more than forty lines.

(2) We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of
£2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best essay in not
more than seven hundred words on "My Favourite
Author."

(3) We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of
£2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best drawing
(serious or humorous) illustrating the title of any book
published this year.

(4) We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of
£2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best humorous
poem in not more than forty lines.

Mr. Heinemann, who has also in the press "The Moon and Sixpence," a new novel by Mr. Somerset Maugham.

Among other books that Mr. Heinemann has in preparation for this spring are "The Sword of Deborah," an account by Miss Tennyson Jesse, from personal experience and observation, of the work done by the W.A.A.C.'s, the V.A.D.'s and other women's organisations in France; and the "Russian Diary of an Englishman," by "An Unofficial Diplomat," a pseudonym which conceals a writer who was on intimate terms with the Imperial family and with the leading men in the social and political life of Petrograd during the years that preceded the Revolution.



Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN in 1912.

The late Lady Ritchie and her Grandchildren (the children of Mrs. Denis Ritchie).

Our contemporary the *Canadian Bookman* has made a brilliant new beginning this year in a new series, under the editorship of Mr. B. K. Sandwell, assisted by an editorial committee consisting of distinguished educationalists, journalists, and experts in technical literature. Mr. Sandwell, who is Lecturer on Journalism in the McGill University Extension Department, has lived nearly thirty years in Canada. After leaving Toronto University he came to England for three years of journalistic work, and returning home served for nine years on the *Montreal Herald* as dramatic and literary critic. No. 1 of the *Canadian Bookman*, new series, is a very able and a very interesting production, on which we warmly congratulate everybody concerned. In an editorial and a succession of articles by leading Canadian authorities the reading world of Canada is passed under review and comes in for some outspoken and drastic

criticism. "There is too little bookishness in Canada," we are told, and there are reasons given for this and remedies considered. The Premier of Ontario discusses "Literature as a Force in Canadian Development," the Dean of Halifax writes on "Good Books the Bulwark of Democracy," and Professor Grant, Principal of Upper Canada College, has some suggestive things to say on "Why Books Should not be Taken Neat." The many miscellaneous articles include a delightful essay by Mr. Stephen Leacock on "Why do People Buy Books?" and a study of "Francis Grierson," by Miss Jean Foley. The reviews are mainly and rightly of books by Canadian writers, but the best English authors receive due attention.

"The Gentle Despot," Mr. G. B. Burgin's new

novel (Hutchinson), is of English life, and dedicated to the "The Gentle Despot in question." The story is based on these lines from an old play:

"I'll win them to my working in such wise
That they shall dream they bend me to their will
Yet ever do my bidding, unaware
I am the gentlest despot of them all."

The death of Lady Thackeray Ritchie breaks the closest link we had with one of the greatest of the Victorian novelists. In her early years she was her father's constant companion, and has put her memories of him and his friends into the admirable series of introductions she contributed to the Centenary edition of his works. Her own novels, which have a quiet, distinctive humour and charm of manner, are fallen into undeserved neglect, and one looks confidently to seeing a revival of interest in such stories as "Toilers and Spinsters," "Old Kensington" and "The Story of Elizabeth."

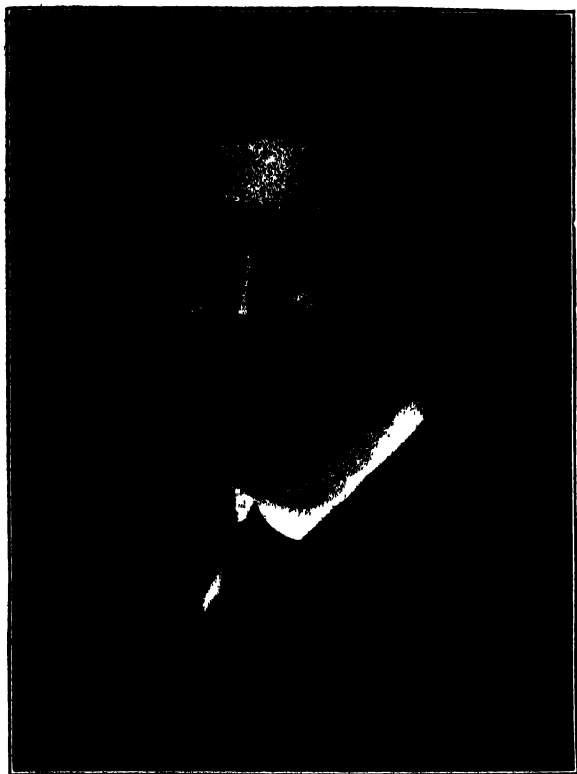


Photo by F. O. Hoffe

Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

The newest of London publishers is Mr. Thornton Butterworth, whose first publication will be a humorous topical book, "The Adventures of Dilly and Dally," by William Macartney, with illustrations by "Poy." Mr. Butterworth believes that humour is one of the needs of the day, and intends this to be the first in a series of books written and illustrated by popular humorists. He will devote himself largely also to literature of a more serious kind. The war has not been without its effect upon the general reader, and "I am convinced," he says, "that the literature of the future must deal more with the intimate life of the people, and books concerning themselves directly with our manifold domestic problems will reach a wider audience than ever before. The public has regained a taste for poetry, but in point of popularity the novel still leads the way; it is undergoing a slow revolution and, though the story pure and simple will always be sure of a welcome, it seems likely that the significant novel of the future will have less to do with plot than with psychology and with sociological and political developments. One has to keep abreast with the new spirit that is manifesting itself in our national life, and it is natural to look for the truest interpreters of that spirit in the younger school of novelists that has risen, and is yet to rise. Therefore, though I am arranging for books by various authors of established reputations, I am also hoping to make new discoveries."

"The Man From Australia," a story of the West of Ireland, by Katharine Tynan, will be published shortly by Messrs. Collins, who are also publishing "Heritage," a first novel by Miss V. Sackville-West, who is well known as a writer of distinguished verse.

London society has lost one of its wittiest, most engaging personalities, and literature an accomplished biographer and a most genial and attractive essayist and miscellaneous writer, by the death last month, at sixty-six, of the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. He was twice elected to Parliament, and was successively Under Secretary for India and for the Home Department. For some years he was an Alderman of the L.C.C. He knew all the leading men of his time, in literature, art, politics, society, and will be chiefly remembered for the delightfully gossiping volumes into which he gathered, from an apparently inexhaustible store, his personal recollections and the stories he had heard from and about them.

The Rev. John Pitkin, Rector of Teigh, Rutland, has, in "The Prison Cell in its Lights and Shadows," written a book that should appeal to students of criminology and, not less, to the general reader,

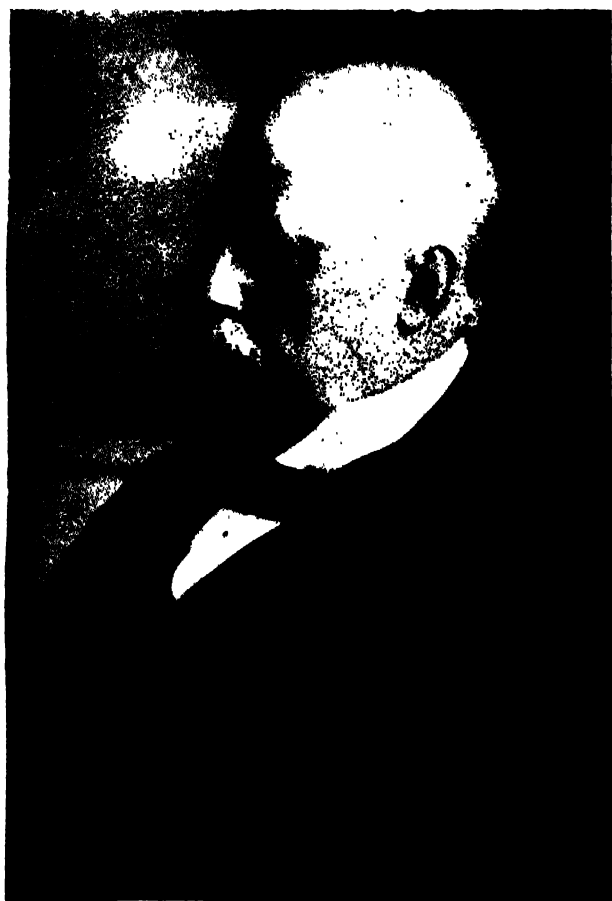


Photo by Elliott & Fry

**The late Right Hon.
G. W. E. Russell**



**Lieutenant Gordon S.
Maxwell, R.N.V.R.,**

whose book of humorous verse, "The Rhymes of Amot Orlaunch," was published last month by Messrs. Dent.

who will find much of profoundest human interest in its poignant stories. Mr. Pitkin was for many years assistant Chaplain at Wandsworth Prison and Chaplain of the Prisons at Exeter and Winchester. He has put his personal experiences into his book which will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Messrs. Macmillan announce that the second volume of Mr. George Saintsbury's "History of the French Novel," covering the period from 1800 to the end of the nineteenth century, will be ready this spring.

"A Man and his Lesson," by W. B. Maxwell, which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, is the story of a man's love for two women. The same firm announce "The Sleeping Partner," a new novel by Miss M. P. Willcocks.

Mr. Arthur Greening is joining the goodly company of publishers who are also authors, and his first book, "The Better Yarn," a series of humorous stories, will be issued by Messrs. Jarrold this month. Mr. Greening has had a very varied career in the book trade. Starting at the bottom of the ladder as collector at an old-fashioned Clapham book-seller's, he has been through almost every branch of publishing. He was at Messrs. Bickers and Son, then in the Army and Navy Stores Book Department, then for seven years with Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, whence he transferred to Messrs. Edward Stanford and Son, of Charing Cross. At length he ventured into publishing on his own account,

with every necessary qualification except capital, but he found a printer and binder prepared to support him, and the late Clement Scott helped to give him a send-off by entrusting him with "The Wheel of Life" and "Sisters of the Sea," two little books that laid the foundation of the enterprising firm which first introduced to the reading public the Baroness Orczy, Guy Thorne, May Wynne, David Whitelaw, Cyrus Townsend Brady, and other now well-known authors. In 1911 the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune brought Mr. Greening's activities as a publisher on his own account to a close. Then for some time he represented Messrs. Dent and Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. in the West Country. For the last three or four years he has been general manager for Messrs. Jarrold.

We are asked to publish the following warning to editors and publishers:

"4, Greycoat Gardens,
Westminster.

"SIR,—It has been brought to my knowledge that the publication of certain reports in connection with the private affairs of my brother, Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, is in contemplation. An article as grotesque as it is untrue has appeared in a London paper, which the editor had to retract on the instigation of myself and my niece, Lady Nora à Beckett. I should be very grateful if you would permit your wide influence to be used to make it known that



Photo by Charles F. Treble.

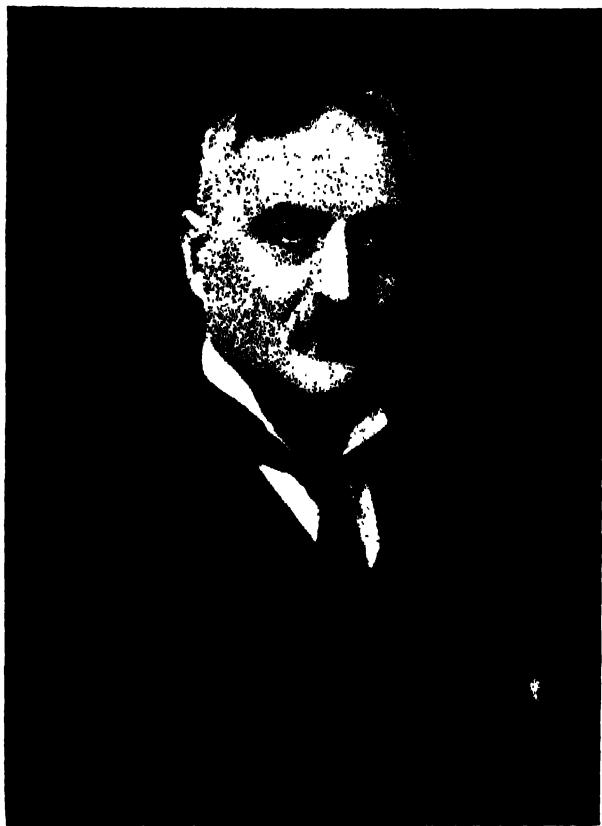
Mr. Arthur Greening.

similar steps will promptly follow any further such publication. It would be well if any contribution on the subject, offered for publication, were submitted to me for verification before being accepted.—FRANCES E. J. PARKER."

Mr. F. T. Wawn's new novel, "A Green Olive Tree," will be published this month by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

Colonel Godfrey Collins, of the well-known publishing firm of Messrs. W. Collins & Sons, has been awarded a K.B.E. for his services in Egypt, Mesopotamia and India from 1915 to 1917. He was largely instrumental in developing the resources of India during the war. Colonel Collins's connection with the War Office dates back to 1912, when he was associated with administrative work there.

Mr. John Minnis, who is retiring from the management of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons' railway station bookstall at Hull, has completed fifty years of work at various station bookstalls in Yorkshire. Before starting in Yorkshire he was put in charge of the bookstall at Hitchin in 1867, where Bulwer Lytton was one of his customers. He was promoted to Malton in 1869, and in 1881 to Harrogate, where his regular patrons included Hawley Smart, Coningsby Disraeli, Henry Labouchere, Joseph Cowen, Bishop Boyd Carpenter, Dr. Guinness Rogers, and the Marquess of Bute. "The Harrogate gentry," Mr. Minnis told an interviewer, "were keen on the three volume novel at 31s. 6d.; the popular book prices were 3s. 6d. and 6s., and buyers of 2s. novels were looked upon as decidedly impecunious." Mr. Minnis has been in charge of the Hull bookstall



Mr. R. Austin Freeman,
whose new book, "The Great Portrait Mystery" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

since 1891, and will be greatly missed by the multitude of travellers who have so long had experience of his unfailing courtesy and friendly services

Messrs. Harrap announce for this spring "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt," by Hermann Hagedorn, illustrated with photographs, caricatures, etc.; "Italy from Dante to Tasso," a new volume in their Great Nations series, by H. B. Cotterill; "The State: Historical and Practical Politics," by Woodrow Wilson, thoroughly revised to January, 1919, by the President's brother-in-law, Professor Edward Elliott, and "War in the Under-seas," a record of submarine war, by Harold F. B. Wheeler.

The same firm is about to commence the publication of a new "Bilingual Series," which will include the best books of the world, giving the original text and its translation on opposite pages, with elucidatory foot-notes. The books are by French, Spanish, Italian, German and Russian authors, and some by English authors are translated, in different volumes, into all five of these languages. There will also be books devoted to dialogues and phrases for travellers and the man of business abroad. The series is under the editorship of Mr. J. E. Mansion.



Photo by F. A. Swaine.

Miss Amy J. Baker
(Mrs. Maynard Crawford),

whose new novel, "Tyrian Purple" (John Long), is reviewed in this Number.

THE READER.

HUGH WALPOLE.

BY LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE only thing that can reconcile a middle-aged critic to the success of a writer younger than himself is the knowledge that such success is well deserved. No one, therefore, however aged, will begrudge—though most will envy—the position in literature which Mr. Hugh Walpole at the age of thirty-four has secured. Mr. Walpole is one of the small band of living authors whose work has won for him at once the admiration of his literary brethren and a wide popularity with the general reading public.

Mr. Walpole, who is the son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, himself the author of some well-known theological works, was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He published his first book, "The Wooden Horse," in 1909, when he was twenty-five years of age; and he has produced a book every year since. He served in the Russian Army during the first years of the war; then acted as a King's Messenger; later went again to Petrograd to assist in putting the British case before the Russian public; and since his return to this country has worked in the Ministry of Information and the Foreign Office. For his services during the war he has been decorated with the Georgian Medal and has been created C.B.E.

Mr. Walpole has put his knowledge of Russia to good use, for he has made that country the scene of two of his best books, "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City." He has told these stories in the first person, but the narrator, John Durward, is not Mr. Walpole, nor are the other characters to be mistaken for photographic reproductions of Russians of his acquaintance: his characters are the creation of his brain. The only portrait in the book, the author has informed me, is the Rat. Neither in these nor in any other of his stories has Mr. Walpole depended for his characters on the people he has met or for his incidents on events that have happened to him. Just as some few people have assumed that John Durward is Mr. Walpole, so others have assumed that "Fortitude" is autobiographical. "Fortitude" is purely fiction, except for a few London episodes.

Mr. Walpole creates his characters, and they are so real to him that he cannot and will not part from them. Even as Swift, when he had finished a letter to Stella, always wrote a few lines of the next so as not to let go of her dear hand, so Mr. Walpole never quite loses touch with the men and women he has brought to life, and he brings them in again and again in different books. I have in front of me a statement in his own handwriting that in this matter he is unrepentant and intends to go on doing this until he dies. Thackeray and Dumas have done this, and so have Trollope and other eminent novelists; and why should not Mr. Walpole? It pleases him, and the wide circle of his readers are delighted to meet their old friends. Thus, to take one instance, the hero of "Maradick at Forty"

strolls casually into "Fortitude." There he gives utterance to a remark which, I trow, must be vastly disconcerting to men of letters who look upon their calling as something sacrosanct: "Imagination hasn't anything to do with one's profession. I expect there's as much imagination among the Stock Exchange men as there is with you literary people—only it's expressed differently." The only comfort is that "Stock Exchange men" will deny this with even more fervour than the "literary people"—a stockbroker with imagination would frighten even the most audacious speculator in margins.

It is not to be thought, however, that Mr. Walpole thinks lightly of his calling. On the contrary, he takes it very seriously. He has given utterance to a splendid confession of literary faith—a confession not less personal because he has put it into the mouth of Henry Galleon, the author of "Henry Lessingham" and "The Roads," whose face one saw in the papers as one saw the face of Royalty." Thus Henry Galleon to Peter Westcott, the brilliant young man whose novel, "Reuben Hallard," secured instant recognition for his genius:

"I am an old man now and only twice before in my time have I seen that spirit in the young man's eyes. You may remember now an old man's words—for I would urge you, I would implore you to keep nothing before you but the one thing that can bring life into Art. I will not speak to you of the sacredness of your calling. Many will laugh at you and tell you that is pretentious to have it so. Others will come to you, and will advise you how this is to be done and how that is to be done. Others will talk to you of schools, they will tell you that once it was in that manner and that now it is in this manner. Some will tell you that you have no style—others will tell you that you have too much. Some again will tempt you with money, and money is not to be despised. Again you will be tested with photographs and paragraphs, with lectures and public dinners. . . . Worst of all, there will come to you terrible hours when you yourself know of a sure certainty that your work is worthless. In your middle age a great barrenness will come upon you. You have been a little teller of little tales, and on every side of you there will be others who have striven for other prizes and have won them. Sitting alone in your room, with your poor strands of coloured silk that had once been intended to make so beautiful a pattern, poor boy, you will know that you have failed. That will be a very dreadful hour—the only power that can meet it is a blind and deaf courage. Courage is the only thing that we are here to show—the hour will pass. . . ."

"Against all the temptations, against those vices of the World and the Flesh, against the glory of power and the swinging hammer of success, you, sitting quietly in your rooms, must remember that a great charge has been given you, that you are here for one thing and one thing only—to listen. The whole duty of Art is listening to the voice of God. . . ."

"You are here to listen. Never mind if they tell you that story-telling is a cheap thing, a popular thing, a mean thing. It is the instrument that is given to you, and if when you come to die you know that, for brief moments, you have heard, and that you have heard you have written, Life has been justified."

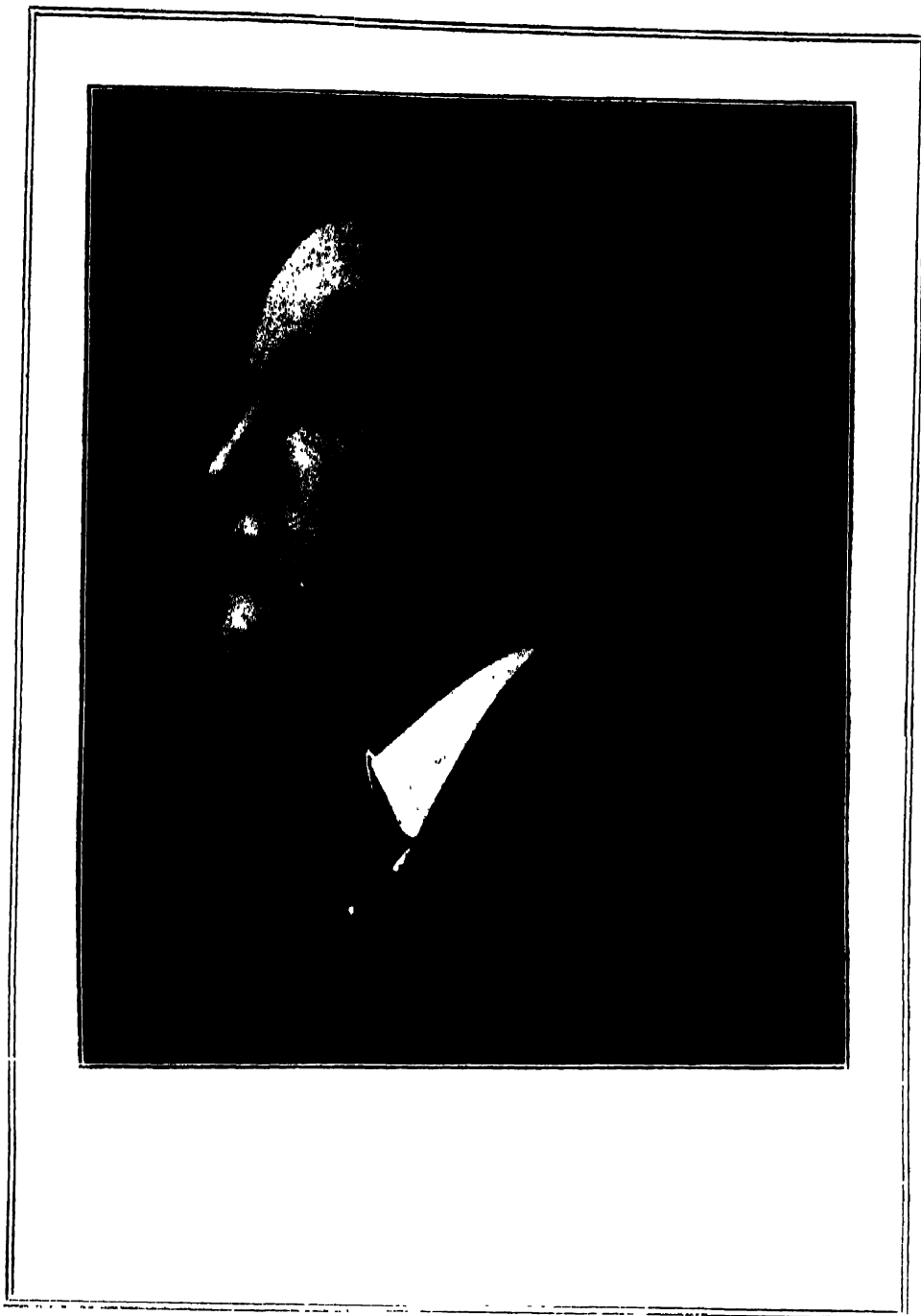


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Hugh Walpole.

"Nothing else can console you, nothing else can comfort you. There must be restraint, austerity, discipline—words must come to you easily, but only because life has come to you with so great a pain . . . the Artist's life is the harshest that God can give to a man. Make no mistake about that. Fortitude is the Artist's only weapon of defence."

In the ten years during which Mr. Walpole has been writing he has presented the world with ten novels, most of which are of a very high order of merit. All are good, and some are exceptionally good. "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill"—called, I notice, in the American edition, "The Gods and Mr. Perrin"—is an extraordinarily able study of the life of the masters at a small school. "The Dark Forest" is a "study in place," the scene being laid in Russia. "The Duchess of Wrexhe" and "The Green Mirror" are studies of family life, and both are admirable. The best book from Mr. Walpole's pen is the last to appear—"The Secret City," the scene being Petrograd during the Revolution.

Mr. Walpole has many gifts. He has style, passion, and pathos, grim humour and a sense of tragedy; his plots are good; his characters always well presented and original; but it is a power of enveloping story and character in atmosphere that is Mr. Walpole's greatest asset, and that which places him on a higher plane than most of his contemporaries. When reading his books you are not just a reader of novels, looking on at the performance of puppets from an arm-chair in front of the fire; you are on the spot, moving absorbed among the creatures of flesh and blood that have been conjured up before you. You are not reading a novel in St. John's Wood: you are actually in Beauminster House, sympathising with Rachel Breton, loving Lord John, and nearly as afraid as they are of the Duchess of Wrexhe, that terrible, wonderful *grande dame*, of whom Brun says, "There'll never be anything like her again. As far as your England is concerned she's the very, very last, and when she goes a heap of things will go with her. There'll be other Principalities and Powers, but never *that* Power." You are not whiling away an hour over a book in the train; you are living with Peter Westcott in the dread terrors of Scaw House at Treliss and grimly amused at the hotel in that same place, during the month, with the Gales, the Maradicks, the Lessers, and the other folk in "Maradick at Forty" who go there and are affected by the Cornish devils. Reading about Treliss one would say Mr. Walpole was a Cornishman, if it were not for the fact that when you are reading about London in his books you are sure that he is a Londoner. When you have decided, on such internal evidence, first that he is a Cornishman, and then that he is a Londoner, you read such a passage as the following description of Petrograd from "The Secret City" and have no doubt whatever that he is a Russian.

"I seemed to step into a city ablaze with a sinister glory. If that appears melodramatic I can only say that the dazzling winter weather of those weeks was melodramatic. Never before had I seen the huge buildings tower so high, never before felt the shadows so vast, the squares and streets so limitless in their capacity for swallowing light and colour. The sky was a bitter changeless blue; the buildings black; the snow and ice, glittering with purple and gold, swept by vast swinging shadows as though huge doors opened and shut in heaven, or monstrous birds hovered, their wings spread, motionless in the limitless space.

"And all this had, as ever, nothing to do with human life. The little courtyards with their woodstacks and their coloured houses, carts and the cobbled squares and the little stumpy trees that bordered the canals and the little wooden huts beside the bridges with their candles and fruit—these were human and friendly and good, but they had their precarious condition like the rest of us.

"On the first afternoon of my new liberty I found myself in the Nevski Prospect, bewildered by the crowds and the talk and trams and motors and carts that passed in unending sequence up and down the long street. Standing at the corner of the Sadovia and the Nevski one was carried straight to the point of the golden spire that guarded the farther end of the great street. All was gold, the surface of the road was like a golden stream, the canal was gold, the thin spire caught into its piercing line all the colour of the swiftly fading afternoon, the wheels of the carriages gleamed, the flower-baskets of the women glittered like shining foam, the snow flung its crystal colour into the air like thin fire dim before the sun. The street seemed to have gathered on to its pavements the citizens of every country under the sun. Tartars, Mongols, little Russians, Chinamen, Japanese, French officers, British officers, peasants and fashionable women, schoolboys, officials, actors and artists and business men and priests and sailors and beggars and hawkers and, guarding them all, friendly, urbane, filled with a pleasant self-importance that seemed at that hour the simplest and easiest of attitudes, the Police. 'Rum—rum—rum—whirr—whirr—whirr'—like the regular beat of a shuttle the hum rose and fell, as the sun faded into rosy mist and white vapours stole above the still canals."

Mr. Walpole's scenes take hold of you, and you cannot dismiss them from your mind—Scaw House, Beauminster House, the Trenchards' home at Rundle Street, Westminster, Mrs. Brockett's boarding-house in Bloomsbury, the masters' common-room at that detestable school of Moy-Thompson; the Marcovitch's flat at Petrograd, and the quaint lodgings of John Durward in that same city. And as with the *mise en scène*, so with the characters. You are impatient with Clare Elizabeth Rossiter, who will be happy and won't be worried; you are suspicious all the time of "Cards"; your heart goes out to Norah Monogue and Stephen Brant; you feel the uncanniness of Morelli; the madness of Perrin; the strength of Grandfather Trenchard and Great Aunt Sarah, and the charm of Katherine Trenchard, of Janet Morelli, of Marie Ivanovna and of Vera Marcovitch; and the cheerfulness of Tony Gale. They are all alive and you live with them. Together they form a notable gallery of whom any novelist might well be proud.

Mr. Walpole gets his effects without apparent effort. He uses mystery; he introduces a suggestion of the supernatural; his most effective weapon is silence—the silence at Scaw House, the Russian silence. Yet these are only *en passant*. Though often on the verge of tragedy, there is always in the background the note of optimism as once voiced by old Frosted Moses in the warm corner by the door: "'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it.'" This is the key-note of life as Mr. Walpole sees it. It is this which inspires Peter Westcott in his dark hours; it is this which saves James Maradick from ruining himself and Mrs. Lesser; it is this which is the motto alike of the Duchess of Wrexhe and Rachel Breton; and which underlies the life of Vera Markovitch and Henry Bohun. "'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it."

In "The Secret City" Mr. Walpole has gathered together his forces and produced his best book. Tragic it is—as any book must be that has as its background Russia during the Revolution; but it is the tragedy that saddens, not the tragedy that depresses. In this novel, we have a presentation of Russia as it really is, with real Russians, not lay figures. We have the idealism of the Russian, and we see the idealists run riot into the very jaws of ruin. We see the Revolution poisoning family life, and driving the crowds to madness. The atmosphere is stronger than the people, who cannot resist it. Grogoff, Nina, Marcovitch, all are drawn into it. Semyonov alone is superior to it, using it for his personal ends—Semyonov the sensualist whose life is ruined by his love for a woman who escapes him

by an untimely death. Yet all through the book there is the sense that from out of the ruins a new and better Russia will arise, that Russia will after much tribulation find itself and emerge triumphant.

It is too soon to attempt anything in the nature of a final estimate of Mr. Walpole as a novelist, for he is, it is to be hoped, at the beginning of his career. He has gone so far in the ten years of his literary life, that it would be a bold critic who would say that thus far will he go and no farther. He has learnt something every year, and good as are "Maradick at Forty" and "Fortitude," yet "The Green Mirror" and "The Secret City" are books vastly greater, for in them Mr. Walpole sees life on a wider plain and wields his gifts with a stronger hand.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

By S. M. ELLIS.

ALTHOUGH lacking any particular distinction in literary style, and not free from bias and partisanship in historical judgment, it will nevertheless be conceded that the sisters Agnes and Elizabeth Strickland were pre-eminent as female historians in their generation. No other writers of their sex could claim to be historians in the real sense of the word: many other women produced excellent memoirs of the "scissors and paste" order, but they made no pretension to research among original and archaic documents. The Stricklands—Agnes in particular—have rarely been surpassed by any historian, of either sex, in diligence of research and a really remarkable *flair* for discovering documentary evidence of historical importance in forgotten archives. Even now, Agnes Strickland is not sufficiently credited with the great value of the historical and archaeological data she gleaned from ancient French manuscripts concerning the lives of the early Queens Consort of England, of whom practically nothing was known in this country prior to her biographies. Her research among the original material relating to Mary Queen of Scots has, it is true, received more tribute. Whyte-Melville, for instance, dedicated his historical novel, "The Queen's Maries," in 1862, "To a lady whose untiring energy and historical research have added largely to the literature of our country, and whose eloquent defence of a calumniated Queen has identified with Mary Stuart the name of Agnes Strickland."

The very limitations of Agnes Strickland as a stylist add to the charm of her biographies. She is no cold narrator in stately and polished prose of impartial history; warm in partisanship, with feminine sympathy, and an intense realisation of the pathos and tears of life,

she gives the human touch when at her best in the lives of those queens who were most unhappy and the victims of fate—Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Mary Stuart, and Mary Beatrice.

The literary style of Elizabeth Strickland was much more masculine and free from personal sentiment. She was a curious remote woman, who early in life decided to leave her home and live alone in London (an early pioneer of feminine liberty). All her literary work was produced anonymously; she desired no fame or adulation. Although she never allowed her name to appear in connection with the books she wrote in collaboration with her sister, it must be remembered that to "The Queens of England" alone she contributed twenty of the biographies, including those of Mary Tudor, Mary II., and Anne. However, as she ever disliked publicity of any kind, this memoir is confined to the career of her sister historian who was temperamentally her opposite in every way, and enjoyed society and literary fame.

Agnes, born in London on August 19th, 1796, was the second surviving daughter of Thomas Strickland, manager of the Greenland Docks, by his second wife, Elizabeth Homer. Agnes Strickland liked to think that her family was a branch of the Stricklands of Sizergh Castle, Westmorland. There does not seem to be any authentic evidence to establish the point, but in all probability the two families were connected and of the same origin, for both were seated in the same district of the north-west of England.

The first traceable ancestor of the historian was a certain Robert Strickland of Light Haugh—Furness Fells—in the time of Henry VIII. His grandson Samuel was buried at Hawkhead in 1687. The latter



Agnes Strickland
in 1842.

From the portrait by Hayes now in the National Portrait Gallery.



Reydon Hall, Suffolk.

Where Agnes Strickland wrote "The Queens of England."
From a contemporary painting in the possession of Mr. G. A. Strickland.

had two sons. The elder followed the exiled Stuarts to St. Germain (as did many of the Stricklands of Sizorgh); he later went to Spain in the cause of the Bourbons and was supposed to have been killed at Almanza. But twenty-eight years afterwards he returned to England and successfully claimed the family property, which had naturally passed to his younger brother. This brother, Thomas, of Colton, had married Agnes Taylor of Finsthwaite Hall, on the west bank of Lake Windermere, and their son Samuel, now portionless, came to London to seek his fortune in business. He in turn married Elizabeth Cotterell, a member of a Staffordshire family, also devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, and maternally descended from one of the Penderel brothers, who so materially aided the escape of King Charles II. at Boscobel. These were the grandparents of Agnes Strickland, who, it will be seen, had a pedigree of some historical interest and romance, whereby she inherited her life-long sentimental sympathy with the Stuarts and Jacobitism.

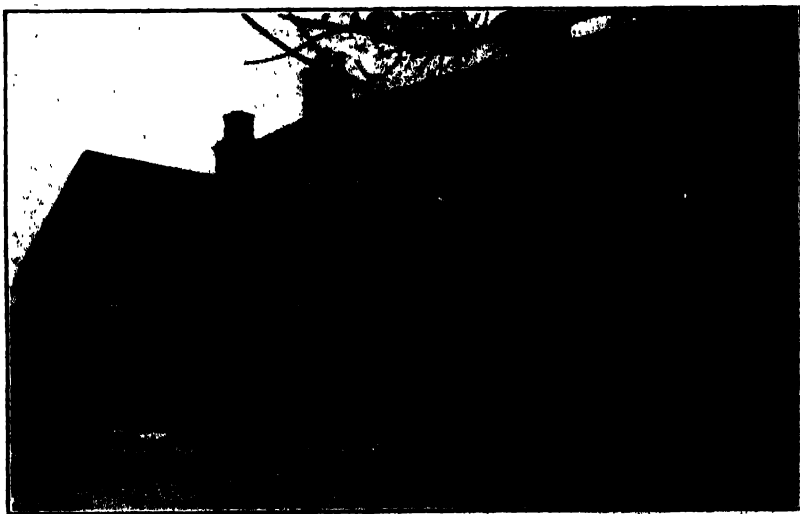
Agnes Strickland's early years were spent at The Laurels, Thorpe, Norwich, and at Stowe House, near Bungay. In 1808 the family removed to Reydon Hall, about two miles from Southwold on the Suffolk coast. In this ancient and picturesque house of Tudor characteristics, amid a charming rural setting, the young Stricklands—six sisters and two brothers—led a life somewhat like that of the Brontë children at Haworth a quarter of a century later. That is to say, they passed their time mainly in a romantic world of their own imagining, with story-telling and play-acting and first early attempts at literary composition in the way of tales and poems. But Reydon Hall was of course a far happier and more comfortable home than the bleak parsonage of the Yorkshire moors. The Stricklands were a healthy and merry little coterie, and their abode a place of romance for imaginative minds. There were mysterious garrets and cellars and devious stairways and recesses. Ghost stories innumerable attached to the Hall, and the noises of rats and the wailings of the wind in the great chimneys

claimed a supernatural origin. In a huge chest were preserved old costumes and court dresses of the time of Queen Anne—invaluable for purposes of "dressing up"; there was a fine library containing many books which had belonged to Sir Isaac Newton (who was a grand-uncle of Thomas Strickland's first wife); and, finally, a great store of writing paper and quill pens (once the property of an uncle on the staff of the Bank of England), which provided the material essentials for literary lucubration. Five of the Strickland sisters achieved publication of their efforts a few years afterwards.

In the case of Agnes, her first composition to be printed was a Monody upon the Death of Princess Charlotte in 1817; but her first publication of note was a metrical tale entitled "Worcester Field, or The Cavalier" (1826).

Other works, such as "Historical Tales," followed; and in the decade of 1829-1839 Agnes Strickland was a frequent contributor of prose and verse to *The Keepsake* and other annuals then at the zenith of their popularity. In 1835 she had some hopes of seeing the production of a play from her pen, for Macready notes in his Diary, 8th-10th May: "Read three acts of Miss Agnes Strickland's play; how much time I am forced to expend in this kind of unprofitable labour. . . . Wrote to Fred. Reynolds on Miss Strickland's play." And there, apparently, the matter ended.

In the meanwhile Elizabeth Strickland had become editor of *The Court Journal*, and for this paper she had written some short biographies of female sovereigns. These suggested to Agnes the idea of "The Lives of the Queens of England," and the vast work, in collaboration with her sister, was commenced. The first volume, with preface dated from Reydon Hall, December 16th, 1839, appeared early in 1840, and was dedicated by permission to Queen Victoria. It met with immediate success. But unfortunately Agnes, who had arranged for the publication of the work with Colburn, was ignorant of the peculiarities of publishing, and unfair advantage was taken of the fact. A settlement of the author's share in the receipts of the first volume was long delayed, and when it was proffered it proved to be paltry in amount.



Park Lane Cottage, Southwold.

The last home of Agnes Strickland.
Photograph sent by Mrs. Charles Foster.

Agnes fell ill from the effects of her hard work and disappointment at the financial results. After much wearisome negotiation, Colburn was compelled to make a new agreement with the sisters owing to the fortunate (for them) circumstance that he had hitherto been unaware of Elizabeth as a joint author in the work. For the new third volume £150 was paid, and the same sum for each succeeding one of the series. But even this was a ridiculously inadequate remuneration for work involving such tremendous research and labour. And the books were some of the most successful that Colburn ever published.

Although Agnes Strickland received but poor monetary reward for her labours, "The Queens of England" brought her instantly literary fame and social honours. She became a celebrity of the first degree. Everybody sought her acquaintance, and all the great houses of the kingdom were open to her. In those days the great territorial peers preserved a semi-royal state, and Agnes Strickland fully appreciated associating with the Dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire and Somerset, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Spencers, the Dundonalds, the Seafields, and the Blantynes. She was presented at Court by Lady Stourton (a niece of Edward Weld, the first husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert). The Queen asked for her autograph, as did countless other people. She met every one of note, including the Duke of Wellington, Brougham, Macaulay, Disraeli (who paid her many compliments on her work), and Guizot. Walter Scott and Campbell she had met in earlier years.

Agnes Strickland was fully able to maintain her well-won position. Without being exactly handsome she had a striking and aristocratic face, with fine dark eyes and hair, and an imposing presence. Her conversation of course was intellectual, as befitted one of wide reading and great historical knowledge. Her rather loud, drawling voice was a marked feature in *la parure de la célébrité*; but she was always agreeable, and never didactic and egoistic in the manner of some who have reached that sacred caste. There is interesting confirmation of Agnes Strickland's celebrity as early as 1842 when she was present at the "View" of Horace Walpole's collections at Strawberry Hill, prior to the famous sale by Robins. Referring to some exquisite miniatures there by Peter Oliver, the Whartons relate in their "Wits and Beaux of Society":

"How sadly, in referring to these invaluable pictures, does one's mind revert to the day when, before the hammer of Robins had resounded in these rooms—before his transcendent eloquence had been heard at Strawberry—Agnes

Strickland, followed by all eyes, pondered over that group of portraits: how, as she slowly withdrew, we of the commonalty, scarce worthy to look, gathered around the spot again, and wondered at the perfect life, the perfect colouring, proportion, and keeping of those tiny vestiges of a bygone generation."

During the next thirty years life was very pleasant for Agnes Strickland. She was constantly engaged in literary work, varied by visits to France, Holland, and all parts of Britain, when she combined recreation with research for her books. She visited London every season, generally staying at 4, Hyde Park Place, with Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, the father of her great friend, the Duchesse de Gramont, and of Lady Dundonald. Her two other most intimate friends were Jane Porter and Georgina Stuart (Lady Buchanan).

After the completion of "The Queens of England," "The Lives of the Queens of Scotland" commenced to appear in 1850. The new work was published by Blackwood, who treated the authors in an honourable and courteous



Agnes Strickland.

From the portrait by Cruikshank.

manner throughout. In Mary Queen of Scots, Agnes Strickland found her most congenial subject. "The Bachelor Kings of England" appeared in 1861; and when Agnes Strickland was presented, by his request, to the youthful Prince of Wales (Edward VII.) at a ball in Dublin, he assured her, apropos of this book, that he did not intend to be one of them. She describes the Prince as "a very pretty fellow, small in stature, but very well shaped, and dignified in appearance, though timid in manner. . . . He blushed and was a little agitated while speaking with me."

"The Lives of the Tudor Princesses" and "The Stuart Princesses" followed in 1868 and 1872. Agnes Strickland was the author of other books such as "The Seven Bishops," 1866; "Old Friends and New Acquaintances," 1860; and "How Will it End?" 1865. The last named was a novel for which Bentley paid her £250, although it had been commenced far back in her girlhood. She had only mediocre gifts as a tale-teller and a graceful touch in verse: her real talents found expression as an historian, and as such she will be remembered. In 1870 she received a Civil List pension of £100 a year in recognition of her services to literature, on the recommendation of Gladstone.

In 1865 the old home at Reydon Hall was broken up owing to the death of Mrs. Strickland, and Agnes went to live at Park Lane Cottage, Southwold, a pleasant house adjoining the extensive common and not far from the sea. There her last years were spent.

At first she was still able to visit London and the continent and her many friends; but in 1872 she had a serious fall down some stairs from the effects of which she never recovered. Some months later a paralytic stroke affected her speech and clouded her once brilliant intellect. Two years went by. She rallied at times and was able to walk out a little and visit her friends in Southwold. But her literary labours were over, and never again was she to take her place as the guest of honour at a London function or in some great country house. She bore her

deprivations bravely and never complained at her changed and restricted existence. The days of celebrity were done, and after a period of terrible pain merciful death came on July 13th, 1874, when she had nearly completed her seventy-eighth year. She was buried in Southwold churchyard.

Thus ended the long and useful life of Agnes Strickland. She was an able historian and a kind-hearted woman, beloved alike by the poor of her locality in Suffolk and by numerous friends in all ranks of society and the world of letters.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best welcome to Cricket in four lines of original verse.
(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best parable in not more than two hundred words dealing with the objections to a League of Nations.)
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

- I.—The Prize for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Violet Walker, of 11, Victoria Road, Whitehaven, and Cyril G. Taylor, of Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire, for the following:

THE DRYAD.

On this high bank above the lane,
I saw a dryad, in the spring;
The sun was shining after rain,
The birds had all begun to sing,
And at the turning of the way—
The wood behind her leafing green—
I saw her face, sweet, strange, and gay,
That no man else has ever seen.

Her hands were clasped around her knees,
Her chin upon her knees was set;
Behind her were the budding trees,
Her hair with April rain was wet.
She heard my step, she sprang aside,
And fled into the woods again:—
How can I seek a village bride
Who saw the dryad in the lane?

VIOLET WALKER

THE PHANTOM FIDDLER.

"Dance—Dance!" cries the phantom fiddler,
"Dance to my ghostly air!
My bow travels fast in the dear dim past
And the dancers wake to my lure at last,
And laughter sounds on the stair!
Oh, I scrape, scrape, and the swift feet shape
To the strains that I beg or borrow!
For I fiddle the tunes of Yesterday,
And I fiddle and fiddle the guests away
In the dream-dust house of To-morrow."

"Dance—Dance!" cries the phantom fiddler,
"Dance—and the four sweet strings
That bend with a will to my brave bow still
Shall sing to the heart with the old-time thrill
When lovers were queens and kings!
Oh, I scrape, scrape, and the hours escape
To a rhythm that laughs at sorrow!
For I fiddle the tunes of Yesterday,
And I fiddle and fiddle the guests away
In the dream-dust house of To-morrow."

"Dance—Dance!" cries the phantom fiddler,
"Dance to my fiddle-de-dee!
Till the light feet trip and the fond lips sip
Of the honey that dwells in the years that slip
From the prison of memory!
Oh, I scrape, scrape, and many a jape
From the revel of youth I borrow!
For I fiddle the tunes of Yesterday,
And I fiddle and fiddle the guests away
In the dream-dust house of To-morrow."

"Dance—Dance!" cries the phantom fiddler,
 "Dance . . . for the night grows old,
 And carriages wait at the dawn-dark gate
 And a spectral hoof beats late—late—late,
 On the high road crisp and cold!
 Soon I must drape with my long black cape
 The fiddle that laughs at sorrow,
 And bind with a ribbon of Yesterday,
 From the hair of a bride of Yesterday,
 The ghostly airs that I play, play, play,
 In the dream-dust house of To-morrow."

CYRIL G. TAYLOR.

We also select for printing :

SHELL SHOCK.

They left the life their youth had known,
 They plumbed the soundless depths of Hell,
 For all the world had hope alone
 In men that fought and men that fell.

The car of triumph onward rolls
 And now, O God in Pity's guise,
 Take Thou remembrance from their souls,
 Take Thou the Vision from their eyes!

The veils were rent, the pillars fell,
 We saw the gloom and fear and pain,
 The men we loved went down to Hell
 And rose to tread the earth again.

Beside the living men that knew
 There stands a gruesome shadow yet,
 They would forget their glory too,
 If only, God, they might forget!

Remembering still, without release
 From horror haunting heart and brain,
 Can they believe in joy and peace?
 Can we build up the world again?

(Mary Warner, 34, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.)

TO— (A WANDERER'S SONG)

Eternal hills beyond man's farthest reach,
 Silent and vast, mysterious and cold;
 And sun-scorched plains, and endless tracks that fold
 And melt into the mist; hyena's screech,
 The lion's roar, and sob of wounded bird;
 Blue wood-smoke's curl against the waning light;
 The quiv'ring palm that whispers to the night:—
 These have I known, and felt, and seen, and heard,
 And even loved—but often do I long
 For half-forgotten things, for quiet fields,
 Rose-haunted lanes, the glory Autumn yields,
 Old faces, and thy once sweet, wondrous song!

(Malcolm Hemphrey, B.E.F., East Africa.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent by G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Green, N.), John van Druten (Gerrard's Cross), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), A. M. Christie (London, N.W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Captain A. N. B. Papillon (Bangalore), Enid D. Wright (Chelsea, S.W.), Laurence Tarr (B.E.F., France), Josephine Allan (Knarborough), Barbara Storey (Truro), R. Howard (Kingston Hill), A. D. Somerville (Edmonton, N.), "Darien" (Lutterworth), George B. Butt (Mitcham), Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon, S.W.), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Anna M. Keir (Musselburgh), Derezsinska (Paris), A. P. Fonesca (Karachi), Beryl Carter (Earl's Court, S.W.), R. Scott Frayn (Grassington), Elsie Kendall (Askrigg), Henry Baxter (Heaphem), L. Freeman (Wolverhampton), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Alice Doris Moorhouse (Birmingham), E. C. Leith (Ventnor), Thomas Edmund Kinna (Grahamstown, South Africa), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), Gordon Fletcher

(Erdington), Leslie John Richards (Jarrow-on-Tyne), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), E. Beechey (Bristol), Eleanor Preston (Bedford), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), Elaine M. Catley (Twickenham), F. M. Fletcher (Highbury), Marie K. Ross (Bristol), Constance Goodwin (Clapham Common, S.W.), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), D. G. C. (Toronto), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), Margaret Brooking (Gloucester), Sydney Berry (Elmham), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate, E.), Priscilla (Celbridge), Gladys Benefield (Bishop's Stortford), Wilma Buckley (St. Clears), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Margaret M. Tomson (Luton), D. E. Sennitt (Harlesden, N.W.), Lillian Chapman (Chelsea, S.W.), M. Hayward Potter (Taunton), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), E. J. W. Haliday (Merton Park, S.W.), Robert W. Fenton (Birstall), Mary C. Mair (Bristol), M. Smyth (Bournemouth), Phyllis Green (London, W.), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Dorothy M. Barter Snow (West Mallory), R. S. Baker (Dudley), Miss Bachelder (Auckland), E. M. Gittens (Strawberry Hill), Violet C. Adlard (Balham, S.W.), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), M. B. (Calne), E. Roberts (Lower Tottenham, N.), Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), G. Woleedge (Leeds), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Kathleen Laurie (Wimbledon Park, S.W.), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), E. M. H. Harington (Folkestone), Kathleen Morrison (Glasgow), Winifred Edith Dimmock (East Putney, S.W.), Netta Pollock (Glasgow), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), David Collins Wren (Whitehaven), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portsmouth), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill, N.), Harold Matthews (Worcester), Annie Simpson (Aberfeldy), G. F. Joy (Lee-on-the-Solent), Freda J. Philips (London, N.), Billy Garlique (Bristol), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Nina M. Cook (Barnsley), Doreen Dillon Lee, S.E.), A. G. Thomas (Bangor), Blanche Melville Peirse (London, S.W.), E. Mayo (Coventry), Margery Symons (London, S.W.), Rev. Frank J. Powell (Liverpool), John T. Nield (Dewsbury), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Frank H. Elgie (Bayswater, W.), Lorna Keeling Collard (Somerset), George Savill (Brockley, S.W.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Kathleen E. Douglas, of Ranger's Lodge, Milford, Salisbury, Wilts, for the following:

THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. BY LEONARD MERRICK.
 (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 " 'Tipping the wink' to him was heathen Greek."
 KEATS, *Stanzas on Charles A. Brown*.

We also select for printing:

MORNING JOY. BY RACHEL S. MACNAMARA.
 (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!"

T. HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg (Her Dream)*.

(W. Crampton, 43, Urnston Lane, Stratford, Lancs.)

THE TUNNEL. BY DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.
 (Duckworth.)

"Says she, 'Don't hitch so close to me.'"

C. B. WADE, *Shy and Simple*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

MIDAS AND SON. BY STEPHEN MCKENNA.
 (Methuen.)

"We 'ave got 'old of the needful."

RUDYARD KIPLING, "*M. I.*"

(Geoffrey H. Wells, 14, Essich Street, Roath Park, Cardiff.)

III. This Prize is divided and Two Books awarded to G. F. A. Salmon, of Tregoney, Lannoweth Road, Penzance, and Two Books to Isabel Maver, of 5, Coolidge Road, Folkestone, for the following:

EPIGRAPH ON WAR BREAD.

Gone, but ne'er to "rise" again,
 Since the nations now decree,
 After all the stress and strain,
 War—"fare" never more shall be.

G. F. A. SALMON.

Reader! put no flour on my mould; on my grave gaily tread.

I wish less crusty I had been, and had been better bread.
I trust I shall not rise again (I little rose before).

So Reader! pass, and pray that you may never knead me more.

ISABEL MAVER.

From the very large number of replies received we select for special commendation the twenty by Lieutenant C. H. Rolfe (Finchley), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield), Captain A. R. Wiggins (Newcastle), E. Raven-Hart (Harleston), Joyce F. Powell (Liverpool), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Captain James R. Young (N.Z.E.F., Germany), Vera Stuart Staff (Crouch End), Alice Wise (Leicester), "Boomerang" (Edinburgh), Rev. Frank J. Powell (Liverpool), Frank R. Cooke (Leytonstone), E. J. Corke (Halifax), C. Smart (Swansea), Irene Wintle (Newport, I.O.W.), E. D. Burrin (Liverpool), C. M. Kidwell (Wallasey), Constance D. Porter (Woolacombe), M. M. Priestley (Malvern).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss M. Sinyth, of "Pirbright," West Cliff, Bournemouth, for the following:

OLIVE OF SYLCOTE. BY W. RILEY.
(Herbert Jenkins.)

Mr. Riley retains a happy knack of looking on the healthy side of things. In "Olive of Sylcote" environment and character have in common a grand simplicity. We feel on an intimate footing with Nidderdale and its inhabitants, so sure is the author's touch in portraying the details of human lives as they are affected by and lived on the great moors. There is nothing stereotyped about John, the hero, or Nathan Downes; they are vividly and cleverly described, as are the simple village people with their kindness and philosophy. A tonic, this, to the jaded novel reader.

We also select for printing:

GERMAN DAYS. BY A POLISH GIRL. (John Murray.)

Here is an interesting description of middle-class life and education in Germany twelve years ago. The writer deals with the everyday experiences of the men, women and children, their customs, habits and education, Posen and Berlin being the centres of observation. The prevalence of militarism, the unequal standing of the sexes, the hardships of school life and the incongruities of the general administration, are all analysed and discussed. A truly astonishing revelation, and one marvels how honourable, and supposedly well-informed Englishmen, could ever have upheld, as an example to their own country, such a system of tyranny and suppression.

(Frederick Willmer, "Rose Lea," Mayhill, Ramsey, Isle of Man.)

FERNANDO. BY JOHN AYSCOUGH. (John Lane.)

As the writer states, this "is only a Preface—a preface to a book never to be written." He draws the curtain for us and we are privileged to look upon a particularly beautiful home life—though he wonders whether strangers will like it. And as we read we realise that we are privileged, following the story of a boy whose gentle loyalty to an ideal leads him, in sure conviction, on the threshold of manhood, to the haven where he would be.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind School, St. David's Hill, Exeter.)

We select for special commendation the fourteen reviews by W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), G. Ralton Barnard (Leeds), B. E. Todd (Doncaster), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), M. Tombs Horton (Knutsford), W. Saunders (Edinburgh), Private R. C. Bodker (Streatham), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), D. Hare (Bath), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Helen Bruce (Boscombe), Harold Downs (Bath).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Annie Simpson, of Croit-a-Chein, Aberfeldy, Perthshire.

A BURNS MYSTERY SOLVED.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.Scot.

IN nearly every modern edition of Burns's Poems there appears a piece entitled "Elegy on Stella." It was first introduced into the Burns fold in Macmillan's two volume Golden Treasury edition of 1865, the editor of which, Alexander Smith the poet, found the poem in Burns's handwriting, in a Common-place Book of the Bard's, which had been acquired by the publishers. This relic, known as the Edinburgh Common-place Book, to distinguish it from an earlier one which was privately printed in 1872, was published in *extenso* in *Macmillan's Magazine*, vols. 39-40 (1879). The manuscript is now in the Alloway Cottage Collection, having been purchased for £365 in 1897.

In transcribing the Elegy, Burns—who is supposed by Smith, on what grounds we know not, to have presented the manuscript volume to Mrs. Dunlop—did not claim authorship, but introduced it thus:

"The following poem is the work of some hapless unknown son of the Muses, who deserved a better fate. There is a great deal of the 'voice of Cona' in his solitary mournful notes, and had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone's language, they would have been no discredit even to that elegant poet."

William Jack, who edited the Common-place Book

for *Macmillan's Magazine*, in the course of a lengthy annotation of the Elegy, says:

"Alexander Smith is of the opinion that the poem is not by Burns. *Pace tanti viri*, I think it is. . . . Burns was perpetually writing Elegy. Nothing is more certain than that all through all his early life, he felt himself to be some hapless, unknown Son of the Muses, and that the 'voice of Cona,' the music of Ossian, full of the melancholy wail of the western waves, was often in his ears. As for the disclaimer of the authorship, Burns had previously tried that innocent mystification, like thousands of bashful authors before and since his day. . . . The much loved Stella of the poet is no doubt his Highland Mary, and Jean Armour, the mother of his children, still very dear to a heart for which one love was seldom sufficient, is the Vanessa of the dim background."

Mr. Jack further opined that the friend who was in Burns's thoughts "when he wrote the elegy," was probably Richard Brown (mentioned in the famous letter to Dr. Moore) whose sea perils, and the tender tragedy of poor Highland Mary, were probably both reflected in these mournful verses, which he ventured to think "no man but Burns then living could have written."

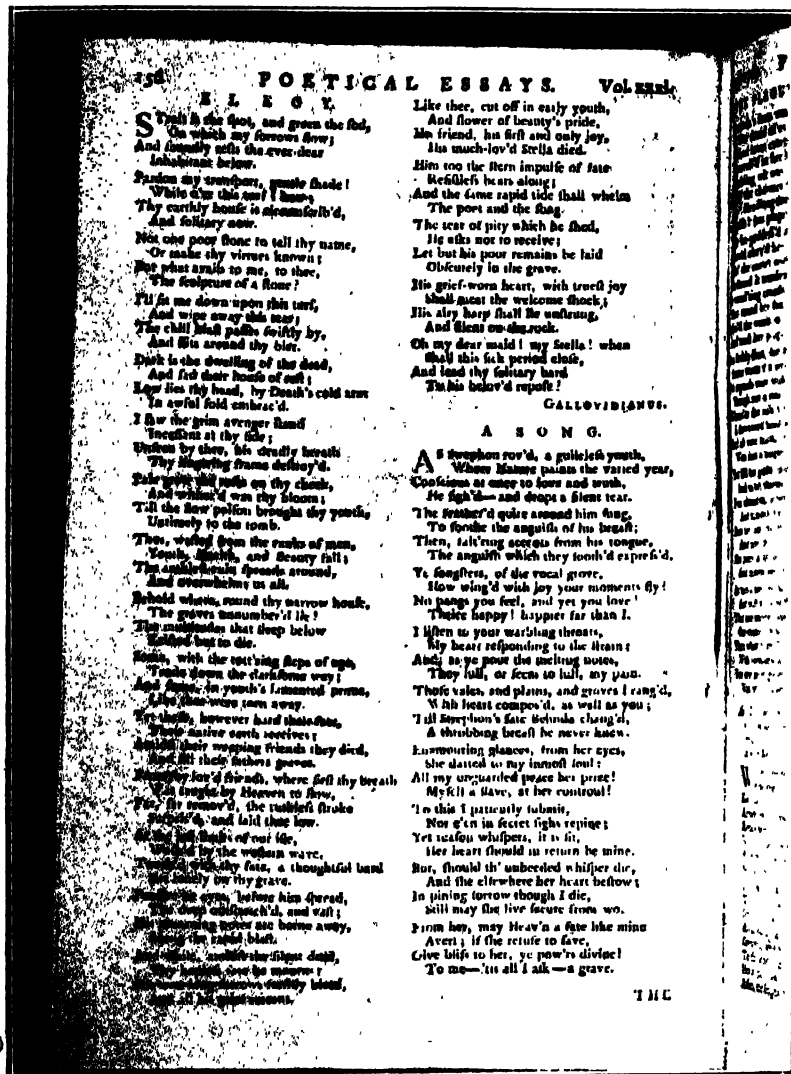
In a letter from Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, dated July 8th, 1789, an epistle not to be found in any edition of the

Poet's Works, but included in the "Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop Correspondence" (Hodder & Stoughton, 1898), he once more transcribed the Elegy, introducing it in this fashion:

"I some time ago met with the following Elegy in MS., for I suppose it was never printed, and as I think it has many touches of the true tender, I shall make no apology for sending it you: perhaps you have not seen it.

[Here he transcribes the poem reproduced in facsimile below.]

I have marked the passages that strike me most. I like to do so in every book I read. . . ."



Facsimile of page from
The Scots Magazine

containing the poem copied by Burns into the above letter.

The ordinary inedited editions of Burns include this piece without comment, leaving it to be assumed that it is as authentic as "Tam o' Shanter." Editors generally, beginning with its sponsor, have looked upon it as doubtful. Smith says, "Still, the Elegy, so far at least as the editor is aware, exists no where else." In Henley and Henderson's Centenary Edition it is classed among the "Improbables" and the editors say there is no earthly reason for attributing the thing to Burns. William Wallace, who edited the Burns-Dunlop Correspondence, speaks of the poet's description of the origin of the Elegy on Stella as "mystifying."

The mystery seemed incapable of solution and, in spite of editorial doubts, there was the lurking idea that, after all, Burns might have composed the poem, for in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated December 17th, 1788, after transcribing his famous "Auld Lang Syne," he followed with these similarly mystifying words: "Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment!" Those familiar with the letters of Burns will recall other somewhat similar instances.

Assuming, however, that Burns was not repeating the "unknown poet" subterfuge in regard to the Stella Elegy, and that his two explanations, in addition to being consistent, were also correct, the fact that he supposed "it was never printed" was not calculated to encourage research. And yet, with a faith begotten of some kind of literary second-sight, I started, beginning with Volume I, 1739, searching through a set of *The Scots Magazine*, which I recently added to my "tool-books," full of the idea of finding this mysterious Elegy on Stella. And at last I found it. Here, on page 156 of Volume XXXI., March, 1769, printed when Burns was a boy of ten, was the identical poem, signed "Gallovidianus." Thus one more piece reckoned of doubtful authenticity is consigned with absolute certainty to the Burns Apocrypha, there to keep company with many other spurious poems, such as the "Lines on the Destruction of the Woods at Drumlanrig," which Mr. J. C. Ewing, in the Annual Burns Chronicle for 1919, conclusively proves were written by Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling."

"Gallovidianus" was a frequent contributor of poems to *The Scots Magazine*, between the years 1766 and 1772. In the former volume (p. 655) his first contribution, an "Ode to Contentment," is preaced with a letter which shows that he was a University man, though of which seat of learning he was a graduate there is no sure indication—probably Edinburgh.

Stella figures in his second poem (February, 1767, p. 95), an Elegy, in which the hopeless lover despondently begins, "Then we must part," and bemoans her

"father's rising wrath;

And friends, who threaten with averted eyes,
In lordly ranks, denouncing instant death."

Evidently Stella was of gentle birth—possibly even noble—while the poet, though a University man, was of humble parentage, for in the same Elegy he says:

"No sounding titles told my humble name,
No ray of birth illum'd my native night;
Unseen I stood, a candidate for fame,
And, unsupported, struggled into light."

In another Elegy (August, 1767, p. 435) Gallovidianus opens with the lines:

"Oh! how unhappy is my fate!
Since I was born with luckless stars;
Beneath fell Saturn's sullen hate,
Or the pale glance of fiery Mars."

In the issue of February, 1768 (p. 97), still another Elegy appears, pitched on the same minor key, and beginning, "Witness ye guardians of the rending heart." In this piece the miserable poet advises Stella in this manner :

"Stoop, then, my fair ! debase thy towering mind ;
For Heav'n that gave thee feeling, gave thee ore ;
Yield that to this ; let pomp to pomp be join'd,
Accept a lord, and think of me no more."

It would seem that Stella loved the poet, and must have avowed that she preferred him to the lord, for in the same old magazine (December, p. 652) Gallovidianus describes the tragic outcome in a poem headed like the others, "Elegy." It opens :

"While yet my thoughts are black as blackest night,
When no kind radiance cheers the gloom forlorn,
But heaven falls heavy on the straiten'd sight,
And lowring clouds and sweeping ghosts are born ;

* * * * *

"Here let me pause and breathe and think at large,
On all the crowding horrors of my state ;
Resume my pencil, fearless to surcharge,
By Fancy's strokes, the picture of my fate.

"Where is my Stella now ?—that generous maid,
Of late who bless'd my soul with hopes so fair ;
Where now are all our glorious prospects fled,
Before this swift succession of despair ?

"Ah ! she is moaning o'er this scene of wo,
With hands uplifted, and with streaming eyes ;
In silent pomp the sister's sorrows flow
Or pierce the air with long-lamenting cries !

"How shall I look up to that injur'd face,
Where truest love and softest passion stood !
Oh ! how renew the lover's dear embrace,
In arms still dripping with her brother's blood."

Proceeding, the luckless Son of the Muses, explaining, says :

"Thy haughty brother brav'd me to the field,"

adding,

'For, Stella ! know, thy lover dares proclaim
A high-born heart, a foot that will not fly."

Then, after describing the "vile upbraidings" of the brother, and calling Heaven to witness "what arts of peace" he try'd, he goes on, "But vain all arts, when human fury raves," and pictures the culmination of the tragedy in this stanza :

"With brandish'd point that lighten'd at my eyes,
He urg'd the breast which all his peace implor'd ;
Nor shunned his fate, nor heard my warning cries,
But rush'd, delirious, on my shrinking sword."

Full of despair, Gallovidianus asks "all-conscious Heaven" to "make Stella happy" :

"That flood of woe which swells her noble heart,
Repel that gloom which clouds her whitest hour ;
May she sustain, unbroke, this hardest part,
And smile, serene, when all these storms are o'er."

But the tragic death of her brother killed by her lover and the consequent irretrievable shipwreck of their love, must have broken her tender heart, for

"His much-lov'd Stella died "

and the next Elegy of the series is the one admired by, and generally attributed to, Burns. Though it has been

so termed, the poem in question is not strictly speaking an "Elegy on Stella" at all, for *she* is not "the ever dear inhabitant below" to whom the first fifteen verses are devoted, the poet's greater grief o'erflowing all, with the transition to Stella—"Like thee, cut off in early youth"—in the last five stanzas only.

However, in *The Scots Magazine* for January, 1770 (p. 36), there is an Elegy on Stella—the first of the series graced with a descriptive title, which is "The Death of Stella." In the opening stanzas the poet reproaches himself for being alive, then he gives wing to his Muse in these plaintive numbers :

"Oh she is gone for whom the valiant strove !
For whom the Graces pour'd their choicest store !
For whom the Muse her fairest garlands wove !
My friend, my lovely Stella is no more !

* * * * *

"We were two lovers !—join'd by wond'rous ties,
One will, one mutual soul we seem'd to share ;
Not music's sounds in sweeter concord rise,
And every thought was unisonal there.

* * * * *

"For us the world no pause of quiet had known,
We came not, Kings ! to trouble your repose ;

* * * * *

"We only ask'd, in life's unnotic'd shade,
Retir'd from noise, to pass our mutual days ;
For Pride's high scenes to tread the private glade,
Unseen by envy, and unknown to praise."

In the previous Elegy, Gallovidianus speaks of "her noble family," and another possible clue to identification—unless Stella and all the rest are creatures of the poet's fancy—is found in this same poem, where continuing he adjures her father thus :

"Come, haughty Baron ! bending from thy state,
O'er youth, o'er love, and beauty, lowly laid ;
Revolve the lot of man, the turns of fate,
And view the ruins which thy pride has made.

* * * * *

"What now avail the long trac'd rolls of fame,
Thy various titles, and thy shining store,
With all the pomp which lifts thy sounding name ?
Thy son and lovely daughter are no more."

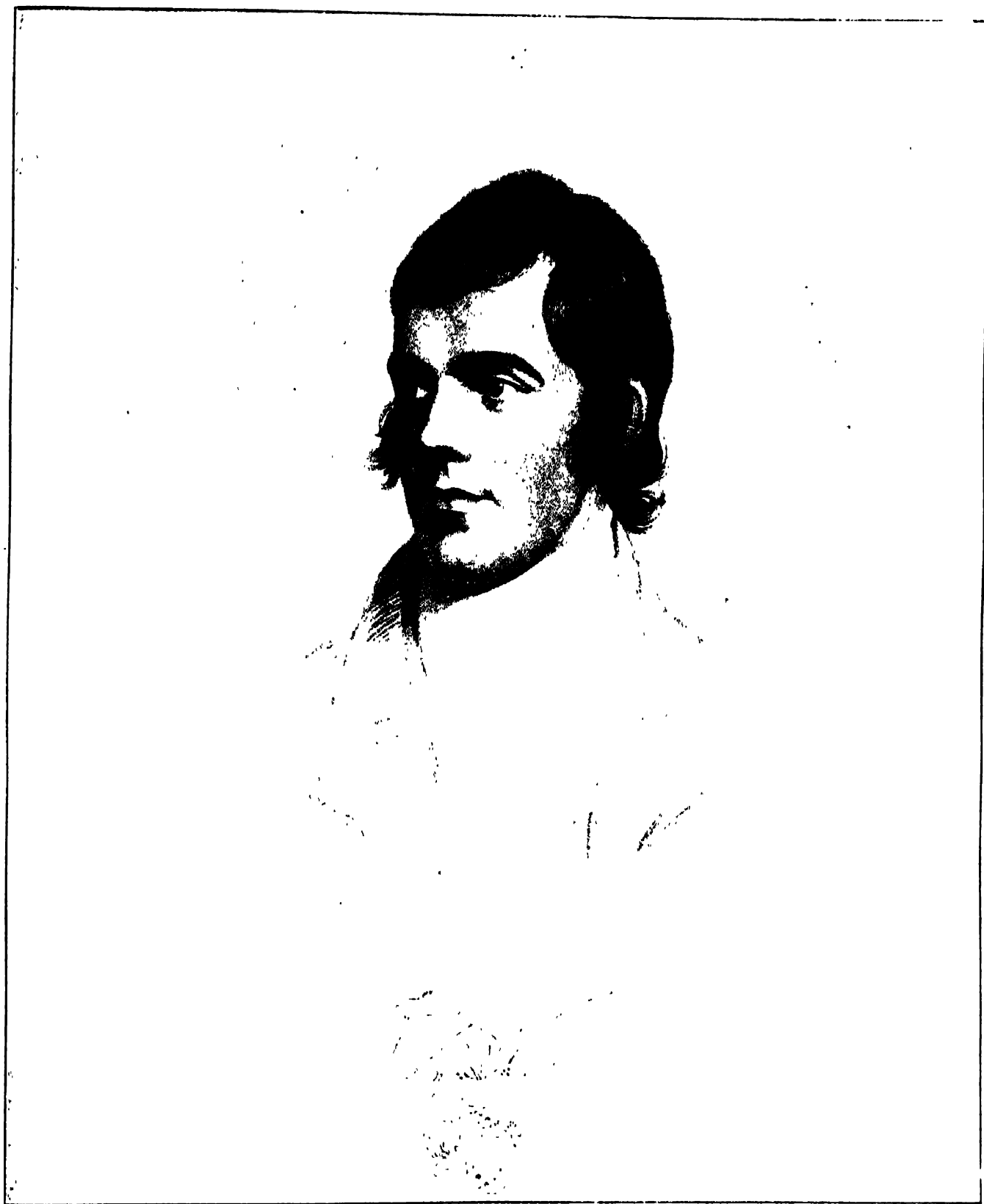
Still addressing Stella's father, the poet says, "Let us not raise the voice of vulgar wo,"

"But fix'd and silent as the laws of fate
Just to our grief, and to our purpose brave,
Let us, with hearts devoid of hostile hate,
At one dread moment, meet on Stella's grave.

"On that green spot where my lov'd mistress lies,
The blooming lover, and the hoary sire,
To one just fate, with rival vengeance, rise,
And on her ashes gloriously expire."

As far as *The Scots Magazine* reveals, the Muse of Gallovidianus is silent till November, 1770 (p. 615), which number has an "Elegy on the death of a very promising young gentleman." There follows an entirely blank year—the first since Gallovidianus became a contributor. What seems to be his last effort, an "Elegy on the death of a beautiful young lady," is found in the issue for February, 1772 (p. 94). Probably the poet died soon after that date, and was, in the words of his own desire :

"Laid obscurely in the grave."



Who Gallovidianus was remains a mystery, as does the identity of Stella, her haughty brother and her father, the Count. If a set of the magazine survives in the original covers some additional clues might be found. Even the British Museum set lacks the covers which, as they were frequently used for "Answers to Correspondents" and touched on contributions received and to appear, are of real importance to the seeker.

In the March Number, 1778 (p. 158), there is a song, "By the late Sam Cox., Esq." which seems to lend colour to the possibility that he was the man, for it begins:

"When Stella's charms first met my eye,
Whilst yet unknown her name,
A fault'ring tongue and tell-tale sigh
My passion did proclaim:

"But when her splendid birth I knew,
Ye Gods! how much I strove
The guilty passion to subdue,
And screen my heart from love."

Against this must be put the fact, obligingly communicated by the librarian of Edinburgh University, that Sam Cox was not a graduate of that, nor as far as he can learn, of any other Scots University.

Anyhow the Burns mystery is solved at last, and surely it is not too much to hope that in the rich literary archives of Edinburgh there may be found sufficient data to establish the identity of Gallovidianus and his Stella, thus enabling us, even at this late day, to cheat the Tide of Oblivion, which, in the words of that "hapless unknown Son of the Muses," would

"... overwhelm
The Poet and the Song."

New Books.

THE AMERICAN LEAD.*

Our propagandists in the United States tell us that the pro-British people there are at pains to impress upon us that we must not talk of the Americans as Anglo-Saxons. They wish to be regarded as a new race with special qualities of their own, resulting from the admixture of all that is best in the many nations that have contributed to the stock that we ought now to call simply American. Admitting this, the fact remains that whatever the biological stock, it has been brought up on Anglo-Saxon models: its language, institutions and laws are Anglo-Saxon: it is impossible to get away from the fact that America has set in Anglo-Saxon moulds. It is for this reason that it is so important for the British to keep a watchful eye on whatever developments are taking place in America. Progress has been more rapid on the other side of the Atlantic than at home, so we have the advantage of seeing a little in advance how certain tendencies are likely to develop. America is continually making experiments, of which we, if we are wise, will make full use. No doubt the conditions on the two sides of the Atlantic are very different, and it is not denied that the American stock is far from identical with our own, but there is community enough to make it well worth our while to consider carefully books like the two now before us.

It is Theodore Roosevelt who says: "Professor Farrand has written a very unusual book. . . . Such as has not hitherto appeared, dealing with American history." One wonders what the ex-President had specially in mind. In all probability he was thinking of the lack of bias in the treatment but British readers will not regard this as so unusual, since in the school-books on this side, American history has usually been presented in a very fair way. Indeed, some of our school-books were practically pro-American in all that concerned the War of Independence. This is not so wonderful after all, since that war was merely one of the series of revolts against tyranny by which our present freedom has been attained. Professor Farrand brings this out prominently in his treatment, by showing how the spirit of revolt was transferred to other fields, and was kept up in relation to the various forms of government in America itself.

One of the marked features of the book is the skill with which facts and generalisations are correlated. Enough of graphic detail is introduced to maintain the dramatic

interest without obscuring the wide outlook necessary to understand the development as a whole. The generalisations on the other hand are illuminating, and are sufficiently supported by relevant facts. The ordinary British reader who knows American history only in the most general way will find enough material to enable him to follow the argument with intelligence, while if he happens to have a really good knowledge of the historical facts he will be gratified by finding in the text many new ways of interpreting well-known facts. The disappearance of the frontier is worked for all that it is worth, but Professor Farrand ends by convincing us that he is right. I am not so sure about his distinction between the love of money for its own sake, and for the sake of the success that it marks, nor is his gilding of materialism quite satisfactory. It is curious to find ourselves marked off from Europeans, but it is worth noting that an American historian writes: "the primary interest of Englishmen, as well as of Europeans."

Professor Farrand makes it abundantly clear that he appreciates "the ideal, so characteristically American, of better educational facilities available to all," and makes a capital case for its fundamental character by his frequent references to "the republican education which regards all the children as equals." The demand of the workmen, in 1839 at the meeting at Philadelphia, for absolute equality of educational facilities gets its right place in Professor Farrand's work, and receives striking illustration in Dr. Gray's presentation.

This smaller book takes up specifically the educational aspects of American development, and emphasises the demand of the people for practical applications. Dr. Gray can be very technical, as in his contrast between the Ettinger plan and the Gary system, but speaking generally he is eminently untechnical and clear. He realises the enormous possibilities in the General Education Board of New York, with its backing of \$35,000,000 and its bias against the "old learning." But he is optimistic about the future, and reads into the "Opportunity School" of Denver a promise that will fill with dismay many of our educational people who used to speak contemptuously of "education *à la carte*," and who will no doubt now add "education while you wait"; for in that wonderful school "a large number of men and women attend evening classes in one of more special subjects in order to be more efficient the next day." Dr. Gray is very successful in getting at the really significant facts, and rightly lays great stress on the possibilities of the Corporation Schools and on the system of co-operation between the workshops

* "The Development of the United States." By Max Farrand. 10s. 6d. net. (Jack.)—"America at School and at Work." By H. B. Gray. 5s. net. (Nisbet.)

and the higher schools, with a special emphasis on that new group of officials, the "co-ordinators."

These two books have a closer connection than would at first sight appear. Dr. Gray gives the facts as they are at the moment. Professor Farrand explains how they came to be so. Many of us have derived a certain consolation throughout the war by comparing it with the Civil War in America, and we have been cheered by the way in which the parallel has been maintained by the end of the great struggle. Professor Farrand's description of the period of reconstruction after the Civil War is full of interest and instruction at the present moment. Neither of these books can be neglected without loss.

JOHN ADAMS.

ANOTHER SHEAF.*

"Sacred Work" is the title that Mr. Galsworthy has given to the first essay in his new "Sheaf"—an essay dealing with the duty we owe to the returned soldier. And "Sacred Work," interpreted in another sense, might be inscribed over each of the twelve papers that form this collection of moralisings on the difficulties and dangers, the sorrows and hopes, of a war-shattered world. For there is what one might almost call a sanctity of sincerity permeating every page of this volume. Mr. Galsworthy was always the champion of every good cause; he was always among those

"who know no rest

Because the world's wound aches so in their breast";

and he was always ready to fight every dragon that lay in the path of human progress. But, while most men allow the keen edge of their sympathies to be blunted by the passing years, time seems only to have quickened Mr. Galsworthy's fine sensitiveness and his passion for the social and moral salvation of mankind; and through no work that he has given us do these qualities move more like a hot breath of living fire than through the present volume.

It is this fire that gives distinction to a book not otherwise remarkable. Mr. Galsworthy's pleas, and his suggested reforms for the shaping of a better world, are not original. Others have demanded justice for the returned and scarred warrior; others have championed the League of Nations; others have preached a simplification of life; others have insisted that the chief hope—the only hope—for the future of our own country lies in an escape from the present insensate industrialism, and in a return to the Land. But Mr. Galsworthy's service to these ideals is not, as is too commonly the case with reformers, a mere lip service. It is a service of the heart and of the head, trained to work in perfect harmony—that harmony which is so rarely found among men, and the lack of which is responsible for so much of the world's suffering and error. Mr. Galsworthy is terribly in earnest; and so it is that his ideas, familiar as they are in themselves, yet strike the mind of the reader in a fresh and deeply moving way. Indeed, no one could well lay down this book without being impressed with a more vivid realisation of perils ahead, or without feeling aroused in him a now and high sense of duty. The coming years, if they are to carry us at all nearer to the Commonwealth of our dreams, will demand even greater sacrifices than the war has entailed. The real war is only just beginning, and Mr. Galsworthy refuses to cry Peace, Peace, when there is no peace. Thus, he should be avoided by those who pay their prophets to prophesy smooth things. He offers no solace for fools, nor any consolation for the muddle-headed or the vaguely pious. His book is a challenge to the reader—a challenge uncompromisingly stern, albeit so tender and warm-hearted—to cleanse his vision, to shake the dust of apathy from his shoes, to grasp his sword, and not to cease from mental

* "Another Sheaf." By John Galsworthy. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

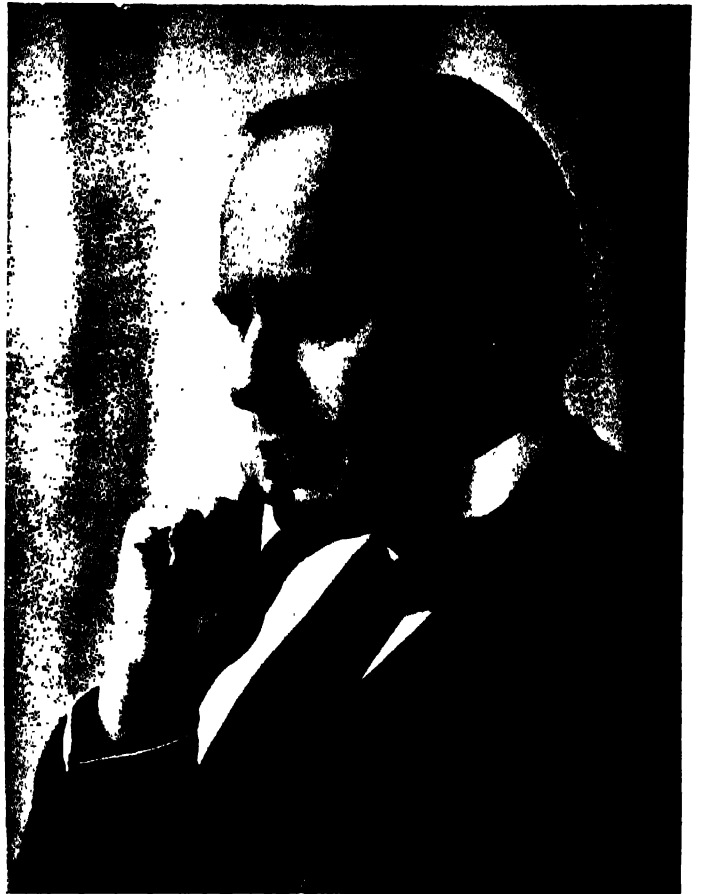


Photo by E. O. Hopf.

Mr. John Galsworthy.

strife until the world has been made safe for democracy, and democracy safe for the world.

Of the two Galsworthy partners, it will be seen that Mr. Galsworthy the moralist has the larger share in the new volume; but Mr. Galsworthy the artist is not altogether a sleeping partner. The author's "Impressions of France," where he was recently engaged for a time in hospital work, abound in those vivid little portraits and landscapes which he can draw so well with a few strokes of the pen; while in the long fantasy of the year 1917, with which the book closes, art and morals attain a union that is rare in its happiness. Altogether, "Another Sheaf" is worthy of its lineage, and confirms one anew in the opinion that, alike in art and in morals, Mr. Galsworthy's work is among the sanest and most humanising influences of the day.

GILBERT THOMAS.

SOME MODERN POETS.*

I am not sure that Miss Enid Bagnold does not draw better than she writes. There is a splendid vigour about the full-rigged galleons—if they are galleons—which scud with bellying sails across the covers (black on blue) of her comely pamphlet of verse; and the little drawings which interrupt her amusing foreword or *apologia* are witty and dainty. But she writes well too, and is at her best in the poem which she has chosen for her title-piece:

"I was a sailor sailing on sweet seas,
Trading in singing birds and humming bees. . . .
But now I sail no more before the breeze.
You were a pirate, met me on the sea,
You spoke with life behind you, suddenly;
You stepped upon my ship and spoke to me.
And while you took my hand and kissed my lips
You sank my ships! You sank my sailing ships!"

Nothing that follows has quite the same immediately haunting quality, but the whole book is full of distinction of thought and charm of expression; so that one hopes

* "The Sailing Ships." By Enid Bagnold. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Margaret Postgate's Poems." 2s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Wheels: A Third Cycle." Edited by Edith Sitwell. 4s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

there is nothing in the threat conveyed in the aforementioned preface that Miss Ragnold's first book of verse is to be her last.

On the other hand when Miss Margaret Postgate writes :

"Because I am happy,
You will get no set songs out of me,"

one can wish her, without reserve, a future of unbroken happiness. There is prettiness here and there in her writing, and when she is being flippant, rather in the manner of Ezra Pound, she is not unamusing. But her verses lack distinction, whether they be of love or of the war, her tone about which is one of resentment against certain hypothetical "captains in high places" who were responsible for it: one wonders by the way whether she realises that even those who do not share her point of view are capable of feeling the pity of the waste of life and youth.

The annual called "Wheels" has reached its third issue. Mr. Arnold James is, I fancy, a new member of the company portrayed on the end-papers by Don Alvaro de Guevara (who also contributes two translations from the Spanish) astride their pegasi and clad in what one presumes to be their singing, or cycling, robes. (Mr. Laurence Atkinson's cover-design, by the way, I give up; is it an aeroplane or a parson?) Otherwise, the contributors are the same as to the earlier volumes, and they display much the same characteristics. Miss Iris Tree still subjects her soul to an anxious scrutiny, some of which might with advantage be transferred to the laws of grammar. Mr. Aldous Huxley's poems, except one which is in French, are in prose, very reminiscent of the French symbolists. Those who remember "The Burning Wheel" will regret this change of medium and hope that it is only temporary. Mr. Sherard Vines is sentimentally satirical, though in "A Song for Grocers" he plays the part of a Herrick of modern commerce:

"Heaven bless grocers' shops wherein
Raisins are with tawny skin,
Murrey wine, and green liqueurs,
Curious spice in canisters,
Honest ham, and mother tea. . ."

and so on for a page and a half. The catalogue poem is very much in vogue; perhaps the fashion was set by Rupert Brooke's "Great Lover."

As for the rest of the contributors to "Wheels," Mr. Osbert Sitwell, with his fauns, is picturesque but not very remarkable, and Miss Elizabeth Sitwell bases an esoteric philosophy on the sensations of the switchback and the merry-go-round and expresses it in verse which at any rate runs easily and has a sort of shop-window attractiveness:

"In the huge and glassy room
Pantaloona with his tail-feather
Spangled like the weather,
Panached, too, with many a plume—
Watched the monkey Fanfreluche
Shivering in his gilded ruche
Fawn upon the piano keys—
Flutter till they answer back
Through the scale of centuries
Difference between white and black."

There is internal evidence that Miss Sitwell considers her method of writing poetry the literary equivalent of cubism in painting.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has undoubtedly better claims to consideration than any of his collaborators, at any rate on the evidence here presented. His verse is sometimes obscure or far-fetched, but he has a very considerable power of capturing and conveying an impression and in no small degree the art of making phrases which are so telling as to seem inevitable: "Grass like a parrot's wing"; "the snub-nosed honey-bees":

"Silence, the cape of Death, lies heavy
Round the bare shoulders of the hills."

But for the complete inevitable poem one searches in vain through the pages of "Wheels."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A GREAT HUMORIST.*

It is hard to understand the blindness of the reading public to genius at any time, but it is peculiarly inexplicable when that genius manifests its art in the comic vein, for humour is at once the rarest and most sought after gift vouchsafed to man.

H. H. Munro has been quietly producing masterpieces in cameo for twenty years, but none save the most devoted adherents of the *Bystander*, the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Morning Post* seem to remember his work. Now that he is dead he may achieve recognition, for his posthumous book, "Toys of Peace," has been most successfully "boomed" and there is talk of a definitive edition appearing shortly. He was, it must be admitted, eclectic in his taste and made no more bid for popularity than he did for a "cushy" job in the war. In the one case he killed his chances of making a fortune or a reputation as a wit, in the second he was killed himself in France as a non-commissioned officer at an age when most men were content to win the war at home.

"Toys of Peace" is not his best work though it is quite characteristic. Only once or twice does he indulge in those scintillating verbal felicities which so delighted us in "Reginald," bizarre twists of phrasology like "we live in a series of rushes—like the infant Moses," "the cook was a good cook as cooks go; and as cooks go she went"; or "There are occasions when Reginald is caviare to the Colonel": his sense of simile is not quite so prodigal although it contains this one gem: "Nowadays the Salvation Army are spruce and jaunty and flamboyantly decorative, like a geranium bed with religious convictions."

For the best of his paradoxes, his Wilde-like epigrams, and his O. Henry-like climaxes we have to go back to "The Chronicles of Clovis" and "Beasts and Super-beasts."

But in the short story which gives its title to the book we see "Saki" once more master in a realm which he shares with a very few; Kenneth Grahame, Eric Parker, Barrie—and who else? Munro's understanding of children can only be explained by the fact that he was in many ways a child himself: his sketches betray a harshness, a love of practical jokes, a craze for animals of the most exotic breeds, a lack of mellow geniality that hint very strongly at the child in the man. Manhood has but placed in his hands a perfect sense of irony and withheld all other adult traits.

In "Toys of Peace" we are shown parents of pacific tendencies endeavouring to divert their children's taste from the lust of war to the excitements of peace by presenting them with toy ploughs in the place of guns, toy city councillors instead of toy soldiers, models of Mrs. Hemans, J. S. Mill and Herschel instead of famous Generals, and models of the Manchester branch of the Y.W.C.A. in the place of forts, with the result that shortly afterwards:

"Peeping in through the doorway Harvey observed that the municipal dustbin had been pierced with holes to accommodate the muzzles of imaginary cannon. J. S. Mill had been dipped in red ink, and apparently stood for Marshal Saxe."

"Louis orders his troops to surround the Y.W.C.A. and seize the lot of 'em: 'Once back at the Louvre and the girls are mine,' he exclaims. We must use Mrs. Hemans again for one of the girls: she says 'Never,' and stabs Marshal Saxe to the heart."

"'He bleeds dreadfully,' exclaimed Bertie, splashing red ink liberally over the façade of the Association building."

Not even Henry James could have taken quite such pains to select names for his so exactly fitting characters: what sort of a name would you choose for an amiable young man without initiative who searches for a wife who won't make "tinkling" conversation over the tea-cups only to find, of course, that every woman does? How does James Cushat-Prinkley fit? Or Crispina Umberleigh for a martinet, or Octavian Ruttle for a keeper of chickens, Alethia Debchance for a girl of Jane Austenish upbringing, or Mark Mellowkent for a certain type of novelist?

* "Toys of Peace." By H. H. Munro ("Saki"). 7s. net. (John Lane.)

There is a pedantic precision about all "Saki's" work that reminds me of the acting of Gladys Ffolliot and Ada King; almost alone among actresses as these two are in the art of knowing how to gain effect by restraint, so is "Saki" almost alone among humorists in the art of slow careful enunciation as of a schoolmaster proving a proposition in geometry.

"There is a goat in my bedroom," observed the bishop.

"Really," I said, "another survivor? I thought all the other goats were done for."

"This particular goat is quite done for," he said, "it is being devoured by a leopard at the present moment. That is why I left the room; some animals resent being watched while they are eating."

In "The Mapped Life" we get for the first time near to the secret of a genius who did not unlock his heart. Here at last, behind the child, the buffoon, the satirist, the eclectic, the aristocrat, the elegant man of the world, we can trace the features of one who discovered that the only way to make life bearable was to laugh at it: "this world of routine" he would seem to be saying "is deadly: keep alive your irresponsible side; turn somersaults physically and mentally cut capers, and keep your eyes on the grotesque: in that alone lies salvation: once you get into your groove you might as well be dead."

With this definite mission in life he aims his barbs at foolish humanity straying pitifully from the paths where real happiness is possible. Meredith would have acclaimed him as a true master of the Comic: posterity will acknowledge him as one of our great writers: only his contemporaries ignored him and their apathy will not be to the credit of their critical ability.

S. P. B. MAIS.

THE BIOLOGY OF WAR.*

Professor G. F. Nicolai, whose adventurous escape by aeroplane from Germany to Denmark was one of the lighter dramatic episodes of the war, wrote his pacifist polemic during his imprisonment in the fortress of Graudenz. Opposed all his life to militarism, he has traversed his subject with Teutonic thoroughness, sometimes with Teutonic ponderosity, and has drawn up a most damning indictment against war showing that it has no right and reasonable place in the normal biological evolution of the human race.

A work of such comprehensive scope which discusses war not only in its biological, but also in its sociological, ethical and philosophical relations, cannot be adequately criticised, or summarised, in a brief review, and we must be content with a very general indication of its character.

The erudition of the book is almost aggressive; from cover to cover it is crammed with learning. Yet it is more than one of those laboriously learned compilations in which the Teuton rejoices; for it is evidently inspired by fervid personal feelings and convictions, and it is, to a large extent, founded on personal research and observation. There is sentiment in the author's science, and love in his learning; and he has the courage to think and to observe for himself, and even those who do not agree with his conclusions will appreciate his goodwill, his courage, and his honesty.

As an instance of his own original observations, we may cite his statement, that he found, on investigation, scarcely a single person of eminence who was procreated in war time, or whose father was a returned soldier. It is rather curious, however, that he does not comment, in this connection, on the increase in number of male children born in war time.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is Chapter II.—"War and the Struggle for Life." The title of the chapter is trite, yet Professor Nicolai's treatment of the subject is brilliant and illuminating. In this chapter the author points out that the struggle for existence, and for "a

* "The Biology of War." By Professor G. F. Nicolai. 21s. net. (Dent.)

place in the sun" need not be so cruel and fratricidal, since there is "a place in the sun," and enough to eat, for a million times as many men as there are at present in the world. As is beginning to be realised to-day, not destruction but production is the remedy for over-population. What we have to learn is how to obtain and utilise the enormous amounts of energy still unutilised, and that is what science is ever teaching the world. Agriculture and machinery, which have played such a large part in this war, might by themselves prevent war altogether.

Take agriculture:

"Whereas each square metre of ground could accommodate 440 lbs. of living substance, in reality it supports only about 0.4 grm. of human substance (that is, only $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of what is possible), 10 grms. of animal substance (that is, only $\frac{1}{10,000}$ of what is possible), 1,000 grms. of plant substance (that is, only $\frac{1}{1,000}$ of what is possible)."



Dr. G. F. Nicolai.

From "The Biology of War" (Dent).

Still more illuminating is the following table from page 49:

Population, in round numbers, which the earth could support at different periods:		
Barbaric period	100,000,000
Agrarian period	{ present	1,500,000,000
	{ maximum	20,000,000,000
Period of full utilisation of energy		3,000,000,000,000,000."

Take machinery. Even at present, about eight times as much labour is being done by coal as by human arms, and there is enough energy in Niagara alone to do a third of all human labour. Yet, there is no end to the possibilities of machinery in the future; and Professor Nicolai declares: "a machinery victory is the only possible victory which Man can still win to-day."

We wonder, however, that Professor Nicolai forgot to mention the prodigious energy of the atom which we have still to learn to utilise. When Sir J. J. Thomson and his co-workers have taught us how to do this, every man will have thousands of horse-power at his disposal.

As we have said, Professor Nicolai discusses war from many other sides, and the following titles of some of the chapters will give an idea of his comprehensive outlook—"Selection by Means of War"; "How War is being Metamorphosed"; "The Different Species of Patriotism"; "Unjustifiable Jingoism"; "The Justification for a National Sentiment of Individuality"; "The War as an Organism"; "War and Poetry"; "War and Religion."

Professor Nicolai is unsparing in his attacks on Prussian militarism, on the pen-and-ink fury of the German journalists, and on the lies employed by the war party to provoke and perpetuate hatred. Such public condemnation of his own nation may seem unpatriotic, but surely a wise and true patriot not only loves what is good, but hates what is evil in his fatherland; and no one can read the author's chapters on patriotism without perceiving that his views on the question are sound and sane.

Perhaps the chief faults of the book are that it somewhat lacks unity and that its style is rather heavy.

The book was founded on material collected for lectures and it reads better as a series of lectures than as a connected book. Each chapter points the same moral and drives home the same lesson, that war is a blunder and a crime; and the effect is cumulative and summative; but the liaison between the chapters is not always apparent, nor are they always mutually exclusive. But this is not a great fault, and the other fault we have mentioned—the heaviness of the style—is not unfrequently mitigated by brilliant phrases almost Gallic in their trenchant precision. Thus:

"Struggle is everywhere: it is only the methods of carrying it on which vary. The fox's way of struggling with the hare is to eat it up; the hare's way of struggling with the deer is to eat up her food.

"The eater has really far less to do with regulating the numbers of the eaten than vice versa."

Professor Nicolai surely forgets the moon and the tides when, on page 45, he declares that "without the sun this earth would be a body ever in repose—the repose of death"; and it is strange to find him believing in the transmission of acquired characters, and stating that ancestral wars, and cannibalism, and other past experiences "have left indelible traces on the human soul."

The book is full of interest and inspiration, and is perhaps the most important work on the biology and sociology of war that has yet appeared from the pen of an anti-militarist.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

THE LAST POEMS OF EDWARD THOMAS.*

The Last Poems of Edward Thomas deepen the impression made by the volume published in the year of his death. Things that in the earlier book were sharp and vivid are made the sharper and more vivid, lights at first sudden and brilliant are the more sudden and brilliant, by the additional poems now issued. There is nothing new to say, but everything to say over again with clearer conviction and less need of expressing it. Much has been written concerning the acuteness of his observation, the knowledge that gave understanding to his observation and the English spirit that moves in many of the best of the poems; and nothing has been said in excess. To the present writer it seems that there is one aspect of the new volume which calls for notice beyond that given to it in the first volume—the singularly absorbed and unconscious presentation of the poet's own mind. He is to be read in his poetry as nowhere else—not in his prose, not in his friends' affectionate remembrance of him. Imaginative literature, and the art of poetry more than any other art, is of no significance if it fails to preserve and communicate as a living image—not as a cold photograph but as a breathing substance—the personality of the artist. That personality can be communicated indirectly through the character of others, as with Dostoevsky, or through the character of a landscape, as with Thomas Hardy; or directly and without any such medium, as in these poems of Edward Thomas. Few poets have made so free and candid a revelation of their minds. He seldom speaks dramatically, and is at no pains to raise an illusion of representative speech. He is not a mouthpiece, but a

* "Last Poems." By Edward Thomas. 4s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

man speaking with his own voice, and speaking of natural objects, of English things, of common sights and sounds, but with most passion of his own desires, despairs, loves, blindnesses, self-torturings, his own mental nights and flashing days. But there is no sense of egotism or of monotony, because he identifies so completely the thing seen with the mind that sees and gives you, when you read his own vision of the external world, clear, brief glimpses into that not less mingled, minute world which was himself. Hence there are poems which you will say are characteristically Edward Thomas's, and scenes in poems essentially his scenes; just as there are thoughts which are wholly his own thoughts. He is singular without making any effort to be singular; his poems attract because they are written for the ease and activity of his own changing spirit, and without a thought of how it strikes a contemporary. Hence their style is sometimes a little abnormal, their rhythm a little abrupt and uncertain; he uses inversion at times a little carelessly, or is too sudden in his transitions. Seldom is he other than clear, clear with a chill, silver dawn-light; for his purpose in writing is to make clearer what is dark to him, to give a body to the bodiless thought, to express and so to cure the fret of time, self and circumstance.

Isolated in spirit he cries:

"And now an ash grove far from those hills can bring
The same tranquillity in which I wander a ghost
With a ghostly gladness, as if I heard a girl sing

"The song of the Ash Grove soft as love uncrossed,
And then in a crowd or in distance it were lost
But the moment unveiled something unwilling to die
And I had what most I desired, without search or desert or cost"

And when he hears an unknown bird:

"... I cannot tell
If truly never anything but fair
The days were when he sang, as now they seem.
This surely I know, that I who listened then,
Happy sometimes, sometimes suffering
A heavy body and a heavy heart,
Now straightway, if I think of it, become
Light as that bird wandering beyond my shore."

So brightness springs from perplexity. He has forgotten many dear things, but remembers one thing—"an empty thingless name":

"Because Spring after Spring
Some thrushes learn to say it as they sing . . .
Over and over again, a pure thrush word."

After a night of frost, in the freshness of an early morning:

"I could sit
And think I had made the loveliness of prime,
Breathed its life into it and were its lord,
And no mind lived save this 'twixt clouds and rime.
. . . But the end fell like a bell."

The isolation and the stillness are resumed at the end of every poem. Pure ecstasy in this poet is rare, though secure, but he rises serenely to it here:

"Though I am like a river
At fall of evening while it seems that never
Has the sun lighted it or warmed it, while
Cross breezes cut the surface to a file,
This heart, some fraction of me, happily
Floats through the window even now to a tree
Down in the misting, dim-lit, quiet vale,
Not like a 'pewit that returns to wail
For something it has lost, but like a dove
That slants unswerving to its home and love.
There I find my rest, and through the dusk air
Flies what yet lives in me. Beauty is there."

Sometimes the expression becomes painful in its intimacy: the words are so quiet, the things so piercing. There are no apostrophes, no generalities, no formalities. When you turn from these personal things you will find the purest of natural beauty caught in its movement and vivacity, or in its rest as in "The Wasp Trap" with the round music of:

"Nothing on earth,
And in the heaven no star,
For pure brightness is worth
More than that jar,

"For wasps meant, now
A star—long may it swing
From the dead apple-bough,
So glistening."

In such poems as this he is disengaged from his passions and questions. The smells of digging and burning; a barn and its starlings—its thatch now dung for the grass; periwinkle crawling "with flowers in its hair into the wood"; the air that "triumphs with its two voices of wind and rain"; the aspens along the road of his own home; the roads that he knew and loved; finches, grasses, weeds—the whole vitality of earth and sense is his and is his theme.

And then in a few other poems he is identified not merely with the life of the fields and woods but with those who breathe this earthly air with him, "though I meet but stranger's eyes":

"Never again, perhaps, after to-morrow,
shall
I see these homely streets, these church
windows alight,
Not a man or woman or child among
them all:
But it is All Friends' Night, a traveller's
good-night."

It is a traveller's good-night that he bids us in these poems.

JOHN FREEMAN

SIR JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER.*

Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, O.M., G.C.S.I., came of an old and distinguished family which has long been associated with Exeter. In the sixteenth century John Hooker was a famous Exeter man. He was the first Chamberlain of the city; he was the author of a work, still preserved in the city archives, on the antiquities of Exeter; he was the founder, under a charter from Queen Mary, of the first "Guild of Merchant Adventurers"; he was the kinsman of John Oxenham, Drake's comrade, and was the first Englishman to sail on the Pacific; he was an adventurer with Sir Peter Carew into Ireland where he became a member of the Irish Parliament in 1568; and, above all, he was the uncle and patron of Richard, the "Judicious" Hooker, whose educational expenses he paid for. The modern Hooker family traces its origin from Valentine Hooker, son of the Vicar of Caerhaye in Cornwall. A descendant of his, Joseph, seventh in line from John the famous Chamberlain, set up in business in Norwich in the late eighteenth century. He married Lydia Vincent, and so brought into the Hooker family that strain of artistic talent that was part of the heritage of his grandson, Joseph Dalton Hooker. Lydia Vincent was the cousin of George Vincent who, one of the lights of the Norwich School, had studied with J. S. Cotman and with J. B. Crome under "Old Crome." In 1785 was born to Joseph and Lydia Hooker their son William Jackson Hooker who, though eclipsed by the fame of his son, was himself an accomplished botanist. By his marriage with Maria Turner, daughter of Dawson Turner, the elder Hooker introduced into his son's stock yet more excellent blood; for Dawson Turner's mother was Elizabeth Cotman, and Dawson Turner himself, who was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and like Grote, Bagehot and Lubbock, was a banker with literary, artistic and scientific tastes, was a Fellow of the Linnean Society, of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Society.

William Jackson Hooker, who inherited a property from a relative, lost a good deal of money in running a brewery,

* "The Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, O.M., G.C.S.I." By Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. 36s. net. (John Murray.)

Dante and his Book.

By Domenico di Michelino.
From "Cambridge Readings in Literature." Edited by George Sampson (Cambridge University Press).
Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

and subsequently turned his knowledge of plants to account by becoming Professor of Botany at Glasgow University. Joseph Hooker was accordingly educated at the local High School and University, and brought up from his childhood among plants soon became an ardent student of botany. How in 1841 William Hooker came up to London to take up the position of Director of Kew Gardens, how in the forties Joseph Dalton, in the capacity of surgeon and naturalist, accompanied Captain Ross on his Antarctic expedition, how in the sixties he went to India with Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, and penetrated into Tibet, and how he obtained on these two journeys the specimens required for his two great papers, the "Essay on the Flora of the Antarctic" and the "Essay on the Vegetation of India," readers must discover for themselves from the pages of Mr. Leonard Huxley's "Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Dalton." What must, however, be pointed out is that both the Antarctic and the India expeditions were significant as the starting points only of Joseph Hooker's researches. What they procured him was merely the material for his investigations, which could only be carried to a successful issue by years of patient labour in the laboratory. "The fame of Joseph Hooker as a philosophical biologist" (says Professor F. O. Bowyer) "rests on his two masterly essays. But neither of these was a mere inspiration of the moment. They were the outcome of arduous journeys to observe and to collect and subsequently of careful analysis of the specimens and the facts." The dates of publication bear this out. The "Essay on the Antarctic Flora" appeared about twenty years after the completion of the voyage. The "Essay on the Vegetation of India" was not published till more than half a century after Hooker first set foot in India. Of Joseph Hooker's official honours, of his succession to his father's position at Kew Gardens, of his Presidency of the Royal Society, of his elevation to the Grand Cross of the Star of India, of his accession in the evening of his life to the Order of Merit, of the countless honours conferred on him by foreign governments and societies, on all these points we lack space to dilate. Nor can we dwell on the invaluable assistance which Hooker rendered to Darwin on the botanical side during fifteen of the twenty years in which the materials for "The Origin of Species" were being amassed. We may state, however, that soon after the death of Hooker he was

selected by the Japanese as "one of the twenty-nine heroes of the world that modern times have produced"; and we may claim for him that having in his "*Flora Tasmaniae*" maintained the mutability of species, and based his opinion, as Darwin stated, on "his own self-thought," he may justly be regarded as the protagonist among botanists of the doctrine of Evolution.

There is much more in these two delightful volumes than we can convey any hint of; particularly are they rich in the tale of Hooker's staunch friendships with those fixed stars of science, Darwin, Lyell, and Huxley. But we have said enough, we hope, to commend them to all those who would make the acquaintance of that rarity, a great man of science devoid of sectionalism and rancour and equipped with a charming personality.

A DISPENSER OF BALSAMS.*

In this collection of her latest war poems, supplemented by others of less tragical and "topical" interest, Mrs. Hinkson again shows herself the practised physician of a mind diseased. Those who want a skilled diagnosis of the disease must look elsewhere; there is here no attempt at analysis of the world's war fever, nor any suggestion for its prevention or cure. The dispensary, not the laboratory, is this healer's province: and within it she has few equals. Her balsams are of sovereign efficacy, and the herbs from which they are distilled have the fragrance which only the Muses' gardens can produce for the world's refreshing.

The various sections of the book give a clear index of its scope and aim, in its separate parts as in the coherent whole built up from them. "Myrrh and Amaranth," in commemorating the sacrifice of the heroic dead, touches it with something of the light of their immortality; nor forgets that other sacrifice of those who return from the horrors of a living death, with its scars on face and heart alike, even where both soul and body have escaped intact. "Love-Lies-Bleeding, with Woundwort"—how eloquent is the title, of both the pang and the relief! The "Pansies" are dream-flowers, heavy with the dew of dreams: thoughts or rather fancies (they lie too lightly for genuine thought's austerities and perplexities) of the girl's world unforgotten by the woman, of the mother's who gives her daughter in marriage; of house and garden, wind and colour and sunset light; of Dark Rosaleen, and of the last silence where even the "Song of Going" is gone. And the "Ladders to Heaven" are such as this Muse climbs with accustomed ease, by the rungs revealed only in the light seen from within and reflected from above.

Something of war-weariness—that cloud which brooded so heavily over the world till November's burst of sunshine dispelled it—has touched these poems; something depriving them of the enchanting spontaneity of the "Flower of Youth" volume, though the tender and gallant spirit of the singer is seen uncrushed, and in all essentials unchanged. The fascinating irregularities of the verse are here too: those syncopated notes which often achieve a charm beyond the skill of players in faultless *tempo*, though here and there a stricter discipline would be welcome. But what really matters is that here, as in the former war books, is the touch incomparable for healing; the tender hand laying wound-wort and heartsease on the scars of all the world. Here, for example, is availing comfort for the mothers of the untimely dead:

"... The wise lads, the dear lads, the pathway's dewy green
For the little Knights of Paradise of eighteen and nineteen;
They run the road to Heaven, they are singing as they go,
And the blood of their sacrifice has washed them white as snow.

"The young mothers' darlings, ah, who would bid them stay?
The short road to Heaven's a green and pleasant way;
They run singing and leaping, they will be in before
The night darkens on them—and there's God at the door."

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

* "*Herb o' Grace.*" By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Sldgwick & Jackson.)

WHAT MEN LIVE BY.*

Mr. W. L. George is plainly a Latin in temperament. That is to say, he is not romantic or sentimental or fuzzy like the usual Englishman, but precise, lucid, and logical like the usual Frenchman. His present volume, a collection of essays upon subjects of the day, deals with the matters that make people get hot in argument and demand academic impossibilities or enunciate obvious hypocrisies. But Mr. George's Christian name (undisclosed) is certainly not Hotairio. He is neither excited nor extreme, and he disdains hypocrisy as decisively as humbug. He puts down in quiet and reasonable print, not the exaggerations we pretend to believe in, but the compromises we have to live by.

It is good for us all to have writings of this calm and honest kind. No polity, no institution, no individual life exists wholesomely if there is an abyss between the theory and practice of conduct. The nation that pretends to have both a representative constitution and a divinely-appointed monarch finds itself ultimately in the present position of Germany. Honesty really is the best policy. If we habitually lie to ourselves, if we deliberately fill our minds with cant about the things that matter, we are committing that dim and deadly sin against the spirit. We may pray or we may not pray; we cannot pray with our tongues in our cheeks.

The future of the world depends upon the extent to which we can reconcile faith and conduct—that is to say, it depends upon our having principles by which we can live, and living by the principles we have. Samuel Butler put the matter with his usual inspired irreverence when he said (in effect) that the whole difficult duty of man consists in serving both God and Mammon. The unpardonable sin is to pretend that the worship of Mammon is really the worship of God.

Upon Nationality, Puritanism, Marriage, and the Position of Women, Mr. George discourses with the same lucidity that befits "such a being as man in such a world as the present." We shall not all agree with everything he says, but that is unimportant; what we have to do is to ascertain what we think, and to agree with ourselves—much more difficult than to agree with our adversaries. Mr. George's topics, it will be observed, are the pet subjects of the hot-air merchants (Swift foresaw them, and called them the "Aeolists"), whose existence depends upon the extent to which they can fill the minds of their readers or auditors with the aggressive moral hypocrisy that is so fatal to principle and conduct in states and individuals alike. We may laugh at the stump orator; we must beware of the stunt orator. To poison the mind with cant is as criminal as to poison the body with cancer.

Mr. George strikes out some very quotable judgments, as when he remarks: "True love says, not 'Will you be mine?' but 'May I be yours?'" And thus: "People marry as casually as they learn to play golf, but they take more pains with golf." Often he provokes our question, and even our decided dissent, but he never leaves us in doubt about his meaning and his tendency. Perhaps the most generally attractive of the papers is that called "The Gentlest Art"—the art of keeping in love, the art of making marriage a success. Mr. George's views are far indeed from the usual Victorian-cum-Albertian hypocrisies on the subject of marriage, and he is insistent upon liberal and easy terms of divorce; but his theme, nevertheless, is expressible in a parody of a famous saying: "*Si le mariage n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer*," and he points out what in fact is simply unquestionable, namely, that marriage does really fill an elementary human need, and that no satisfactory substitute for it has ever been devised.

The position is admirably summed up in the old phrase from the Liturgy, that we take each other for better or worse. The task is to make the worse better and the better best. And it is a task, in the sense that it is a

* "*Eddies of the Day.*" By W. L. George. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

PELMANISM AND ENERGY.

"It Brings Your Mind Into Action At Once," writes a Pelman Student.

In Business and Commercial Life—as, in fact, in every other sphere of human activity—permanent success can only be won by those who possess energy, and energy rightly directed.

Perhaps more men and women have failed in life through lack of energy and application than from any other causes, and very frequently these failures have been the most disappointing and saddening of all failures, the failures of men and women of brilliant mental ability.

Lack of energy is one of the weaknesses which often seems to dog the footsteps of clever people. All through their lives their talents have proved their undoing. So quick are they at "picking up" things that they are apt to be tempted to neglect that steady application and mental discipline which is so necessary for those who wish to succeed in any undertaking. The fable of the hare and the tortoise has many a counterpart in contemporary life. People are attracted by the intellectual brilliance of an individual, they trust him, they give him opportunities—and then they are disappointed. He never quite "gets there." He is bored by routine. He lets opportunity after opportunity slip by. He gets the reputation of being "unreliable." And finally he is passed in the race of progress by those who may not possess his talents, but who have acquired that habit of persistent energy which he lacks.

THE POWER-HOUSE OF ENERGY.

One of the most valuable features of Pelmanism to the men and women of the day is that, in addition to providing a complete course of mental discipline and training, and besides "bringing out" just those qualities which are of the greatest use in every Profession, Business, and Occupation, it actually develops, and, in fact, generates that energy which enables those who possess it to put their other faculties to the very best possible use. To those who apply themselves conscientiously to the lessons of the Pelman Course, Pelmanism is a veritable Power-House of Energy. As a Pelman student writes in a letter quoted below, "it brings your mind into action at once," so that you never, through lack of energy and alertness, let an opportunity slip by. It makes you, in fact, "a live wire"; one of those men and women who are invaluable to any business and in every position; one of those who, practically speaking, are almost bound to succeed.

"The 'little grey book,' which impressed me very much," writes the student referred to, "was the one which dealt with Human Energy. It brings your mind into action at once. . . . It makes you feel you are of some use to every one. It makes you think for yourself. You cannot help being energetic. It makes your work come quite easy, and you take a great interest in your achievements. You feel that you must keep on working hard, for only by hard work and human energy can success come your way. I am sure that, with energy, your character changes and your mental faculties improve. You begin to feel happier, you like your work . . . and you jump at the chance of a more responsible job coming your way. I am sure we all have our definite aims and only human energy will help us to carry them to the end."

"AN ALL-ROUND MENTAL RENAISSANCE."

As the above letter implies, Pelmanism not only re-energises the mind but it develops other valuable qualities as well, all of which make for efficiency in man or woman. This is stated more definitely in a letter recently received from a Sergeant in the Army:

"I have experienced," he says, "an all-round mental renaissance. I have learned the meaning of mental efficiency; I have come to appreciate its value; I have been brought to realise the importance of a good memory; I have been taught how to generate energy; the efficiency of my senses has been wonderfully improved—I 'observe' now where I merely 'saw' before; my Will-Power has been greatly strengthened; I have learned to think connectedly and to work methodically; I have been shown

how to concentrate; self-confidence and initiative have been developed; and my imagination has been stimulated. Other benefits I have derived, but it is unnecessary to proceed further—they are too numerous to enumerate here. Still, I have to admit that they are all attributable to 'Pelmanism.' Mark you, I do not speak at random, my eulogy is bestowed advisedly, for my improvement is self-evident and unmistakable."

He concludes with a reference to the "pleasure" he has experienced in going through the course and working out the papers, which, he says—as many thousands have also said—are extraordinarily interesting."

RAPID PROGRESS SECURED.

The result of developing these qualities is quickly seen in the rapid progress the Pelmanist makes in business and commercial life. His or her increased efficiency attracts the notice of the management, and promotion with increased remuneration follows.

"Prior to being a Pelman student," writes a correspondent, "I watched with envy others succeed where I failed, and I wished I had been born with the qualities to succeed, as they had been."

"Then I applied Pelman methods and in three months am well on the way to succeed as they did."

It is a common fallacy to suppose, as this student supposed, until Pelmanism disproved the idea, that the qualities which make for success in life are "born" in the minds of a few exceptionally favoured individuals and that others do not possess them at all. Most people possess these qualities in some form, but in 99 cases out of 100 they are not developed and are therefore made of little use. Pelmanism develops these qualities to the highest possible point of efficiency and brings out the best that is in every one. And such is the value of Pelmanism in business that many important firms have actually enrolled their entire staffs for a course of Pelman training, knowing that the cost of the fees—and these fees are very moderate and well within the reach of every one—would be repaid over and over again in the increased efficiency of their employees. And employers find Pelmanism equally as valuable to themselves as to those they employ. Thousands of workers and hundreds of leading business and professional men are now practising Pelmanism themselves and gaining great advantages from the course.

DOUBLING YOUR EARNING POWER.

A greatly appreciated feature is the personal interest the Pelman Institute takes in the welfare of its students. As the result of the advice given by the Pelman instructors, "I have," writes one, "obtained a position in a firm where I always desired to go, and my salary has been increased nearly 50 per cent." And many Pelmanists report income-increases of 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 600 per cent. as the result of the increased efficiency gained from Pelman-training. "It is the best investment I have ever made," is a phrase repeatedly occurring in the letters received from delighted Pelmanists. And by this increased efficiency not only is earning-power doubled and trebled, but work is made easier so that better work can be done in less time and with less fatigue. "I have been able to add two hours daily to my business working capacity," writes a Pelman student, and many report an even greater gain than this.

Yet the Pelman Course itself is perfectly easy to understand and to follow. It involves very little expenditure either of time or of money, and it is as interesting to study as it is remunerative to practise. Full particulars are given in "Mind and Memory" which will be sent you free on application, together with a reprint of "Truth's" latest Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the Course complete at a reduced fee. You can apply by letter or post card to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses:—46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

permanent duty. Too often we proceed as if marriage were the one human institution that need not be kept in repair. It is indubitably true that marriages, real marriages, are made in heaven; but they have to be maintained on earth.

The oddest paper in Mr. George's volume, one that appears something of an intruder, is what seems to be an address to business men upon mental organisation. Though a little out of harmony with the others, it embodies some sound sagacity which everybody can profitably apply to daily life. Indeed, sage common sense is the note of the whole volume, which will supply sensible people with something to talk about and even more to think about.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS.*

It would be almost impossible to write uninterestingly on the subject Mr. Osborn has taken for "The New Elizabethans," and he has handled it so ably, with such knowledge and sympathy, that it grows under his hand to one of the most poignantly interesting, as it will be one of the most valued, of the many books that have been occasioned by the war. In a series of intimate biographies and character studies he tells the life history of twenty-five young men of high distinction or of promise who laid down their lives in France, Flanders or Gallipoli. Twenty-two of them served in our own armies; one, Guy Drummond, was a Canadian poet; two, Harry Butters and Alan Seeger, who is to America what Rupert Brooke is to England, were Americans.

Some of these men—Harold Chapin, the dramatist, for instance, that brilliant critic, Dixon Scott, and "Tom" Kettle, the Irish barrister, professor, M.P., poet and essayist—had achieved no small measure of renown before the war; and before the war Hugh and John Charlton had done work in ornithology and nature study that seemed to mark them out as men who might one day prove co-heirs of fame with Richard Jefferies. Before the war, too, nearly all the poetry of Robert Sterling was written, but it was the war that ripened swiftly the literary gifts of Donald Hankey, brought a stronger, deeper note into the poems of Charles Hamilton Sorley, Richard Dennys and Noel Hodgson, and inspired Julian Grenfell with his one great lyric, "Into Battle." It is the men themselves, those lesser known as well as these, their vivid, gallant personalities, the stories of how the war touched them to fine issues, that hold your interest. Reading, you are moved to admiration, to praise, to regret, but not to pity—their heroism lifts them too high for that. None was more peace-loving than John Charlton, and the courage with which he died is characteristic of them all. He was shot in the great attack on I.a Boisselle, and when he fell, says his orderly, who leaned over him and took his head upon his knee, "I spoke to him three times, I got no answer, and then he just looked up at me, and put his hand down my face, and said, 'Is that you, Joe?' which was the name he called me by, 'for God's sake, sonny, push on,' and died at that."

Mr. Osborn rightly names them the new Elizabethans, for, as he says, "they had the Elizabethan exuberance. They were as various and insatiate and adventurous in the art of living as were the old Elizabethans"; they had the Elizabethan love of country and "instinct of brotherliness"; and "they were all scholars and sportsmen and poets—even if they did not write poetry, they had a conviction that life ought to be lived poetically." And they lived it so, and that splendour is about their memories.

The volume is illustrated with thirty excellently reproduced portraits and sketches.

* "The New Elizabethans." By E. B. Osborn. Illustrated. 66s. net. (John Lane.)

A BROKEN JOURNEY.*

The sub-title is rather long, and would be better understood by the untravelled if it said "Yellow River" and "lower reaches," but this volume may be quickly read sitting by the fire, reflecting at every page, "Thank goodness, there is no kink in my character forcing me to undergo such discomfort." To others it may pleasantly recall like but more enjoyable experiences, shared by a sympathetic companion, attended by excellent servants and with no need of interpreters: also untroubled by that characteristic that seems to impel Mrs. Gaunt out of all modes of travel always to choose the most disagreeable. Were a foreigner to insist on travelling through our Black Country, and by by-ways, and, let us say, mounted on a sorry donkey, she, if a woman, would probably meet various experiences! Mrs. Gaunt met hers cheerfully, but was it quite wise to invite them? She started riding a pack mule! but very soon found that was a mistake—for her; took to a mule litter, and seems to have been *lifted* in and out. Where the traveller is not so very tall, and the mules are, that method has advantages. But in Siberia she describes herself as still *lifted*! It is to be supposed she is not a woman of weight. Her book certainly is not heavy. She starts, it seems, to meet White Wolf, a brigand ravaging the country she decides to travel through; but when she gets nearer turns precipitately, giving up that journey—certainly a very wise step. She first sees the Yellow River! But the Yellow River is on view in much nearer, more convenient places, even from the windows of trains, furnished with sleepers.

After having put up wherever she could, in missionary houses and at their expense, she sets off to return home across Siberia, but—in a manner somewhat confusing to anyone not reading with an atlas handy—turns east instead of west, till she arrives in Saghalien with the ocean all round it and "'danger—danger from men.' 'Do they steal?' said I, surprised. 'And kill,' he added with conviction." Having travelled with a pretty young woman along the Amur I remember her telling me she had been governess in a family in Saghalien. None of my fellow travellers would believe in such a family, saying firmly, "The only women sent there are murderesses." I refused to accept this young woman as a murderess; to believe her a governess was easier, though that also—Seven days after leaving Blagovestchensk, scene of the most horrible, wholesale murder before Bolshevism, Mrs. Gaunt came "in contact with the world war" and after that there is fresh excitement in every page.

The Siberian half of her book is therefore the most interesting, but although she must have been in China before (see her "A Woman in China") she writes of Chinese wedding ceremonies with as much freshness as if she had never even heard of them. She expresses forcibly her pity for Chinese women with their crippled feet—yet, apparently, not unbound on the route she took. But if heartfelt, surely her pity would have prompted her to carry placards and leaflets telling the ignorant people how the educated classes had abandoned this cruel custom, and the government denounced it. Had she distributed such leaflets, or better still sold them—Chinese understand selling best—she would have been welcomed everywhere as one who does good works. And that she did not do this, travelling through a part of China which it seems no one ever could visit for pleasure, makes of this broken journey, that might have been so fruitful of good, a lost opportunity. The reader will none the less find her pages on the subject lively reading, and will be himself insensibly drawn on to follow Mrs. Gaunt not only to the Yellow River and back again, but backwards and forwards through Siberia.

ALICIA LITTLE.

* "A Broken Journey: Wanderings from the Hoang Ho to the Island of Saghalien and the Upper Reaches of the Amur River." By Mary Gaunt. 18s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

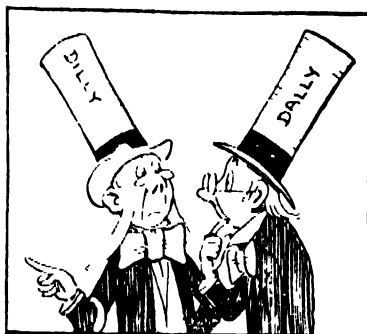
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MODERN INDIAN POETRY.*

It is inevitable that a deep religious note should run through Indian poetry, for the Indian is deeply religious by nature, and remains so in spite of modernist tendencies. Mr. Thadani's long poem, "Krishna's Flute," is almost a condensed metrical translation of the "Bhagvad Gita," which has exerted greater influence upon the Indian masses than any other spiritual or ethical composition. He manages to preserve the original atmosphere though, I regret to note, his rhyme is often weak and his rhythm halting. Here is an example of the poet at his best:

"Arjun! arise—by action is the world;
And action is the warrior's living breath.
Behold the banners of thy foes unfurled,
And hear their thunder shouts of war and death.
Arise and slay them. Nothing perisheth—
Arise, the hour approacheth, nor employ
Thy mind in idle doubts, devoid of faith.
Thy duty calls thee—seek in it thy joy:
Thy deeds are Mine—I charge thee, rise—fight and destroy!"

Mr. Thadani's shorter poems are varied, indicating, in some measure, the multifarious moods and multitude of interests of modern Indians. The one entitled "The Motherland" breathes the Nationalist spirit that has been greatly quickened by India's contact with Britain and the Western world:

"Let all colours and castes and confusions of creeds,
Be silenced for ever in the music of Love."

In spite of his religious fervour, Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyay has an eye for colour, a nature deeply sensitive to the joys—and the sorrows—of life. Indeed, he imparts to his poems a sensuous touch that abounds in poetry written by Indians in their various languages—more especially Urdu. He writes:

"I am athirst for one glimpse of your beautiful face, O Love!
Veiled in the mystical silence of stars and the purple of skies.

"Thrill me with radiant rapture, O Love! of your ravishing
flute,
Folding my silence in song, and my sorrow in silver eclipse,
Shaping my heart into flower, and the flower of my heart
into fruit
Meet for your orchards of light, and the touch of your luminous
lips.

"Cast in the shadowy deeps of my being, your love like a spark,
Fan it to magical flame, till my dead heart burst into fire,
Swing, like a censor, my dream of devotion, O Love! through
the dark,
Turn into tumults of incense my richly-pulsating desire!"

The poet is but nineteen, and has not of course achieved the sure touch of the fully developed man. It is true that here and there he lays on his colours too thick, sometimes overworks his metaphor, and every now and again leaves his theme in such a shape that the Western reader may find it difficult to understand, and even conventional. His are, however, the defects of youth, and certainly venial. On the other hand, the charm of his poetry is all-conquering. Here is a choice bit:

"The noon, a mystic dog with paws of fire,
Runs through the sky in ecstasy of drouth,
Licking the earth with tongues of golden flame
Set in a burning mouth.

"It floods the forests with loud barks of light,
And chases its own shadows on the plains. . . .
Its Master silently hath set it free
Awhile from silver chains.

"At last, towards the cinctured end of day,
It drinks cool draughts from sunset-mellow rills. . . .
Then, chained to twilight by its Master's hand,
It sleeps among the hills."

In his characteristically Irish introduction to Mr. Chattopadhyay's poems, Mr. James H. Cousins—the Irish poet—touches upon a knotty problem raised by the penchant that Indians show for writing poetry in English. He is afraid that such verse may menace "India's literary and

national future in the possible drawing away of other young poets from their true instrument of expression in their mother-tongue."

Infinite will be the pity if Mr. Cousins's fears are realised to any degree. Movements of national revival in India are producing poets, litterateurs, and artists. The ordered, progressive, continuous growth of these revivals is vital to Indian evolution.

At this stage of Indian history there is, however, little danger that these movements may become menaced by Indians becoming so infatuated with English that they may neglect their own languages. The reason is twofold. First, the phase during which they were glamourised by Western institutions has passed away; and as the days pass by they will become more and more discriminating, not only in regard to non-Indian ideas and institutions, but in regard to their own. Second, Indian capacity is so flexible that so long as the national consciousness among Indians is sensitive, the acquisition of skill in writing English—and even the attainment to that height where English poetry oozes out of their soul—will not take so much out of them as to starve expression in national and provincial languages.

How very few Indians have really written good English poetry! Many Indians have, of course, written English verse—and good verse at that. But I speak of poetry with the genuine feeling, with real fire, with beauty and power and universal appeal. Curiously, the only Indians who, I feel, have written anything like such poetry in English are all Bengalis—Madhusdan Dutt, Toru Dutt, Sarojini Naidu, and now young Chattopadhyay. The first two are dead. The latter two are sister and brother. I have not included Sir Rabindranath Tagore in the list, for he only translates his Bengali verse into English.

For every Indian who attempts verse in English there are scores who write poetry in one or another of Indian languages. During recent years much good verse has been inspired by the Nationalist impulse and quite recently by the war. I give one example of Indian war poetry:

"Remember, Son, now battle's death fires burn,
There must be no inglorious return!"

O thou that art my life, O Son of mine,
Do deeds of valour that thy name shall shine
In brave men's memories like the evening star,
Gleaming sereno above the fields of war.
And thus the age shall hail thee with acclaim,
The Emperor approve: thy happy name
The Motherland shall cherish lovingly,
Keeping alive thy holy memory,
And it shall burn like flaming flags unfurled
Emblazoned in the annals of the world."

The original poem was written by Pundit Brij Mohan Dattatriya in Urdu. My translation has been put into verse by Mrs. Jessie Duncan Westbrook, a Scottish poet who is doing a noble work in making Indian poetry available to lovers of English poetic literature through small volumes containing choice Indian treasures faithfully and feelingly rendered into English verse.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

FORTY DAYS IN 1914.*

"Forty Days in 1914" is a welcome addition to the books that deal with the momentous first six weeks of the world war, for Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice was very much behind the scenes at that period; he witnessed many of the incidents he describes; and moreover, as is common knowledge, he has a writing style that is noteworthy for lucidity and grace. He sets himself to discover what the Germans were planning and doing during the retreat from Mons, and he finds that by piecing together evidence obtainable from the accounts published in Germany, in neutral countries, in France, and by Belgian authorities, as well as from the reports of the investigations

* "Forty Days in 1914." By Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B. 9s. net. (Constable.)

* "Krishna's Flute, and Other Poems." By Nankiram Vasanmal Thadani. 4s. net. (Longmans.)—"The Feast of Youth." By Harindranath Chattopadhyay. (Madras, India: Theosophical Publishing House.)

conducted into the German atrocities in Northern France and in Belgium, it is possible to work out the movements of the German armies, and from these to deduce the German plans. The Germans were obsessed by the idea of envelopment, and their problem was how to apply it to war between nations in arms, how to get round millions where before it had been a question of outflanking two or three hundred thousand. "I am convinced," writes General Maurice, "that the secret of much that happened in the early phases of the war lies in the fact that an inherited theory, which had been elevated into a gospel, was applied by an individual of but ordinary capacity." If the theory of the German military chiefs was to be translated into practice, it was absolutely necessary that a way round should be found by violating the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg; and "no explanation of the invasion of Belgium which Germany has issued squares even superficially with the known facts, and on military grounds alone it is out of the question that what happened should have happened except as the result of deliberate, cold-blooded, and careful calculation." Alluring chapters are "Mons," "Pursuit and Retreat," and "Von Kluck Changes Direction." Von Kluck, we are told, had the extraordinary good fortune to bring into action an enemy inferior in numbers and completely ignorant of the extent of this inferiority; but he seems to have made the mistakes, first of attacking before he was ready, and of relying on the slow process of envelopment by troops at a distance from the enemy, at a time when it was a question of seizing a chance which might disappear. As for our retreat, what was Von Kluck doing that he allowed our little army to escape? General Maurice's answer is: "It would appear that his general instructions were to march south-west until he had overlapped the Allied left, and so south-westwards he went without regard to the direction of our retreat or to the opportunity which the fortune of war had presented to him." It is an astonishing explanation, and not flattering to Von Kluck.

Light is thrown also on many other mysteries of the Forty Days; and the utility of the volume is enhanced by the inclusion of four admirable maps.

DAVID HODGE.

FOCH AS A FIGHTER.*

The difficulty in dealing with a great contemporary master of events is to keep the man on the same plane as his achievements without recourse to the kind of unsubstantiated homage known as hero-worship. Hero-worship is simply begging the question, and making a present of the praise. Captain Atteridge has been too close a student of the practice and evolution of war to sacrifice his favourite subject to a topical occasion or truckle to the popular craze for applause. In that respect he will never be a popular biographer in the terms of the vocabulary which publishers embroider up and down their "jackets." For all that, his writing is just the kind of bracing influence the public mind requires, and it would be hard to find a man more suited to the time and this particular theme.

In respect of his great services to humanity, Marshal Foch is even now but dimly understood by the people who burn incense in his honour. Half his disdain of acclamation seems to proceed from a perception that it hails him merely as the man who turned the tables on the Boche, and gave the sub-editors the chance of changing the colour of their head-lines. Possibly it is reinforced by that fine undercurrent of irony in which intellectual France excels. Still more probably it is the mark of the man who had to spend half a century in unrelenting toil and study before Providence brought him face to face with his opportunity. It may even be that in his secret heart he thinks more of his two great books upon the "Conduct" and "Principles" of War and what they

* "Marshal Foch and His Theory of Modern War." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. 6s. net. (Skeffington.)

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By DIEGO ANGELI. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable)

No Englishman could be better fitted than the historian of Gibraltar to present to Englishmen a sympathetic picture of Italy's share in the world-struggle against Teutonism. Even had he not himself been a participant, one would have expected from him a typically clear and fascinating story of the last phase of Italy's secular effort to free herself from Austria, the phase which, after a contest terrible beyond all foreboding, ended almost miraculously with the complete and irremediable overthrow of her ancient enemy. But it was not to be expected that so ardent a friend of Italy as Mr. G. M. Trevelyan would be satisfied with contemplating the battle from afar. In the beginning of September, 1915, he went out in command of the first British unit of Red Cross ambulances. He remained with it at the front until the end, serving through all the terrible battles on the Isonzo and transporting with his unit alone no fewer than 177,522 casualties, of whom 40,918 were stretcher cases, from the very heart of the conflict.

In this book Mr. Trevelyan aims at no comprehensive and detailed history. It is aptly titled "Scenes from Italy's War," and consists of a series of studies of the Italian war effort as he himself witnessed it. It is not a book to which the future military historian can turn for enlightenment on disputed points—except for the psychology of the Caporetto disaster.

Mr. Trevelyan aims chiefly at interpreting the Italian to the Britisher in the hope of a mutually beneficial better understanding for the future. He quotes, with emphasis, the phrase of D'Annunzio which helped so much to spur the Italian people into war: "No, we are not, and we will not be, a museum, an inn, a village summer resort, a sky painted with Prussian blue for international honeymoon couples, a delightful market for buying and selling, fraud and barter." He makes it abundantly clear that Italy has grown up into a vigorous nation that knows its own mind, and he shows that one of the most potent causes of her entry into the war against Teutonism was the realisation that Giolitti was bargaining away Italian freedom of action at the dictates of Germany. He goes on to sound a warning note, not without value at the present time, when there is likelihood of conflict between the Italian and Jugo-Slav claims to the eastern Upper Adriatic: "We English are too fond of giving advice; but, fortunately, we give much less than the Germans. It is strange that other people should like to manage their own affairs, but they do. And this peculiarity is very strong among the Italians."

It is of vital importance for the correct appreciation of Italy's part in the war to understand the attitude of the

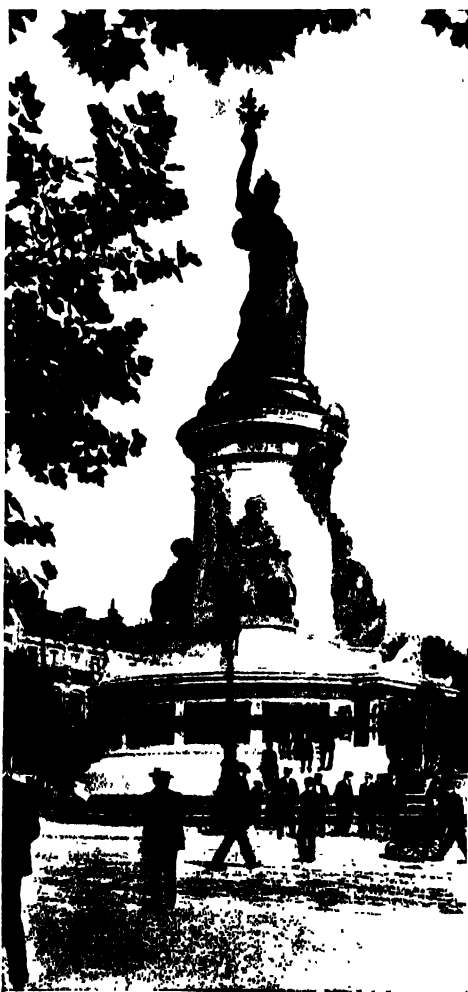
nation behind the army. Mr. Trevelyan shows clearly that the peasant was utterly apathetic, if not hostile, to the idea of intervention. Italy was forced into war by the enthusiasm of the educated urban populations, indignant at the barbarities of Germany, and eager to settle once and for all with the Austrian. The war was willed by the educated bourgeoisie, and they were not without opposition. The author pertinently observes: "My belief is that the Church did little direct harm to the patriotic cause in the army itself, but much in the country behind. The same cannot be said of the anti-war politicians. It is possible to select the chaplain for a regiment, but not its Socialists."

Mr. Trevelyan, though he does not describe them in detail, leaves an impressive picture upon the memory of those fearful struggles of 1915-1916-1917 for the road to Trieste, struggles in which Italy paid the appalling price of 460,000 dead in apparent hopelessness of any other reward than that of a tradition of supreme heroism long sustained, beside which even the wonderful story of the Garibaldi days seems like a petty thing. But it is in his level-headed analysis of the Caporetto disaster, which so nearly gave complete victory to the Central Powers, and yet was the germ of their final undoing, that Mr. Trevelyan's book has a permanent value for the historian of the future who will wish to understand that dramatic collapse of an army hitherto indefatigable in a desperate offensive. The author puts one into the point of view of the peasant, the poor infantryman, uneducated, anxious only to return to his family, wearied by two years and a half of fruitless effort, bewildered by the rhetoric of Socialist and pro-German propagandist, sapped in his moral by the activities of Holy Church in the village where his wife waits for him. Here there is no place for a précis of the argument, but one thoroughly agrees with him when he says that the wonder is not that Caporetto happened when it did, but that it did not happen long before.

Of the wonderful recovery on the Piave, and the final rush forward to overwhelming victory when Austria crumbled into fragments, one gets the picture of the man on the spot. The entire book,

indeed, is unfailing in its impression of actuality sympathetically and coolly perceived. It is one for Mr. Trevelyan's host of admirers to place on their shelves next to his magnificent studies of the Caribaldian epoch—it completes them. The publishers of the volume are to be congratulated upon an excellence of printing, paper, and binding which is only too rare in these days of shoddy book production.

We turn from a study of the Italian in the war by an Englishman to a study of the Britisher by an Italian. "Sword and Plough," by Diego Angeli, is an appreciation of our effort on the Western Front by a distinguished Italian journalist accompanying our armies. But there is no "journalese" in this book. It is the work of a brilliant



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THE MONUMENT OF
THE REPUBLIC,
PLACE DE LA
RÉPUBLIQUE, PARIS.



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"Ah, Mr. Guy,
Mr. Guy!"

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writer. Flattering as is the enthusiastic panegyric of ourselves which he presents to us, one has a yet greater pleasure in the skill and sincerity of his treatment. Very very rarely is there a trivial blunder of the foreigner who does not quite understand; never is there a forced or false note. Again, this is no historical record—it has even less of the detail of fighting than Mr. Trevelyan's book—but yet it is history. It is an amazingly accurate description of the British army as it lived and fought upon the Western Front, focussed, perhaps, more clearly into a comprehensive perspective than could be achieved by our English writers with their too great nearness to, and sense of intimate participation in, the event. Thus, and exactly thus, did British manhood dwell for more than four years in its tents and huts and dug-outs and front-line trenches in its tireless siege of its colossal Troy. In days to come, when our personal memories are blurred, when the historian seeks for the picture of "just-how-it-looked," this book will hold up the very impress of the event. But it has claims to survival beyond the utilitarian—it is a battle picture, painted by a literary artist with a classic sureness of touch, a sense of austere beauty in war.

The translator, also, surely has claim to praise in such a typical sketch as this:

"I had this sculptural vision more particularly one day before a line of 12-inch mortars which were firing incessantly. It was a hot spring noon beneath a blue, cloudless sky, in a field of trefoil, wherein the recent rains and the magnificent sun of the last few days had suddenly resuscitated the dead vegetation. . . . And in this vernal field, the mortars stood in line about twenty yards away one from another. Beautiful and powerful, they seemed to form part of the very nature of the ground. They were like fragments of rock rooted in the soil, with their cruel mouths turned to the sky. And, about them, their servants, with their little round steel helmets, and their beardless faces burned by the sun, with their bodies bared in order to be able to move more freely, accomplished with perfect regularity their ordered movements, advancing, stopping, bending, straightening, with an action which had become habitual, and which was in perfect harmony with the instruments they served. And all this was done in profound silence. From time to time, when the gun was loaded, the sergeant in charge of the men turned, standing at attention, to the officer seated a few yards away; the latter raised his arm; the command was transmitted to the gunlayer; the report, abrupt and deep, followed, shaking the air like a fist, and the shell, seen for a moment, disappeared into the

sky with its characteristic shriek, towards some invisible point of the horizon. And nothing could be grander or more beautiful."

And nothing, we may add, could give a truer picture of a 12-inch howitzer battery in action in summer time.

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From *A Handful of Ausceys*,
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"THAT'S WHAT SHE KEPT
ON SAYIN'." APRES LE
GUERRE."

THE AZURE ROSE.

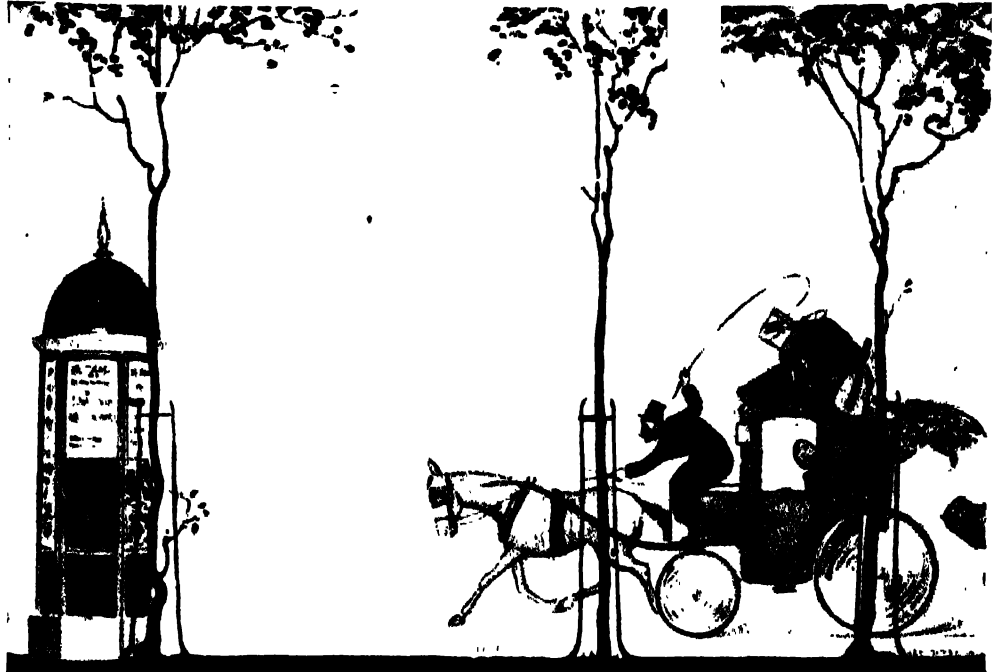
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NIGHT PUMPIN' THE BLOOMIN' THAMES
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she may be of a very old-world type indeed—"No engagement, however unsuitable, could surprise her. . . . All heartaches and backaches and finger-aches went to Aunt Lois for consolation, and the least of them never went in vain. She had a heart that held no suggestion of wrong."

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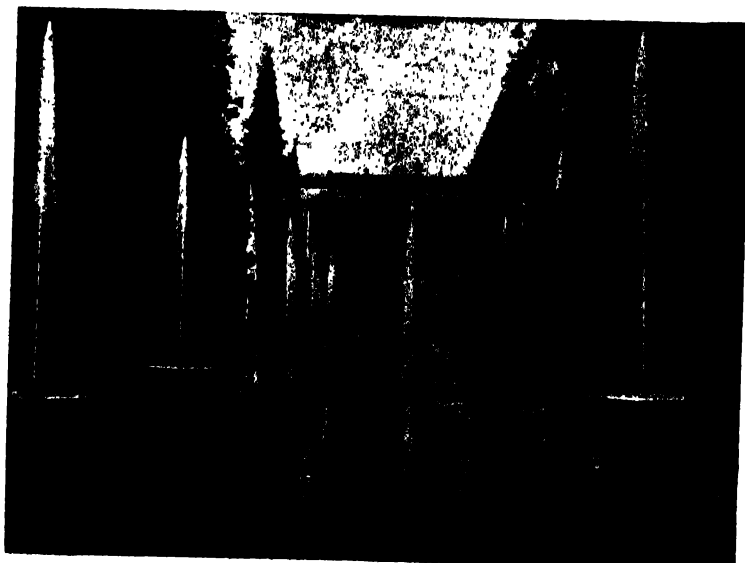
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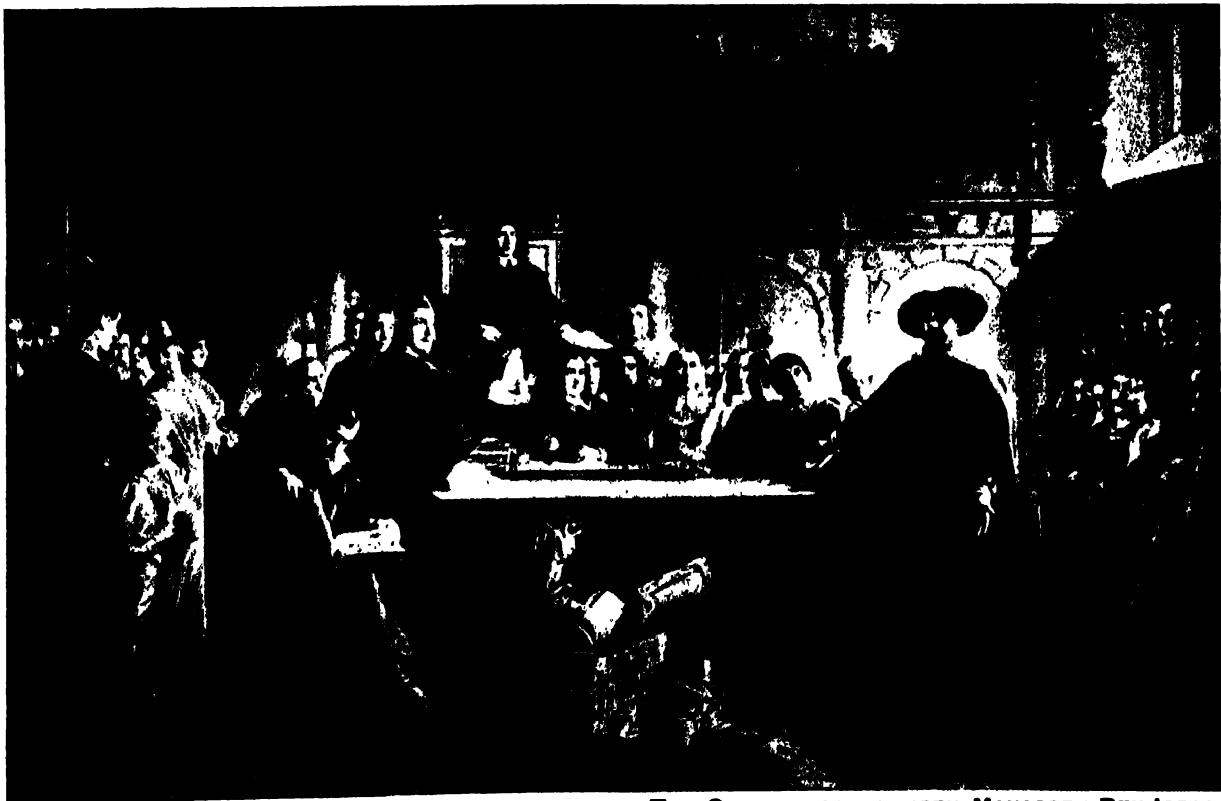
There are very few movements or ideas in the history of civilisation that can compare in steadfastness and nobility with the unfading aspiration of the Jews to recover their native country and their natural home. Their consciousness of race and national life has always centred on Palestine, and no hardship and no prosperity has ever dimmed that consciousness and that aspiration. Now that it has been officially recognised by Great Britain as a hope to be encouraged and an aim to be brought to fulfilment



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THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1919

of the return of the Jews to England during the Commonwealth; then recounts some of the views of English Puritan friends of the Jews and their restoration to the Holy Land, narrating the schemes of such men as Dr. John Justin Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and Edward King; then he takes up the Napoleonic ideas, and describes his appeal to the Jews in Palestine and the Sanhedrin held in Paris. But it is in the nineteenth century that we find the idea taking practical shape and moving towards attainment through the influence and work of men like Sir Moses Montefiore, Lord Shaftesbury,

Dunant, Laurence Oliphant, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, Lord Swaythling, Baron de Hirsch, Theodor Herzl, and many others in England and France, and elsewhere. Colonies have actually been established for Jews in Palestine with very encouraging results. But now as Mr. Sokolow points out we have from history and experience derived certain conclusions as to how the aim of Zionism can be achieved, which he summarises as follows: (1) The Homeland of the Jewish people must be in Palestine. (2) Palestine can and must be made capable of fulfilling its function by the method of patient colonisation. (3) The security of public law—that is of the recognition of the rightful claim of the Jewish people to regenerate Palestine and itself through Palestine—is a necessary condition to success. Mr. Sokolow's work is an earnest, painstaking contribution to history, and it is worth observing that in all the volume there is

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From Vol. I. of Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War, Compiled by J. Murray Allison (John Lane).

THE ZEPPELIN TRIUMPH.
"BUT MOTHER HAD DONE NOTHING
WRONG, HAD SHE, DADDY?"

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share some of the poignant and betraying loneliness that beset the hearts of these men who came "home" from their own very far-off homes. It is interesting to read the somewhat naïve dialogues in which the author airs his very sensible and entertaining views, and besides being interested, we learn to understand and feel affection for these big-bodied, big-hearted fellows whose reputation has been just a trifle blown upon by reason of the behaviour of some of the less worthy of them. The London chapters tell us a good deal, the more perhaps because they skate airily over the thinnest of thin ice. Among the good war pictures of the present war, the description of this draft's moving up to the firing line deserves to find a permanent place. We are promised a further volume dealing with their fighting experiences; it will be welcome.

THROUGH EGYPT IN WAR TIME.

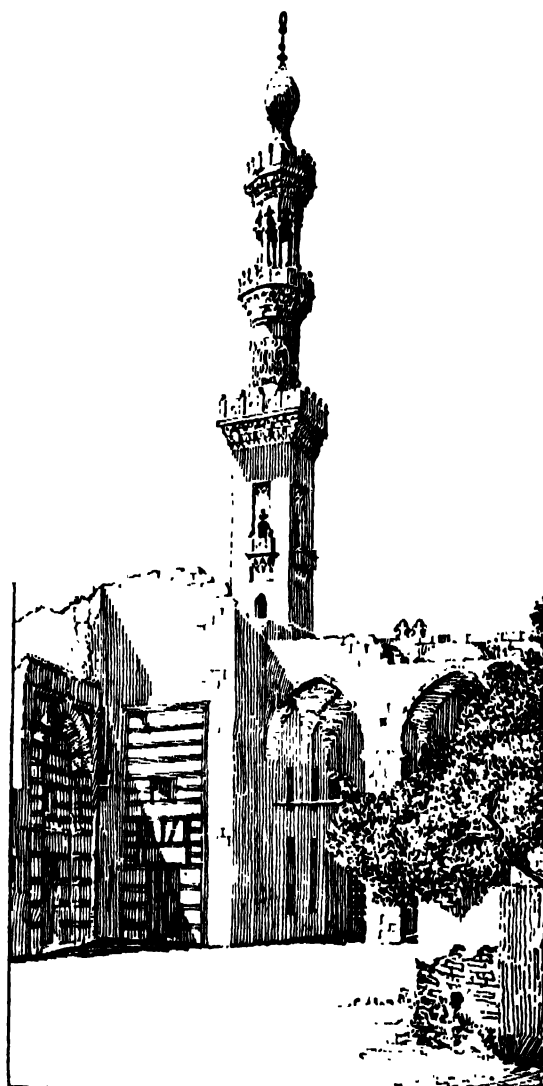
By MARTIN S. BRIGGS. 21s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Briggs, having failed to obtain a R.E. commission through alleged physical disabilities, heard by accident of such things as Sanitary Sections, for which architects were occasionally required as commanding officers; and a few months later he was interviewed and gazetted. Eight weeks after he was hustled off to Egypt. His first view of the enchanted land was "a glittering line of golden sand, and the feathery heads of a few palm-trees." In this volume Mr. Briggs gives a pleasant and very readable account of his experiences. He lived in nearly all the camps occupied at various times by the E.E.F. and describes them with a graphic simplicity. He tells us, in a word, what we want to know, and what the travel-books do not generally condescend to mention. He gives a good account of Alexandria and a still better one of Cairo in time of war, where the British and Australians poured out the accumulated arrears of money due to them from Gallipoli days. It was a great windfall for the place, and a great chance for the Greek. The writer says that enormous profits might have been made "had one been able to foresee the war" by floating a soda-water manufactory there. In another chapter he pathetically renders a list of the drinks he got through in the hot weather at El Azzab camp. "You hear many nice things said about the Egyptian climate, but they refer almost exclusively to the winter, and to circumstances in certain luxurious hotels on the Nile. My daily average here is about eight good cups of tea, two or more glasses of lemonade, and a few glasses of water out of my bucket, also two or more oranges." The illustrations are varied and admirable; the author himself supplies most of the sketches and photographs. Chapters on "Ismailia," the "Libyan Coast," "El Arish to Palestine" are among the best, but the book throughout is the work of a competent hand, and many members of the E.E.F., as well as hosts of their interested stay-at-home relations, will doubtless keep it on their bookshelves, for reference and remembrance.

THE STORY OF DOCTOR JOHNSON: BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO BOSWELL'S LIFE.

By S. C. ROBERTS, M.A. 4s. 6d. net.
(Cambridge University Press)

This book was probably compiled in the first instance with a view to the needs of schools and colleges—and

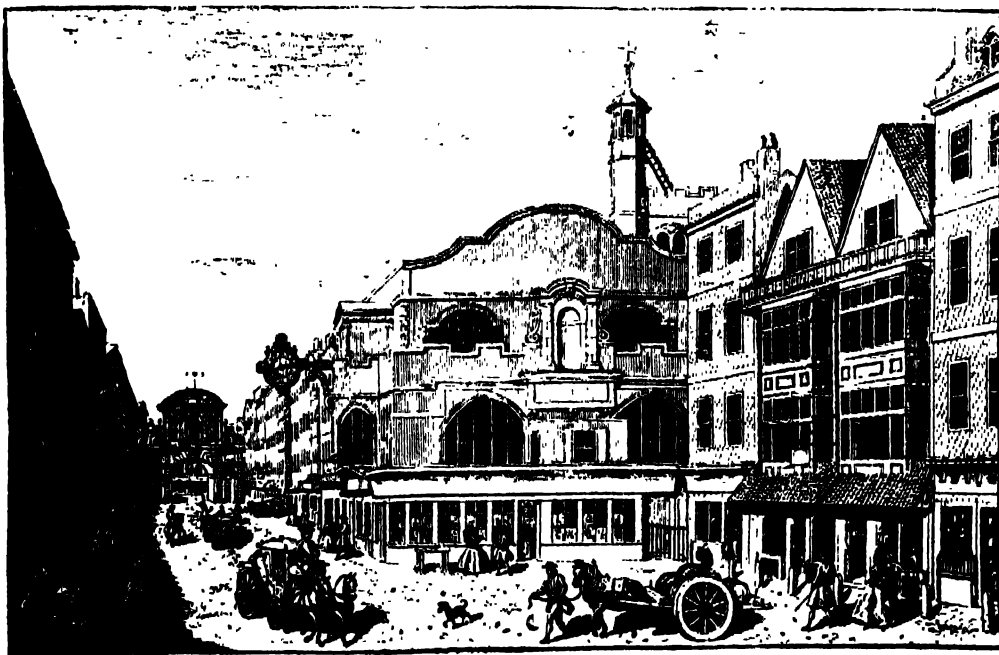


INTERIOR OF BARKUKIYEH,
TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS.

From *Through Egypt in War Time*
(Fisher Unwin).

lucky the students who live in an age when they can break themselves into literature with volumes like this. But a

far wider public awaits it. It is an ideal introduction to the most delightful, albeit the most bulky, of our biographies. The reader who picks it up will become a Johnsonian from that moment, and not rest satisfied till he can go on to the thirteen volumes of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's encyclopedic editions. Mr. Roberts has not simply made a selection from Boswell; he has chosen his scenes and sketches principally from that perfect biographer, of course; but he has drawn, too, upon Mrs. Thrale, and Fanny Burney, and the Tour to the Hebrides. His own contribution is mainly unwritten, and takes the form of the fine taste



From *The Story of Doctor Johnson*
By S. C. Roberts
(Cambridge University Press).

FLEET STREET IN DOCTOR JOHNSON'S DAY.
From a contemporary engraving.

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and enthusiasm governing the choice of matter ; but what he does write has its qualities of style and humour befitting the subject. In fact, the book may be called (in a Wagnerian sense) the Overture to Boswell ; for it is composed of the main themes and " motives " of that great literary composition worked up into a delightful miniature of the whole. Those who hear the " Meistersinger " prelude become anxious to hear the whole opera ; those who know the whole opera are always glad to hear the prelude. Similarly, Mr. Roberts's Overture to Boswell will be an incitement to those who do not yet know the whole original, and a pleasure to those who do. Those who may have been deterred from Boswell by his length—his " heavenly length," when once you know him—should certainly try this miniature edition. The book has been excellently produced, the illustrations being a specially noteworthy feature.

UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES.

By E. T. RAYMOND. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

SET DOWN IN MALICE.

By GERALD CUMBERLAND. 8s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

Here are two books dealing outspokenly and caustically with a large variety of people of more or less importance in our own day. Mr. Raymond devotes himself to politicians and political journalists, and his character studies are as witty and brilliant as anything in this kind that has been done of recent years. Except in the case of Mr. Samuel Gompers and of General Smuts, he is seldom flattering in his portraiture, though he chooses his subjects impartially from all parties. Mr. Lloyd George is in his gallery, and Lord Lansdowne ; Mr. Asquith and Lord Robert Cecil ; Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Henderson ; Mr. McKenna and Viscount Milner ; Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Austen Chamberlain ; Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Harold Cox. But he is candid in the true sense of the word, and usually fills in the best as well as the worst features of his sitters ; only in one or two instances is his censure almost



From *The Better Yarn*
By Arthur Greening
(Jarrold).

TELLING THE TALE.
Frontispiece by Albert Lock.

without qualification. You may dissent from many of his views and interpretations, but there is no denying his cleverness, his insight, or the truth that is behind much of his irony. Mr. Cumberland calls his book a book of reminiscences, and is less concerned with the study of character than with the setting down of his impressions and prejudices. This he does with a lively humour and a frankness that is invariably entertaining and sometimes impertinent. Most of the men and women he discusses are authors, artists, critics, actors, singers or musicians ; they are many and various ; and except for a favoured half-dozen or so, he handles them with irreverence, or with airy or satirical humour. Among the favoured few are Sir Hall Caine, G. K. Chesterton, Frank Harris, and Ernest Newman. Those who are not favoured include Arnold Bennett, Bernard Shaw, Miss Horniman, Sir Edward Elgar, Mrs. Besant, Stanley Houghton, Harold Brighouse and Mr. Henderson, who comes off as badly here as he does with Mr. Raymond. It is a book to read, for there are a lot of good things in it, plenty of humour, any amount of smartness and as much self-conceit, and all the malice is in the title. You suspect that Mr. Cumberland was simply determined to sparkle at all costs, and as often as not wrote his jibes and slippancies with his tongue in his cheek. Some of his victims will not read him with amusement, but those he has not met or written about will find him vastly entertaining.

THE GOOD SHIP DOVE.

By FLORENCE WARDEN. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

A well-sustained mystery story, vivaciously written, and containing many exciting and dramatic situations, "The Good Ship Dove" is certainly a novel to be recommended. The plot is concerned with the sudden disappearance of a young man, Norton Redcar, on the eve of a party given in his honour and just after he has practically proposed to the heroine of the story, Daphne Garthwaite. Rumour casts great discredit on his name after his disappearance, but Daphne will believe nothing against him, and warmly champions her absent lover. The story is skilfully unfolded, the reader being kept completely in the dark as to the real cause of Norton's running away—for that he has run away and is in hiding under an assumed name we are allowed to discover—until events work up to a crisis and the truth is disclosed. The reader will become thoroughly absorbed in this ingenious tale.



From *The Good Ship Dove*
By Florence Warden
(Ward, Lock).

"I OFTEN THOUGHT OF YOU
WHEN I WAS AT THE FRONT,"
HE SAID.

THE LAY OF THE LAND.

By ROBERT A. HAMBLIN. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

This is a simple, old-fashioned story, but it reveals a skill in characterisation such as any writer might be proud of. Bellowgrass the plumber and Shortmeal the carpenter were neighbours and hereditary friends, but the legacy that came to Mr. Bellowgrass sapped his soundness both as a plumber and as a friend. He forthwith called himself a sanitary engineer, embarked on house building, and began to lord it over his ancient crony. But Nemesis awaited him in the person of Mr. Anniseed the builder, who bled him nearly white and discovered a fatal flaw in the Bellowgrass title-deeds. The excellent Shortmeal was magnanimous in the hour of victory, and the story ends in the most approved and most ancient manner with the complete reconciliation of the two families, the betrothal of Reuben Bellowgrass and Jennet Shortmeal, and the discomfiture of the scoundrelly Anniseed. There is not a puppet in the story. Every one lives and moves and has being, and is made to talk with a most convincing realism. The pomposity of the plumber, and the pusillanimity of the carpenter, and the rôles of their wives are described with refreshing humour, and the love story of Reuben and Jennet carries a perfume in the telling. The publishers describe the book as a "war-time relaxation," and no reader is likely to quarrel with the description, for peace is not yet.



From *A Broken Journey*

By Mary Gaunt

(Werner Laurie).

Reviewed by Mrs. Archibald Little in this Number.

AN ENGAGED COUPLE

GODMOTHER'S GARDEN.

By NETTA SYRETT. With Illustrations in Colour and Black and White by FLORENCE HARRISON. 3s. net. (Blackie.)

Miss Syrett has written a charming blend of everyday life and fairy story that came to Sylvia when, after her long illness, she went to stay with her great-godmother Honeysweet at Meadow Grange, and fell in love with "the most beautiful garden in the world." Meadow Grange was an ideal spot for a little town girl to go to. "Other gardens are very pretty," said Sylvia to Godmother, "but the trees and flowers in them are just ordinary trees and flowers. Now ours are mysterious. . . ." And in dreams Sylvia learns the mysteries of Snap-Dragon and Love-in-a-Mist, of Marguerite, of Morning Glory, of Sweet William and London Pride, and many others. She also steps into other lands and meets other children. Perhaps here and there there is a shade too much of under-meaning for a genuine child; and Godmother's smile may puzzle and bewilder instead of comforting or pleasing the young reader, but, children have a happy knack of "skipping" what they are not interested in and the main themes will win their hearts. And Miss Harrison's illustrations are good—very good; they are both delicate and strong, and her individuality shines through convention.

MINNIGLEN.

By AGNES and EGERTON CASILE (John Murray)

In some degree this book is a far-off echo of "The Pilgrim's Progress," less impressively allegorical maybe, but nevertheless intimate and true as regards the passing of a soul from darkness into light. Anne Joscelyn, weary of Vanity Fair, treads the Path leading through the Valley of Humiliation to the Calvary of the War, and travels beyond it to a real understanding that she is not herself, as she knows herself, but an immortal Being, dowered with infinite possibilities. The story is beautifully and simply told, with a noble restraint which ranks it as genuine literature. And the characters are flesh-and-blood mortals, not puppets dancing aimlessly in a shadow-show, for the authors



REDUCED REPRODUCTION
FROM COLOUR WRAPPER

for the new novel by John Buchan, "Mr. Standfast" (Hodder & Stoughton).

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show a remarkable appreciation of what is fine and leal in human nature; seeking constantly the Christ within each and all. Even the upstart Veyfords display the buried good which is in them when tested by the war, while the shepherd, Duncan Cameron, shows the perfectability of man-as-he-is-meant-to-be, even without such a test. Minniglen himself is admirable with his duality of cave-man and civilised modernity—the former predominating. Few will read his moving speech—pages 337-8—without feeling keenly the noble influence of such tearful things as it suggests. Nor is comedy wanting. Aunt Jane, the aristocratic suffragette, is splendid; Lady Brooksbury, with her sentimental drivel and posing, is delicious. There is just enough laughter to relieve the serious trend of the story. The authors are heartily to be congratulated on the writing of a fine and uplifting tale—such a one as will enable the superficial thinker to realise in some measure the true inward greatness of these grim days when the world is in the throes of a new and glorious birth. Out of darkness light is coming; out of sorrow, joy; but in the present lessons have to be learned to quicken their coming. "Minniglen" shows how some of these much-needed lessons have to be learned.

SELF AND SELF-MANAGEMENT.

By ARNOLD BENNETT. 3 net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In the half-dozen "essays about existing" which make up the latest addition to his stimulating series of pocket philosophies, Mr. Bennett drives as usual right into the heart of the worries and regrets that beset us in our retrospective, stock-taking moments. For its plain, unvarnished wisdom, for its pertinent message to all seekers after happiness, no essay in the book will be read more eagerly than the opening one. It is addressed to all—men and women—who, consciously or unconsciously, are "running away from life," and losing thereby the full savour of existence.



MISS VERA BRITTAİN.
whose "Verses of a V.A.D." (Erskine Macdonald), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.



MISS DAISY ASHFORD.
Author of "The Young Visitors," a new book for children, with a Foreword by Sir J. M. Barrie, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing.

Here is a typical passage: "Examining the cases of certain women who put off marrying I have been forced to the conclusion that their only reason for hesitating to marry is that men are not perfect, and that to marry an imperfect man involves risk. It does, but the reason is not valid. Risk is the very essence of life, and the total absence of danger is equal to death. I do not say that to follow an unsatisfactory vocation and to fail in it is better than to follow no vocation. But I am inclined to say that any marriage is better than no marriage—for both sexes. And I think that the most tragic spectacle on earth is an old woman metaphorically wrapped in cotton-wool who at some period of her career has refused life because of the peril of inconvenience and unhappiness." Another essay bristling provocatively with hard-pointed sense is that in which the author delivers (at a safe distance) a heart-to-heart lecture to a young woman who complained that these little books of his about life and improving oneself, and being efficient, and not wasting time, are "very nice

to read, but they've never done me any good—practically." Delightful, too, are the author's exposition of "the meaning of frocks" and his analyses of "the complete fussier" and "the diary habit." In short, no one should miss this sparkling little book and the experience it affords of being buttonholed by Mr. Bennett and listening to a witty, penetrating, helpful discourse on that one subject of never-failing interest—oneself.

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL.

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin. 12s 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

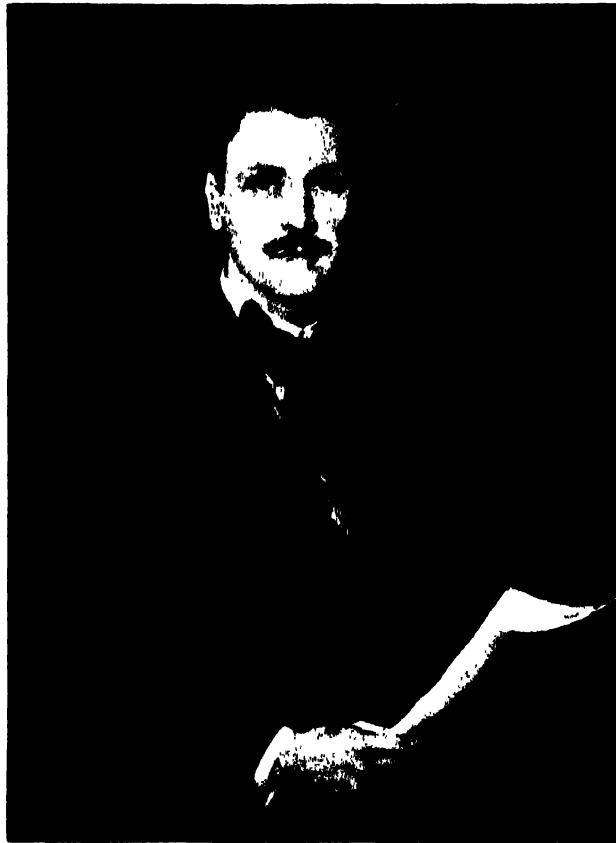
"Russia in Upheaval" is a work so full of first-hand information concerning the present condition of the country it deals with that it may be heartily commended to the attention of the British book reader. This is not to say that it is planned or written

to meet the requirements of the British book market. On the contrary, it is so marked by a transatlantic detachment from the general views of Bolshevism entertained by the anti-Germanic allies, and its author adopts so sympathetic an attitude towards Lenin, that the Britisher into whose hands it falls, while gathering from it many new lights on the characters and temperaments of the Russian people in general and of Russian women in particular, is likely to feel, when he has gone through it, that he is less and less in a position to decide the relative proportions of good and evil in the existing Soviet regime. Dr. Ross's opinion seems to be that the great hope for the future of the United States of Russia lies in their close co-operation with the United States of America; and in a passage which, for all its keen diagnosis of national tendencies, is by no means calculated to conciliate the susceptibilities of the English-speaking races, he points out that such bonds of union between Great Britain and the United States as political and linguistic affinities are in the twentieth century practically negligible, and that the natural ally for federal, agricultural, democratic America is not imperial, industrial, aristocratic Great Britain, but federal, agricultural, democratic Russia.

FIFTY YEARS OF A SHOWMAN'S LIFE.

By THOMAS F. PLOWMAN. 12s. 6d. net.
(John Lane)

Mr. Plowman is the veteran Secretary and Editor of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, a very ancient and most progressive organisation indeed. As he claims that his career as a showman—an agricultural showman—dates from the year 1867, he has good and sufficient cause for offering some of his memories and stored-up wisdom to the public. The many readers who were delighted by Mr. Plowman's earlier volume



MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

whose new novel, "The Moon and Sixpence," Mr. Heinemann will publish this month.

of reminiscences, "In the Days of Victoria," relating the memories of town life and folk, will welcome this companion volume dealing with his association with agriculture and its representatives. English agriculture has been a central interest to so many land-owning families, so much intelligence, care and devotion has gone to its fostering by enlightened individuals, that its annals, told by one of its most enthusiastic and knowledgeable followers, cannot fail to be of great interest. But when they are so personal and vivacious, and so interwoven with anecdotes and descriptions of notable people and notable doings as is this book of Mr. Plowman's, they claim a place among the records of the age. We are always greedy for good books of this kind. Mr. Plowman is never dull, whether he is telling us purely personal things about his own youth, or his work with the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society, or the Bath Society, or giving us a chapter on "dowsing" with

his own experiences, or telling us of shows he has held, or describing the French Pomological Society's work, or giving anecdotes of royalty—for both Edward VII. and King George are known as no mean agriculturists; the latter, like his father, patronises shows and helps generally in the good work, and Mr. Plowman has a number of memories in which both monarchs figure. Other less exalted persons figure in these pages, and one may pause with glee to consider the taste of the enthusiast for sulphate of ammonia, not merely as a fertiliser, but as a 'pick me up in the shape of snuff'. The book is in fact stuffed with good cordial human



Photo by Metropole Studio, Cardiff.

From **Fifty Years of a Showman's Life,**

By Thomas F. Plowman
(John Lane).

THE OLD SHOWMAN GROWN GREY IN THE SERVICE.

THE LUMINOUS PEARL.

By FRANK HAMEL. 6s. net. (Grafton.)

Amber Norton is the daughter of an erratic, unbalanced English father and a Japanese mother who is held to have been "an enchantress, a soulless being who

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destroyed men for sheer love of it." Her family was supposed to exercise control over weird, ghostly foxes, and according to Japanese tradition members of such a family should marry with those similarly empowered, or a fearful curse would descend on them. Amber falls in love with an Englishman, a friend of her childhood, and the story deals mainly with his efforts to win her and her father's efforts to prevent what he believes must prove a tragic disaster. Those who like a romance dealing with the occult and mysterious and bristling with thrilling and uncanny experiences cannot do better than read "The Luminous Pearl."



From *The Dover Patrol*
(Grant Richards).

IN THE FORETOP OF THE "VINDICTIVE."

THE DOVER PATROL.

By "JACKSTAFF." 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Now that the armistice and the ending of hostilities has

allowed the silence surrounding naval affairs to be broken, we are all eager to hear of the doings of our surest defenders. And no more arduous or important work fell to any unit than to the Dover Patrol, whose business it was to guard the Channel and keep it safe for the Army. Besides the

great and brilliant feats at Ostend and Zeebrugge, the patrol was responsible for immense and unceasing daily and nightly toils, and it is a plain history of those toils that is here all too briefly set forth. The lay reader will be enchanted at these revelations, and they are revelations indeed. Not every one realised that at Zeebrugge the Germans had about thirty of their best destroyers lying in wait, and that all our traffic passed day and night under their noses. Nothing saved it but the endless vigilance of the Dover Patrol, and how effective this was is best seen by the fuss made when once or twice in over four years the Germans actually managed to slip out and attack us or shell Dunkirk or an English town and then hurry home like a cat streaking along the top of a garden wall with flattened ears. Naturally, the story of the blocking of Zeebrugge and the end of the *Vindictive* takes a foremost and thrilling place in the book, but there is a solid and convincing picture of the work of the patrol as a whole, by land, by sea, under the sea, and in the air. And when you shut the book you may safely say: "The half, nor the tenth, nor the thousandth part has been told."



From *The House of Courage*,
By Mrs. Victor Rickard
(Duckworth),
which is reviewed in this Number.

COVER DESIGN.

THE LAND OF ELDORADO.

By GEORGE GOODCHILD. 6s. (Jarrold.)

For the setting of his new romance Mr. Goodchild has gone to the white North—to the snowy wastes of the Yukon district and the mists and loneliness of a small island in the Bering Sea. It is a picturesque, swift-moving story; sketches vividly the hard, wild life of Circle City, in Alaska, and ends the first act of a stirring drama with the rescue of baby Gene from death by the drunken, reckless Scabano, who has killed her father. The bleak island on which Scabano is imprisoned for life is admirably described. Through the kindly intervention of a priest the child, Gene, who is believed to be his daughter, is allowed to share his exile; and he finds more than contentment in devoting himself to the rearing of his small charge. His affection for her restores him, in spite of occasional lapses, to the manhood he had lost; till the great love that has grown between them is put to a terrible test by his revelation, when, in a moment of stress, he has yielded to temptation and is under the influence of drink, of the fact that he is not her father, and that he was her father's murderer. A love interest which comes into the tale with the discovery on the island of a half-drowned man, who has been thrown up by the sea, seems to go out of it with his reluctant departure; but her guardian's self-betrayal, driving Gene to a distracted sea voyage of escape, has the happiest results for herself as well as for him. The story is full of colour and movement and makes capital reading.

A PRINCE IN PETTO.

By JOHN AYSKOUGH. 7s. net. (C. L. Hatto & Win. Lus.)

Mr. Ayscough's new novel opens promisingly with an intimate and leisurely description of old Matcham Hall and its quaint Jacobite household. Here we make the acquaintance of Matey and the doctor, Eldad and Dorcas, in company with an old sea-captain and his foster-child Carol—a lame boy who bears a surprising resemblance to Charles II. As the boy's history is disclosed, the resemblance proves to be not so surprising after all, and



From *The Land of Eldorado*,
By George Goodchild
(Jarrold).

COVER DESIGN.
By H. M. Brock.

Carol is taken to Rome to be brought up by a make-believe king in a make-believe court. Some there are who would make young Carol the Jacobite claimant of a third generation, but he elects differently, and finds happiness in a true love marriage. The atmosphere of



THE SLAVERS PRISONER.

Reduced reproduction from colour cover for "The Woman's Footprints" by E. R. Rieu which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month.

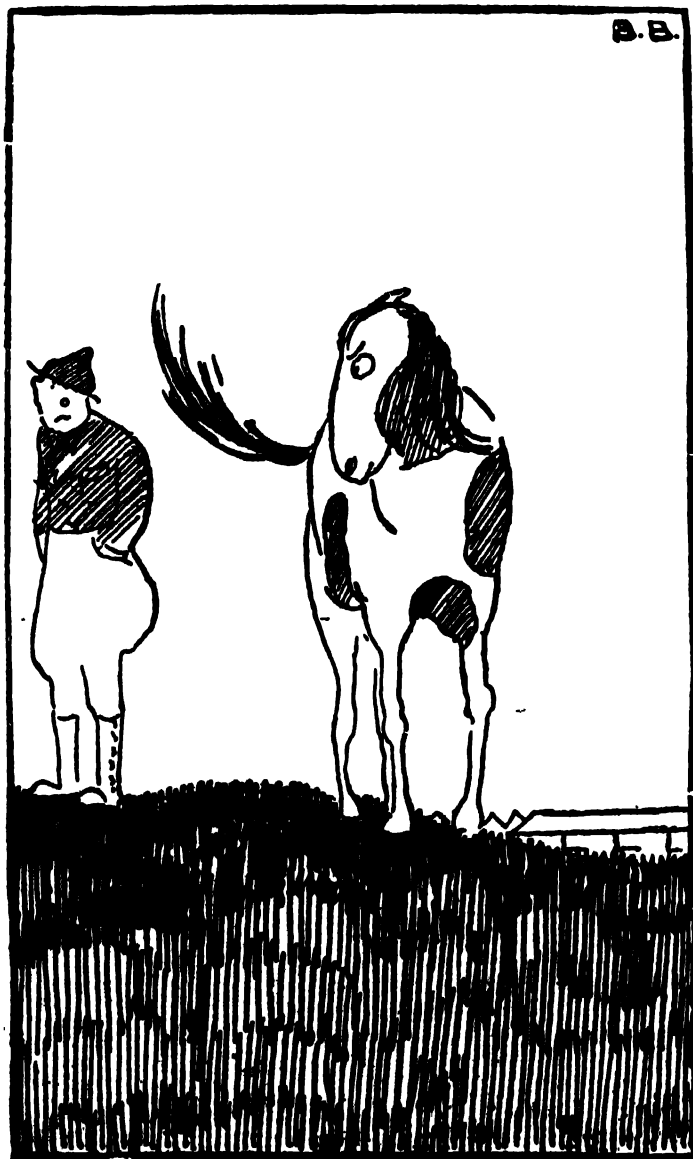
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the romance is heavy with the divine rights of popes and princes. But though it suffers a little from a preoccupation with titles, spiritual and temporal, "A Prince in Petto" should appeal to readers who enjoy a thoughtful novel having a carefully planned historical background.

PERSONAL POEMS.

By R. L. MEGROZ. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

You feel in reading Mr Megroz's verses that he is not sedulously following in anybody's footsteps, but is striving to express thoughts that are his own. He writes in praise of W. B. Yeats, with whom, nevertheless, he seems to have little in common; his poems, especially some of the sonnets, suggest rather the frank simplicity and robust flesh-and-blood humanity of the Elizabethans. If he labours at times for expression, it is because he has something to say and is not contented to say it in the way that is easiest and most facile. He does not often strike out the magic phrase, but he is rarely commonplace. He is not afraid to be himself, to try experiments, to give the rein to his fancy, to hammer his ideas into shape in his own fashion. There is the true stuff of poetry in his sonnet sequences, "Con Amore" and "To a Contemporary." His odes are less successful; there is a touch of eccentricity about some of his lyrics, but he has imagination, and an individual note that is not too common in modern verse. We forbear



From *Dere Mable*,
By E. Streeter
(Jarrold).

"I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT HORSES
THEY FEELS THE SAME WAY ABOUT ME."



From *The Adventures of
Dilly and Dally*.
Illustrated by "Poy."
(Thornton Butterworth).

DILLY AND DALLY
ATTENDING TO
THEIR CORRE-
SPONDENCE.

to quote, because a few lines of quotation in a short notice would inadequately represent him. His book is worth reading, both for what is achieved in it and for what it promises.

DERE MABLE: LOVE LETTERS OF A ROOKIE.

By E. STREETER. Illustrated. 2s 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

There is a quaint, queer humour in these letters from an American soldier to his sweetheart that keeps you constantly chuckling as you read. It is the humour of the stolid, simple, self-satisfied person who has no intention of being funny. He writes of his life in the Army, of his military training and duties, the discomforts of camp life, his general doings, his thoughts of the girl at home, and finally drifts into a furious jealousy of a supposed rival, and ends with a telegram when he learns that the Beggins she had so frequently referred to was a dog. "Rite soon and plain, Mable," he urges, "cause I dont get much chance to study." "As soon as things get shook down a bit, I hope to get more time to miss you." "Im ritin this letter with my shoes off. I hope youll excuse my bein so informal but Im havin the old trouble with my feet." "Id ask you for your pictur only I havent got much room for that kind of thing down here." "As I said to Joe Loomis who was in the tent when your presents came, it aint what the thing cost or whether you could ever use it for anything. Its the thought. Sentiment before pleasure. Thats me all over, Mable." It is the humour of the humourless man, who could not be so laughable if he were not such a solemn ass.

THE LAND GIRL'S LOVE STORY.

By BERTA RUCK. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In her gay, vivacious, intimate way, Miss Berta Ruck tells the story of Joan Matthews, a Whitehall girl—pallid and drooping, with a "frenchy" blouse and high-heeled shoes—who breaks down under the strain of office work and disappointment over a love affair. How Joan finds a cure for health and heart by going on the land, what she does there, and how she meets her future husband, make delightfully entertaining reading. The description of the breezy outdoor existence led by Joan and the difference it makes in her outlook on life should make many office girls restless. This charming love story should add to Miss Berta Ruck's already large circle of readers.



From *The Prisoners of Mainz*,
By Alice Waugh
(Chapman & Hall).

OUR DAILY ROLL.

THE GREAT WAR BRINGS IT HOME.

By JOHN HARGRAVE ("White Fox") 10s. 6d. net.
(Con table.)

Mr. John Hargrave's new book is an indictment of town-bred life, reinforced by the lessons to be learnt from the great war, and an attempt to make a "natural reconstruction" of our "unnatural existence" as members of an industrial state. This reconstruction is to be effected by causing as many human beings as possible to lead an open-air, camp life from babyhood, through boyhood and youthhood (this last "hood" is Mr. Hargrave's!), to adolescence and manhood. He is sadly inclined to make a fetish of camp life and of the boy scout, but there is a good deal of common sense, a good deal of real wisdom in some of the remedies for our decadent civilisation which "White Fox" propounds.

THE PRISONERS OF MAINZ.

By ALICE WAUGH. With illustrations by Captain R. T. ROUSSEL. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This interesting, graphically written narrative of prison experience differs pleasantly from nearly all other such records in having little to reveal in the way of horrors or German brutality. After giving a first short chapter to some account of the action in which he was captured, Mr. Waugh tells of his journey by road and rail into Germany, and thereafter describes realistically and with evident impartiality the life that was lived by himself and his fellow-prisoners in the prison camp at Mainz. A life that was hampered with irksome restrictions, but mitigated by a variety of sports and entertainments, and by the humour and good spirit of comradeship that prevailed among the captives themselves. There are instances of bad organisation, of neglect of wounded prisoners, but on the whole the Mainz

camp was well ordered, and its inmates not subjected to wanton cruelty or even discourtesy, and, on the principle of giving the devil his due, Mr. Waugh frankly sets forth the facts as he knew them. There are delightfully entertaining chapters on "How We Amused Ourselves" and on "How we did not Escape," and a shrewd study of the German attitude of mind towards the English as it showed itself to a prisoner in their midst. An admirably written chronicle which impresses you with its air of uncompromising truthfulness; it does not rehabilitate or attempt to rehabilitate the German character, but testifies that some Germans, under a decent officer, are better than others.

THE COMEDY OF IT.

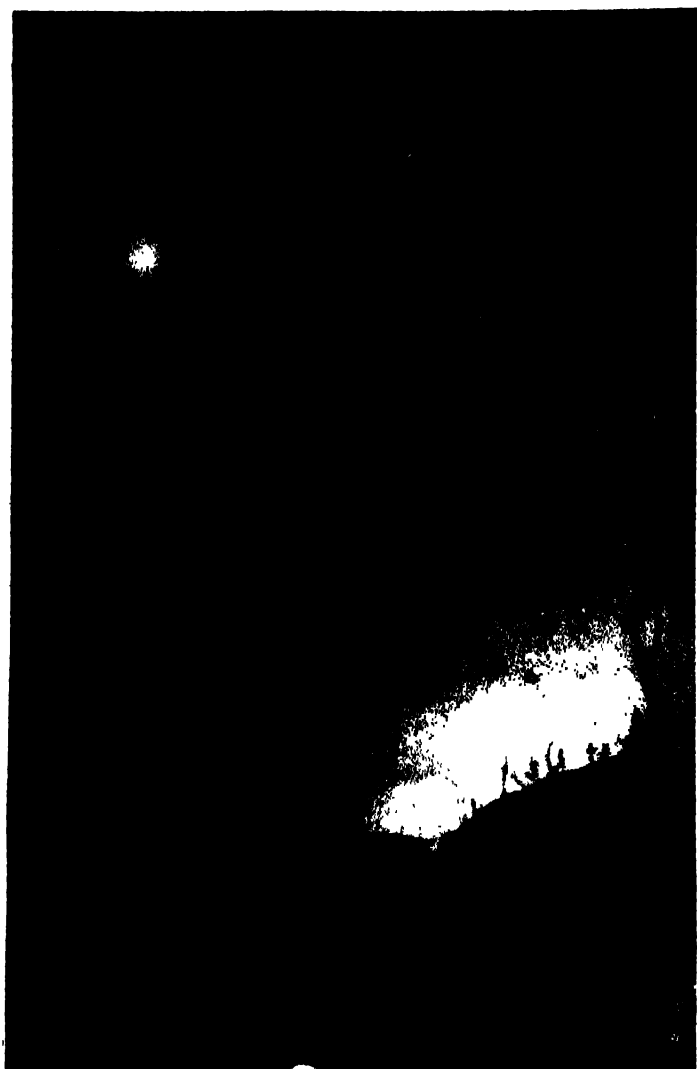
By KEBLE HOWARD. 5s. net.
(Chatto & Windus.)

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From *A Naval Adventuress*, "SHE WOULD HAVE SUNK
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From One Hundred War Cartoons
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throughout that the various phases of the war itself—the Belgian atrocities, the submarine outrages, the heroism of Verdun, the coming in of Italy and of America, and the political muddles, intrigues, triumphs and the social and domestic hardships, petty tyrannies and drastic changes we, in the same period, were experiencing at home—are faithfully presented either as matter for laughter or for pity or indignant resentment. The sketches are as clever in idea as they are in execution, and Mr. Lincoln Springfield's terse accompanying notes supplement their vivid records, and drive them the more clenchingly home.

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From Cambridge Readings in Literature
Edited by George Sampson
(Cambridge University Press).

RYDAL WATER
A drawing by John Ruskin

Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

THE BOOKMAN
SPRING 1919

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From *The Adventures of Heine*,
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(Ward, Lock). "THE GIRL WAS HOLDING
AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL"

travelling to Europe under the name of "von Gasche"). They constitute a record, sometimes thrilling, sometimes amusing, often both, of a long series of blunders on the part of the German Secret Service in this country. Heine is the official head of the organisation over here, and Mr. Wallace has elected—doubtless for the sake of the irony of the situation—to make Heine himself tell the story of his egregious failures. Actually, it is a little difficult to imagine Heine setting down these naïve confessions of incompetence, for he is pictured as a man of overweening conceit, possessed of an unshakable faith in the superlatives of "we Germans." However, by adopting this



From *A Servant of Reality*,
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plan, Mr. Wallace succeeds in providing much entertainment, and his new book should be greatly enjoyed by all spy haters and spy hunters.



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From *The Valley of the Giants*
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country of Kamalubi, and the native hero lad of Sopadi who slew the python with naked hands in single fight, are stirring and of no mean achievement. Interwoven with the fighting and adventure is the romance of the lovers, following the well-worn path of romance, with the beautiful maiden, the elderly wealthy suitor, the avaricious father, and the young lover. The chief Kolvani is a figure of some dignity, and the two warriors who fight to the death in the final battle, without hate, in all chivalry and affection, are notable in their way as the Irish champions who fought at the Ford. The fat Kamalubi is a live and sympathetic person, noble and high-minded and jolly, an heroic Falstaff, hospitable and chieftain-like, and his laugh that rings out over his shaking belly in war or in mirth or friendship has something engaging and convincing in it. It is not easy to know just how much of this tale is actually native in its origin, though clearly the writer has intimate and lengthy knowledge of native

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By JOHN MASEFIELD. 5s. net.
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It will need a bibliography in future, or certainly a layer cake of explanatory paragraphs, to enlighten the casual searcher through a library catalogue as to the precise class differences of some of Mr. Masefield's books. "St. George and the Dragon," as a title, certainly points more in the direction of poetry than "Dauber" or "Good Friday" does. At first glance inquisitiveness may even turn to disillusion on finding that the book consists of a couple of war lectures the poet gave in America last year. But the disappointment is only momentary, seeing that from the first few pages onward you are carried along by the great press and burden of the narrative. Mr. Masefield sought to put into the compass of half an hour's talk, or very little more, some picture of the way this country filled up the war interval before America came in, and there is nothing in all he has ever written which better displays his potency of speech. His picture of the happy-go-lucky heedlessness of England down to 1914 the diversity of conjecture when the declaration came, the sense of hopelessness born of our unreadiness, and then the setting of the nation's teeth for the collision and the holocaust of Mons—these make a great prologue that would stir any patriot-poet, you would think, and bids fair to do so for many generations to come. The curious fact remains, though, that up to the present none of our singers has ventured on giving the tragedy the broad dramatic (one had almost said "dynastic") form it all deserves, and



From *A Forty Years' Friendship: Letters from Canon Scott Holland to Mrs. Drew*
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A sketch made at Hawarden by Mrs. Graham Smith.

even Mr. Masefield, who has exceptional gifts for the task, prefers to stay on the modester level of prose, where Mr. Kipling and "Ian Hay" and others have been before him. The task was to put into paragraphs what the historians are arranging into volumes, and the result as set forth here is such as fill them with inspiration and despair, for one cannot easily conceive the chronicles hoping to renew, much less maintain, the splendid fury which animates these lines. Flanders, the Marne, the Somme, Gallipoli, Verdun, the Fleet, and the final rebound upon the Western front, these make a panorama so vivid and convincing as to come only second in thrill to the events themselves. As a matter of fact, battle it is—the conflict of emotions still in sympathetic suspense, though the struggle is virtually over, and the sense of looking out from the heaven of peace and victory, as the Blessed Damsel looked out upon the world of toil and sufferings. Some have always thought that the art of crystal-lising big epochs of conflict into a few lines died with Homer and Sallust and Xeno-

phon, but Mr. Masefield shows that the faculty still lives. What is more, he fills his burning narrative with the subjective force of a great appeal, and we know from American testimony, apart from actual results, that the appeal went home. That being so, it is well to have the text of the lectures preserved as a fine example of précis work, apart from their historic values and their human truth. One would like to think of the first of these lectures being read in public on St. George's Day for many a year to come.



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THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1919

REPORTED MISSING.

By J. H. ROSNY.
Translated by C. S. LANG-
DALE. 6s. net. (Allen &
Unwin.)

V.C.'S OF THE AIR.

By Lieutenant GILBERT
BARNETT, R.A.F. With 16
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TENNANT. 5s. net.
(Burrow.)

THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY.

With diagrammatic
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THE DOCTOR IN WAR.

By Woods HUTCHINSON,
M.A., M.D. With 8
Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
(Cassell.)

The imaginative literature of the air is still in its infancy. Four or five good books have been written on the subject, but of the remainder the less said the better. It is still an unfortunate rule that the writer who can write knows nothing about the air, while the writer who knows the air knows precious little about anything else—and absolutely nothing about his adopted art. In view of this and in spite of the admitted exceptions, one of the commonest forms of amusement in the R.A.F. is the reading of air fiction, the chances being about a hundred to one in favour of the author coming a terrific cropper before his story is half finished. Which, for some obscure but probably very human reason, gives the knowing reader a pleasant sensation of omniscience and rewarded virtue. Such readers will be quite pleased with "Reported Missing," the air portions of which, I am sorry to say, contain some of the most amusing nonsense I have ever read. I should doubt whether even M. Rosny himself quite understands why his three heroes should be compelled to fly eastwards when their machine is so much faster than those of the outwitted Germans, and his dark remarks about the wind only make the confusion worse. Surely it should be obvious that if the wind is unfavourable to one machine it is equally adverse to all others on the same course at the same time. But after all what does it matter? The author must get Clovis and his two observers into Germany somehow, or there would



MR. BRAND WHITLOCK,
U.S. MINISTER TO BELGIUM

whose important book, "Belgium Under German Occupation," Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

have been no story—and "Reported Missing" is a capital story, the very thrilling account of the adventures (mainly on the ground) of these three young men while attempting to escape. It is sheer ingratitude to be hypercritical about minor points when one has enjoyed a novel as much as I have enjoyed "Reported Missing." Though I hope that M. Rosny will be a little more careful when he takes to the air in future.

The second book on my list—"V.C.'s of the Air"—is also in the nature of an imaginative work, for Lieutenant Gilbert Barnett has painted such a picture of the strain and horrors of war-flying as I hope nobody ever experienced. I never did, anyhow, during the last three years. I am bound to say that I

should prefer this extraordinary record of "V.C. stunts" to be couched in the cold language of the official reports, which at least invests these magnificent deeds with a proper dignity. Mr. Barnett's hysterical colouring is—to me—rather shocking. Mr. Dudley Tennant's illustrations to this attractively produced volume are very spirited and cleverly grouped. They give an excellent impression of the speed and dash of an aeroplane; but they also show how poor a subject it is for pictorial art, while the majority of the machines portrayed by Mr. Tennant are incorrect in detail.

Such a charge cannot be brought against the large illustration showing the development of the aeroplane in "The British Aircraft Industry," which is as good a thing of its kind as I have ever seen. The volume itself is a reprint of the Aircraft Section of the Imperial and Foreign Trade Supplement of *The Times*. It is written by genuine experts (including the always accurate and entertaining editor of *The Aeroplane*) for the general public, to whom it will give as exact an idea as one could possibly hope to obtain of the capabilities, restrictions, and commercial possibilities of modern aircraft. It is a most interesting and suggestive compilation.

Naturally, Dr. Woods Hutchinson in "The Doctor in War" touches on flying only incidentally, though he gives a good picture of the unpleasant



From Cambridge Readings in Literature
Edited by George Sampson
(Cambridge University Press).
Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

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A BRITISH AIRMAN.
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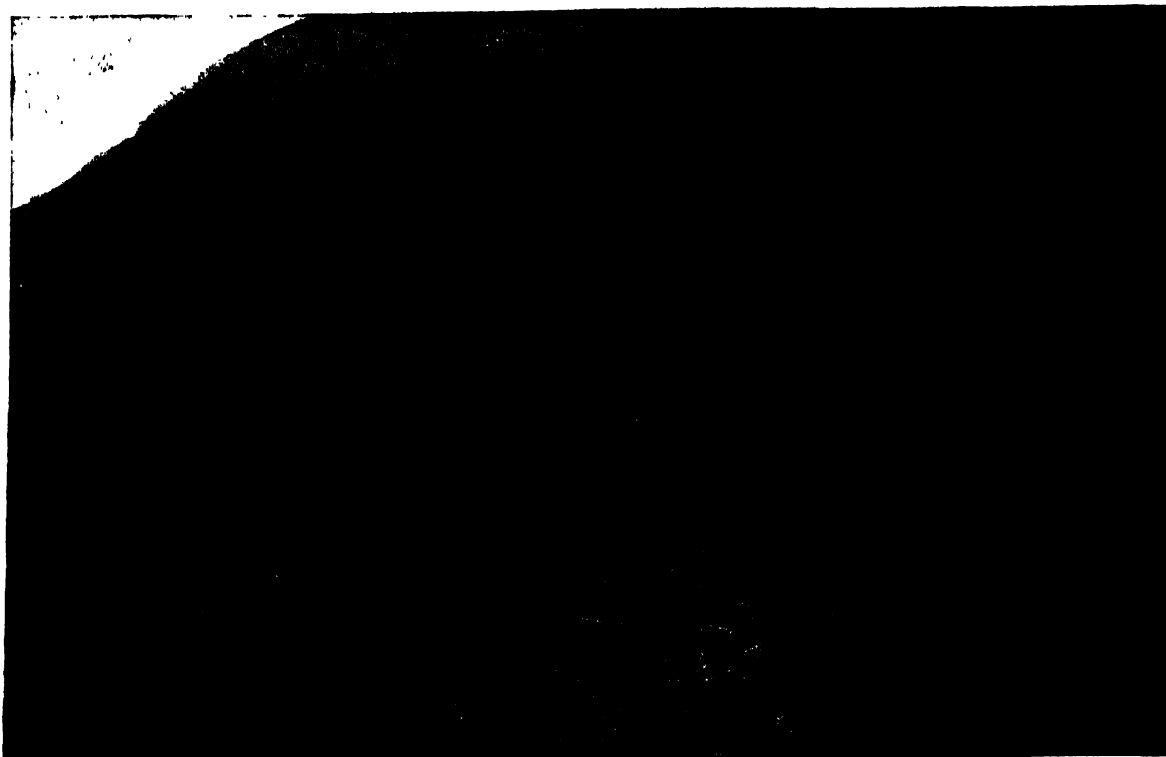
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CAVE DWELLINGS NEAR YEN-AN-FU.
Photo by M. P. Anderson.

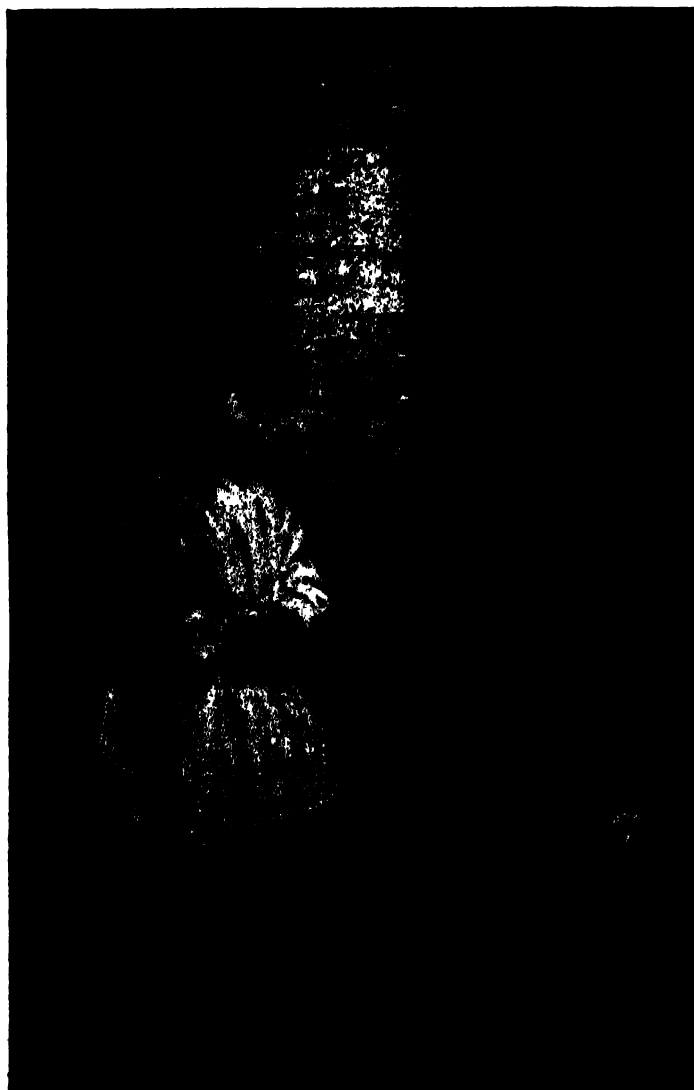
medical experiences through which the would-be pilot or observer is compelled to go. The author has seen everything that there was to be seen, medically speaking, behind the British, French, and Italian fronts, and the result is a most excellent account of the vast, and vastly efficient, organisation which fought wounds and disease with such astonishing success. It is a most quotable book—but I will not spoil your enjoyment of it by indulging myself—and it is popular in the best sense of the word. It is vigorous, amusing, and informative without ever being dull. Of its kind I cannot imagine a better piece of work.

L. T. S.

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By A. de C. SOWERBY, F.Z.S.,
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(Melrose.)

The frontier is the Great Wall of China, dividing Mongols and Chinese, and the theme of the book is a series of explorations through districts lying in close proximity to the Wall. The object of the journeys was



From Everyday Stories to Tell to Children
(Harrop).

AN EVERYDAY
ADVENTURE.

scientific and geographical research, the collection of biological specimens, and general observation of the lives, customs and conditions of the natives. Now the country is a very interesting one and little known to us, and Mr. Sowerby can write excellently well. It is very much to be regretted that he did not give us a great deal less of the sport—unexciting notes of animals of no immense interest as game shot at and missed or wounded or brought down in the dulllest fashion

and a great deal more of the very entertaining and unfamiliar details of the people and their ways and habits and conditions, of the country itself and its natural features and its products. That would have been very welcome. One need not be branded as a contemner of sport if one avows a mighty preference for the lovely photograph of wild peach blossom in March over photographs, good as they are, of dead game. Mr. Sowerby in writing of his journeys is admirable, he knows the place, the people, has an eye for the right thing to see, and a vivid, charming word to say about it.

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No. 333. VOL. LVI.

JUNE, 1919.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

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St. Paul's House,
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News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

THE BOOKMAN monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

(1) We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s., and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines each. .

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and must reach the BOOKMAN office by the first post on September 4th next.

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.

The Index to Vol. LV. will be given with next month's BOOKMAN.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new poem, "The Supports," for the Story Magazine, the first Number of which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish this month.

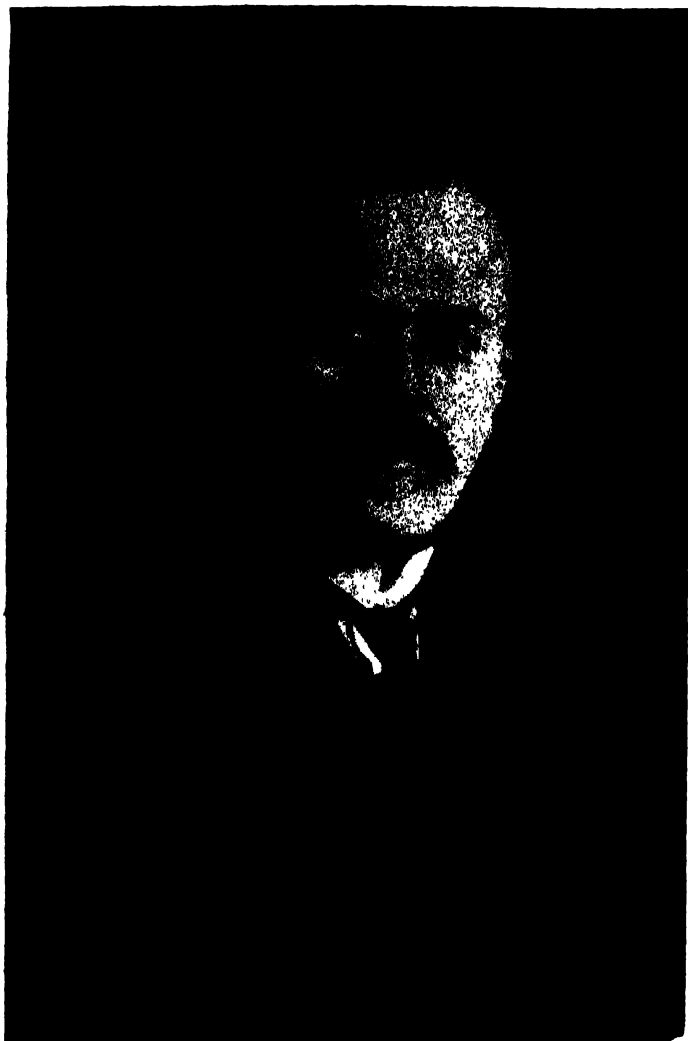
Mr. Warre B. Wells's "John Redmond" (8s. 6d. net., Nisbet) is a very able and admirably written biography, combining a personal study of the great Irish statesman with a survey of Irish political history from 1881 to 1918.

Everybody in journalistic circles knows or knows about Mr. McDonald Rendle. Fleet Street caught him young, and has never let go of him. He came from the country in his youth, and was soon at home in that friendly, picturesque Bohemian London that began to give up the ghost when Queen Victoria died, and has by now given up nearly all of it. At an early stage of his journalistic career Mr. Rendle became a gallery reporter in the House of Commons, and two entertaining chapters of his "Swings and Roundabouts" (15s. net, Chapman & Hall) narrate his experiences there, and set down his impressions of the politicians and pressmen of the day and some lively anecdotes concerning them. A muster roll of the famous, curious or interesting people he has known, and who figure in his pages would fill more space than can be spared. They include not only a great variety of journalists and politicians, but actors, actresses, music-hall stars, stage wizards, dwarfs, giants, royal persons, pugilists and others of the motley many who have helped to make the world better or worse in the last forty or fifty years. He gives you among the illustrations a picture of the "Old Vic" at its opening in 1818, but that is vanity and was before his time. His time was the great later Victorian era, and "Swings and Roundabouts" is one of the best, most crowded and most delightfully amusing records of that era that have been written for us. As a fact, Mr. Rendle is still having his time, but he says nothing of recent years, and, except at the outset, little of his own distinguished work as a pressman. He has so much to describe, so many good anecdotes to tell of so many people that he seems to forget to talk of himself, and gives you instead the vividest picture of the world in which he has lived, and the men and women who were his friends and neighbours in it. After-dinner speakers may steal his

stories with advantage; his reminiscences are not only capital reading, they are a real contribution to the journalistic, theatrical, Bohemian and general social life of yesterday and the day before.

Under the direction of Mr. William Poel, Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" and that quaint old

Elizabethan play, "The Return from Parnassus," will be produced in the Jacobean Hall of the Society of Apothecaries on the 3rd June, the first acted by children of the L.C.C. South Hackney Central School, the second by the Elizabethan Players. The "Return," a very interesting revival, is a sequel to "The Pilgrimage to Parnassus" (1598-1601), and shows how the pilgrims, newly descended from the heights of poetry, struggle to gain a footing as tutor, physician, fiddler, or shepherd, in the everyday business world. It contains flattering and uncomplimentary references to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Spenser, and other contemporary poets and dramatists.



Mr. T. McDonald Rendle,

From "Swings and Roundabouts" (Chapman & Hall).

In spite of Hazlitt's praise of it, "John Bunce" is left among those books that are generally taken as read. Mr. J. Cuming Walters is one of the few men alive who has read it right through without skipping, and he intimates that he sometimes found it heavy going. Nevertheless, the story of the book and the story of its author as he tells them in "John Bunce—A Curio of Literature" (1s., Sherratt & Hughes) are delightfully amusing. "John Bunce" may be a tedious book to read, but under Mr. Walter's skilful treatment it becomes a very interesting and a joyous book to read about.

"Napoleon," a new four-act drama by Mr. Herbert Trench, will be published forthwith by the Oxford Press. The action of the play takes place at Boulogne, and in the neighbourhood of Dover,

its chief incident being Napoleon's secret crossing of the Channel in order to reconnoitre the coast of Kent in person.

In the Tudor surroundings of the Stationers' Hall, to a large assembly of members and friends of the Book Trade Provident Society, Sir Ernest Shackleton lectured the other evening, with lantern-slide illustrations, on "Adventures in the Antarctic." Sir Ernest is a most admirable lecturer. He is not eloquent; that would have spoiled everything; but he is a born teller of stories and talks in pictures. Telling of vast wastes of snow and ice in which he and his party were stranded, and had to struggle for existence, and of deeds of heroism and endurance, he told of them casually, curtly, and with genial, ironic asides, as if all that were a sort of thing happening everywhere every day. He recalled exciting or amusing incidents, passed from anecdote to anecdote in the easiest, familiar manner, as if he were yarning over the camp-fire in the wilds of the Farthest South that he was remembering. It was not the whole story; we shall have to wait for that until the book of his "Adventures in the Antarctic" is published by Mr. Heinemann in the autumn; but judging by the snatches and samples of it that Sir Ernest gave his audience it is a book that will be well worth having when it comes.

"Vision," whose second number is just published, is a magazine and review of mysticism and spiritual reconstruction, edited by Dorothy Grenside and Galloway Kyle, and published by Erskine Macdonald. An excellent miscellany of prose and verse which challenges the materialistic teachings of scientists and spiritualists, appeals to all who are

seeking "true vision," and holds that "spiritual truth is gained by the unfoldment by the spirit of its own inherent powers."

The ship in which Mr. F. G. Trayes was voyaging from Singapore to the Cape was captured by a German raider in September, 1917, and "Five

Months in a German Raider" (3s. 6d. net, Headley), narrates his own and his fellow-passengers' experiences as prisoners in the hands of the Hun sea-rovers. It is an engrossing and a moving story, written graphically, with a quiet, Defoe-like realism.

If you think nobody can write anything fresh about the war, read Mr. Keble Howard's "An Author in Wonderland," (10s. 6d. net, Chatto & Windus), and you will find there are still things to tell, and that he knows how to tell them. When the Army rejected him on medical grounds, Keble Howard consoled himself by serving as a chauffeur and driving Colonels about in his own car. Then he enlisted and drilled with squads of other famous people in the United

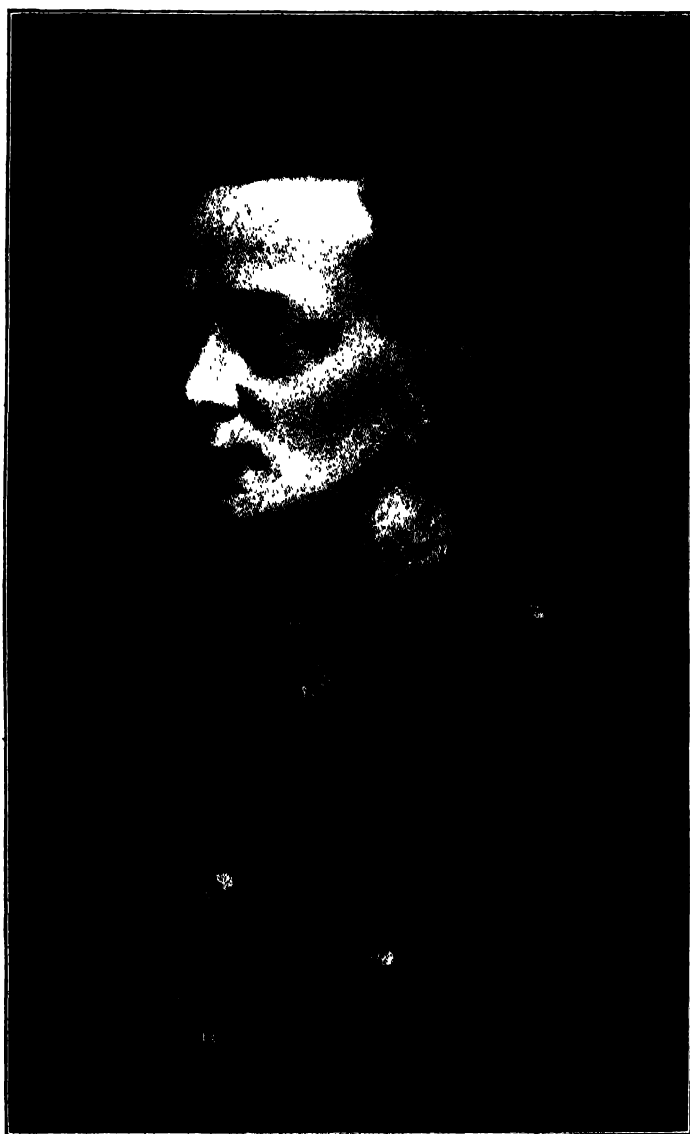


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Captain A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Author of "The Happy Warrior," "The Clean Heart," etc., who
has been demobilised and is resuming his literary work.

Arts Volunteers; he went into the anti-aircraft service and worked as a telephone operator; then became an officer and, after spending some time in ruling ledgers, began to have exciting intervals during air raids as an orderly officer. Finally, somebody woke up and recognised that his pre-war training fitted him for the propaganda department, and thenceforth he went all over the country seeing how civilian men and women were fighting on the home front, in the coal-pits, the great shipyards, on the land, and how the deep sea fishermen were dauntlessly acting as scouts for the Grand Fleet, daring the worst that enemy submarines could do to them and sweeping the waters of drifting mines. He writes of all this and other



**Mr. Keble Howard and. Mr Davis
in mining kit.**

From "An Author in Wonderland," by Keble Howard
(Chatto & Windus).

war work graphically, with a quick instinct for its dramatic episodes and the keenest imaginative sympathy and admiration for the sturdy patriotism and unconscious heroism of the motley many who were doing it. A great story; a whole collection of human documents that are sometimes whimsically humorous, sometimes charged with an intensely emotional appeal and are sometimes both, and always alive with interest.

Miss Anne Topham, whose new novel, "The Beginning and the End," Mr. Andrew Melrose has published, made her first success with her first book, "Daphne in the Fatherland," which appeared anonymously in 1912, and met with an uncommonly favourable reception from the critics and the public. She followed this with two other novels, and in 1914, fourteen days after the declaration of war, her "Memories of the Kaiser's Court" was published. She then wrote "Memories of the Fatherland" and the first edition of that book was quite literally absorbed before publication, for it was sunk in a vessel which was torpedoed on its voyage from Edinburgh to London. "The Beginning and the End" is a poignant and ably written story which studies the psychology of a young girl; untrained, unguided, intensely emotional and passionate, who courageously faces the world in which, if the truth were known, she would be a social outcast, and fights indomitably for the sake of her child, and is ennobled in character, and recovers her self-respect

and the respect of others in the process; while the man who had wronged her has to pay a heavier price for his folly than the woman paid for hers.

"The Oxford Outlook," a literary and political review, edited by two Undergraduates, aims at giving expression to the thought, aspiration, spirit of young Oxford, and the breadth and earnestness of this spirit is revealed in the able and outspoken articles on "The Renaissance of Oxford," by Leslie Hore-Belisha, and "An English-Speaking Fellowship," by Lord Charnwood. The first Number also contains articles on "The

American Point of View"; "The Jugo-Slav Ideal"; "Oxford Poetry"; "Oxford Drama"; and poems by John Masefield and Siegfried Sassoon.



Photo by E. Montague Treble,
Derby.

Miss Anne Topham.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS F. E. MILLS YOUNG.

AT the risk of exposing my own ignorance, I will confess that I know of only three South African writers of fiction who were born in that country. These are Miss Olive Schreiner, W. C. Scully and F. Horace Rose. I am uncertain of Will Westrup, and of Douglas Blackburn, who has been called "the father of the modern school of South African novelists"; they have spent much of their lives there, anyhow, wherever they may have been born. But in the main the fiction that has interpreted to us the life and character of South Africa has been written by men and women of the homeland who went out in search of health, or business or adventure and in some cases remained there, and in some, after a longer or shorter sojourn, came their ways home again or travelled farther afield. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, whose "Jock of the Bushveld" does for the English settlers what "The Story of an African Farm" did for the Dutch, went to the Transvaal when he was little more than twenty, and made it his permanent place of residence. Otherwise, the romance and realism of African town and country, Kaffir and savagelife have been variously presented in the books of such wandering British islanders as Sir H. Rider Haggard, Bertram Mitford, Ernest Glanville, H. A. Bryden, Perceval Gibbon, Stanley Portal Hyatt, F. Bancroft, Cynthia Stockley, Gertrude Page and Miss F. E. Mills Young.

And by none perhaps with a more convincing realism, a more sympathetic understanding of British, Boer and native character, and the problems that arise from the mingling of these divers elements of a nation that is still in the making, than by Miss Mills Young.

Miss Young is English by birth, but owns to a very deep-rooted affection for South Africa, to which country she went as a child with her family. She was educated partly in England, partly in Paris, and finally in South Africa, at the "Girls' Collegiate School," Port Elizabeth. There was never a time within her recollection when she was not writing stories; and she grew up with the definite desire in her mind to devote herself to a literary career.

The first novel she finished and submitted for publication was written when she was nineteen. This, and a second, a story of the Boer War, and a third, "The War of the Sexes," were all written while she was living in

South Africa, but none of them was accepted until several years later. When they at last made their appearance her present name was not on their title-pages; and now they have long been out of print. She has known no more of the disappointing uncertainties of hunting for a publisher since her first real success came with the publication by Mr. John Lane, in 1907, of "A Mistaken Marriage." This was followed in quick succession by "Chip," "Atonement," "Grit Lawless," "Sam's Kid," "The Bywoner," and some half-dozen others that have given her a secure place not only as one of the most popular, but as one of the most distinguished of living women novelists, for she has the three things needful to the story-teller—an actual or intuitive knowledge of all sorts of humanity; imagination; and a brilliant narrative gift that enables her to snare your interest in whatever tale she may tell. It is not strange that for the majority of her stories, and the best of them, Miss Mills Young has gone to the scenes and people of her adopted country; so much of her life in its most impressionable years has been associated with them that she knows them more intimately and so finds them more interesting than the places and people to which, nowadays, she has come home again. "I infinitely prefer to use South Africa as a setting for my stories," she says, "on account of the wider, freer atmosphere, the greater diversity of life and its less conventional outlook. When writing of South Africa I feel again the call of the sunshine, the warmth and colour and the light, clear air."

Of the six of Miss Mills Young's novels that stand on my own shelves only one has an English atmosphere. The art of these stories is that whether they are of England or of Africa they belong essentially and in

grain to their environment. They wear an air of truthfulness; even their romance is realistic, and through all their poignant or sensational, sombre or happy developments, they grow naturally out of the characters and circumstances of the men and women who are concerned in them. It was Harborough's innate sense of honour that came between him and his passion for Naomi Bruce, in "Atonement," and prevented the story of his love for her, amid the rough surroundings of the veld farm, from being



Photo by J. C. Dinham, Torquay.

Miss F. E. Mills Young.

simply and charmingly idyllic, and it was the simplicity and inexperience inseparable from her lonely upbringing that, when his very love of her forced him to confess the squalid truth about himself, drove Naomi, disillusioned and desperate, to a step that might have broken the lives of both.

I remember "The Bywonner" for its powerful studies of Ransom, the degenerate Englishman who has drifted down till he is sunk almost to the level of the Kaffirs; his tragic daughter, smirched by his shame and making no effort to avoid the disaster that comes upon herself; his son, who has some pride in his ancestry and strives triumphantly to make good and restore the honour of the family—these, and the sketches of the Cape Dutch folk, notably the vigorous drawing of Zirk, the boer who rose to something of heroic greatness for love of a woman, are as brilliant a group of portraits, masterful in their lifelikeness, intensely human and alive, as any Miss Mills Young has done.

In "Valley of a Thousand Hills" and "The Great Unrest" she handles ably and with dramatic effectiveness some of those difficult problems of South African life that have always made a strong appeal to her and have played an increasing part in her recent novels. Behind the love romance of the pleasant Dutch girl, Alecta, the doings of the bounder Harold Johnson, and the follies of that weakly feminine creature the frivolous wife of the luckless, broken-down Gomme, in the "Valley," you have a comprehensive survey of latter-day social conditions in South Africa; the vision of a way, not perhaps a wholly desirable way, in which the two white races living there together but not in unity may be moulded into a strong, cohesive nation; a plea for the better treatment of the Indians, if only as a matter of policy; an exposition of the causes inimical to a fusing of English and Dutch, and an insight of the reasons why the Dutch are more successful as settlers than are our colonists from England.

The labour troubles that were reaching a crisis in South Africa just before the war largely influence the characters and the course of the story in "The Great Unrest." The chief interest, however, does not centre on these but on the career of an attractive young rip whose development you follow from his childhood and youth in England to his appearance in Africa as a drifter, a waster, "a man of queer impulses and many follies," whose loose socialistic tendencies make him a sort of easy-going firebrand of revolt, till the war comes to give him a definite purpose in life and hammer him into a man.

"Beatrice Ashleigh," which came out last autumn, has an English setting, and again the potent influences of the war are over its pages. The war only matters to the story, however, to the extent that in seeming to raise an impassable barrier between two strong-willed persons it breaks all barriers down. Miss Mills Young has done nothing finer in the art of portraiture than her detailed, subtly intimate rendering of the characters of Beatrice and of the man she grew to love in spite of herself.

truth were kn
and fights indo
is ennobled in c

For her new novel, "The Shadow of the Past," Miss Young has returned to South Africa, and the country that has taken such hold upon her heart and imagination has, I think, yielded her no story more engrossing than this of the young Englishman, Guy Matheson, stranded and at a loose end and drawn, an unconscious dupe, into the service of a German agent who is fomenting rebellion among the Boers. Guy has already pledged himself to a pretty, commonplace English girl who had befriended him, when his mysterious duties take him into the wilds, where he meets with Honor Kringe, the fascinating, capable, wholly admirable daughter of a Boer family that is divided among themselves, and innocently delivers his message to men he does not know to be rebels. Honor, a passionately earnest rebel, despises him as a traitor to his own side till she realises that he is acting in ignorance; and when his eyes are opened to the truth and her love for him cannot shake her faith in her cause, he is driven to choose between his passion for Honor and his loyalty to his country. Miss Young understands the Cape Dutch, understands the root-causes of that futile outbreak of a section of them in the early days of the war and, without exculpating, sympathises with them, much as the English Mrs. Kringe, the widow of a Boer farmer, knowing of her people's wrongs as well as of their wrongdoings, was more in sympathy with her rebel son and daughter than with the maturer, common-sense son who would not rebel.

"The Shadow of the Past" was really written with a desire to give readers in England some idea of the Boer point of view which led up to that abortive rebellion, a point of view, narrow perhaps but with something to be said for it, that is responsible for the bitter feeling which still exists among the less enlightened, more conservative South African Dutch. "While revisiting the Colony in 1893 and after meeting many Dutch types and listening to the expression of their different opinions," says Miss Young, "it occurred to me that it might interest some readers in England if those views were presented to them in the form of fiction." The principal Dutch characters, though in no sense portraits, are drawn from first hand observation, and much of the subject-matter of the novel was gleaned in the course of those conversations. The story of the Kringe family with a divided allegiance to old and new ideals, the English mother in fierce accord with pro-Boer aspirations, is all, up to a point, record of authentic fact.

A new South African novel, on which Miss Mills Young is at present engaged, deals with the subject of the Farm School and touches lightly on questions raised by the undesirable mixing of the white and coloured races. But here, as in all her books, she is no propagandist; she does not preach or protest; and is a too sensitive an artist to do more with any social or political problem than to give it its due place in the background and suggest the evil of it by revealing its influence on the life and character and conduct of the uncompromisingly human men and women of her story.

A. ST. J. A.

THE READER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875).

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

I.

ONLY when studious of incongruity do we remember the clerical character of such authors as Swift and Sterne: others there are, such as Crabbe, to whom the profession of parson seems not unsuitable; and there are a few whose writings never allow the reader to forget that their author was a parson. I exclude, of course, the great body of clerics, Law, Hooker, Wesley, Church, Newman, whose writings are primarily and mainly theological and religious: they are clerics first and artists second; but there are others, the body of whose work is secular, who never allow us to forget that their attitude in life is not the attitude simply of the artist. Recently Hugh Benson was typical of this class; but the most conspicuous instance of it was, to my mind, Charles Kingsley. In some lyrics he does approach a purely æsthetic outlook on life, but through the bulk of his work runs a motive other than artistic, a motive at times in violent contradiction to the æsthetic motive. I am not here discussing the value or the legitimacy of this particular sort of bias, but the difference between the work, say, of Henry and Charles Kingsley is as great as the difference between a horse broken in and a wild horse. It is not that Charles Kingsley is not free: but his freedom is limited by certain voluntarily accepted restrictions; the freedom of other artists, of the pure artist, is limited too, but only by restrictions innate to his character and temperament. Of these restrictions a man is generally unconscious, and there is a world of difference between the laws of a man's nature and the laws of his deliberate adoption. Kingsley was acutely conscious of his position as a clergyman of a national Church. It colours all his fiction—sometimes to its advantage as in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," where it added a sense of official responsibility to his personal zeal for reform; sometimes disastrously, as in "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia," when it made him incapable of appreciating the dauntless courage of the Jesuit missionaries, or the genuine

difficulties of Christendom in its contest with refined Paganism. For Kingsley was of Arnold's school in the Church, and resented the idea of a Christianity which was unwilling to come to terms with the "right wing" of non-Christian thought. It coloured too—this consciousness of his profession—the great controversy with Newman. I have no intention of stressing that unfortunate episode in Kingsley's life; but this should be said. Kingsley's genuine inability to understand Newman sprang not only from his real dislike of Catholicism; it arose from the fact that he had long ago closed his mind to the idea that truth was not the possession of the English nation as expressed by the English Church. He had never pursued truth wherever it led as had Newman. He simply could not understand how a man could go on following a line of argument if its consequences were that he should have to believe in the liquefaction of the blood of S. Januarius or the permissibility of the moral theology of Alphonsus Liguori. Indeed it is no paradox to say that it was precisely because Kingsley had never followed truth for its own sake that he suspected Newman of committing the same error. Kingsley could never ignore consequences if they were repugnant to his taste, his

idea of what was morally or æsthetically fitting. He was really, to use the slang of yesterday, a pragmatist. His "be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever" is the cry of a man tired at heart and sick at brain at the effort of clear thinking: his gospel is the gospel of the Epistle of James, and had he lived in the Apostolic age, he would have got into very much the same trouble with St. Paul as he did with Newman.

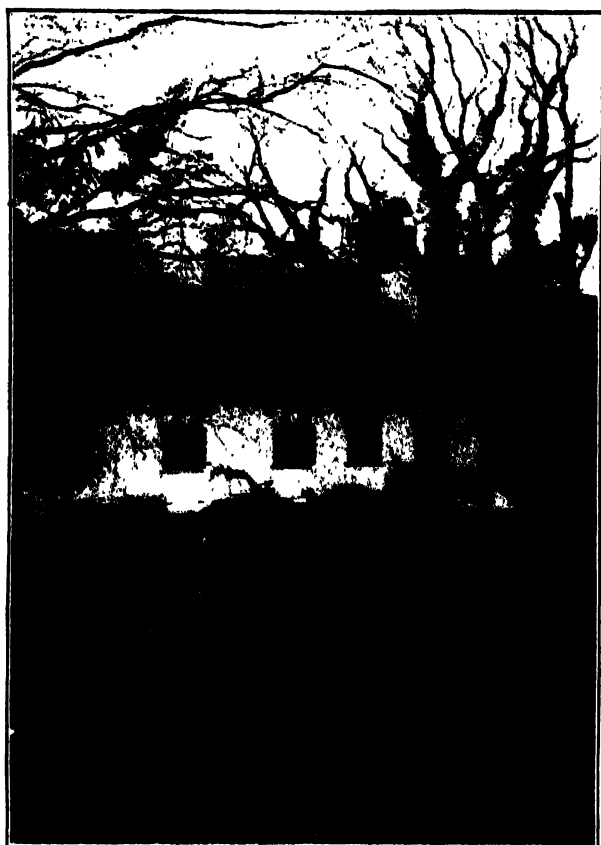
II.

He did not live in the Apostolic age, but in the latest of the Prophetic ages; and himself is surely one of the greatest of the minor prophets. Born on the 12th June, 1819, at Holne in Dartmoor, he divided his childhood between the vastly dissimilar scenery of Clovelly in North Devon and Barnack in the Fen Country. After taking his degree at Cambridge he was ordained, and



Photo by Mason & Co.

Charles Kingsley.



Holne Rectory.

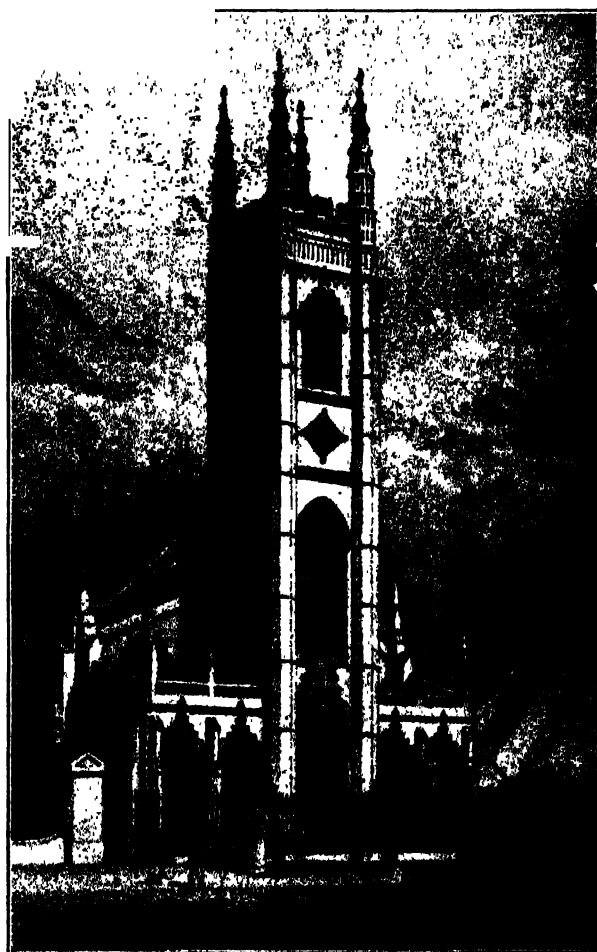
where Kingsley was born, June 12th, 1809

was first curate and then, till his death, Rector of Eversley in Hampshire. During his youth he was attached, more by sympathy of heart than intellectual conviction, to the Christian Socialism of Ludlow, Maurice and Tom Hughes. He was never a democrat in the academic sense; but his passionate hatred of social injustice and love for the poor gave him a practical social philosophy worth a good deal more than the less heartening, if more correct, socialism of the schools. He was an excellent and unconventional country priest, and by a freak of favouritism only possible in such a country as England, was for nine years professor of modern history at Cambridge. But if his history was picturesque, so were his lectures; and he gave enthusiasm and a love of colour to the service of a chair too often filled by dates and dust. He was popular at Court, and as he grew older his natural conservatism of mind increased, and his radicalism assumed more and more - as can be seen in "The Water-Babies" - the character of a belief in benevolent despotism—government, as it has been put, of the Cottage by the Hall for the Rectory. But Kingsley always felt right; and though "his heart is in the right place" must not be accepted as an excuse for loose thinking, do not let us forget that there are a great number of people whose hearts and heads are both wrong. He lived a strenuous, overcharged life and died in 1875, still Rector of Eversley, and, since 1873, Canon of Westminster.

III.

Certain superior modern critics are fond of referring to the works of the great Victorians as "dead" or as "unread." The question of death may be difficult to decide, for people's conceptions of life differ; but the other accusation "unread" is easy to meet. I do not suppose

all the purchasers of books in popular libraries read all they get; but I am unwilling to believe that any one buys novels of old authors purely out of fashion. A sense of duty might make a man buy Gibbon or Burke; but if he buys "The Woman in White" or "Hard Cash" or "Mary Barton" he buys to read. So I shall not argue about whether Kingsley is read now or not. I merely note that "Westward Ho!" was published in Everyman's Library in 1906 and was reprinted in 1906, 1907, 1909, 1910 and 1911; that "Hereward the Wake" was printed thrice between 1908 and 1911, and "Hypatia" twice in 1907 and 1910 in the same library. I have little doubt that Kingsley's publishers, Macmillan, could tell a story of steady sales; and that other popular, non-copyright editions sell as readily as those issued by Dent. Indeed the modern cry of "unread" is frequently, I believe, a cry of vexation from young men indignant that the romance, the humour, and the realism of their parents and grandparents should still be preferred to their own more artistic and competent productions. The same *cognoscenti* are fond of saying, "No one reads Kipling now," a statement which a glance at the circulation-figures of his old or new books would quickly disprove. Kingsley then is still read—that is, his historical novels, his poems, and his children's books. His sermons and historical essays naturally had a more transient appeal. Few there are now who read Smith or Donne; even Newman, I suspect, in his sermons, has to rely chiefly on a clerical audience. And if these masters of the pulpit are neglected, Kingsley

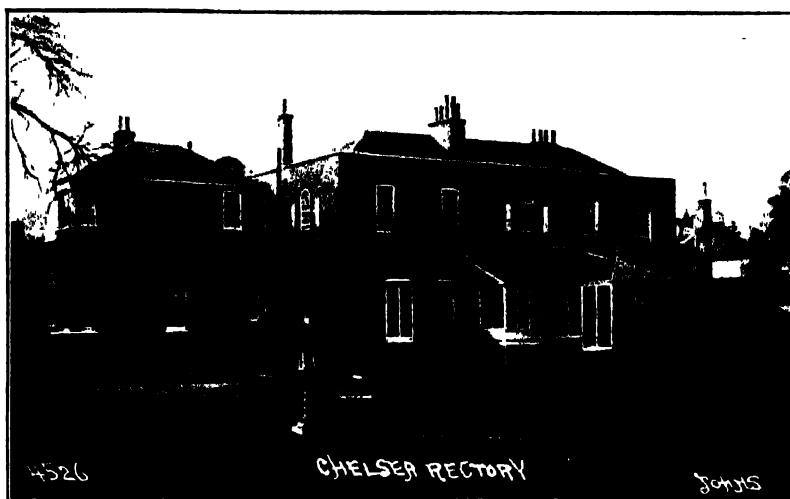


St. Luke's Church, Chelsea.

Kingsley's father was Rector here from 1836 to 1863. Charles Kingsley held the office of Clerk-in-Orders at this church from his marriage in 1844 until 1849. Here Dickens was married, April 2nd, 1836.

cannot expect to survive. As a preacher he originated nothing; and as an historian he was too general and not sufficiently deep in his appeal for his influence to extend much beyond his own generation.

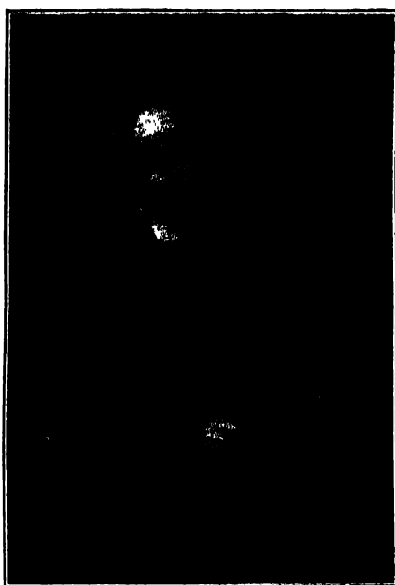
In spite of myself, I think there is no doubt that "Westward Ho!" is his best novel. In vigour, in gravity of



Chelsea Rectory.

The wing to the left and the conservatory were built after Kingsley's time.

reading "Westward Ho!" I always sigh for a similar presentation of that great Queen Elizabeth. Alas! Kingsley had a sixteenth century passion for that yellow haired termagant; and we see Elizabeth as an object of faith and worship, not as the hard-headed, susceptible, unsympathetic, mean and magnificent tyrant



Rev. Derwent Coleridge
(S. T. Coleridge's son).

Kingsley's schoolmaster at Helston, Cornwall.

passion, in its devotion to England, in breadth of interest, and in imagination, it is, as a whole, on a higher plane than "Hereward" or "Hypatia." As a whole—for there are things in "Hypatia" which seem to me better than anything in the adventure of Amyas Leigh, and the picture of Synesius, that strange, romantic bishop of early

that she was. The subservience to Gloriana and the gross treatment of Parsons and Campion spoil "Westward Ho!" as a boy's book; there is no reason why an historical novel should not be frankly Protestant, but it should be fair. It is not that Kingsley's prejudice is martistic, it is singularly otherwise. I know few things more



J. F. Denison Maurice,

the friend who greatly influenced Kingsley's social gospel, and whom he delighted to call "Master."

Christendom, is a feat of romantic reconstruction which Kingsley never equalled. In his portrayal of that gallant, unorthodox, noble-hearted man he adopted a method of historical writing which Mr. Bernard Shaw copied with great success in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and in "Androcles and the Lion." The method is simple and, if at times careless of accuracy, only for the sake of truth. It consists in remembering that men are alike in all ages—a fact that our knowledge of certain famous men should never allow us to forget. No one who knows his Lucian need be astonished at Voltaire; and Kingsley's Synesius is in some ways like Kingsley, in others reminiscent of Mandell Creighton. In



Thomas Hughes,
1823-1896.

The author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" was one of Kingsley's most intimate friends.

moving than the discovery of Lucy Passmore by Will Cary: what one objects to is Kingsley's continuous insistence on retaining the theological atmosphere in a controversy which even at the time many Englishmen felt was national rather than religious. For those who can pardon the bias, however, "Westward Ho!" remains the most satisfactory of Kingsley's novels; "Hypatia" has none of its briskness of action, and too little of its variety of characterisation, and "Hereward the Wake" deals with a period too remote to quicken in the reader the same interest as all must feel in the days of Elizabeth. "Westward Ho!" is notable too for its glowing pages of



Charles Kingsley.

description. Kingsley's sensuous side found an infinite satisfaction in contemplation of the lusciousness of the tropics; no one who did not a little envy the earthly paradise in which Amyas finds Ebsworthy and Parracombe could have described it so well.

"For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird, came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge plantains bent beneath their load of fruit. . . .

"What a dead silence! He looked up and round; the birds had ceased to chirp; the parroquets were hiding behind the leaves; the monkeys were clustered motionless upon the highest twigs; only out of the far depths of the forest, the campanero gave its solemn toll, once, twice, thrice, like a great death-knell, rolling down from far cathedral towers."

As lovers of the book will remember, the silence is broken in untoward fashion. Kingsley suddenly remembers his clerical collar and his gospel of muscular religion, and a jaguar—*diabolus ex machina*—breaks up the American Eden. As a contrast one might put the description of the Fen district which opens "Hereward the Wake":

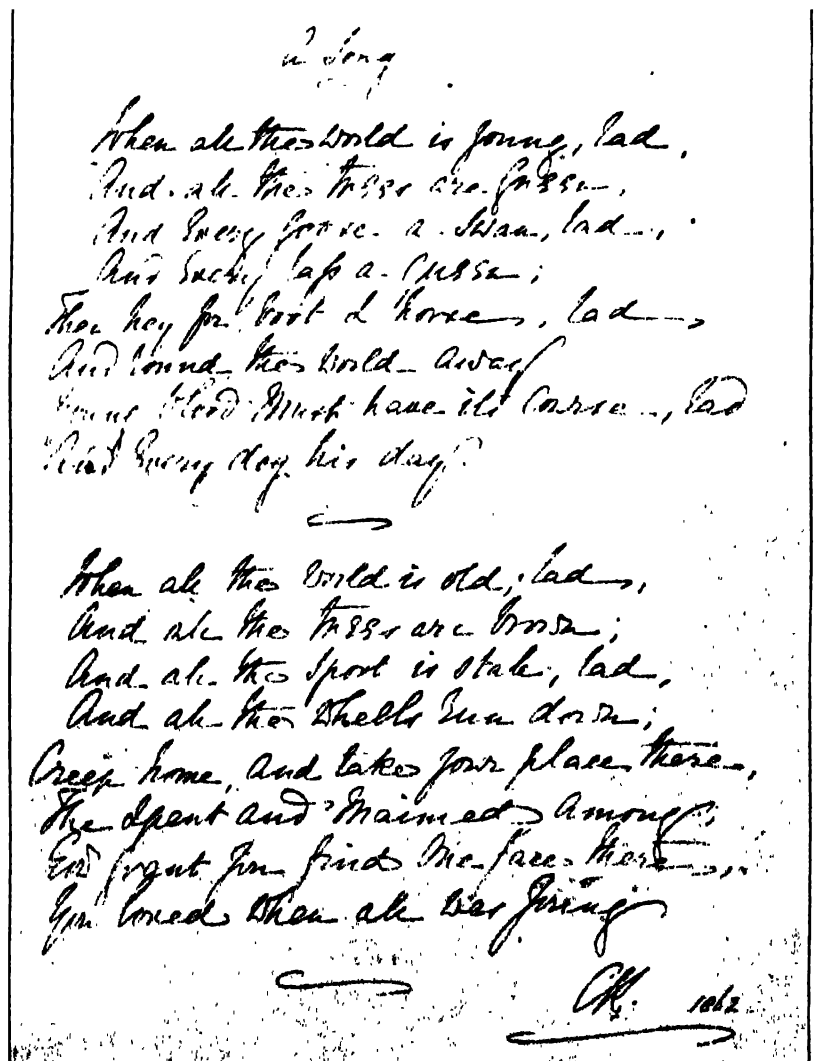
"They have a beauty of their own, these great fens, even now, when they are dyked and drained, tilled and fenced—a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom. Much more had they that beauty eight hundred years ago, when they were still, for the most part, as God had made them, or rather was making them even then. The low rolling uplands were clothed in primæval forest; oak and

ash, beech and elm, with here and there, perhaps, a group of ancient pines, ragged and decayed, and fast dying out in England even then; though lingering still in the forests of the Scotch highlands. Between the forests were open wolds, dotted with white sheep and golden gorse; rolling plains of rich though ragged turf, whether cleaved by the hand of man or by the wild fires which often swept over the hills. And between the wood and the wold stood many a Danish 'town,' with its clusters of low, straggling buildings round the holder's house, of stone or mud below, and of wood above; its high dykes round tiny fields; its flocks of sheep ranging on the wold; its herds of swine in the forest; and below, a more precious possession still—its herds of mares and colts, which fed with the cattle and the geese in the rich grass-fen."

This description has in common with that of the tropical world a genuine respect for its material. It is written to give facts about place, not to suggest impressions about a mood: it is picturesque, not decorative merely, more anxious for knowledge than feeling—and none of these prevent it from being at least as full of atmosphere as the more subjective accounts of modern landscape impressionists.

IV.

"If they want to describe a finished young gentleman in France, they say of him, 'Il sait son Rabelais.' But if I want to describe one in England, I say, 'He knows his Bewick.' And I think that is the higher compliment."



Facsimile of song from
"The Water-Babies,"

MS. in the collection of the Duke of Argyll.

So Sir John, as quoted by Kingsley in "The Water-Babies." Never surely did the great line of Gargantua have a more unexpected scion than this enchanting, whimsical, good-humoured book for all children. If "Westward Ho!" remains Kingsley's best novel, "The

Water-Babies' is his best book. As boy and man I prefer it to Lewis Carroll's two masterpieces; and beside them, where else can we find a rival to it? It has wit and wisdom, and it is starred with the most magical windows into the fairyland of poetry. I would give it to an imaginative child to be read along with Andersen, and the English Ballads, and those great poems—like the "Ancient Mariner"—whose beauty can be apprehended before their exact meaning can be caught. Not only is the spirit of the story extraordinarily sweet and true, somehow that in it which is transient, such as Kingsley's own admiration for the English squire with his ruddy face, and a hand like a board, is transmuted into a rare kind of beauty. Grimes and the old dame of Vendale, and Lady Harthover, all catch the magic of fairyland, all are pixy-led into a poetry which makes them real, and shine with authentic splendour. The life in the water, told with the gravity of wise seriousness, is less fantastic than the life, say, in a novel by Gissing or Zola. With children to write for and a child to write about, Kingsley sheds his prejudices, except for a few prickles that even a child might keep. And any preaching there is in the book is of the plain, direct, gnomic



Photo by F. M. Good.

Eversley Rectory and Church.

Kingsley in garden.

kind which is natural to childhood. No one can mind the hits here at the Pope and the popular Press—the gaiety of their form prevents even the dullest from taking them as anything but jokes, the whimsies of a simple man. Never since Rabelais has there been a jollier book than "The

Water-Babies." Who does not love the great praise of Backstairs? And would not Rabelais himself have been proud to write the list of prescriptions given to Professor Ptthmillusprts, after Tom had bitten him? The third treatment has some of the best gems in it.



Charles Kingsley.

Taken on the Rectory lawn.

Borage

Canteries.

Boring a hole in his head to let out fumes, which (says Gordonius) "will, without doubt, do much good." But it didn't.

Bezoar stone.

Diamargaritum.

A ram's brain boiled in spice.

Oil of wormwood.

Water of Nile.

Capers.

Good wine (but there was none to be got).

The water of a smith's forge.

Hops.

Ambergris.

Those who would see the rest should turn again to that glorious fourth chapter. In "The Water-Babies," too, will be found what is perhaps Kingsley's best poem. It has not the high imagination of the great poet. His emotions were too easily roused, and his sentiment is too apt to outrun his emotion; but there is in his verse a certain tenderness, and that wistfulness of the morally robust, which you find in Longfellow. Not subtle at all.

and simple in mind and character rather than in soul, and a little ready to believe that over the entrance to the Holy of Holies is written "Mens sana in corpore sano . . ." all these may be admitted of Kingsley the poet as of Kingsley the man; but narrow in its range though it be, the song of the dame at Vendale has a quick and tearful beauty:

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, MESSRS. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto in prose or verse (original or selected) for people who are concerned with the housing problem.
(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best expression in eight lines of original verse of a dog's opinion of muzzling or of those who muzzle him.)
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

- I. The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Lucy Malleson, of 25, Auriol Road, W.14, for the following:

THE DREAMER

For all the weary and forlorn,
For all the souls that suffer wrong,
God weaves His mystic dreams of Truth,
Of Laughter and Eternal Youth,
Of Love, of Beauty and of Song,
Of Hope renewed and Faith reborn,

Of Dawn and Dewfall and the Dark,
The magic of the first wild rose,
The murmurous hum of sleepy bees,
Sipping the sweets of woodland leas,
The fragrance of the hawthorn snows,
The lyric rapture of the Lark,

The tender kiss of summer rain,
The sunshine's amorous caress
Of fairy-haunted woods, the gleam
Of starshine in the tumbling stream,
And all the hope and happiness
Of poppies in the ripening grain.

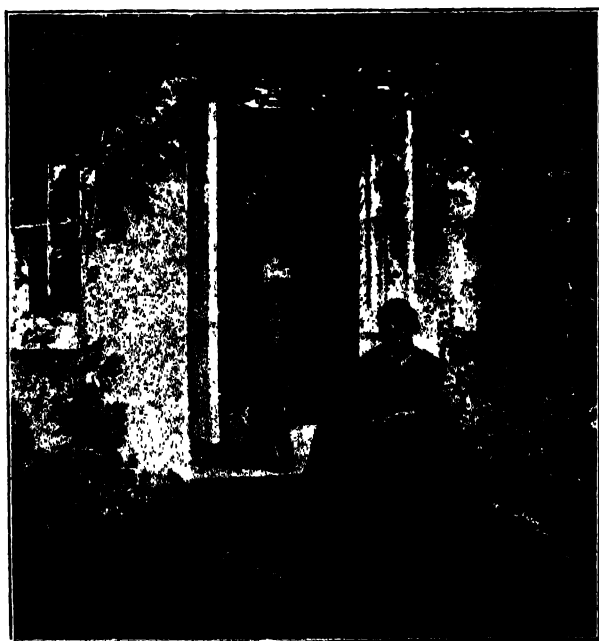


Photo by F. M. Good.

**Charles Kingsley and his
Wife outside his study, at
Eversley.**

He hides His dreams in sunkissed hills,
In muskrose buds, all dew-bepearled,
White daisies on a sunlit lawn,
The rainbow glory of the dawn
Kissing awake a sleeping world,
And golden hearts of daffodils.

So, smiling from the Central Heights,
God weaves His dreams from age to age,
And all who seek shall surely find,
And leaving sin and grief behind,
Shall enter on their heritage,
A land of Infinite Delight.

There shall they draw their quiet breath,
Laugh in the sunshine after rain,
There withered hopes shall bud anew,
And half-forgotten dreams come true,
And Peace shall blossom out of Pain,
And Life shall blossom out of Death.

We also select for printing :

NANCY'S HEAVEN.

The children's pews, in '83,
Ran underneath the gallery ;
There one small restless girl
Forgot to fidget as they told
The story of the streets of gold
And gates of gleaming pearl.

Through latticed panes the sunbeams glanced,
On polished wood and gilding danced,
Then lortered, sunbeam wise,
Among the braided tresses neat
Of Nancy's teacher, angel sweet
In Nan's adoring eyes.

The after years have taken toll
Of Nan's imaginative soul,
Yet to her inner view,
The Holy City, built foursquare,
Is just that homely house of prayer
Seen from the children's pew.

(Eileen Carfrae, 1103, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.)

THE LONG ABSENCE.

Now she is gone, the splendour of the sun
Is dimmed, and in this garden lit with flowers
That love's own eyes have kissed - O there is none
That does not droop nor count the listless hours
Till her return - even as I have done.

Now she is gone, the roving brigand breeze
That strayed into her hair and lightly plundered
The fine, rare gold of it - sighs through the trees
And wonders, dreading, what fate has sundered
Lover from lover - even as I have wondered

Now she is gone, the fading earth, the whirr
Of dusk-soft wings, the stars that leap and leap
Above her garden, with fresh news of her -
All speak of love's long absence, while I keep
Tryst with the houris that haunt the lavender.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics sent by D. Larkin (Newhaven), Alice Doris Moorhouse (Birmingham), G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Green), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Elsie A. Gillow (Montreal), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Ivan Adair (Dublin), A. M. Christie (London, N.W.), Audrey Haggard (South Kensington), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate),



Author

of "and other nove-
lles" and other nove-
lles. Under brother.
William S. Hunt in the N.P.G.

K. (Cattor), Lillian Chapman (Chelsea), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston on Thames), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Daisy A. Green (Gargrave), "Shamrock" (Taunton), William H. Forster (Canonbury), Leslie John Richards (Jarrow on Tyne), E. Limebeer (London, S.W.), M. A. (West Dulwich), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Lieutenant Garnett Weston (Southampton), Una Maleson (London, W.), Leslie Comber (B.E.F., Belgium), Hylda M. Wearn (Lindfield), A. Kennedy (London, N.W.), M. B. (Calne), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), E. (London), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Hilda Elliott (Grimsargh), Laurence Farr (B.E.F., France), H. S. (Hove), Norman J. Bickle (Plymton St. Mary), H. F. Rex (Berrynabor), Davina Waterson (Forest Hill), F. J. Bossy (Clapton Common), Harold S. Darby (Cardiff), Lettie Cole (Pontilas), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Alec G. Churcher (South Hampstead), J. W. (London, W.C.), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), M. Miller (Bournemouth), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), A. G. St. Fillian (Edinburgh), A. Percival Needler (Hull), Barbara E. Todd (Doncaster), Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Netta Pollock (Glasgow), Charles J. Kirk (Darlington), Florence Dymford (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Arthur R. Groves (London, W.C.), Miss G. E. M. Skipwith (Doncaster), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Irene Leese (Leamington Spa), Dora Bowman (Ilkley), Harold Matthews (Worcester), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee, S.E.), W. V. J. Kitley (Alvaston), Henry Baxter (East Finchley), Lieutenant E. L. H. Jansz (Colombo), "Penruif" (Ealing), Agnes L. Hillman (Stevenage), P. A. Howard (Kingston Hill), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), Kate Hallam (Liverpool), D. M. D. (Lee, S.E.), Laura Lees (Hessle), Ernest F. Seymour (Hampstead), Gertrude A. Clark (Ipswich), Ethel Gath (Bristol), H. T. T. (Middlesbrough), Robert Cogger (Dartford), Eleanor Preston (Bedford), Violet B. Gunn (Bishop's Stortford), Sheena Macfarlane (Douglas, Lanarkshire), Augusta Callender (Canterbury), Irene E. Osborne (Honor Oak), E. MacBean

(Bristol), Marjorie Croshie (Wolverhampton), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Evelyn Banbury (Exeter), "Violette" (Leeds), Miss D. H. Southgate (Maidenhead), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Charles Kent (York), Miss H. G. Holland (Wimbledon), F. Kathleen Fellows (Birmingham), Anna Walker (Sleights), C. C. M. Wayland (Leytonstone), Lieutenant R. P. Connell, R.N.V.R. (Portslade), J. Smith (Batley), H. George-Grist (Gloucester), Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), Sidney Robert Saunders (Birmingham), Miss L. K. Taylor (Leeds), E. G. Russell Gregg (Bridgewater), Vere Shepstone (Kensington), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Signaller W. C. Pocock (Dublin), Private W. T. Brocklebank (Manchester), Walter Maxfield (Wimbledon).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miriam A. Roach, of 4, Gascoyne Place, Plymouth, for the following:

DILLY AND DALLY. By "POY" AND W. MCCARTNEY.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

"Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well."

SIR W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe*.

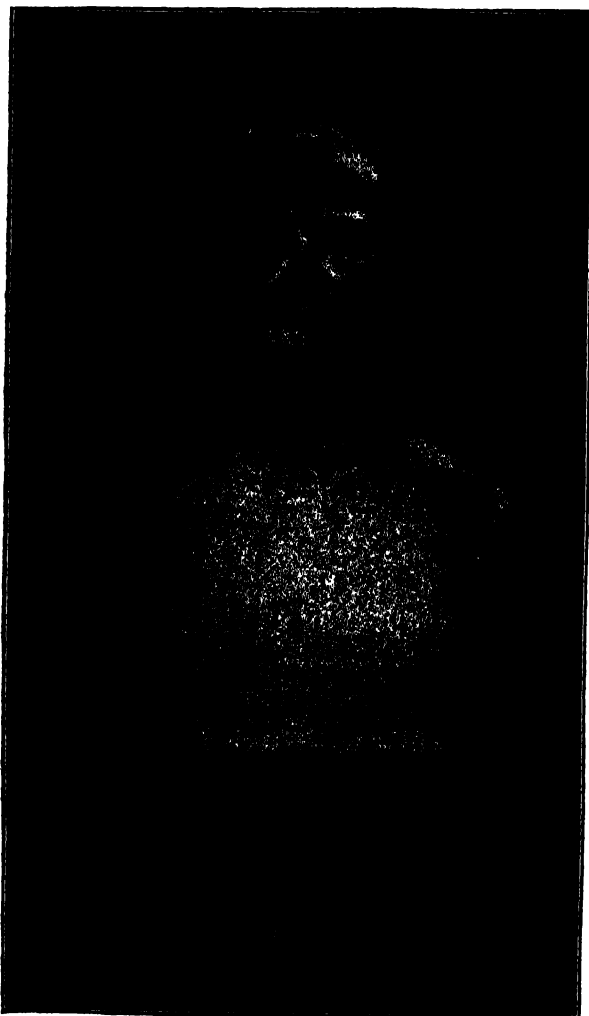
We also select for printing:

THE CURIOUS FRIENDS. By C. J. DELAGREVE.
(Allen & Unwin.)

"Such friends, as the Beaver and Butcher became,
Have seldom if ever been known."

LEWIS CARROLL, *The Hunting of the Snark*, Fit v., Ver. 28.

(M. Nora Lilley, Waterloo Gates, 86, New Walk,
Leicester.)



Charles Kingsley.

Bust by Woolner in Westminster Abbey.

WITHIN THE RIM. BY HENRY JAMES.
(Collins.)

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl."

Nursery Rhyme.

(R. A. Finn, The Sundial, Surbiton.)

THE GREAT PORTRAIT MYSTERY.

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"For I really do not see
How so young a girl could be
The mother of a man of five and twenty."

W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe*.

(Captain A. H. B. Papillon, R.E., 2nd Q.V.O. S. & M.,
Bangalore, India.)

THE GUEST. By GEORGE COLMORE.
(Fisher Unwin.)

"He had forty-two boxes all carefully packed."

LEWIS CARROLL, *The Hunting of the Snark*.

(Miss Blackett, 9, Florence Terrace, Falmouth.)

THE LURE OF LOVE. By WM. LE QUEUX.
(Ward, Lock.)

"The dish ran away with the spoon."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best parable dealing with objections to the League of Nations is awarded to M. McDonnell, of 12, Robert Street, Lancaster, for the following:

The League of Nations is like unto a man who made a feast for his friends and, when the friends were sat down, each looked for his favourite dish and found it not. Then every guest, murmuring because his taste had not been considered, took from his wallet a home-made pie and munched it before the rest. Then saith the Host: "Friends, what aileth the feast?" But one answering said: "The beef is much too ruddy," and another: "I like not macaroni"; and another: "Is not the very table-cloth woven from the cotton of the land of Columbus?"—and each according to his tribe. And rising up they embraced one another before retiring, and how great was every man's surprise to feel a coat of mail beneath the festive robe of his neighbour and that seemed stronger than his own. Then the slaves and the vanquished who had not been invited came and ate the supper and said scornfully: "Neither would we touch the meal had we been less hungry"; for many are bowed but few are broken. And in the Netherlands there was laughing and gnashing of teeth.

This competition has proved rather more difficult than usual, and the results are rather disappointing. Of the other replies received, we select for honourable mention the six by H. C. Smethurst (Gillingham), J. Jackson (Beverley), Sergeant V. E. Hamson (Bushey), D. B. W. (Edinburgh), T. Evans (Cardiff), Edward Robertson (Penge).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Richard Clough, of 19, Holbeck Hill, Scarborough, for the following:

SET DOWN IN MALICE.

By GERALD CUMBERLAND. (Richards.)

This curious mixture of impertinence and wit is well worth reading, not only for the sake of its interesting disclosures and anecdotes, but also to learn to what heights of indiscretion an author may attain. Apparently Mr. Cumberland has kept a life-long black-book, and has taken this opportunity for venting some of his dislikes and antipathies. He praises a small percentage of his acquaintances; concerning the rest he makes some rather cruel remarks. It is well written, sometimes most amusing, yet the reader cannot but sense a thread of tactlessness and bad taste running through the book.

We also select for printing :

SYLVIA AND MICHAEL. BY COMPTON MACKENZIE.
(Martin Secker.)

Sylvia Scarlett must, to say the least of it, have been a very tired Sylvia by the time she met Michael again, and decided to marry him. We follow her, rather breathlessly, from one lurid adventure to another. Sometimes our sober judgment tells us it is impossible for one human being to live so many lives ; but the magic of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's pen, as ever, cajoles us into believing that all that he tells us is possible, and we are left with wonder and sincere admiration for his vivid, brilliant word painting.

(J. M. Field, 15, Trebovir Road, Earl's Court, S.W.5.)

THE HARDEST PART.

By G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, M.C. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

After reading a book of this type, one cannot help feeling that religion is a much bigger thing than most people imagine. This book is really an autobiography of a soul passing through the fierce flames of war, and amid the horrors of the battle-field the writer seeks to express his convictions on religion. The one supreme idea running through the book like a silver thread is, that God is suffering in all the agonies of the human race, and that He has the hardest part to play. There are many fine touches which illuminate the mind of the reader.

(Robert C. Bodker, 68, Barcombe Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.)

THE JERVAISE COMEDY. BY J. D. BERESFORD.
(Collins.)

This clever study of the happenings of twenty-four hours, though less obviously serious than Mr. Beresford's usual work, is a triumph of delicate and artistic construction. Event follows on event, character appears after character, giving the book a curious resemblance to a well-staged play in which there are no annoying intervals and no hints of hesitation on the part of the actors. But there any stage comparison ends, for the book contains some of the most exquisite nature pictures imaginable and convincingly real people. Of the family at the Home Farm no member will quickly fade from the memory.

(Isabelle Griffin, Enville Cottage, Bradmore, Wolverhampton.)

A CORNISH CHORUS. BY BERNARD MOORE.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The Delectable Duchy provides the glamour, Bernard Moore is the Wizard, and in these charming verses he has caught the very spirit of the magical West. The quaint towns, dear old twisty streets and the kindly Cornish folk are pictured with a sure touch, and the quiet humour and homely pathos form a dish, desirable as Cornish cream itself. "Hush, my Hansum," a lovely lullaby, "A Cornish

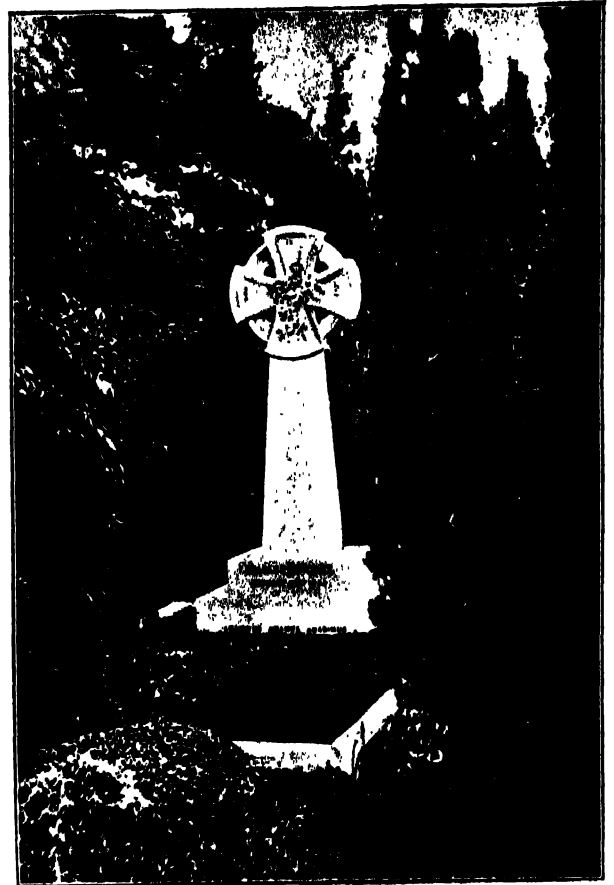


Photo by F. Foster.

Kingsley's Tomb,
Eversley.

Courtin'," delightfully idyllic, and "The Cut o' the Jib," a characteristic specimen of West Country humour, are unforgettable. The whole book is redolent with the freshness and freedom of the Cornish seas.

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

We specially commend the reviews sent by W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Annie Hines (London, W.), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), M. B. (Stowmarket), Frederick R. P. Sumner ; Hedley V. Storey (London, N.W.), Guinevere Roughsedge (St. Margarets-on-Thames), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Annie P. Pearson (Halifax), W. Curran Keedy (Forest Gate), Miss J. Sturges (Cleveland), Grace G. Webb (Southam), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey, I.O.M.), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), David Morrison (London, W.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), R. A. Finn (Surbiton).

V. - The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

JUDITH.*

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

IN approaching the story of Judith and Holofernes Mr. Arnold Bennett has apparently sought inspiration in those "Books of Arctinas" which have of late attained a certain popularity. He has, whether purposely or not, produced a parody or burlesque of what has hitherto been regarded as an intensely tragic theme.

He may probably reply that he aimed, not at burlesque,

* "Judith: a Play in Three Acts, founded upon the Apocryphal Book of 'Judith.'" By Arnold Bennett. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

but at realism. "The purple pall of tragedy," he may say, "is a mere convention. Every age has been, in its own eyes, as commonplace as ours. Oedipus and Agamemnon did not speak in iambic trimeters, nor Coriolanus and Mark Antony in blank verse. The cothurnus belongs to the historical museum, not to living art. The art which seeks impressiveness in representing people as we know they were not is an art I despise. Judith and Holofernes were, in their day, quite as

ordinary people as Hilda Lessways and Edwin Clayhanger, and as such I propose to portray them. As no man is a hero to his valet, we may be sure that Judith was not a heroine to her waiting-woman: wherefore I will make Haggith burlesque her mistress's action, and cheerfully ensnare a lout of an Assyrian. Also it is absurd to represent that a pretty woman in the days of Nebuchadnezzar would doom herself to perpetual widowhood merely because she had chopped off a man's head. Therefore, my Judith shall have a happy ending, and marry, as she naturally would, the other sympathetic personage of the story, Achior to wit. Mr. Charles Ricketts shall do what he likes in the way of dressing and undressing my characters: for we know that people in those days did get themselves up queerly. But, under their fantastic trappings, they shall just be the ordinary men and women of modern realistic art."

The answer to such reasoning would seem to be that the author who has not sufficient imagination to kindle the imagination of his audience had better leave historic and legendary drama alone. It is not a question of representing people as they actually were twenty-five centuries ago. That we cannot do; and if we did, by chance, produce a true picture, it would be of no avail, for we should have no criterion whereby to test its truth. Our aim must be, not to make an audience believe that such-and-such things were actually said and done, but to awaken in them the will to make-believe, the provisional credulity which is the condition of interest in all serious art. To achieve complete success, the poet must beget in his hearers a mood of enthusiastic acquiescence in his postulates, for the sake of the nobility and beauty he extracts from them; whereas Mr. Bennett's method begets continuous and sometimes irritated protest. We do not believe that Cleopatra actually said:

"Show me, my women, like a queen, go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday."

It is highly improbable that she spoke or even felt thus; but by imagining that she did, Shakespeare has gloriously enriched the imagination of the world. When Mr. Bennett, on the other hand, makes the heroine of Bethulia play the courtesan with such forthcoming

gusto as ought to have awakened the suspicions even of his numskull Holofernes, we feel that a situation of a certain barbaric grandeur is being degraded, and our imagination, in so far, sullied and impoverished.

The truth is, however, that the theme is one which it might have baffled Shakespeare himself to treat acceptably. A woman offering herself to brutal lust in order to compass treacherous murder is not one of those things which ought to be *oculis subjecta fidelibus*. The story, in the Apocryphal text, is treated with remarkable skill and restraint. We feel that the sheer dignity of Judith casts a spell over her victim; and then the ultimate scene of prostitution is evaded by the rather thin device of making Holofernes prematurely and helplessly intoxicate himself. The German poet, Friedrich Hebbel, scorned this subterfuge. His play is intolerably crude and wordy; but he applies a vigorous Marlowesque imagination to the theme. He makes Holofernes a really imposing megalomaniac, who defies, in sheer woman-taming bravado, Judith's undissembled hatred. Her sacrifice, according to Hebbel, is actually consummated; yet she never makes herself cheap as does Mr. Bennett's heroine. In spite of his devastating over-emphasis, Hebbel's conception has a certain greatness. It does not occur to him to make the starving Bethulians welcome Judith's return with a ballet.

Mr. Bennett of course did wisely in not attempting blank verse, which only the rarest genius can make an effective medium for drama. But it is quite possible to treat such a theme in prose which steers a middle course between Wardour-Street archaism and slangy modernity. Mr. Bennett, as a matter of fact, adopts a quasi-scriptural style, but without any serious attempt at dignity or distinction. He so constantly writes with his tongue in his cheek, that even when he essays to be impressive he produces an effect of burlesque. He enriches his biblical vocabulary with such flowers of speech as "She lay on her bed cracked," "Why is there no water in Bethulia, sprig?" "Hold thy mouth, gaby," and "I like not the aspect of his phiz." Following Mr. Shaw's example in "Caesar and Cleopatra," he introduces topical allusions, and loses no opportunity of "guying" his theme. But Mr. Shaw is a law unto himself, and a disastrous model for others. Mr. Bennett is a man of such versatile talent, that one cannot but think he might have done something much better than this, had he not been misled by a mistaken theory.

New Books.

CONTRASTS IN POETRY.*

The poetry of Mr. John Freeman reminds me of the work of those painters who, because natural objects are not enclosed in visible outline, have banished outline from their pictures, depending, for the creation of form, on differentiation between the various intensities of light. Their argument is a legitimate one, as far as it goes, and

* "Memories of Childhood, and Other Poems." By John Freeman. 5s. net. (Selwyn & Blount).—"Spirits in Bondage." By Clive Hamilton. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann). "Symphonies." (Second Series.) By E. H. W. Meyerstein. 3s. net. (Blackwell.)

they have justified it by their achievement; but the fact remains that there are contrasts in the visible world—between objects near and far, between light objects and dark—which can only be conveyed on to the flat surface of canvas or millboard by means of definite drawing: the outline is a necessary conventional equivalent of such contrasts. Consequently the luminarists, at war with that particular convention, are prone to stay at home when light and shade are too defiantly at war, and only to paint when the edges of things are bathed in tempered sunshine or obscured but not hidden by shadow. The result, in skilled hands, is art of great delicacy and suggestiveness;



*From a drawing by William S. Hunt
in the National Portrait Gallery.*

Charles Kingsley.

but it is not the only possible form of art, it is limited by its own particular convention, and, since any limitation at times becomes irksome, at times one turns with relief from Monet to Canaletto.

Mr. Freeman's poetry is as delicate and suggestive as a painting by Monet: bathed in atmosphere, fragrant, luminous as sunlit running water. In it the spirit of place is captured and yet remains free as air, fugitive memories made fast for ever without losing their fleeting quality. Mr. Freeman has the temperament of an impressionist; his way of writing is no deliberate assumption of a method. At a time when to pose is to become famous, no poet is more utterly honest. Nevertheless, there are certain things in his method which are obvious elements in the effect which expresses his temperament. A deliberate vagueness of rhythm, an occasional looseness of rhyme, the avoidance of anything sudden or anything that sings too easily. There is a stanza in his poem "The Winds" which seems to be as accurate a statement as is in the circumstances necessary—both of his aspiration and of his achievement:

"—If I could rise up in a cloud
And look down on the new earth in flight,
Shadow-like cast my thought's thin shroud
Back upon these fields of light;
And hear the winds of day and night
Meet, singing loud!"

Nowhere is there solidity; and at times the mind craves for solidity.

It will find it in the work of Mr. Clive Hamilton, a new writer, but one already of remarkable accomplishment. There is nothing indefinite here. Mr. Hamilton is as positive as Pope. From his forty short poems one can reconstruct his cosmogony. There is, it seems, somewhere "far too far off for thought or any prayer," a god who created the world but subsequently lost interest in it; nearer and more active is a lesser god, who is also Satan, and is responsible, among other unpleasantness, for the war; then there is the world of men, who suffer from and are degraded by this second god's irresponsible iniquities; lastly, there is the world of fairies, whither, if one is as fortunate as Mr. Hamilton, one may escape for beauty and peace; like Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Hamilton is a friend of Despoinas, and he has seen Angus. And with all these orders of being he deals competently. One might search his book for an accent out of place or a false rhyme; I do not think one's search would be rewarded. He writes so well that he does not fear to challenge comparison with his greatest predecessors. (He has even the hardihood to collocate the adjectives "old" and "unhappy.") Confidently he claims a place in the great tradition, and I think he makes his claim good. For there is beauty and dignity, a fine bitterness and a fine courage, in his work, and good craftsmanship is one of the major virtues of poetry.

Nevertheless one returns to Mr. Freeman with a sense of ascension. There is that in his poetry which is not in Mr. Hamilton's. It is not only that, degenerate creatures as we are, we find the appetiser of suggestion more stimulating than the food of statement. It is the feeling that Mr. Freeman's suggestions are particularly well worth following. They obviously come from a fine mind, an ardent and infinitely sensitive spirit. We might have thought Mr. Hamilton's thoughts for ourselves though we could not have expressed them so well. Mr. Freeman, it is evident, has much to tell us that only he knows.

As for Mr. Meyerstein, his verses have the combination of qualities that belong to the fragments of glass in a kaleidoscope, their sharp solidity, their glitter and their mobility. He arranges them in accordance with the movements of the symphony, and their variations of temper and rhythm do, I suppose, roughly correspond with that arrangement. But they also suggest other terms of description appropriated to music, such as humoresque or caprice. Mr. Meyerstein is very modern, but in the breathless vivacity with which he pours himself out he reminds me of no one so much as old Skelton.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

NOVELS OF EDUCATION.*

Education is beginning to creep increasingly into fiction. Really, it crept in long ago in the guise of "Sandford and Merton" by John Day, out of whose philosophical and matrimonial adventures a very amusing book could be made. There were undoubtedly educational romances before "Sandford and Merton," and even before Rousseau; but we need not pursue a painful subject too far.

The difference between the older educational stories and the modern seems to be that the former were written to express certainties and the latter to express doubts. "There lives more doubt in honest faith, believe me, than in half the creeds." Tennyson didn't write that exactly; but it is a pity he didn't. Just at present the sacred topic most subject to doubt is the Public School, i.e. the most exclusive and expensive sort of educational establishment, which, limiting itself to the smallest section of the population and cutting itself off intentionally from all the rest, is naturally (in England) called "public." Nothing enrages the public schools so much as a suggestion that the public has anything to do with them. A public school shares part of its title with another characteristic institution. We take a shop, sternly limit the number of competitors, fix very restricted hours of trade, divide the premises into little rooms and sections, forbid (by law) any children and (by custom) any respectable women to enter it, and having made it in all respects as furtively private as possible, we call it a public-house. Perhaps all is not well with a people that prefers to call things by the wrong names.

The public schools, we are told by headmasters, in what passes for their genial moments, have made England (and Ireland) what they are; and therefore many people have been impelled to remark that it is high time the other schools began to make England (and Ireland) what they aren't. There appears to be some field for this activity. And of course the public schools won the war. Our diplomatists and leading statesmen, the efficient and highly trained officials of our War Office and Foreign Office are all public-school men. The public schools of England produce the finest type of men to be found in this or any other universe. We know this is true, because the public-school men are always telling us so themselves.

And yet—some one is dissatisfied, or there would not be that steady flow of books that seem to be novels and prove to be indictments. Mr. Alec Waugh has specially caught the public fancy with his remarkable "Loom of Youth," but there have been other novelist-critics. Mr. Wells doesn't count, because he is a common science-person who was never at a public school. Not the least good is Mr. Frederick Watson (with unimpeachable antecedents), whose "Humphries Touch" is serious as criticism though very funny as a humorous story. Mr. Arnold Lunn, well known as a writer on Alpine topics, especially on ski-ing, that admirable sport which is nearly as delightful to mere beginners as to Roberts-Cup champions, continues in "Loose Ends" the line he struck out in "The Harrovians." This time we have, not Harrow, but Hornborough (a disguise that may mean anything or nothing), the speciality of which is Blues. Hornborough produced two remarkable cricketing families; its head and senior masters are all cricket or footer Blues; and its definite purpose is to manufacture as many more Blues as possible. So, when a new master arrives to take English, and, in defiance of all sacred tradition, actually inspires his literature sets with enthusiasm for modern prose, poetry, and subjects of the day, he is resented by the "beaks" as a dangerous innovator, and, after a deliberate attempt on the part of the honourable Blue headmaster to fasten a nasty suspicion upon him, he has to go. Quirk, or Don Q, as he is called, is an interesting and not very exaggerated figure, and is, as far as I know, the first English master to play a favoured part in a public-school story. The description of his predecessor's lessons in Shakespeare is delightful as an exposure,

* "Loose Ends." By Arnold Lunn. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"The Pagan." By Charles Inge. 8s. net. (Methuen.)

and the account of Quirk's own teaching very valuable as an example. Teachers of English should certainly not miss this demonstration of what might be done in literature with senior pupils. A holiday tour through Switzerland to the Italian lakes gives occasion for some descriptive pages that are among the best of their kind. Mr. Lunn is always excellent in this kind of writing—so difficult to do really well—and his Monte Generoso pages deserve a place in any anthology of descriptive prose. Of story there is no more and no less than is usual in books of this kind. Mr. Lunn is an excellent writer and a sound critic; but I think he is not a heaven-born novelist.

Mr. Charles Inge, on the other hand, is "it." Whatever else he may not be, he is essentially a novelist. Education (with a difference) figures largely in "The Pagan," but as an incident, not as a thesis. Mr. Inge is concerned first of all with his characters, three of whom happen to be teachers. John Witherson is "a war casualty"—his mind is affected by a belief that the Germans succeeded through ruthlessness and that we must overcome them only by superior ruthlessness—a terrible, austere, almost sacred ferocity. He abandons his successful private school with its old traditions, and joins with two other partners (most admirably drawn figures) in running an academy for young super-men, from whose natures the handicap of sentiment is to be drastically eliminated. Further—the central tragedy of the story—he struggles with his wife for the possession of their little boy's soul. Woolly lambs and Teddie Bears are banished, and replaced by animals of strength and ferocity; and the child's nursery literature is purged of softness and stiffened with blood and iron. The climax comes when Witherson suddenly discovers Effume, one of the Nietzschean partners, in the act of translating the Witherson theories into practice, with a girl of the Witherson family as his subject, and deals him a furiously traditional and sentimental blow that sends him over the high stairway and leaves him dead on the floor below. No attempt is made to end the story, which simply leaves off at a natural pause. I hope Mr. Inge will not be tempted to write a sequel. A strong, sincere book, with a firm grasp of character, development and incident. Mr. Inge is a man to be noted and watched.

GEORGE SAMSON.

MODERN AND ANCIENT DRAGONS.*

One is reminded, in perusing Professor Elliot Smith's "The Evolution of the Dragon," of the classical legend of the Minotaur. Like Theseus, he successfully explores a labyrinth and his thread is one of acute logical reasoning. In the end he not only overcomes but dissects a monster, the dragon of ancient myth and romance. He also slays a dragon of modern anthropological thought; for, as a biologist of note and repute, he opposes, and shows good cause for so doing, the fashionable tendency to interpret ancient religious phenomena by means

of "hazardous and mistaken analogies with biological evolution." This fact is of special significance, because these analogies constitute the very foundations, or, as some one has put it, the "hypothetical bridges" on which has been reared not a few imposing literary structures in history, sociology, and anthropology.

Professor Elliot Smith's method of dealing with the origin, growth and transmission of religious ideas makes strong appeal to the Oriental mind. Dwellers in the East are familiar with the process of "culture-mixing" which is still quite active, especially in India where the clash of Eastern and Western ideas has of late years fostered the growth of quite a variety of cults. An outstanding historical instance of the same process is afforded by Buddhism, which originated in India, spread from it in different directions and assumed, as a result of "culture-mixing," its various local phases in such countries as Burma, Tibet, China and Japan. In India itself the old Vedic religion developed into Brahmanic religion and then into Hinduism in its different forms, as an outcome of the fusion of the religious conceptions of the Aryans, Dravidians and other races. Professor Elliot Smith shows in this volume that in ancient Vedic religion there are traces of "culture-mixing" which took place in remote times in consequence of race migrations and contact along trade routes by land and sea. New inventions and new ideas, and especially religious ideas associated with definite habits of life, that had origin in certain areas, spread far and wide in ancient days just as they do in the present age.

To explain the existence of common myths and practices which are found to have obtained in several old civilisations, it has been customary lately to apply the theory that the mind of man develops the same ideas everywhere in orderly stages. Many trained and experienced scientists, however, hold that we know too little about the working of the human mind to accept such a theory as conclusive. Professor Elliot Smith goes to the heart of the problem by investigating the "long and complex history" of religious acts and conceptions which are regarded, by some, as having been produced by the workings of alleged natural laws. His book is a history of the ideas of the dragon in such ancient religions as those of Egypt and Babylonia, and in such modern religions as those of Hindu India and China in both of which the debris of antique formulae and practices continue to survive. We follow



The grave of Captain Selous, D.S.O.

* "The Evolution of the Dragon," 10/6 net. By Elliot Smith. (Longmans.)

From "With the Nigerians in German East Africa," by Captain W. D. Downes, M.C., which Messrs. Methuen & Co. are publishing.

the flight of his dragon, and its gradual development into the Nagà god of India and the complex dragon of modern China, as if engrossed by a tale of old romance. It is a wonderful story and one which carries conviction. With the dragon went much else, as is shown in the chapters dealing with incense and libations, rain gods, and the birth of Aphrodite. The prototype of Aphrodite, it is clearly shown, was, as Sir Arthur Evans has suggested in dealing with the evidence afforded by Cretan finds the ancient Egyptian love-god-less, Hathor, who was literally "born from sea foam." It seems well for the science of anthropology that it has attracted the attention of so real a scientist as Professor Elliot Smith. He has a genius for probing into origins, an acute understanding of Oriental ideas and an inexhaustible store of knowledge. That this work will revolutionise the study of ancient religions and help to make anthropology a genuine science, there appears to be little doubt. It will assuredly make very special appeal to those who, in investigating the early history of mankind, prefer not to be hampered by preconceived theories that tend to stultify the work of research.

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

THE COMPLETE LONDONER.*

"He who is tired of London is tired of life," said Doctor Johnson a hundred and fifty years ago. "There are seven hundred square miles of London in which adventure is shyly lurking for those who will seek her out," begins the impetuous Mr. Burke in his new volume of sketches of London life.

"I discovered the magic and allure of crowds when I was fourteen years old and worked as office-boy in those filthy alleys marked in the Postal Directory as 'E.C.' I do not want the flowery mead or the tree-covered lane or the insect-ridden glade—at least, not for long; and I hate that dreadful hollow behind the little wood. Give me six o'clock in the evening and a walk from the City to Oxford Circus, through the soft spring or the darkling autumn, with festive feet whispering all around you, and your heart filled with that grey-green romance which is London."

If Doctor Johnson's contention is correct Mr. Burke is in no danger of finding life tedious, and a few pages of this book suffice rather to prove that he is very much alive in spite of the fact that he finds much to lament in war-time London, "no longer the intellectual centre, the political centre, or the social centre of the world, but a large city with a population of nondescript millions. England was frozen out: the Strand blocked by Australians and New Zealanders; Piccadilly Circus by Belgians and French, the Americans in possession of Belgravia."

Yet he manages to catch the war-time atmosphere of a few of the old haunts in a way that no other living writer has been enabled to; he can take us down to Dockland and Chinatown and make us really visualise the strange existence carried on in haunts that we have been mistakenly brought up to believe to be hot-beds of vice and crime: "The missionaries and the Defence of the Realm Act have together stripped them of all that furtive adventure that formerly held such lure for the Westerner." Yet even in these uneventful times Mr. Burke managed to secure a touch of the old-time colour in being the witness of a fight between two girls who employed the unusual method of tearing each other's faces and biting each other's uncovered breasts.

In spite of the heavy-eyed women and khaki clad men who have invaded the sanctity of Soho, if you attend carefully and are lucky you may still catch in Old Compton Street a faint echo of its graces and picturesque melancholy. There is still Lolotte's coffee-bar where you may capture "for a fleeting space the will-o'-the-wisperie of other days: movement and festal colour; laughter and quick tears, and the wanton rose-winged graces," but the scent of adventure in Soho to-day is very faint. Few men furnish themselves with loaded revolvers before daring to penetrate

the murky mysteries of Frith Street and Greek Street; but the days have gone when one always walked down these side streets with a lilt as to some carnival tune; their smell is no longer reminiscent of the smell of "those lovable little towns of the Midi"; their liqueurs no longer carry you "at the first sip to the green-hued Mediterranean." No more do we see in the cafés the cold-eyed anarchists and the petty bourgeois and artisans from the foreign warehouses of the locality.

Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. Burke's plain warning that the glory of Soho has gone, there are still some of us who wander up and down its streets like comfortless ghosts, hoping against hope that we shall, by some happy chance, hit upon some supreme Stevensonian adventure. There are many doors in the wall; surely one of them will open to us if we search long enough and romance will be ours again, romance like that which seems to dog Mr. Burke's footsteps equally in Monte Carlo and at the Chequer's Inn at end of that suburban tram-ride, the route of which he will not divulge.

In his chapter on "Vodka and Vagabonds" he introduces us to a set of characters as rare as they are refreshing. In these days when most of us are unemployed it is good to think that when all else fails we may succeed 'Orace as baby-minder, and talk baby gaff by the hour while father and mother take their drink amicably together; for this profession the essentials are to have a way with infants and nails, pearl-buttons, bits of coloured chalk, and a piece of putty in one's pocket. Or there is Syd's post to slip into, that of congratulator to newly-married couples as they emerge from the Registry; it has the advantage of leaving you master of your soul after 3 p.m. All that is necessary here is the gift of opening doors and of tactful speech. Diamond-cutting is not without its fascinating side. At its lowest it ensures the perfectly smooth cheek, for the filings that come from the stone mixed with the oil of the lathe make the finest lubricant for a razor-stop. Less easy is the work of the "Kid's Man," the children's champion, who frequently has to break father's head in order to ensure that the slum-children shall not have theirs broken. "If you still think England a Christian and enlightened country, you had better accompany an N.S.P.C.C. man on his daily round."

In "Crowded Hours" he draws a pitiable picture of the lives of those who cross London Bridge:

"To watch them for an hour is to suffer an attack of spiritual dyspepsia. For among them are men who have crossed that bridge twice daily for thirty years, walking always on the same side, always at the same pace, and arriving at the other end at precisely the same minute. There are men who began that daily journey with bright boyish faces, clean collars, and their first bowler hats, brave with the importance of working in the City. Their hearts were fired with dreams and ambition. They made the acquaintance of a girl in their suburban High Street. They married. And now, at forty-five, all ambition gone, they are working in the same murky corner of the same office, and maintaining wife and child on three pounds a week. Their trousers are frayed and bag at the knees. Their coats are without nap or grace. They have 'settled down' without being conscious of the fact, and will make that miserable journey, with other sombre and silent phantoms, until the end. Verily, the London Bridge crowd of respectables is the most tragic of all London crowds."

It would be hard to better that description for accuracy of fact or terseness of style.

Mr. Burke's touch is as true in these scattered papers as in his more ambitious "Limehouse Nights" and "Twinkle-toes." He is a most careful craftsman, taking infinite pains to secure absolute artistic truth; his prose is that of a man to whom words are infinitely precious, to be used in their inevitably right sense or not at all. He never splashes his canvas with purple patches; his touches are all delicate, his anecdotes and sketches all deftly evolved and executed with consummate skill. Whether he is describing a game of baseball, or the turning out of an old drawer of pre-war relics, whether he is dissecting the soul of the Cockney on holiday or in the police-court or lamenting the decadence of the stage he succeeds in creating a magic atmosphere, in coining an unforgettable phrase and

* "Out and About." By Thomas Burke. 3s. (Allen & Unwin.)

THE DICTIONARY DISCOVERS A NEW WORD.

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A distinguished lexicographer has before him for analysis a new word, and so, with the industry characteristic of his profession, he is trying to find out exactly what it means.

The new edition of the world-famous dictionary he is editing is nearly ready for the press. He is considering for publication all sorts of words, which the last few years have made English, such as "camouflage," which a French dictionary describes as "a whiff of smoke," but which the war has made to mean "a form of disguise."

"Stunt," too, is occupying his attention, and "joy-ride"; and "Blighty" and "napoo." And also he has spent some time in investigating the newest educative system in order to find out exactly how to describe the magic word

"PELMANISM."

How would you describe it? Several famous people were asked at random the other day, and this is what they said:

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the eminent novelist and poet -

"A system of thought education, much in vogue during the great war. Its inventors claim that their system enables the average mind to triumph over the things that matter."

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Mr. N. PEMBERTON BILLING, M.P.

"Pelmanism—Cerebral Calisthenics."

Kipling once said something about the power of the Word, the live masterful word that walks about and causes things to be done.

There is one word which is doing this at the present moment. That word is Pelmanism. You meet it wherever you go. It is the topic of the hour.

One morning paper tells us about Pelmanism at breakfast-time. It takes up, in reading matter, more space than the Peace Conference. A second journal takes "the Progress of Pelmanism" as the subject of its leading article, and, on another page, at the foot of some topical notes, prints some verses telling all

. wise
Readers be sure and Pelmanise."

A leading review contains a correspondence on what Pelmanism is, and "One of 'hem,'" the poem novel in which Mr. Frankau has satirised the phases of the war, contains the lines:—

"Turned a bleared-eyed pauper to a swell man,
In six sharp weeks of concentrated Pelman."

THE WAY TO PROMOTION.

Then the post brings a soldier's letter from the Army of Occupation in Germany. "You will be glad to hear," it runs, "that I have just been promoted. I attribute this entirely to the Pelman Course you enrolled me for last Christmas. It's the best present I've ever had. Lots of our fellows are Pelmanising out here. It's the best cure for that 'fed-up feeling' we are all apt to get while waiting for the return to good old civies."

At the office there is a vacancy on the staff. On your desk is a pile of cuttings from the "small advertisements." A very ordinary lot seemingly—nothing to distinguish one from another. But what is this?

Young man. Just demobilised. Requires position as clerk. 23 years of age. Shorthand, Book-keeping. Pelmanised brain. Bright, energetic and trustworthy.

This is something different. A "Pelmanised brain." Just what is needed. You drop a line and ask him to call.

You lunch with a friend. "How do you remember all your orders?" your friend asks the smart and busy waitress. Back, with the inevitable smile, comes the inevitable answer: "Pelmanism, sir—just Pelmanism."

Over coffee you pick up the illustrated papers—*Punch* and two others. Each refers to Pelmanism. Two make it the subject of illustrations; one of an article.

DARLING'S LATEST.

Later, at the club, a barrister-friend strolls in. "Have you heard Darling's latest?" he asks, speaking of a Judge famous for his wit and his erudition. Then he tells the story of how the famous Judge, hearing evidence of "a highly-British compound which has made certain great men what they are," remarked: "I thought that was Pelmanism."

Nor is that the only phrase of the kind Mr. Justice Darling has used. "I believe there is a system by which you can become a General or an Admiral in a very short time," he said in another case. This time he left the word Pelmanism out; what he meant was too obvious.

AT THE PLAY.

A political friend joins the group. He is standing for Parliament, and hands round a copy of his election address. There is the word again. Among his many qualifications he states that "I am a Pelman student."

After an animated conversation on the subject of Pelmanism you leave the club and go to a theatre. You see Arnold Bennett's witty play, "The Little." The acting is excellent, the dialogue sparkling, and it is like meeting an old friend to hear:

Mr. Culver: "I believe I've found out your secret,

Mrs. Culver: you're undergoing a course of Pelmanism with those sixty generals and forty admirals."

You remember, too, that on a previous night at the Palace revue, "Hullo, America!" Pelmanism was the subject of a skit in a topical sketch.

And so home, as Pepys would say, and, after the usual half-hour with the "Little Grey Books"—to bed.

All the above facts, and you could quote a thousand more, have made the three words "Pelmanism," "Pelmanist," and "Pelmanise" the current coin of speech. Distinguished authors, editors, professors, educationists, scientists, members of Parliament and public men continually advocate the practice of Pelmanism in articles and speeches.

It is a World-Topic, and everywhere it makes for World-Welfare.

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ringing the changes on our lighter and deeper emotions with ineffable charm and yet with a concrete preciseness of detail that is all too rare in modern English prose. Here, we feel, is the ideal combination of talents. So often the man who knows his subject is inarticulate, and the writer who has a genius for beauty in style has nothing to say: Mr. Burke is one of the favoured of the gods in that he both knows what he is talking about and has the soul of a poet in transmitting what he knows in almost perfect prose.

S. P. B. MAIS.

IRISH HEROINES.*

In these biographical sketches, Mrs. Concannon now reveals herself as a most painstaking, diligent, and loving collector of ana about her subjects. She has some of the most wonderful subjects in the world. The romance of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's mother, the Duchess of Leinster, and his aunts, Lady Sarah Napier and Lady Louisa Connelly, of the whole marvellous family indeed, is something that never fails nor fades. Indeed the romance came down to Mr. George Wyndham and his sisters, the Three Graces of Sargent's picture in our own day. Mrs. Concannon has gathered so much that is new to a true-blue Fitzgerald person like the present reviewer, that one must envy her alike her opportunities and her industry. She has known, too, how to select, and if it were only for the chapter on Lord Edward's mother, the book would be one to possess. But there are other ladies besides these high-born aristocratic ladies. There is poor Sarah Curran, of "She is far from the Land," whose lover was the stainless patriot and martyr, Robert Emmet. There is Emmet's mother. There is the mother of the Sheares; the mother of the Teelings, all of whom shared Lord Edward and Emmet's fate. There are the wives of the United Men;—the eternally fascinating, eternally enigmatic Pamela; there is the wife of Theobald Wolfe Tone, that most extraordinary man, as the Duke of Wellington called him; that great and high-hearted adventurer and soldier of fortune; the wives of Samuel Neilson and Thomas Adis Emmet; the sisters of Emmet, Tone, Lord Edward, the Sheares and other patriots. There is Anne Devlin, Emmet's faithful servant; and there are some of the obscure heroines who fought with the men of '98, shoulder to shoulder. Altogether the book is a most wonderful record of unselfish devotion to a cause, a country, a beloved person; and as such no one who desires to acquaint himself with the cause and sources of the Irish difficulty should fail to read it. It is of poignant and yet glorious interest to an Irish reader, whose heart must be fired, whatever her politics, by this record of the greatness of the heart of woman. Mrs. Concannon has much fitness for the art of the biographer, but why gird at our delightful Mrs. Delany?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

WE ARE SEVEN.

What is the life of poetry in the individual who likes it? It is not usually strong enough to dethrone the body; but at least it assists the "still small voice" in keeping the spirit from succumbing to the opiate of materialism. Though no folio of Laputa could be more worthless than dull verse, the thrills which run through one when the wheel of metre evokes flame from the place of its rotation are worth far more than the sensations of interest produced by ordinary news and fiction. It is to the credit of contemporary verse that several of the volumes before me have made me feel that I carried communicable magic.

* "Women of '98." By Helena Concannon. 6s. net, (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

Dr. Todhunter's volume,¹ inspired by the

"Forlorn Land where sings no nightingale,
Counting [her] woes on rosaries of tears,"

deserves the tribute of affectionate perusal and occasional quotation. He died in 1916, nearing his seventy-seventh birthday, at his home in Bedford Park, London, where he had lived for thirty-four years. But just as for Swinburne there was a "pavement of amber by the feet of the sea-winds trod" between rows of Putney villas and shops, so for Todhunter Ireland and legendary Ireland were wherever he happened to be. Mr. Rolleston's introduction to his book depicts to us a lovable man; the frontispiece shows us the typical old poet who has ceased to strive (if he ever strove) with hair. Todhunter was well fitted to be a bardic historian; witness his versification of the harrowing legend of Cuchullain's slaying of his own son, than which nothing in the Arthurian group of tales is more compact of interwoven glooms. Perhaps the most treasurable poem in Todhunter's book is "A Moment"—a brief lyric in a grave metre which conveys a girl's impression of the joy that seems to arise by a sudden realisation of the kindness of wind and grass and sky or of Nature's motherhood. For myself, disposed to get very close to interesting people with my eyes (even when quite indifferent to shaking hands with them) I own that I cherish a thought of Todhunter's which for nutriment is no more satisfying than a husk and yet is worth repetition:

"The self within us burns, a lonely star,
And knows not its own form."

The influence of Mr. G. K. Chesterton is obvious on the author of "Young Adventure,"² but Mr. Benét is so much of a poet on his own account that he has merely to continue to write books as good as the present volume to be assured of fame. He is gifted with extraordinary eloquence and the novelist's power of interesting by a procession of circumstances. Hence it is not easy to dismiss from one's mind the horror of "The Hemp (A Virginian Legend)," telling of a pirate who boasted of his unhangableness without guarding himself against the revenge of an inexorable knight. Again not even Bernard Capes, master though he was of the art of story telling, could have surpassed the frightfully feline fascination of Mr. Benét's description of a poisoning feat performed with elegant and expensive hypocrisy by Pope Alexander VI. And yet to say that does not describe the special offering that our poet makes to the reader. That offering is his vivid exhibition of the fact that Fancy, whether it be Keats's or another's, has the power to confer life on blankness, being a genius ready not only to fill up every vacuum but to call in a world of excitement to interpenetrate a world of dullness. Mr. Benét's poetry is rich in narrative interest and poetic artistry.

Mr. Willoughby Weaving³ pleases his reader on the very threshold by acknowledging indebtedness to his friend Mr. Richard Rowley for "many beautiful amonuments." M. Saint-Saëns once confessed that he never accepted improving ideas from others for work already done; he preferred a comparatively poor originality to something richer resulting from collaboration. A determination to be oneself through thick and thin, however, deprives criticism of a great part of its utility; and in these times, when critics are calling out to ravens to feed them, Mr. Weaving's implied esteem for the tribe to which, rather by fate than effrontery, I belong, is gratifying. That he is a good poet is shown by a remarkable narrative in short rhymeless lines called "Marsyas and Apollo," in which there is no grief but the unappeasable yearning of the artist towards divine beauty. His "Eve" is another poem which reconceives an old legend with loving intention and felicitous effect.

¹ "From the Land of Dreams." By John Todhunter. 4s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

² "Young Adventure." By Stephen Vincent Benét. 5s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

³ "Heard Melodies." By Willoughby Weaving. 6s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Mr. Weaving is nobly conscious of a life to come, and few war poems have impressed me as much as his "Beyond Recall":

"Where men fell thick, like sheaves beside
The shrewd machine that reaped and tied
And life was left like stubble bare
He could but see with inner sight
That life was but a thing how slight,
And death a thing how fair . . .

"He did not wish that they would rise,
And move their silly hands and eyes."

"Heard Melodies" is a book worth buying and listening to.

It must be seldom that a poet's sonnets to his dead wife⁴ are reviewed by the surviving husband of a dead poet. I wish that the singular fitness in the preparation for reviewing in this case could lead to a corresponding fitness in the review. Perhaps the remark that primarily occurs to one, however, is so relevant to the dead that it has little bearing upon sonnets. In my own experience my art, even when used for the purpose of eliciting response, never seemed to effect contact between me and the individual whose love had for a decade of my life been marvellously wakeful and expressive. But occasionally, when some fresh turn or prospect, some new grief or plan was confronting or occupying my mind, I (without issuing an appeal) perceived her responsive amid the shifting scenery of dreams. Art of course means in itself an interposition between artist and object, namely the idea of some kind of virtuosity. If one is but a statue of grief or longing, forgetful of pose, neglectful of words, how eloquent and penetrative one may be. But attempt to construct a sonnet, and between oneself and one's love what figures stand—the "Petrarchan model," Arithmetic, Pronunciation! D. L. I.'s fifty-two sonnets, however, contain much that is beautiful, and we understand from them that the strength and constancy of his affection were not ignored in the world of discarnate humanity. Among a race adroit in quick consolations this lovely sonnet deserves many hearings:

"Time has two gifts to offer those in grief
For their lost dead: one is forgetfulness,
With pain and sorrow become something less
Than present pleasure, glimpses faint and brief
Of the dear past; and this men call relief
And healing, but the other gift more rare
Is pain that lasts, and with it strength to bear,
And memory, of life's joys become the chief.
Let love be keen to choose the nobler gift,
And learn to live with sorrow as a friend,
Gentle, yet strong, that will admit no drift
Into forgetfulness. So to the end
Love shall be loyal and, in spite of pain
Find in that loyalty a lasting gain."

In "Margaret"⁵ the spirit of the double superlative is too clamorous to be convincing. Uxorious apotheosis easily becomes ludicrous, and even if it did not Mr. Megus would affect the risible muscles by his idolatry. He says he has sown "nine hundred weeds and ninety-nine for critics and for Thee ["Margaret"] the thousandth line." Among the "weeds" we may confidently include a "weary Sun" which is kneeling

"To kiss the royal ermine robes of snow
Whose folds around her steadfast apples flow."

Nevertheless the gold of poetry is not absent from this sequence of stanzas, which in form and effect resemble curtailed sonnets. Moreover the gold is not the lucky gold of chance but the inevitable gold of the mine. Amidst fantastic artificialities one finds live enthusiasm and noble chivalry. A stanza which contrasts Sir Lancelot with King Solomon pleases like a fine stroke of criticism, and in a world where emotion so easily becomes lukewarm we are not too amorous of common sense to withhold a sympathetic smile from the poet who bids us

"Learn last the meanness of the golden mean."

⁴ "Sonnets after Loss." By D. L. I. 3s. net. (Dent.)

⁵ "Margaret." By Raymond E. Negus. 3s. 6d. net. (Lr. skine Macdonald.)

JOHN LANE'S LIST

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SELWYN & BLOUNT,

LONDON: 21 YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.2.

The author of "The Silken Tassel" is a Gujarati poet and is an example of a power over a language foreign to the writer which reminds me of an experience of my childhood. Accustomed from the time of my earliest use of speech to regard grace and expressiveness of language as instruments of my welfare more important than logs, I was taken one night to a meeting to hear John Bright. The renowned statesman was in good form, but he was preceded by a Hindu barrister, Lal Mohun Ghose, whose name has ceased to mean anything to the man in the street. But Ghose meant something then. The torrent of his wonderful eloquence hurried me away into a Paradise of music. After him Bright seemed all commas and semicolons, and though I shook hands with Bright after the meeting Ghose remained my hero. I almost think that Mr. Khabardar would have seemed to me a great artist in song in those far-off days. Certainly he knows how to recall memories of Shelley and Tennyson, though the artistic quality of that which flows from him so easily is not quite first rate. Still his mind moves to a delightful optimism in a charmingly lyrical way. The Kokil (or cuckoo) is in his heart. Some of his lines insist on being remembered, as for instance, this pretty bit of extravagance: "Her radiant face doth tempt the heavens to make another moon."

We may also treat the fairer reader to a pinch of his salt:

"I was proud and full of beauty: Beauty that is worst of wines;
Not the drinker but the cask that holds to drunkenness declines."

It is difficult to say where the eye of a running and skipping reader will alight, but I hope that if he has not read Mr. Norman Gale's verses to children,⁷ he will consider my closing paragraphs as symbolic of a signpost pointing him on the way to the nearest bookseller who will deliver them to him. It is hard to write for children anything that deserves to be rescued from their destructive fingers after the hour of satiety has struck in the nursery. But Mr. Gale, who loves children and Santa Claus, has made the idiom of early childhood so ideally his own that his verses create a troop of images too delightful for the beholder to keep a straight face or to maintain any aspect of impassiveness or severity. "Bobby's First Poem" is a miracle of natural absurdity. Mr. Gale is an admirably persuasive inculcator of kindness to animals; witness this stanza:

"I always hope the bird will fly
So high, so high,
That not a single leaden dot
In all the swarm of nasty shot
Will bring her tumbling from the sky
To die,
Don't you?
If not, please do."

From the point of view of the serious, the most excellent poem in the book is "The Reward," in which Mr. Gale is privileged to see Father Christmas filling the stocking of Mr. Gale's mother "when a child." The exquisite tenderness of this poem is an inspiration of more than mere talent; and though perhaps only Mr. Belloc is funnier in "Cautionary Tales" than Mr. Gale, it is Mr. Gale's tenderness, his gentle humour, playing like a zephyr among roses, which commend him to us as the most perfect children's poet alive among us.

W. H. CHESON.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN FLEET STREET.*

Miss Klickmann has effected something like an earthquake in Fleet Street, an avalanche in Literary Land. For centuries the editor and the would-be contributor

* "The Silken Tassel." By Ardeshir F. Khabardar. 3s. 6d. (Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.)

⁷ "A Merry-Go-Round of Song." By Norman Gale. 6s. net. (Rugby: Norman Gale.)

* "The Lure of the Pen: A Book for Would-Be Authors." By Flora Klickmann. Author of "The Flower Patch Among the Hills"; "Between the Larch-Woods and the Weir." 7s. net. (The Religious Tract Society.)

have been represented in the respective rôles of the wolf and the lamb. Our pity has been invoked, our tears invited, by the picture of the terror-paralysed lamb-contributor in the den of the merciless wolf-editor. Except for the fact that our lamb is so innocent as to be innocent even of offspring, one might put the finishing touch to the familiar picture by representing the lamb-contributor as helpless and hopeless while its offspring, in the shape of a manuscript, is being rent, limb from limb, by a devouring wolf-editor.

Now Miss Klickmann steps forward and gives us to understand that our century-old beliefs are all wrong; and that too often it is the would-be contributor who is the time-destroying, work-preventing, energy-devouring wolf, and the unhappy editor who is the inoffending and defenceless lamb.

"For the *Woman's Magazine*," she says in "The Lure of the Pen" (page 160), "I have been offered murder stories of the most lurid and revolting character"; and as one reads the words, one seems in imagination to hear the angry cries of "Shame! Shame!" from a Greek chorus of outraged editors. Then Miss Klickmann goes on to catalogue some of the many atrocities and "frightfulnesses" perpetrated on unhappy editors by would-be contributors.

Having thus, as I have said, stepped in—a very Kruger in the sense of "staggering" literary humanity—to revolutionise Fleet Street and Literary Land, and to set both, head downwards, feet and legs waving wildly in air, Miss Klickmann betakes herself, by corridor train, an excellent luncheon provided on board, to the West Country fastnesses of a "Flower Patch Among the Hills," where it is her boast that not all the centuries, nor the war, nor even the advent to Parliament of Mr. Bottomley, have in the remotest way changed the old order of things.

But to be serious. We are all, editors, contributors, and the reading public, weary of the conventional Guide to Success in Literature, with its stereotyped exhortation to young authors, and, at the very end, an inevitable specimen page, a painful object-lesson, headed: "How to Correct Proofs." In the visitors' book at a certain seaside hotel there is an entry by a popular lady novelist: "Had a lovely time here. Delighted to find a copy of—" (mentioning her most popular novel) "in the drawing-room." Then follows the lady's signature. The next entry is by a man novelist, and is also signed. It runs: "Had a beastly time here. Thank God, it's gone—the copy of—"

Similarly we are thankful that Miss Klickmann spares us that inevitable specimen page of "How to Correct Proofs." In the whole of her book there is nothing perfunctory, stereotyped, conventional. The fresh and original standpoint from which the work is penned, the innumerable new and entertaining stories, the humour, wisdom, expert knowledge and common sense, make "The Lure of the Pen" not only invaluable to the literary aspirant, but also a work of amusement, interest and information to the general reader. He, as apart from the literary aspirant, will find that by studying "The Lure of the Pen," he has not only, on the subject of How to Write, learned a good deal which he did not know before, but has also learned a very great deal that will be new to him on the subject of How to Read.

Possibly those of us with "coming on" sons and daughters who are anxious to write, will be taking great credit to ourselves for bringing home "The Lure of the Pen," giving as our reason that the book will be a help to our young folk in their literary efforts, while all the time our true intent will be all for our own delight.

About the book's value to every one, young or old, who is considering literature as a profession, there can be no question. As one who was for long years himself an editor, and so has suffered not a little under the burden of many impossible MSS., I have made much, made more really than the facts justify, of Miss Klickmann's good-tempered fling at the fool-would-be-contributor. But the work is, as the sub-title denotes, mainly for the literary beginner. For the Dick Whittington of letters, setting out to seek

a fortune by the pen, Miss Klickmann's book should be worth its weight in Treasury notes. Whether our Dick Whittington be boy or girl, young man or young woman, he or she will find here the stored wisdom of the many years in which Miss Klickmann has been a brilliantly successful editor. The aspirant will also find the stored wisdom of the fewer years (for Benjamin-like, Miss Klickmann left at the bottom of her sack the gold cup of her best gift of all to us, the books she has written) in which she has been an equally brilliantly successful author. What edition "The Flower Patch Among the Hills" is now in, I do not know, for it has been published some two or three years, but I remember that eight or nine large editions were sold within the first twelve months, and its successor, "Between the Larch-Woods and the Weir," has been equally popular.

When a serial which had been running for a long time in the *Windsor Magazine* came to an end, a growing reader wrote to the publishers (Miss Klickmann was then one of the two editors, but she does not tell the story in "The Lure of the Pen"): "The chief character in your serial story is, I see, dead. And when the man who wrote the story is dead, too, you can put me down for a wreath."

I conclude by recording my one and only quarrel with Miss Klickmann. It is that "The Lure of the Pen" was not published in the days when I was myself "beginning author," and when her book would have shortened the long way by many a weary mile. Instead, it comes out when my time for going west may not be so far away; and when some would-be contributor whose work I have, in my editorial days, been compelled to turn down, some reader who has been badly punished and bored in the effort to read something I have written, may weigh in with a joyful "You may put me down for a wreath."

COLLSON KIRNAHAN.

THE SECOND BLUE BIRD.*

This sequel to "The Blue Bird" shares the fate of many such repeated adventures in prose or verse. Welcome and refreshing as it is, because of its imagination, humour, and pleasant playing with eternal things, it lacks the element of novelty. It is not original as its predecessor was original, and so an enormous difference results. It has lost the splendid factor of surprise. Yet how delightful it is to wander along these paths of coloured and well-lighted fantasy; and although the allegory rather drags—it dwindles much as Destiny dwindles in the play—that does not matter one bit. Allegory is one of those monsters that, in a living book, invariably ends by mastering its maker.

To a great extent the scenery and furniture of "The Blue Bird" fit "The Betrothal." Again Tytyl, though now he is of the love-making age, sixteen, is awakened by the Fairy Berylure from his sleep in the kitchen to put on his breeches in the old familiar manner; and again we visit the abode of the children, that amazing region where Posterity can play old crony with its ancestors, though on this occasion there is no figure of Time to point the moral and adorn the beautiful back-scene. And still once again our old friend, Light, as ever reminiscent of the good fairy of pantomime, guides the child through the passages of his supreme adventure to its conventional happy ending. It is a pity there is not more difference between the plays, because the inevitable comparison must be to the disadvantage of the sequel.

The theme is the everlasting one of the search for love. Tytyl must choose his mate, the mother of his sons and daughters, destined, despite Destiny, already to be six. There are seven maidens to choose from; six of them neighbours of Tytyl, with whom he has exchanged the glance that kisses; but the seventh is a mystical maiden, a vague shape, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans anything, an

* "The Betrothal, or The Blue Bird Chooses." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 6s. (Methuen.)

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expressionless veiled phantom who wanders here and there in a desultory manner, to loll against pillars and play the part of a muted shadow in a way that in the old days would have roused the derision of the pit. We have better manners now, at least, in the cheaper theatrical seats; but it will need talent as well as restraint on the part of the actress to get this "Joy" across the footlights. Tytyl finds himself unable to make his choice from among these damsels; and so he must go seek the counsel first of his ancestors, and afterwards of his descendants. For some unexplained reason Berylure decides that he must have money, so he pays a visit to a miser in his cell, the obliging fairy opening the door by using her wand, which five minutes earlier she had declared was being repaired at the centre of the earth—a very careless inconsistency. Then on to Berylure's palace, through a region of rocks to the Abode of the Ancestors, *via* the Milky Way (how to get *that* within this wooden O) to the Abode of the Children; and so home to the cottage bedroom and the Blue Bird. Throughout this Pilgrimage, under the guidance of Light—who often talks, as indeed does Berylure also, rather like the Rev. Dr. Barlow—Tytyl and the girls are dogged by Destiny; at first a monstrous shape, granite and awful, with a grip of bronze and a voice portentous, to decrease in everything but self-assertion, until at last he is a puking child in an overwhelming cloak and sombrero, mumbling large words in lisping infantese. It is this richly comic character of Destiny that defeats whatever allegorical purpose Maeterlinck might have had. Here we are shown him as a force that threatens, and in the end is bankrupt nothing; yet it is destiny and nothing else that actually rules Tytyl's choice. No decision proves possible because the Veiled Figure, the future mother, is an unread mystery, and then the youngest of the unborn children, to be the eldest of the children born, speaks for himself, utters the word, makes the choice, claims his mother. It is, in fact, Destiny that decides, although we are shown the comic Destiny futile and like a modern politician or the Duke of Plaza-Toro leading his followers from behind.

It would, however, be completely absurd to dwell at full length on the futility of the allegory as if that were the measure of the play; for "The Betrothed" is charming, amusing, and pleasantly gives to thought. It has the same familiar humour as "The Blue Bird," and because it invades these mean and nasty times with the enchantment of fancy, colour, and quaintness of humour, it is as welcome as the sight of the daffodils swaying in the wind of a March morning. The language of this English version is colloquial in the British manner. Fairy, Light, the Prehistoric; all the people, mortal or metaphysical, talk in the idiom of Brixton: and we miss the poetry that would have rightly set the occasional charm of the thought.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

A STUDY IN SEPIA.*

In one of Mr. Maugham's plays the hero towards the end exclaims in a fit of petulance: "I held up an ideal and they sneered at me. In this world you must wallow with the rest of them." Petulance is a poor war-substitute for vivacity and wit, and it certainly is not absent from this book. It has something in common with his first novel, "Liza of Lambeth," much of its realism, and something of its power, developed to a maturity which is expressed in the writing if it is not always perceptible in the tone. Too often it gives one the feeling the narrator confesses receiving from the descriptions of Marseilles and its underworld—"I received the impression of a life intense and brutal, savage, multi-coloured, and vivacious." For all these phases pass and repass with dazzling rapidity in this story of the misanthropic freak, Charles Strickland.

Strickland, a stockbroker in a comfortable way, rejoices in a charming wife and family, or perhaps it would be truer

* "The Moon and Sixpence." By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

to say that they rejoice in him and the sheltering income he provides. The household atmosphere is drawn as near normal mediocrity as a rather jerky and cynical narrative can go, except that the chatelaine has wit as well as warmth, and basks in a happiness which is largely of her own creation—the better to set off her misery when her house of cards collapses. For this commonplace and inartistic spouse of hers deserts her and clears off to Paris, for reasons which scandal cannot recognise or recall by precedent, so it fills in what motives it likes. Here, however, Strickland sustains injury—the only injustice he can complain of in a career which consists mainly in the cruelties he inflicts on other people. He answers all reproaches and appeals with obscenity, robs a benevolent neighbour of his wife, and accepts her suicide as all part of the decreed order of things. He leaves France for Tahiti, takes his pleasure as he finds it, and is nursed to the last in blindness and leprosy by a native woman who has borne him a son and carries out his last request by burning their hut down, decorations and all. Here, in a word, is the only motive the author supplies in this cul-de-sac of teasing realism. Strickland, in accordance with his unaccountable nature, has suddenly dedicated himself to painting, and art is the drug that consumes him. Mr. Maugham paints the painter's portrait in masterly words, but we can no more accept Strickland's art than we can his break-away. It is a study of freakishness, told with a caustic cleverness of phrase, and a cold impartiality of outlook that is studied to a hair. As an essay in fiction with a biographic camouflage, it is a masterpiece in its way, but its human interest is thin.

J. P. C.

SIR ORACLE AND LADY SENSE.*

We know less about the future than we think about it; our thoughts about the war are generally fewer than the facts we have gained about its course; and as for the "Conscience of Europe," whatever that may be, our knowledge and our thoughts are on a par. Any one of these three topics would be enough for a book, if the writer had something vital to say. Any two of them would. The three together are unmanageable. And any hope of enlightenment vanishes when the reader discovers that the "Conscience of Europe" is represented, if you please, by President Wilson and the Bolsheviks, who exemplify "a regard for truth and a sense of responsibility towards the higher ideals and rights of humanity"! This is the contribution made by Professor Alexander W. Rimington to our equipment for facing the present crisis. He has unique qualifications for the task of instructing his erring fellow-Europeans.

"I have travelled much in Europe, have frequently lived abroad for many months at a time, have been brought into exceptionally close touch with all ranks and classes of people in most of the nations now at war; and have had many international and social questions brought home to me."

Think of that! How can a dog of a reviewer bark, when Sir Oracle opens his lips, even though dogs suspect the pacifist sheepskins that drape the Bolshevik wolf? Let the dog say that this booklet is feeble, wordy, and self-righteous. No honest watch-dog could say less, and he need say no more.

Mrs. Herman's book is a very different message. She is out to analyse some fashionable tendencies in the theory and practice of Christianity, and to suggest more excellent ways to the Church. The characteristic of her volume is good sense. She has the courage to challenge a number of plausible enthusiasms, not for the mere sake of clever writing, but from the consciousness that they are omitting some elements of truth which are essential to success. For example, she deals candidly with the cry that the Church ought to develop worship instead of preaching, and also with the delusion that what "Tommy sees in us" is the

* "The Conscience of Europe—The War and the Future." By Professor A. W. Rimington. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.) —"Christianity in the New Age." By E. Herman. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

final truth. The three main perils which she seems to anticipate in this new age are old perils, but it is just because they are old that they need to be freshly exposed. One is conservatism in thought, the disinclination to think out the Christian faith in relation to the modern environment. This is what gives an opportunity to fads and fanaticisms in the religious world; and, as Mrs. Herman briskly shows, it is fatal to allow the reaction against "intellectualism" to blind us to the dynamic power of ideas. What the Church in many quarters requires to offer is information pure and simple. Religious knowledge, put in terms of present-day life, is a real need. So is co-operation. She insists wisely on an individualism which is not anti-social, and upon the duty of the Church to lay a sound basis for its corporate life in doctrine. No amount of so-called "social" preaching will effect this.

"The social doctrine promulgated by Trades Unionists is sufficiently democratic; yet Trades Unions, as one knows them, are not one whit ahead of the Churches in adopting a hospitable and understanding attitude towards the classes not included in their membership, whether it be the capitalist class or the ranks of casual labour. If the truth were told, they are several degrees more class-conscious and exclusive than even the most complacent churches."

Finally, the Church must abjure conventionalism and develop the adventurous spirit in her members. Dean Church put this duty long ago in one of his most weighty Oxford sermons. It is the nerve of all men and women who are true missionaries. They instinctively act upon the principle. Where it is least recognised is in the home churches, and the closing chapters of Mrs. Herman's book are an urgent plea for this spirit of resolute vitality, which sees more than popularity as an end for the Church.

"Christianity in the New Age" is a living piece of work. All sorts and conditions of people are engaged in drawing up programmes for the Church in the immediate future, some as if nothing had happened since 1914, others as if Christianity had lost its identity. It is refreshing to come across a book which is fresh without being wilful. You can take exception to some of Mrs. Herman's views. But the general sanity of her attitude is a means of health. She has things to say, that theologians and ecclesiastics and church members will be none the worse of heeding; and she says them without scolding.

JAMES MOFLATT.

ARTEMAS AGAIN.*

It is a commonplace of criticism to say that a sequel is never as good as its predecessor. And, generally speaking, the saying is true enough. It is especially true of our present-day era of fiction, in which the sequel plays an ever-increasing part. We have novels that continue through volume after volume, interminably, until their very excellence becomes insufferably tedious.

It may be urged that the novels of yesterday also ran to sequels, that these sequels were not so called merely because they contained in bulk, and not by instalments, the full content of their main theme. But that is just the distinction to be drawn between them and the modern novel. They really did come to an end at last, whereas, so far as I can see, these sequels of to-day might go on for ever and ever, growing as their author grows, changing with the changing fashions of the time.

Now this is the Third Book of Artemas that I am reviewing. I reviewed the First Book with unstinted enthusiasm; as quite a new thing of its kind, most excellently well done. The Second Book I approached a little askance; but, resolved to put all prejudice aside and to ignore all conventions outside my own standards of literary values, I dealt with it faithfully and praised it again.

But what am I to say about this Third Book?

At the first onset it almost bored me. Not quite, however, for though I seemed to have caught the knack of its satire and to anticipate its effects, the satire and the effects

* "The Third Book of Artemas." (Westall.)

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EDWIN PUGH.

Novel Notes.

MARRIAGE WHILE YOU WAIT. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Buckrose is her usual delightful self in this new book of hers, "Marriage While You Wait." It is the story of a war wedding, and of how a marriage in haste was prevented from turning into a "repent at leisure" affair. "There is one thing I wish I could say to every young couple like ourselves, settling down after the war," says Sophia, the heroine of the story. ". . . I should like to say, 'You stick to it, and give each other a chance, for if you don't you may be throwing away the best chance of happiness you'll ever have in your life!'" The book should make a wide appeal, because it touches on experiences that many a war bride and bridegroom have gone through. It is not a war story though, so much as a story of the effect of the war on a certain group of people, and of what "happens after" the heroine gets married. Mrs. Buckrose gives us many skilful character studies and maintains a lightness of touch throughout the story which makes it all very pleasant reading.

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It is a great thing in these days to come across a novel that gets right out of the common rut and opens up fresh fields of speculation. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's "In the Morning of Time" is something quite unusual and quite unusually good. It is a story of primeval man, of the young world of gigantic beasts and birds, of titanic struggles with nature, and discoveries that made the human race all-powerful over other animals. The first chapter pictures the world before man appeared on it, then the author shows the gradual evolution from the man-ape to the wild savage creature that wrested speech out of the centuries and learnt the magic of tools. The story deals principally with Grôm and his woman, A-ya, who belong to a tribe of hillmen, the most advanced then peopling the earth; with the battles of theirs against other tribes, with their continual war on the colossal beasts that threaten their existence. Grôm is the first man to discover fire, and put it to practical uses; he is the scientist of his age, disinterested, courageous in the cause of humanity; in him one sees the man emerging from the animal, the idea of race-preservation supplanting the idea of self-preservation; thought for the future taking the place of thought only for the present. The book is more than strikingly clever, it is a brilliantly imaginative piece of work, intensely interesting from beginning to end; a book that one remembers and puts aside among the few novels that are worth reading again.

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Camilla Forrest with brusque, blunt, big-hearted Captain King, R.N. And the little bride who had unhesitatingly left wealth and luxury for four hundred a year and a one-armed husband, knew that "the father who had treated her as his most valuable bric-à-brac was nothing to her beside the Prince—glum, middle-aged and precise though he was—who had kissed her into a living woman." To this devoted couple is born David, the real hero of the book. And the charming story progresses through the boy's childhood, loss of his father, youth and sea-going, until his uncle's legacy turns the current of his life, to some extent, and brings him face to face with Miss Theodora Heywood. The setting of the story wins the hearts of its readers, it is so admirably easy, picturesque and genuine. There is no strain on the author's part to show us how things looked and seemed just before the Victorian era. She takes us quietly into the early nineteenth century, and it is a matter of course. We never realise, as we read, that she is skilful, because her skill is so finished. In Theodora we meet the blue-stocking of that period, clever, priggish, self-conscious; and handsome and attractive though she is, we keenly resent her engagement to David. Fortunately others, dwelling in that vivid village in Kent, are of our mind, and for once at least a little assistance given to Fate is not amiss. A few of David's interfering and loving friends play Providence, and before our Gracie Queen Victoria ascended the throne David is happy with the right woman, and Theodora's abilities are turned harmlessly into wider channels. An occasional flaw in the language may be found as one reads on, but these are no serious blemish to the restful, amusing, piquant and satisfactory story.

AN ORKNEY MAID. By Amelia E. Barr. 6s. 6d. net. (Appletons.)

Mrs. Barr was eighty-six when she wrote this novel! Wonderful woman! (Have you ever read her autobiography? If not, get it.) She was reading the *New York Times* and her eyes suddenly fell upon one word which rang a little bell in her memory—"Kirkwall." She closed her eyes, and thought of the place as she had seen it sixty-eight years before, and proceeded to write this quite readable and lively tale, which bears none of the signs of age. The scenes are laid in Orkney, at Kirkwall, in 1853, and towards the end of the book we hear of the Crimean War. Indeed, Ian, Thora Ragnar's young lover, goes out to do his share, and comes back full of dignity and joy for the marriage which was so sadly delayed. And at the wedding there was a Bride Cup mixed, in which pale delicious sherry and fine sugar and spices were mingled, and the whole was stirred by a strip of ros. mary! The book gives a true picture of ways and customs of Orkney. It is full of sentiment, and due attention is paid to love, "What do lovers talk about when they are alone? Ah, their conversation is not to be written down. How unwritable it is! How wise it is!" The tale flows on easily to a happy end.

HERITAGE. By V. Sackville-West. 6s. net. (Collins.)

The heritage is a strain of Spanish blood in the daughter of a Sussex farmer. Ruth Penniston is swayed by it into marrying a local Don Juan, with the natural result of misery in her domestic life. It takes years before she gets rid of him, and the book ends with a hint of her union to the man who had all along been interested in her. Two features in the construction of the story retard the movement. One is the long space covered by the plot. The other is the device of telling the story allusively, by conversation and letters. Mr. Conrad manages this method, although even in his practised hands it sometimes proves intractable. But Miss Sackville-West has not mastered it in her first novel, and there is a lack of direct straightforward impetus in the tale. The psychological colouring is excellent. The authoress has put thought and care into her work. She drops remarks like these: "Half the secret of love lies in intimacy, whereby love gains in tenderness what it loses in mystery, and is not the poorer by the

bargain." Indeed, the charm of the book lies in its atmosphere rather than in its movement. But charm it has, and that counts for much, the charm of suggestiveness. The farm life is exquisitely drawn. The interior of the household stands out vividly before the reader's eyes. It is the character sketching which is loose. But as a first novel "Heritage" is promising; it reveals gifts which will yield more in the realm of prose fiction.

THE AMETHYST RING. By Anatole France. A Translation by B. Drillion. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"L'Anneau d'Améthyste," which comes between "L'Orme du Mail" and "M. Bergeret à Paris," belongs to the year 1899. It is a series of sketches of provincial life, almost entirely unconnected with each other, except that certain characters—Royalists, Jews, clericals and militarists—appear in more than one. The only unifying element is the Dreyfus case, and the feelings aroused by the growing demand for revision. At intervals the patriot crowds assemble and "conspire" Zola, and even project a patriotic stone through the window of M. Bergeret, who examines it and finds it inferior to the missiles described in the classics. Then there is a series of intrigues by which a certain abbé is to be made Bishop of Tourcoing, the titular ring being that destined for the episcopal finger. Story, as such, there is none. The reader must make shift with the lovable character of Bergeret, and the ever-delightful antiquarian fantasias that Anatole France never can resist, and never should resist, for he composes them better than anyone else ever did. One other character must certainly be mentioned, the little puppy, Riquet, to whom the author devotes some of his most charming pages. The affectionate and engagingly ironical spirit of the series to which this volume belongs, the combination of bookishness with humane interest and an enthusiasm for progress and justice, all give their characteristic attraction to "The Amethyst Ring." It is not a great book; but it is unfailingly charming. Difficulties of production have raised the price of Mr. John Lane's translations, but have not diminished the attractiveness of the recent volumes.

FURTHER EAST THAN ASIA. By Ward Muir. 6s. net. (Simpkin.)

"The chaps as go ashore *never come back*." This was the information Alvin Kellock received from the captain of the steamship that was bearing him to the Island of Pulo—an island that, according to the same informant, was "more East than Asia." It was scarcely a statement likely to stimulate the young man's enthusiasm for his destination; yet the ghastly possibilities lurking behind the captain's words did not daunt him. "Free and unafraid," poet, yet, it need be, man of action and iron nerve, Alvin Kellock was the right person to go to the treacherous island in quest of its strange healing waters for the poor half-caste patients of a philanthropic Eastern doctor. And Alvin Kellock had made up his mind that he would come back. Steeling himself against every kind of horror except the right one, he was amazed to find that not death but pleasure detained the previous adventurers—a sickly, soul-destroying pleasure that stole their manhood and gorged their senses with hideous luxury. Kellock had promised the doctor to return; that and his natural health and vigour protected him, but another danger threatened and against this he had no weapons. Original in scheme, vividly told, with infinite care for detail, Mr. Ward Muir's latest novel strikes a new note, and those who are on the look-out for an exciting romance of the best kind cannot do better than get "Further East than Asia."

WHAT NOT: A PROPHETIC COMEDY. By Rose Macaulay. 6s. net. (Constable.)

It is a curious fact that the poking of fun "agin the Government"—of whatever form, character or party the Government may be—is one of the surest ways of causing amusement in any company; or in any company other than that of newly-created Ministers or permanent officials. That being so it would not be easy to prophesy the limit

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to the circles of readers who might find entertainment in Miss Macaulay's highly diverting comedy, for it is of fun "agin the Government" all compact. The story is described as prophetic in that it was written before the war had come to an end, and deals with post-war matters. We are chiefly concerned with a certain number of people connected with the Ministry of Brains. The Brains Minister himself is a very serious person, with very serious views as to the increasing of the nation's brain power. All sorts of new regulations are made, including the grading of people for marriage—with a bonus on the babies born of Government approved marriages, and a tax on those born of unions against the regulations. Then the Minister himself—uncertificated for marriage at all owing to his having mentally defective relatives—falls in love with a member of his staff who is grade A! It is a thoroughly diverting piece of work which may be commended to the notice of all readers who like to have their risible muscles relaxed.

THE IMP. By Wilson MacNair. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Imp" is a war story that among the medley of war stories, grave and gay, stands out with distinction, grave and gay by turns. The little mischievous imp of laughter that dwells in the soul of Esmé Hillier prompts her to do all manner of extraordinary and provoking things, and even carries her to the length of an impromptu marriage. It is upon this impromptu marriage, and the result of it, that the plot of the book hangs, a plot brimful of sparkling dialogue, unexpected incidents and fresh ideas, in which crossed-loves and cross-purposes play a very definite part. Those who have read Mr. Wilson MacNair's previous novels, "Glass Houses" and "Blood and Iron," are familiar with the author's deft handling of unique situations, his shrewd knowledge of human nature, and his lively gifts of wit and humour. His latest book contains some of his cleverest characterisation, has an excellent story to tell and tells it in his happiest vein.

The Bookman's Table.

CARVEN FROM THE LAUREL TREE. By Theodore Maynard. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

This little sheaf of thirteen essays will bring pleasure to every reader who has a relish for well-wrought prose. Mr. Maynard, we observe, has published three books of verse, and herein lies, perhaps, the secret of his prose rhythms. For in one of his essays he contends with reason and eloquence that "the finer and more delicate graces of the prose writers are almost invariably derived from song. Beauty with its cadence and rhythm, its felicities of thought and phrase, walks majestically apparelled through their pages. Her musical footfalls are only the echoes of poetry, who never ceases to bless any who have ever been her votaries." That is finely said, but it is not always evident that Mr. Maynard sufficiently distinguishes "prose-poetry," with its allurements of preciousness, from that which Dryden calls "the other harmony of prose." The essayist deals with many interesting subjects besides "Poet's Prose": "Mysticism," "Sanctity and the Sanitary Inspector," "Drinking Songs," "Miracle Plays," "Michael Field," "Mrs. Meynell," etc. In his essay on "The Mystical Note in Poetry" Mr. Maynard offers a reason for his Catholic bias, but in not a few of the other essays the bias obtrudes itself less reasonably. Behind the cadenced prose lurks the fervour of the propagandist, gently but firmly determined that the Protestant dogs shall not have the best of it. The self-consciousness of his style includes an affectation of sweet reasonableness which is sometimes at variance with the dogmatic character of his assertions.

When he sets Swinburne before Tennyson he does indeed remember to add a propitiatory "I venture to think"; but he has no hesitation at all in naming for us the prose writer of the twentieth century who is "the one most certain of immortality."

BRIEF POEMS. By E. H. Visiak. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Since Mr. Visiak published his first small volume of "Buccaneer Ballads" a few years since he has been winning an individual place in contemporary poetry. At first his Muse was an attractive sprite nourished on old rum, bloodshed, and the salt airs of the Pacific; and she gave us some very charming and stimulating lyrics—charming in the almost humorous remoteness of their subject-matter and stimulating in their fine convincing use of language. But even in that joyous little volume indications were not wanting of the real Mr. Visiak, the poet of spiritual insight and understanding, the absorbed metaphysician. More and more his objective seafaring moods dwindled before his passion for subjective analysis, until, in "The Battle Fiends" (1916) his work assumed a definite and unmistakable quality—of piercingly personal vision of the inner life of man. In "Brief Poems," Mr. Visiak has not maintained the achievement of "The Battle Fiends"; perhaps this is largely because he has been over concerned with concentrated expression. We do not mean that he fails. He does not; in their very brevity is contained the authentic stuff of poetry. Yet one regrets that he has not matured these seeds into the lovely flowers they give promise of. The beauty of thought and music in these poems will make lovers of good poetry wish that Mr. Visiak would shake himself free from the cramping and diminishing influence of the too-close concentration which is frequently visible in this book, and give his natural lyricism free scope in a fuller and more representative music.

THE FLEET FROM WITHIN. By Sydney A. Moseley. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

So many writers who take the Fleet for their theme seem to find a malicious pleasure in indulging in allusions which clamour for an explanation and in employing jargon out-Kipling Kipling in the demand which it makes for translation that it is a real comfort to come upon a volume dealing with the Navy which, like Mr. Sydney A. Moseley's book, makes a genuine attempt to describe the life of the Senior Service for the benefit of the average uninitiated taxpayer. Why the majority of naval authors should be so over-burdened by their knowledge as to be unable to speak in a language "understandable by the [land] people" is a problem which we do not pretend to be able to solve; but we are glad to say that the "Impressions of an R.N.V.R. Officer" contained in the work before us are agreeably free from ritualism and abracadabra and succeed in telling us, in very modest and agreeable fashion, something of the work done by the mariners of England from 1914 to 1918. Mr. Moseley makes no attempt to fog us with a parade of his newly-acquired knowledge, but is careful to enlighten us step by step *currente calamo*; and the result is a very pleasant entente between author and reader, the latter rejoicing in the novel experience of perusing a book about the Fleet which sincerely means to be and is informative.

TIME FLIES, AND OTHER PLAYS. By Lionel Dickinson. 3s. 6d. (Humphreys.)

Amateur actors in search of amusing little one-act plays should be interested in the slender, blue-covered book by Lionel Dickinson, called "Time Flies." The book contains four plays, a fantasy and a pageant—all suitable for amateur staging and acting. Perhaps the humour might have been a little more subtle in parts—but nevertheless the plays are full of possibilities which those who are accustomed to play-reading will quickly grasp.

*Supplement to "THE BOOKMAN"
July, 1919.*

*Photo by
Hoe Stuers and A. H. Dodman,
Maidenhead.*

*"Sapper,"
Cyril McNeile.*

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

THE BOOKMAN monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

(1) We offer a First prize of £3 3s., a Second of £2 2s., and a Third of £1 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines each.

(2) We offer a First prize of £3 3s., a Second of £2 2s. and a Third of £1 1s. for the best essay in not more than seven hundred words on "My Favourite Author."

(3) We offer a First prize of £3 3s., a Second of £2 2s. and a Third of £1 1s. for the best drawing (serious or humorous, in line or wash) illustrating the title of any book published this year.

(4) We offer a First prize of £3 3s., a Second of £2 2s. and a Third of £1 1s. for the best three humorous poems in not more than forty lines each.

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

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and must reach the BOOKMAN office by the first post on September 4th next.

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.

In "The Peak of the Load," which Messrs. Constable announce, Miss Mildred Aldrich continues, from the entrance of America into the war, the narrative of her experiences on the edge of the war zone which she began in "A Hilltop on the Marne."

By arrangement with Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, Mr. Lee Warner, as publisher to the Medici Society, will this autumn issue a Riccardi Press Edition of the Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. At the same time he will publish two new volumes, "The Livery of Eve" and "The

Substance of a Dream" (of which Messrs. Methuen are now at press with the ordinary issues) in the Riccardi Press Edition of the Works of F. W. Bain.

Miss Dorothy Richardson's brilliant continuation of the story of Miriam Henderson, "The Tunnel" (Duckworth), following "Pointed Roofs," "Honeycomb" and "Backwater," was the fourth in a series whose fifth volume, "Interim," she hopes to have ready for publication in the autumn. Each volume is a single chapter of the work as a whole, and its title was to have been "Pilgrimage," but it was found that this title had already been taken, and the author does not now regret this, "since pilgrimage suggests a journey from a beginning to an end, from darkness to light, and so forth"; whereas that which she hopes will stand clear when the series is complete should have informed every volume, and she believes it will prove to have done so. There is nothing arbitrary or consciously "new" in Miss Richardson's technique. It was an immense surprise to her, "something of a delightful adventure," as the story unfolded itself, and she sees it now "as the inevitable 'literary' result of a point of view." From 1909 onwards Miss Richardson contributed a number of middle articles to the *Saturday Review*. Her first book, an essay on "The Quakers: Past and Present," was published by Constable in 1914, when "Pointed Roofs" was already written, but had not found a publisher.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing this month "Things Big and Little," a new collection of essays and sketches by Gilbert Thomas.

Major Putnam, head of the famous American publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is in London on his yearly visit and looking none the worse for the strenuous work he did on the platform and in the Press, before and after America came into the war, to bring about a closer union between

our country and his own. He assured an interviewer the other day that the market for British books in America is greater than ever. "But they must be good books. There is no geographical boundary now between your literature and ours. American readers do not care whether a book is

English or American, so long as it is a good book. Probably no English-writing author has a larger influence in the States than H. G. Wells. Conrad, Bennett, Galsworthy, Zangwill, Kipling, Chesterton—all your first rank authors have a bigger public with us than at home because we have a much larger population for them, but there is a falling off in the sales of your second and third rate authors—we now produce nearly enough of that kind ourselves to satisfy the demand."

Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing immediately "Handley's Corner," a new novel by Kate Horn.

Mr. Israel Zangwill,

whose new novel, "Jinny the Carrier" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this Number.

A collection of Victor Bridges' short stories, *The Cruise of the Scandal*, will be published shortly by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

A book of more than common interest is the collection of Joyce Kilmer's poems which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in the press. Joyce Kilmer, a brilliant American journalist, joined the American Army immediately America entered the war, and was killed on active service in France. Shortly before his own death in a French hospital, Cecil Chesterton, who in happier years had "discovered" Kilmer as a poet, wrote: "So Joyce Kilmer is dead—on French soil, a soldier in the new Grand Army which America has sent to help in the Liberation of the World. . . . Kilmer, like Poe, was a journalist as well as a poet, and in point of fact he seemed prouder of his journalism than of his poetry. At any rate, he talked about it much more. That, however, was, I think, because he preferred to talk of things outside himself. He was the kind of man who would have despised the sort of self-analysis in which some poets have delighted.

... His mysticism never plunged into morbidity, as Poe's did, but set itself to scale the skies. In his poetry this simplicity shows itself in a certain directness in his treatment of human things. His love songs are exquisite, but they strike, as such songs should, the single note of romantic love without sophistications. It is so also with his religious poetry. There is a fighting note—militant almost to harshness—in much of his best work which makes his death as a fighter seem, grievous as is our loss, a fitting one. Perhaps no poet has ever had a greater command of the language of complete contempt than had Joyce Kilmer. Yet he could sing very beautifully of the good simplicities of life. . . . To me he has left the memory of a brief friendship of which I shall be proud until I join him. To the world he has left much admirable art and a promise which can now never be fulfilled."

"Dressing Gowns and Glue," a book of nonsense verses written by Captain L. de G. Sieveking, R.A.F., while he was a prisoner in Germany, will be published shortly by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. The book is illustrated by John Nash, and contains an introduction to the verses by G. K. Chesterton, and an introduction to the drawings by Max Beer-bohm.

The same firm is about to publish "The Meaning of the World Revolution," by Hamilton Fyfe; and Sir Leo Money's "Fifty Points About Capital."

"The Pagan" (Methuen), which was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN, is Charles Inge's fourth

novel, and was written at night during the last year of his service in the late war. His other books are "The Unknown Quantity," a novel of eugenics; "Square Pegs," and "The Eternal Whisper," published in 1915, but written before war was declared. They all deal with various

phases of London life. He started his literary career by contributing verse to *Vanity Fair* and, when Mr. Fletcher Robinson was editing that paper, a series of "Mr. Wordly Wiseman's Letters to His Son." He learned something of his London, he says, "by a succession of wanderings and nights out in Soho or Soho in the days when the Gourmets was in two rooms and Madame Roche took your money at the desk in Old Compton Street." His impressions of those adventures were translated into a series of London sketches which appeared in the *Nation*. In addition, Mr. Inge has contributed variously to the dailies and weeklies and many short stories to the magazines, receiving, the while, his share of editorial compliments, with or without regrets. On one occasion he discovered that contributors do not rank high as creditors of a bankrupt paper, but remains grateful for much remembered encouragement.



Mr. Charles Inge.

whose novel, "The Pagan" (Methuen), was reviewed in our last Number.



Photo by Compton Collier.

Mr. W. L. George

and the cat that is one of the characters in his new novel, "Blind Alley" (Fisher Unwin).

Mr. Inge was educated at Westminster, where he got his "pinks" for football, and was captain of the House in that game, and captain of "raquets," as it is played at Westminster. Among his possessions are the Maundy Pence given for climbing the "big pole" at gym, the Football Association Gold Medal, as a member of the Old Westminster team that won the London Cup, and one small son. He is married to a great-granddaughter of Collingwood's flag lieutenant at Trafalgar, Captain Clavell, who is also his own great-grandfather. During six months at Hanover, he picked up some German with a view to going into

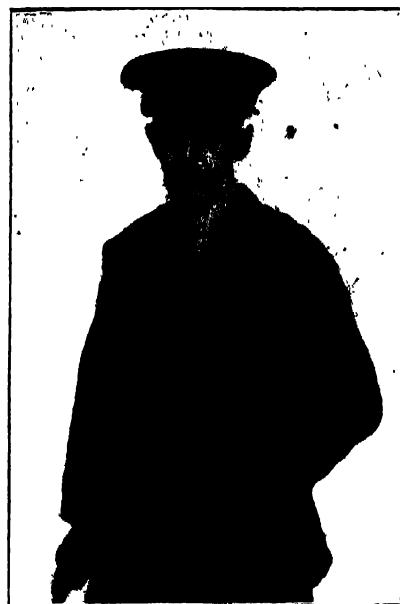
the Army, but eventually became a planter of tea and cocoanuts in Ceylon. He served in the South African War (for which he has the Queen's Medal and three clasps) and was mentioned in the *Gazette* during the war that is now, more or less, ended. As a novelist, his method is to find the characters and let them work out their own story. He doubts the efficacy of detailed description in a novel, seeing that no two people visualise alike, and confesses, rather cryptically, that he was once asked to change that part of his name which he uses on his title-pages.

Mrs. Mary Gaunt writes with reference to Mrs. Archibald Little's recent review of her latest book, "A Broken Journey" (Werner Laurie), that her description of it in the title as a journey along the upper reaches of the Amur is correct, as the fact that she had reached Saghalién from the north presupposes that she had passed along the lower reaches. "Mrs. Little," she writes, "considers that my travels in China might be compared to those of a foreigner 'who insisted on travelling through our Black Country by by-ways mounted on a sorry donkey,' but I set out to go to Lan Chou Fu, and there are only two caravan routes. I went by no by-ways but by the main northern caravan route because the southern route by Hsi An Fu was in the hands of a robber chief, White Wolf. I also travelled in the very best style the country

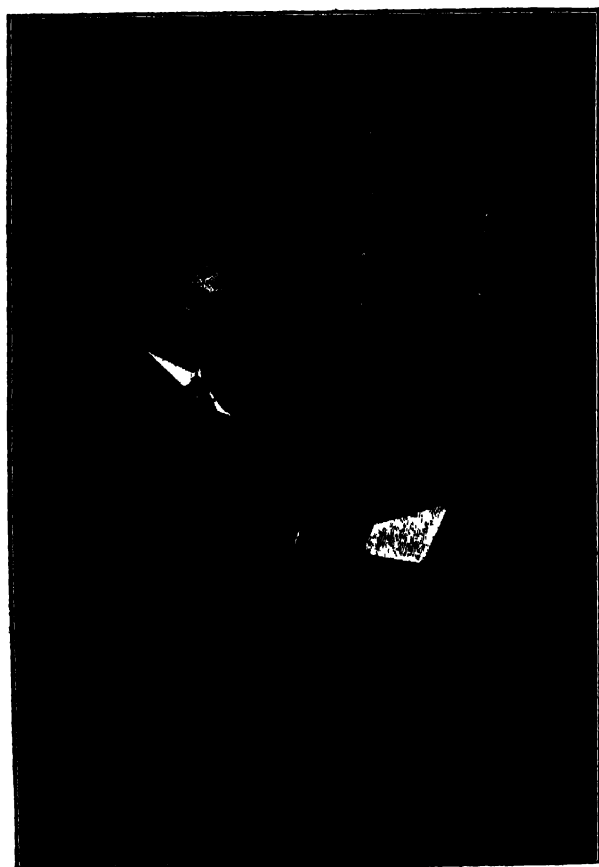
afforded, a mule litter. It was about equal to going through the Black Country in a first class carriage on the London and North-Western. I was 'lifted' out of the litter, I admit, but I really don't know how I could have got out else when the litter was on the backs of the mules. I fear no

Mrs. Little doesn't know much about travelling in the interior of China beyond the comforts and luxuries of the Englishman in the East. Of course, the Yellow River may be seen from the windows of a train, but had I been content to look at it from that vantage point I should have known nothing about the peasant of Shansi. Finally, as for her suggestion that I should have distributed literature against foot-binding on my travels: to begin with, not two per cent. of the Chinese are educated, as we regard education. The old-style Chinaman was quite a courteous individual educated in his own way, but not considering his women of any but very secondary importance in life, and for me, an alien, a woman, helpless and alone, to go through a land distributing literature against a custom so deeply rooted as foot-binding, would have been asking for trouble. My only safeguard would have been that the majority of the people could not have read it." Mrs. Little replies that in what she said of the distribution of literature against foot-binding she was suggesting what was always her own practice out in China; that in her other comments she wrote from recollections of her own long residence and travel in China, intending them to be taken as a comparison of differing experiences; and that if she failed to convey that "A Broken Journey" was a book that would give much pleasure to many readers she must have expressed herself inadequately.

Miss Marie Corelli's new book, "My Little Bit" (6s. net; Collins), includes the vigorous and outspoken articles she contributed to the Press during the war, and two that were first published before



Captain Horace Wyndham,
author of "Following the Drum," &c., served with the B.E.F. 1916-1919. He is now with the Army of the Rhine.



Mr. Sydney Hastings Webb,

whose successful humorous novel, "Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr. Guy" (illustrated by G. L. Stamps), is published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.



Mr. David Whitelaw,

whose admirable romance of the French Revolution, "The Man on the Dover Road" was published last month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Whitelaw has just returned from America. The photograph was taken on board the *Rutterdam*, en route for New York.

the war, "The Great Unrest," a drastic indictment of modern social developments, and "Savage Glory," which shrewdly foresaw the catastrophe that came upon us in August, 1914. You may or may not agree with Miss Corelli's views on the emancipation of women, the failure of the Churches, and the divers political and general questions that have exercised the public mind in these latter years, but they help to make "My Little Bit" a live and an interesting book. Among the best of the essays, the most spirited and the most sympathetic are those which deal with the heroic doings and sufferings of our fighting-men.

"Air Pic," the Royal Air Force Annual, edited by W. Kean Seymour and Cecil Palmer of the R.A.F. (5s. net; Palmer & Hayward) is a handsome miscellany containing numerous pictures, serious and humorous, in colour and black-and-white, by many of the most distinguished living artists, including Sir John Lavery, Sir William Orpen, Muirhead Bone, Raven Hill, Heath Robinson, H. M. Bateman, C. R. W. Nevinson, Will Dyson, "Poy," Bert Thomas, Harry Rountree, Frank Brangwyn, Augustus John, John Hassall; and stories, poems and essays by Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, W. B. Maxwell, Israel Zangwill, Coulson Kernahan, Pett Ridge,

Robert Hichens, John Galsworthy, W. H. Davies, De Vere Stacpoole, and other well-known authors. Full of good things and admirably produced, "Air Pic" is, in beauty and interest, second to none of the popular annuals of its kind.

No poem of the war made a wider, more poignantly inspiring appeal than "In Flanders Fields," that gives its title to the collection of Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae's poems which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published (6s. net). There are verses in the book almost as fine in thought and feeling as his one famous lyric. Sir Andrew Macphail contributes a biography and character sketch of McCrae, and a critical study of his work.

The Right Hon. J. M. Robertson has written a book on "The Problem of Hamlet" in which all the leading theories of the character of Hamlet, down to the latest German, are reviewed and shown to miss their aim by overlooking the structural evolution of the play. This is one in a series of books that Mr. Robertson has projected on "The Canon of Shakespeare," and will be published shortly by Messrs. George Allen & Unwin.



Lieutenant F. W. Palmer, V.C.

From the bust by L. S. Merrifield in this year's R.A.

Mr. F. W. Palmer, the brother of Mr. Cecil Palmer, was connected with the firms of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Mr. Erskine Macdonald; he made a gallant record in the late war and is the only publisher V.C.

THE READER.

"SAPPER."

BY DAVID HODGE.

THE public are not easily attracted to ordinary war fiction to-day. Magazine editors found many months ago that the demand of their readers for stories of the war had fallen to a low point, and contributors were advised to steer clear of tales that had the war as a setting. The public had become satiated with the war as a basis for reading matter of the imaginative order; weary of incomprehensible descriptions of gallant fights in the air; tired of the technicalities that shrouded the interest of what soldier-authors had to say; bored by the slang of the trenches and the officers' mess; and annoyed by the assumption of too many of the writers that a story, no matter how incompetently done, had claim to notice and serious consideration merely because it was the work of one who had been "over there" and studied hell at first hand. The magazine editors and the book publishers knew that the day for such war fiction had passed, and now the only war writers who receive attention are the few who by their craftsmanship and wide human appeal have a likelihood of more than ephemeral fame. Among them is Cyril McNeile, the soldier who writes under the pen-name of "Sapper."

Throughout the war his engaging personality as displayed in his newspaper articles and books of short stories has attracted and allured the reading public, who have come to look on him as an intimate and friend. It was recognised early that in him we had a man with a point of view and with a pen that could strongly and brightly present his pictures and convey his impressions of the grim drama in the battle-fields of France and Flanders. Military terminology was employed sparsely; a dramatic sense pervaded all that he wrote; and the human note was never absent. He made clear that while the men at the Front had undergone a change they remained in the great essentials the men they were when they enlisted. Not for "Sapper" the view that Britons are of two widely differing classes: the men who fought, and the men who did not fight. Too often it was the view of the war correspondents, who would represent to us that the soldiers had next to nothing in common with the men at home—their brothers and their fathers, it might be—and that the fighters were a wholly new breed. The correspondents could have glorified the heroes without seeking to establish any disparaging contrast, but they did not elect to do so, and when they came to write of industrial trouble at home the agitators were referred to in terms more fitting for Cherokees or Hottentots than the blood relations of the noble fighters from the midst of whom the dispatches were penned from day to day. No such hard and fast line was drawn by "Sapper"; he knew, and he made it clear to those at home that he knew and understood; he was saved by the human touch. He recognised the folly of any arbitrary line of sharp differentiation; realising that the man clerking at home to-day might

be the man behind a gun the week after next. Now and again "Sapper's" characters say savage things about the men who "kept the home fires burning," "found themselves essential" in engineering shops that paid high wages, or took cover amid the roll-top desks and padded easy chairs of Whitehall; but the characters are merely expressing opinions flung about from start to finish of the war; and what they say may be far divorced from the views held by "Sapper" himself. These views are not copiously set forth, but when "Sapper" does talk in the first person he leaves no doubt as to his standpoint, outlook and attitude. His sympathies are cosmopolitan; narrowness is absent, and comprehensive charity is his key-note. "Sympathy and sacrifice—is that your summing up of Christianity?" asks a Captain. A Major, whose life has taken him all over the world, replies: "Isn't it? But whether it is or it isn't, it's the only thing that will keep any show going. Damn it, man, it's not religion—it's common horse sense." And in that reply, I imagine, we have a gospel of which "Sapper" does not disapprove.

His first books were short stories, and included "No Man's Land," "Men, Women and Guns," "The Human Touch," "The Lieutenant and Others," "Sergeant Michael Cassidy" all of which go into edition after edition, and are as popular in America and in the Colonies as in the home country; are read not only by the men to whom such names as Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Paschendaele, Poperinghe, Kimmel Hill, convey undying memories, but by men and women to whom they are names and nothing more—not real places where one's friends passed the Great Divide, mere dots on a map. These short stories gave us two of "Sapper's" most vivid figures—Sergeant Cassidy, an Irishman who would have been a credit to Lever, and Shorty Bill, a desperate character, with whom killing was a science. As far as was humanly possible he had eliminated chance, and he specialised in making the fight man to man. As a sniper he had been known to lie for hours—right through the heat of the day—disguised in dirt and bits of brick, waiting for his target, immovable, seemingly a bit of the landscape. As a prowler in No Man's Land he had strange adventures, and such things as he did there are not written in any official gazette—at least, not all of them. The Shorty Bills who survived are back among us now—back as bus conductors, railway porters, policemen, mechanics, hall porters, liftmen, clerks, grocers, butchers, insurance agents, newsvendors, and other seemingly prosaic and humdrum people—and save to old platoon companions, men who shared with them the Great Adventure, they are as quiet as the grave concerning the fires through which they have come. By some unwritten law their experiences are kept sacred from the civilian—partly because the civilian would not understand, but almost wholly because he has no real

right to hear them. . . . Some of the stories are in the nature of sketches, while others are stories with highly ingenious and stirring plots. "Sapper" draws with few lines. His effects are got by direct methods. He jettisons the superfluous with as much care as Phil May or Rudyard Kipling, and his sentences give one the impression of all first-class work—that they could not have been done in any other way. The style is individual and easy, and the models on which it is based are many and all good. Passages such as the following abound:

" 'It's all a question of habit,' said the infantryman.

"And so is most of the war—a question of habit. Where Death is such a common visitor, it stands to reason he loses much of his horror. If it were not so men would go mad. But mercifully for them, a callousness numbs their sensibilities, and the dead are just part of the scenery. It will not last.

"In time the crust will break away, and a man's outlook on life will become as it once was. . . . The horror . . . will be glossed over by the kindly hand of time. Only a certain contempt of death will remain. . . ."

"Sapper" now presents a full length novel, "Mufti."* It is a distinct success. The story is simple as to plot; but it is primarily a novel not of plot but of psychology. The central character is one Derek Vane, an infantry captain. He is not of a type that would commend itself wholly to the left wing of the Coal Commission, for instance:

"Possessing, as he did, sufficient money to prevent the necessity of working, he had not taken very seriously the something he was supposed to be doing in the City. . . . He belonged, in fact, to the Breed; the Breed that has always existed in England, and will always exist till the world's end. You may meet its members in London and in Fiji; in the lands that lie beyond the mountains and at Henley; in the swamps where the stagnant vegetation rots and stinks; in the great deserts where the night air strikes cold. They are always the same, and they are branded with the stamp of the Breed. They shake your hand as a man shakes it; they meet your eye as a man meets it. Just now a generation of them lie around Ypres and La Bassée, Neuve Chapelle and Bapaume. The graves are overgrown and the crosses are marked with indelible pencil. Dead—yes; but not the Breed. The Breed never dies."

Vane is wounded in the arm and sent to hospital at Paris Plage at the time of the German offensive in the

spring of last year. There he meets Margaret Trent, V.A.D., formerly a Society butterfly, in whose company he had, before the war, been constantly till the day when, by a chance remark overheard at a dinner party, she discovered that a certain flat and its occupant were closely connected with his bank account. At Paris Plage he is in her ward, and not unsurprisingly the close acquaintanceship is renewed. It ripens. He seeks her in marriage:

" 'You have asked me to marry you' (says Margaret), 'to take the biggest step which any woman can take. I tell you quite frankly that I want to say "Yes." I think all along that I loved you, though I flirted with other men. . . . I was a fool five years ago. . . .'

"He looked at her quickly. 'Tell me; I want to know.'

" 'I found out about that girl you were keeping. . . . It seemed a deliberate slight to me. It seemed so sordid. You see I didn't understand—then. . . . I've grown, you see . . . got a little nearer the true value of things. . . . One doesn't take men out of books now. All this has taught one to understand a man's temptations—to forgive him when he fails.' "

"Sapper"
(Cyril McNelle).

They agree to marry, but only after a time to be spent in discovering their life work. We leave Margaret at her hospital at Paris Plage, and though we hear of her we never see her again. Nor does Vane, as far as the book goes. He comes to England, to a convalescent home, a castle in the country, and there he meets one Joan Devereux, another of the Breed. Margaret is forgotten. Vane captures the heart of Joan, but to clear her father's fortunes she marries a multi-millionaire. She had promised to marry Vane, if she and he after a fortnight's consideration thought this course the true one. Vane is torpedoed in the Irish Sea and saved. While he lies unconscious the fortnight elapses and the girl marries the man of money. She abruptly conveys the news to Vane, and with equal abruptness the book ends—not a word of Margaret, not a word as to what becomes of Vane.

It is a noteworthy novel, with much powerful descriptive writing and large gallery of lifelike portraits. The account of the bombing of an English hospital by German airmen takes a high place among the war's most realistic pen-pictures. It is an actual occurrence that "Sapper" describes. We have had it described many times, but its awfulness and undying horror have been presented never before with such uncompromising and staggering realism.



* "Mufti." By "Sapper." 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"A STRANGE OLD BROWN MS."

THE STORY OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN FRANKLIN RELIC, WITH SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED CARLYLE LETTERS.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A. SCOT.

NONE of the standard works on the Carlyles have any mention of their friend Henry Thomas Wake, who died on the first day of January, 1914. In his later years that delightful old Quaker was well known as the Antiquarian Bookseller of Fritchley (Derbyshire). When a young man of twenty-three he became acquainted with Thomas Carlyle through his avowed admiration for what the Sage had said of Fox, the founder of the Quakers, in "Sartor Resartus."

H. T. Wake was descended from the fourth Baronet of that ilk, and could thus, according to the History of the Family written by Archbishop Wake, trace back to the renowned Saxon hero, Hereward le Wake. In 1853 Mr. Wake had the honour, as a little tribute of friendship, of designing Carlyle's Bookplate, and the letters written by "grumpy auld Tam" in that connection form a very fine series which is now in the collection of the writer, along with the original sketch of the Bookplate and the only Large Paper Proof extant. "*Utility and clearness*" were required as the groundwork of the whole; it was to be "as big as necessary and no bigger"; a certain sketch "would do excellently well, if there be not better." These and other characteristic Carlylean observations were tersely justified with the dictum that "the honestly useful is never ugly and that the 'beautiful' which cannot be used is very apt to be so in my eyes."

One of the Bookplate letters dated 24th November, 1853, suddenly switches on to another subject thus:

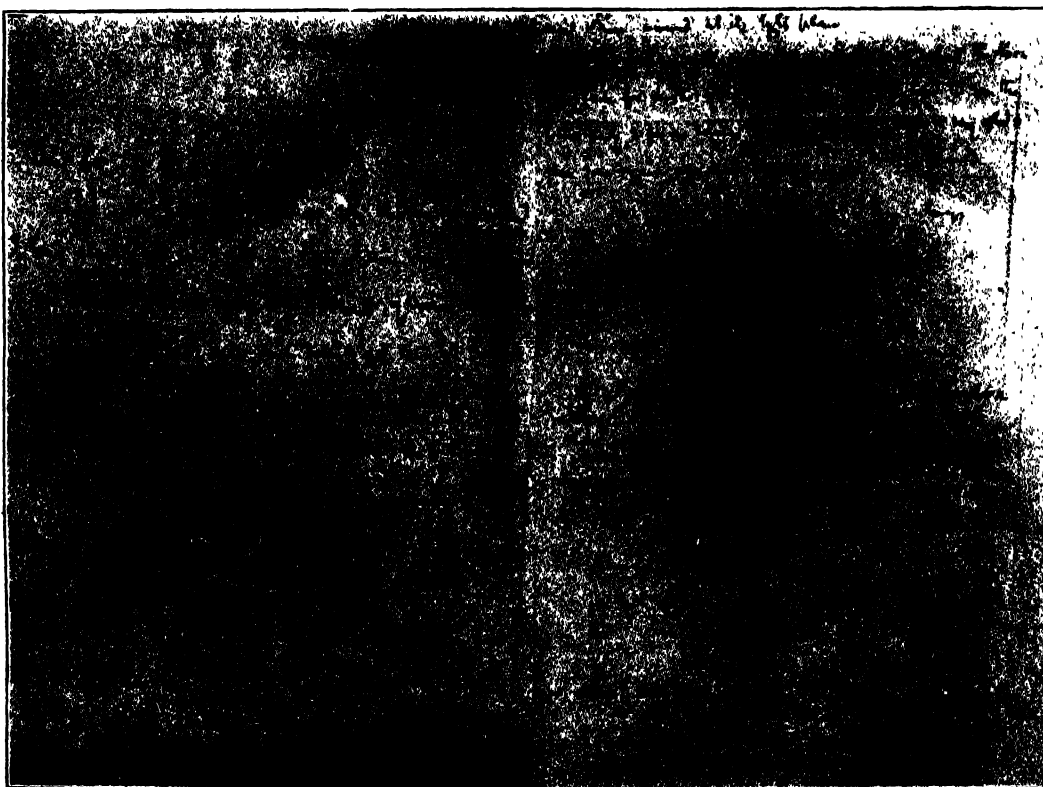
"Your Ecton Tithes-Book is a really curious document,

for which surely I am much obliged. I think it ought ultimately to go to America; and be repositied in some Congress Library, University Library, or other safe and perennial place, for the great Franklin's sake. Did you discover there that Thos. Franklin was the blacksmith of Ecton? I find the parson paying him 'for his work,' but never what the work was. Another question is, how have you made out the Parson's name—the three Parsons' names, Archdeacon P. and his two sons? If you could answer me those two questions within the week, I should be obliged—and leave you and Mrs. C. to settle the other matter against our return from the country."

The book referred to was the Manuscript record of the small tithes of the parish of Ecton, Northamptonshire, where the family of Benjamin Franklin had been established for several generations previous to the emigration of his father to Boston in 1682. Wake, always a bookman, found this interesting relic in a Soho bookshop, and presented it to Carlyle, who, appreciating its importance, and rightly judging that it would be of even greater interest in America than in England, sent it to the Hon. Edward Everett of Boston, leaving its ultimate disposal to his discretion. The book was conveyed to Mr. Everett by the hands of Sam Lawrence the artist, who carried with it a letter from Carlyle, dated 2nd December, 1853. Mr. Everett decided to present the precious Manuscript volume, after having it clothed in a worthy coat of leather, to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the following portion of the letter was copied, by Carlyle's permission, into one of the blank leaves:

Mr. Lawrence carries for me

little packet to your address: a strange old brown MS., which never thought of travelling out of its native parish, but which now, so curious are the vicissitudes and growths of things, finds its real home on your side of the Atlantic, and in your hands first of all. The poor MS. is an old Tithes-Book of the parish of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, from about 1640 to almost 1700, and contains, I perceive, various scattered faint indications of the civil war time, which are not without interest; but the thing which should raise it above all tithes-books yet heard of is, that it contains actual notices, in that fashion, of the ancestors of Benjamin Franklin—



Facsimile of Letter from Carlyle to Henry Thomas Wake.

blacksmiths in that parish! Here they are—their forge hammers yet going—renting so many 'yard-lands' of Northamptonshire church-soil—keeping so many sheep, etc., etc.—little conscious that one of the demigods was about to proceed out of them. I flatter myself these old plaster-cast representations of the very form and pressure of the primeval (or at least prior-eval) Franklins will be interesting in America; there is the very *stamp* (as it were) of the black knuckles, of their hobnailed shoes, strongly preserved to us, in *hardened clay*, and now indestructible, if we take care of it!

"In the interior of the parcel are the necessary further indications of its history. I am very happy now to give up this MS. to your piety—such being the best dictate of my own piety upon the subject. To your wise keeping and wise disposal I now surrender it; and it is you that have it on your conscience hereafter not I."

Owing to accidental circumstances it was November of 1854 before the old book reached Mr. Everett. He lost no time in penning his appreciation to Carlyle, who, evidently on the very day he received the letter of thanks from Boston, wrote this letter to the original rescuer of the historic old book:

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea
"19 Dec., 1854.

"DEAR SIR, We have not heard of you this long while, and I have almost lost your address. But I am vividly reminded of you to-day, by a letter from Mr. Everett of Boston in America, who *has*, at last after such delay, got into his hands the old Franklin Tithes-Book you were kind enough to give me; and is delighted and overjoyed with it. He is to have it *bound* as it were a very Iliad,' presented to the New England Historical Society; produced solemnly at the Inauguration of some monument they are building to Franklin in Boston, with etc., etc. In short never were a few shillings better laid out, than those by you in the purchase of that old Tithes-Book in the shop in Soho-Square. It would give you real pleasure to see what pleasure it gives now when arrived at its right place.

"If this finds you, call again



Benjamin Franklin,
et. 84.

(say, on Sunday first about the noon time); ask for Mrs. C. if I am busy, and she will read to you the letter itself so far as relates to this business, and be very glad to see you over and above.

"With many kind regards,
"I am always
"Yours Sincerely,
"T. CARLYLE."

Carlyle wrote again to Mr. Everett on 22nd December, 1854, giving permission, as desired, to make use of his former communication, and part of this second letter was also inscribed in the Ecton Tithes-Book. It reads:

"All is right with this matter of the old Tithes-Book; and I am heartily pleased to think that it so pleases you, and is to have such honours as you indicate. A poor half-foolish and yet partly very serious and worthy old object has been rescued from its vague wanderings over cosmos and chaos, and at length helped into its right place in the creation; for which small mercy let us be thankful, and wish only that, in bigger cases (of which in nature there are so many, and of such a tragical sort) the same perfect service could always be done! Alas! Alas!

"To day I am in considerable haste; but would not lose a post in answering you about the letter you speak of. I quite forget what was in the letter in question; but do not doubt it would be some transcript of my then feelings about the matter in hand—part of the truth, therefore, and I hope not of the untruth, in regard to it—and I will very willingly commit it altogether to your friendly discretion, to make whatever use of it you find to be reasonable and feasible—and so will say, long life to Franklin's memory! and add our little shout to that of the Bostoners in inaugurating their monument for him.

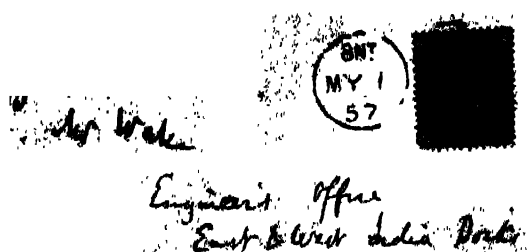
"Long life to the memory of all brave men,—to which prayer if we could add only, 'speedy death to the memory of all who were not so,' it would be a comprehensive petition, and of salutary tendencies, in the epoch of Barnum and Hudson!"

It was not till the annual meeting on 9th April, 1857, that this "worthy old object," "bound as if it were a very Iliad," was presented by its American

1665. March 25.
The folio thus left on
The Franklin Tithes-Book one y^e bill on y^e part mas
next. except followe and doore & consons w
Re-nore leadeth. is in m^ore for real due
at m^ore. last y^e & his m^ore more due
George Bill hadeth y^e l^o m^ore m^ore due
last y^e & m^ore more due
The l^o m^ore hadeth y^e l^o m^ore more due
he m^ore m^ore on the followe m^ore m^ore &
comons of half the y^e l^o m^ore Franklin
is leaving
The l^o m^ore hadeth y^e l^o m^ore more due
John Dornon hadeth half y^e l^o m^ore more due
gives of m^ore y^e l^o m^ore more due
John Dornon hadeth half y^e l^o m^ore more due
The l^o m^ore m^ore of m^ore for this year l^o m^ore than
his m^ore m^ore sm. h^o l^o m^ore quarter
John Dornon quarter
John Dornon quarter
John Dornon half y^e l^o m^ore quarter
John Dornon half y^e l^o m^ore quarter
The l^o m^ore m^ore m^ore m^ore of l^o m^ore

2 00 00	4 00 00
4 00 00	4 00 00
4 00 00	4 00 00
00 00	00 00
00 00	2 00 00
2 15 00	2 15 00
2 15 00	2 15 00
2 15 00	2 15 00
1 07 06	1 07 06
1 07 06	1 07 06

Facsimile page from the
Ecton Tithes-Book.



Facsimile Envelope addressed
to Mr. Wake partly by Carlyle,
partly by Ruskin.

Godfather to the Massachusetts Historical Society. A full report of the proceedings was printed in the *Boston Daily Courier* of 10th April, 1857. I have the news-cuttings before me (sent by Mr. Everett) on which Carlyle has written "Boston (N. End) recd. April 25—T. C." He enclosed the cuttings in a little envelope, on the inside flap of which he wrote,

"With Mr. Carlyle's Compts., Chelsea, 27th April, 1857." (I fancy he did not *Mister* himself much.) He then inscribed it, "To Mr. Wake," and being unable to recall the address, which he *nearly forgot* on a previous occasion, sent it to a mutual friend, John Ruskin, to fill in, and forward. Hence the unique envelope in the handwriting of Carlyle and his disciple Ruskin—a little parenthesis in the history of the old Ecton Tithes-Book which found its true home through Carlyle's appreciation and hero-worship of America's demigod, the great Franklin.

The Ecton Tithes-Book is still a treasured possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The extracts from the two letters sent by Carlyle to Everett are transcribed in the latter's hand, on two fly-leaves, bound in for the purpose, but the whereabouts of the originals is unfortunately unknown to the Society. The Assistant Librarian, Mr. Julius H. Tuttle, to whose kindness I am indebted for the Boston illustrations, also favoured me with a photo of one of the "Franklin" pages of the old village manuscript, which is here reproduced in facsimile.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV, and V, are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Competitors must please keep copies of their verses: the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best expression in eight lines of original verse of a dog's opinion of muzzling, or of those who muzzle him.
(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best four lines of original verse on the town, village or district in which the writer's holiday has been, or will be, spent.)
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

- I.—This PRIZE is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Rachel Swete Macnamara, of Raffien, New Milton, Hants, and Charles J.

Kirk, of 22, Westbrook, Darlington, for the following:

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON.

I steered my little shallop's prow
(My lantern was a star!)
To where the path of moonlight lay,
The magic path of moonlight lay,
Across the broad sea's shimmering way
To mystic lands afar.

It grounded on the silver sand
The silver seas between;
And there I found no things that are,
No happy simple things that are,
But lovely things more wondrous far,
The things that might have been.

I wandered through a twilight glade
That shot out starry gleams,
And there in crystal cradles lay,
In silver-crystal cradles lay
Sweet babes that never saw the day
Except in old maids' dreams.

I saw within a moonlit wood
Fair maids three-score and ten.
Such damsels ne'er on earth did dwell;
Too rare with human folk to dwell!
O fairer far than tongue can tell—
The wives of single men!

And near me shone a glittering pile—
Bright words we might have said.
And in the distance far away,
Like ivory, so white it lay,
A snowy hill rose far away,
Of hopes unborn yet dead.

I saw a cloud of winged dreams
 About the silver beach,
 But when I tried to catch a dream—
 (O fool, for who may catch a dream?)
 The iris wings shot one bright gleam,
 And fluttered out of reach!

So then I knew the land I trod
 No mortal yet had seen.
 It lies behind the cold eyed moon,
 The secret hidden side o' the moon,
 Where only Fancy pipes his tune—
 The land of Might-have been!

RACHEL SWIFT MACNAMARA

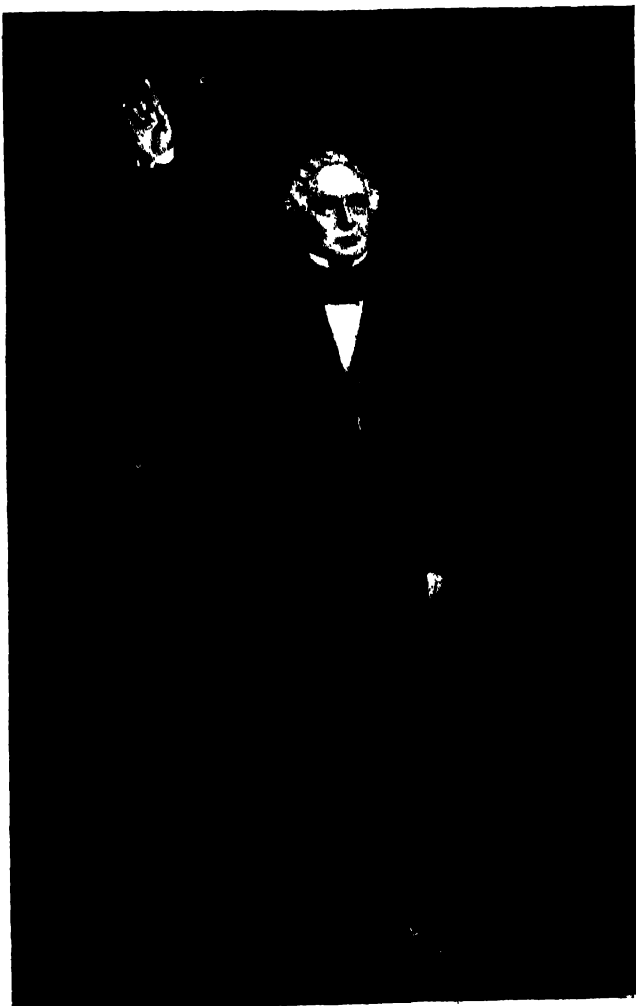
THE IRISH SOLDIER.

I dreamed they crossed my hands upon my breast
 And lit tall candles at my head and feet,
 White candles like great lilies I had seen
 In a far land when life and youth were sweet.

One twined among my fingers, stiff and cold,
 A rosary of jet that winked and glowed
 Like the jade necklace in the burning sun
 That day I met her on the Delhi road.

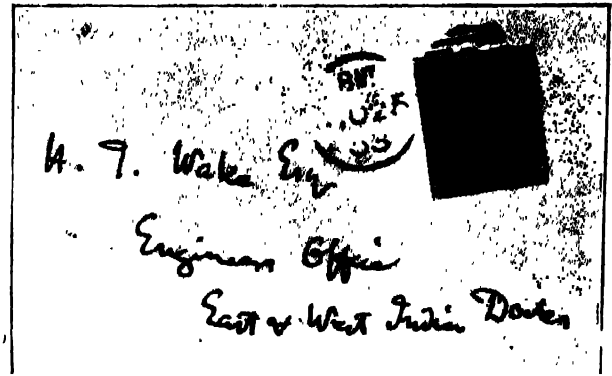
And in a corner one, wrapped in her shawl,
 Keened that her son might see another day;
 But I was weary for the men I knew
 And I prayed God to let me pass their way

And then there came a wee bit whisp of grief,
 Close to my ear where you were on your knees.
 Oh, but your voice set me all quivering,
 The way the wind makes songs among the trees!



Edward Everett

as he appeared when delivering his oration on Washington.



**Facsimile Envelope addressed
 by Carlyle to Mr. Wake.**

So I forgot the maid on Delhi road,
 The great white lilies, and the men I knew,
 And I prayed God to let me stop awhile,
 There was so much I had to say to you.

CHARLES J. KIRK.

We also select for printing:

A CHILD PILGRIM.

All ye who Christians be,
 Oh, light my tiny candle here for me—
 It has gone out: I am not very old,
 And as I travelled in the cold
 A bitter wind with all his might
 Blew, and put out my little light
 Oh, light my tiny candle here for me,
 It shone so far for all to see;
 'Twas like a crocus bud all gold
 That's twisted into one slim fold
 It has gone out, my little light,
 And left its body, cold and white,
 Within my hand, like a pale ghost,
 And that is what I fear the most.
 All ye who Christians be,
 Will ye not list to me?
 Who have so often prayed
 I might not be afraid.
 I am a little frightened—Can't you see?
 Oh, light my little candle here for me.

(Edna Norman, Stratheden House, Blackheath, S.E.3.)

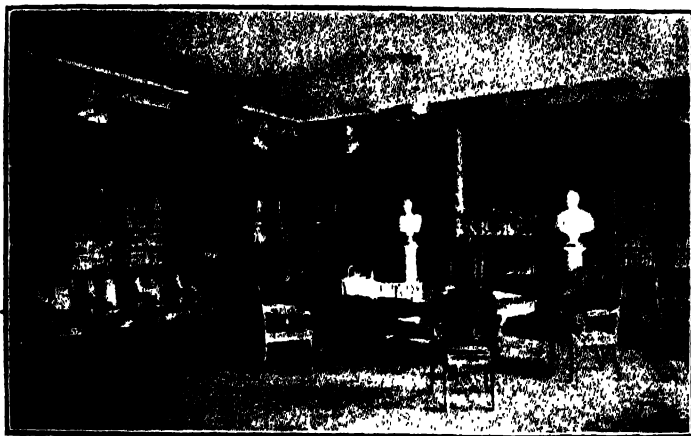
A SUMMER SONG.

Oh, put your weary task away and come and play, and
 come and play
 Where bluebells ring an elfin chime to greet a mortal
 maiden!
 For all the world is green and gold, and youth is bold,
 and age is cold,
 So come where honey-scented gorse with fairy wealth is
 laden!

Come where the secret woodland pool is deep and cool,
 is deep and cool,
 Where kingcups lift their gleaming heads among the
 swaying rushes!
 Where dreamily the wandering breeze sighs through the
 trees, and through the trees,
 And clearly sound the mellow notes of blackbirds and
 of thrushes!

Oh, come before the summer day has turned to grey and
 died away
 Like youth that never will return for all your lamen-
 tation!
 And rest with me in greenest gloom where you shall see
 how Nature's loom
 Unceasing plies as from the day of Beauty's first
 creation!

(E. Raworth, 42, Leadhall Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire.)



Dowse Library.

on the second floor of the Massachusetts Historical Society building, where the Society, to which the Ecton Titles-Book was presented, holds its meetings.

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), E. H. Clutterbuck (Chippenham), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Frederick Theodore Bastel (Ohio, U.S.A.), Florence M. Ward (Birmingham), M. A. Ruck (Kenilworth), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Anna Walker (Sleights), Walter Maxfield (Wimbledon), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Mary C. Maur (Guildford), Helen C. Roberts (Worthing), Cyril C. Taylor (Edinburgh), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), Lieutenant R. P. Connell, R.N.V.R. (Portslade), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Frederic Warne (Auckland, N.Z.), J. Freeman (Wolverhampton), Lilian Maud Parsons (Wembley), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), "Darien" (Lutterworth), Percy Allott (London, E.C.), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), J. N. MacIver (Annfield Plain), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Hughes R. Davies (Eastbourne), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), "Kitty" (Lutterworth), F. E. Scarborough (London, W.), Margaret D. Wright (London), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), J. Cranshaw (Bolton), May B. Wardale (Shrewton), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Hilda M. Ridley (Ottawa, Ontario), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), Violet E. Dismore (Southend-on-Sea), Edmund Roper (Topsham), Francis I. Venables (Hornsey), K. (Catford), Winifred D. Beal (Poole), "Sinbad" (Scarborough), Miss A. O. Wilson (Weymouth), Bertha R. Beal (Poole), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Margaret Odendaal (Heilbron, S.A.), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), J. E. Read (Elstree), John A. Stevenson (Glasgow), Frederick L. Bridges (Barnsley), Margaret I. Hawkins (King's Lynn), Ruth Silverton (Wembley), Egbert Sandford (Haulbowline, Co. Cork), Mary Martin (Glasgow), Vida P. Archibald (Bronley, Kent), F. N. Jellicoe (Brixton), Derek Barnes (Croydon), Joyce E. J. Collard (Wincanton), W. Lumb (Halifax), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee, S.E.), Edith Allen (Bristol), Anna Keir (Musselburgh), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham), E. M. Ayne (Cardiff), J. R. Wilnot (Birkenhead), Herbert W. Barnsdale (Lincoln), Eva Mayo (Coventry), Ada F. Strike (Worthing), Ernest F. Seymour (Hampstead), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Hylda M. Wearn (Lindfield), Campbell Roper (Winchester), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Margaret E. Riley (St. Austell), V. Walker (Whitchaven), M. Pitman (Tetsworth), F. Banks (Auckland, N.Z.), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), C. F. (Newport, Mon.), Edith MacBean (Bristol), W. W. (London, S.E.), E. M. H. Harington (Folkestone), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Irene E. Osborne (Honour Oak), John Arthur Lloyd (Ferndale, Glam.), O. Holdsworth (Keighley), Alec S. Churcher; Henry Baxter (Finchley), Frank F. Davis (Leytonstone), J. M. Tatton (Isle of Man), Laurence Tarr (Wanstead), Mabel Forbes Myers (Bournemouth), Winifred Ellis (Stroud Green), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), Daisy A. Green (Gargrave), George Savill (Brockley, S.E.), Edith A. Quirk (Eastbourne), Audrey Kemp (Capetown), Winnifred Tasker

(Ilandudno), H. E. Holland (Fittleworth), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), R. F. Hopes (B.E.F., France), Gordon Stace Smith (Victoria, B.C.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to John Cullinane, of Ballymacan Cove, Waterford, Ireland, for the following:

ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

By EDMUND CANDLER. (Cassell.)

"O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!"

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, I. v. 43.

We also select for printing:

THE PRICE OF THINGS BY ELINOR GLYN.
(Duckworth.)

"O the wild charge they made."

TENNYSON, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind School,
S. David's Hill, Fxeter.)

THE HARDEST PART BY G. A. SUDDERT KENNEDY
(Hodder & Stoughton)

"... You incessantly stand on your head"

LEWIS CARROLL, *Old Father William*

(Jack J. Southall, Bedfont Farm, Stanwell Moor,
Staines, Middlesex.)

WOMEN OF '98. BY HELENA CONCANNON.
(Gill.)

"They are too old to learn."

MASSINGER, *The Fatal Dowry*.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants)

THE BEGINNING AND THE END. BY A. TOPHAM.
(Methuen)

"I looked at her and looked again,

And did not wish her mine"

WORDSWORTH, *The Two April Mornings*.

(Irene Lalonde, 11, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE UNDYING FIRE BY H. G. WELLS.
(Cassell)

"'What's the price of good pit coal that I must pay?' said he"

RUDYARD KIPLING, *Foolin'.*

(B. Noel Saxelby, 43, Claude Road,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE.

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. (Heinemann.)

"The first were nothing had I still the last."

BYRON, *Epistle to Augusta*.

(Lilian M. Macklin, Thoraby, Corbar Road, Buxton.)

III.—This PRIZE for the best motto in prose or verse (original or selected) for people who are concerned with the housing problem, is divided and Two Books are awarded to Doris Westwood, of The Hill, Maney, Sutton Coldfield, and Two Books to Adeline May, of 21, Marston Road, Knowle, Bristol, for the following:

Castle or cottage?

Oh, it matters not.

Beneath God's heaven

And built upon His earth—

Who judges peace by power,

Or power by worth?

If faith abides and youth,

Abides then joy,

And those who seek—know this—

Sweet home is there—just there—where true love is.

DORIS WESTWOOD.

"It is better to build a dog-hutch than to talk of building a castle."

ADELINE MAY.

Several of the replies sent in for this competition are not mottoes. From the many received we select for special commendation the six by Robert A. Guthrie (Glasgow), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), E. R. L. (Durham), Bessie Mylerist (Folkestone), K. D. Naish (West Kirby), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin).

IV. —The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following :

SIX RED MONTHS IN RUSSIA.
BY LOUISE BRYANT. (Heinemann.)

Students of the Russian Revolution, mystified by multifarious evidence and a welter of contradiction, will welcome these articles by an American journalist. Her vivid impressions of things seen and illuminating anecdotes have the ring of authority and truth. The masterly pen-pictures of Trotsky and Lenin are at variance with the accepted portraits with which we are familiar, and we are warned against exaggerated stories of Russian brutality. A lucid history of the Soviet calls for serious and thoughtful study of the writer's contention that it "is the soul of Russia, and has become its nervous system and its brain."

We also select for printing :

CRUCIFIX CORNER. BY C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON.
(Methuen.)

There is much that is of thrilling interest in this motor tour through the war zone, and there is no doubt that it will arouse poignant memories among those whose dead lie under the numerous wooden crosses which abound in "Everyman's Land." In these days of unrest it is well to be reminded of those deeds of heroism and daring of daily occurrence only a few short months ago, and there will be many who will wish that they could accompany those sorrowing parents on the tour that ended in such a joyful surprise for them and their companions.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

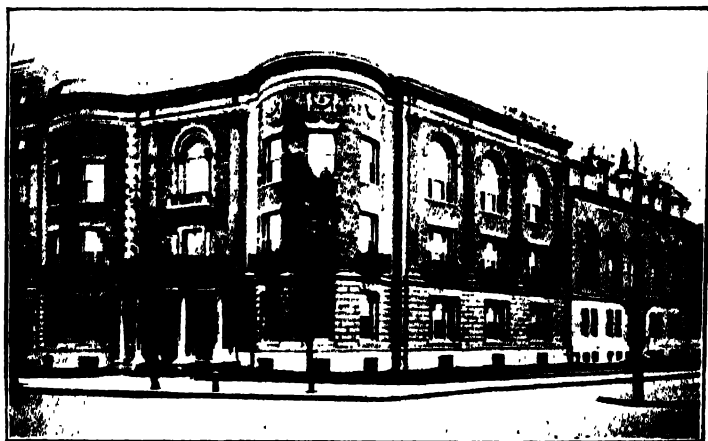
MY WAR EXPERIENCES IN TWO CONTINENTS.
BY S. MACNAUGHTON. (John Murray)

It would be difficult to find amongst war books one as touching and beautiful as this diary. Without a touch of egotism and told in her own inimitable style, it is simply Miss Macnaughton's record of her "bit." We have life as she found it, first in Flanders, and afterwards in Russia and Persia, with an interval between filled up with recruiting work in England and Scotland. Miss Macnaughton as literally died in her country's service as did any soldier on the field of battle.

(Annie P. Pearson, 50, The Boulevard, Halifax.)

BLIND ALLEY. BY W. L. GEORGE.
(Fisher Unwin.)

No more vivid study of England in war time has appeared than "Blind Alley." It rarely falls to the lot of a writer to be able to look at life through the eyes of each of his characters with such ease and almost uncanny vision; whether soldiers or society girls, Mr. George



Massachusetts Historical Society
Building, facing north.

knows by instinct their feelings and thoughts. From a woman's standpoint this interesting book is somewhat depressing. The women—especially war workers—are simply obsessed by love-making. But even they themselves are not too preoccupied to hesitate to apply the word "love" to their passionate interludes.

(May Bidgood, 406A, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.10.)

THE SEAFARERS. BY A. CORBETT-SMITH.
(Cassell.)

If any doubt still exists in the minds of the English people as to what the Navy has been doing during the four and a half years of war, it will be for ever expelled by this latest sea history. Much has come to light, subsequent to the armistice, concerning equipment and devices hitherto undreamt of, but it remained for Major Corbett-Smith to instil into these revelations something of that mighty spirit permeating every branch of the British Navy, and to express that high tradition, the outcome of a long line of seafarers, which is the synonym for efficiency, chivalry and humanity.

(F. Kathleen Follows, Metchley Park, Edgbaston, Birmingham.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent by William Saunders (Edinburgh), M. B. (Stowmarket), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), M. R. Fleeson (Manchester), "White Rose" (Halifax), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran, Co. Londonderry), H. W. Harwood (Halifax), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), Noel Mary Kingham (Watford), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Una Malleson (London, W.), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), L. W. B. (London, W.), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Emily A. Crowder (Harrogate), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Albert Stallan (Fullham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Sergeant V. E. Hamson, Roxton Cottage, Park Road, Bushey, Herts.

THE SINGING CARAVAN.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE volume of poems which comes to us with this title is an adventure good enough for any critic who deserves his luck. Here is a poet who stands head and shoulders high above the minor poets: even his imperfections are so much of him that they are good to have. To praise and to dissect this poetry, as is a critic's

business, would be sheer impertinence. There it lies, gorgeous as the East, packed with strange wisdom, cynical and loving, with such a richness of poetry that one is somewhat dazed. The "Singing Caravan"¹ is to

¹ "The Singing Caravan." By Robert Vansittart. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

be read leisurely, to be savoured with slow delight, to be read and re-read again. It is ridiculous to review it in a bundle for it kills the other books. This is a strange, complex and rich mind. It is steeped in colour, yet it is sensitive to the simplicities of God; it is fragrant with Eastern essences, yet it remembers wet wallflowers in an English lane. It is simple, sensuous and passionate, and it is for the one who has the high call to the initiation into poetry. It has nothing for the man in the street; it exacts. One turns from the gorgeousness of the East to the cold and hot passionate cynicism of the Adventurer who went to the Crusades and imagines how it might perplex and shock the simple and the orthodox. But there is ruth with the cynicism and pity with the bitterness; and here and there in the rushing narrative there are plots of green one rests upon as in a May lane when the cuckoo is calling. There thorns like the gorse give out fragrance. Here is the boy going to the Crusade:

"But at the water-parting I waved to the castle green
and dun,
A tapestry where liquid sun -or tears- had made the
colour run.
I looked my last on every stone or tree to whom my face
was known,
The warriors smiled and called me child. They had
not understood the Rhone,
Nor that I loved the birchwood's skin, the pansy's face,
the sheep-dog's grin,
That sleep with Nature in a field was sweet to me as
mortal sin.
For love so fierce I stole: I gave my Summer holidays
to save
Lambs from the butcher; built for them sanctuary
at my wolf-cub's grave.
I stroked the landscape like a lute. No scentless words,
no colours mute
Could paint its music."

This is of Mr. Vansittart's simplicities, which are as distinguished as his subtleties.

One has to recall one's self with a sharp effort to the other poets who await a hearing, even when they are good, and Mr. Ivor Gurney's "War's Embers"² is pleasant throughout and often very good. It is as though one came out of some gorgeous and enchanted day to the singing of an English lad in an English mead. One has not to live up to the simple singing with a conscious effort; it flows easily, liquidly, like the song of the English thrush. They are delightful these songs of Severn-side and Malvern Hills, with the sprinkling of beautiful English names which have a jewel-like or flower-like effect. Perhaps not many English are aware of the beauty of their place-names which are as much a part of the soul of England, of Merry, not manufacturing, England, as the cathedrals and manor-houses. Mr. Gurney, with his liquid flow of music, has also distinction of thought. Rupert Brooke might have written "The Farm"; and "Fire in the Dusk" is a very beautiful poem:

"And all your wandering grace shall not be lost
To earth, being too precious, too great of cost—
Last wonder to awake the divine spark,
A lovely presence lighting Summer's dark;
Though dust, your frame of flesh, such dust as makes
Blue radiance of bloom in hidden brakes,

² "War's Embers, and Other Verses." By Ivor Gurney. 3s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Pass from your body then, by what you will,
Whose light-foot walk outdanced the daffodil,
Since Time can but confirm you and fulfil
That hidden crescent power in you—Old Time
Spoiler of pride and towers and health and rhyme,
Yet on the spirit impotent of power and will."

Mr. Gurney is a poet. One can say no more; and it is good to think he is young and home from the wars and ready to sing us many more songs.

"Chinese Lyrics"³ translated by James Whitall from the French of Judith Gautier, must be fortunate in both its translators. These are small jewels, each bright and full of living fire; or they are flowers from what the old poets used to call the enamel'd mead, so fresh, so clean, so dewy-shining are they. The very artificialities are somehow simplicities, like this little poem:

AT HER MIRROR.

"Sitting before her mirror
she gazes at the floor
where the bamboo curtain breaks the moonlight
into a thousand bits of jade.
Instead of combing her hair
she raises the curtain
and in the room it as is though a woman
robed in white silk
had let fall her mantle."

Miss Agnes Grozier Herbertson has often given one pleasure in magazines and periodicals so that one turns to "The Quiet Heart"⁴ with an anticipation which is not disappointed. These quiet and tender poems, mainly inspired by the war, have their own delicate allurements. The little book is well named; it breathes gentle fragrances; its flowers are pansies and forget-me-nots, and they grow in a watered garden. There is more fancy in "There Played a Piper" than in most of these liquid songs:

"There played a piper in the glen;
Strange his mien and gaunt his bearing;
Wild his eye; his beard was greying;
Piper, why this lone, sad playing?
'Hist!' said he, 'do ye no ken
I'm playin' home the souls o' men
That perished for the badge ye're wearing?'

"In and out the trees he played:
Like icicles the long lights arching;
Torn his ribbons, torn and streaming;
Lone and grand his wild eyes dreaming.
Oh, proudly, proudly, played he then,
While still and silent stayed the glen
Save for his music and their marching."

"Lords and Ladies"⁵ has some pretty things. As pretty as anything is the verse with which it opens: a verse for the "Lords and Ladies" of the early spring hedgerows, hardy in the cold, that were once "Our Lord in Our Lady's Lap."

"At danger's post, in honour's name
Held knights and dames of old,
So here come God's green gentlefolk,
The first to brave the cold."

³ "Chinese Lyrics." Translated from the French of Judith Gautier. By James Whitall. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine MacDonald.)

⁴ "The Quiet Heart." By Agnes Grozier Herbertson. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

⁵ "Lords and Ladies." By E. Le Neve Foster. 2s. 6d. net. (Morland: Amersham.)

The Bookman



VOLUME LV.

OCTOBER, 1918—MARCH, 1919.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.4.

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New Books.

JOB THE UNDEFEATED.*

Mr. Wells never wastes material. If you examine the succession of his later works you will find, in certain cases, that volume A is followed by volume B containing matter suggested by, arising out of, perhaps even rejected from, its immediate predecessor. With a mind so prolific, an excess of material for any one book can be understood, and with an art so masterly, the excision and subsequent adaptation of such material can be expected. Mr. Wells may teach and preach to considerable length: in fact he does; but he never forgets that he is a novelist. His art never fails him. A book may be (like this) one protracted conversation; but in his hands it has the genuine pre-occupation of a novel with persons, places and things—it never lapses into mere dissociated talk of the kind to which we are becoming accustomed in what may be called the modern critical novel.

"The Undying Fire" is a corollary to "Joan and Peter." Like its predecessor it is a discussion of the aims, methods and principles of education and the sins and virtues of teachers. Indeed it is dedicated to "All Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses and every Teacher in the World," who will appreciate (we hope) this carefully discriminated compliment from one of the greatest educators of his generation.

The form of the book is extraordinary. It is a modern adaptation of the Book of Job and it begins in a way that is specially interesting to me, for in a volume of "Readings," recently published, I gave as companion extracts the opening of the Book of Job and the Prologue in Heaven from Goethe's "Faust." Now Mr. Wells's paraphrase of Job is preceded by a paraphrase of Goethe's Prologue in Heaven, and I should like to think my quotations had suggested to Mr. Wells the form of his story; but as that must have been written before my volume was published I can only conclude that our great minds have jumped together by independent impulse.

Now to the story. The seven sons and three daughters of Job were so prolific that the patriarch himself saw four generations, and their descendants now populate the earth. We are all Job's sons, and Job is us. So Mr. Wells names his hero Job Huss, and makes him the respected and prosperous head master of Woldingstanton, a great public school with a curriculum that is courageously untraditional and creative. Suddenly, the whole fabric of Job's personal

and professional existence is brought crashing to the ground by a series of misfortunes unforeseen, unforeseeable, and entirely independent of any things or deeds of his own.

Not the least of the aboriginal Job's afflictions were his "damned good-natured friends," Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuite and Zophar the Naamathite, who dealt him out "I-told-you-sos" by the chapterful. Job Huss, awaiting an operation for cancer, is visited by Sir Eliphaz Burrows, patentee of the Temanite building brick, Mr. William Dad (of the Dad and Showite Car Co.) and Mr. Joseph Farr, head of the mathematical and technical side of Woldingstanton. The first two are prosperous school governors, out of sympathy with the Huss ideals, and encouraged in their animosity by Mr. Joe Farr, the man of science, who is intriguing to displace Job as head master

and to turn Woldingstanton into a technical institute.

Not the least valuable of Mr. Wells's services to his age is his insistence on the distinction between education and information. Highly equipped as he is in science, he will have nothing to do with any plausible scheme of "science instruction" as a substitute for the education, slow and far-seeing, that opens the



Photo by Reginald Hall

Mr. H. G. Wells
in his study.

mind's eye to the infinite values of all that we call life. In such a plan of education the method of science must take a very prominent place; but there is a world of difference between the true scientific method and the "get-there-quick" schemes that aim at results which are called "practical," but are really only showy.

Long and various the talk of Job and his discomforters, ranging from school architecture to the ultimate purpose of God and the Universe. Readers of Mr. Wells can imagine how good the talk is; but, as we have said, the book is not all talk. Eliphaz and Bill Dad and Joe Farr are admirably drawn characters, especially the two commercial magnates, with their practical creed of hell and their platitudes of heaven. Good, too, is Dr. Elihu Barrack (Elilau, son of Barachel), the outspoken young man loud against the futilities of the elders. Best of all is the infuriatingly hostile Mrs. Croome, landlady of "Sea View," Sundering-on-Sea, the apartment house in which the unfortunate Job takes refuge. "Sea View" with its presiding genius is one of the best among Mr. Wells's many excellent "interiors."

At the moment of crisis, the great surgeon, Sir Alpheus Mengo (is this Alpha and Omega?) intervenes, removes the supposed cancer (a non-malignant growth after all)

* "The Undying Fire." A Contemporary Novel. By H. G. Wells. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

and the patient recovers. Job is sorely tempted, but he does not curse God; and, as in the ancient story, his prosperity returns, and a finer, kinder, saner Job begins the world again. The "Adversary of God and Man" is defeated, and must once more essay his eternal task of temptation—a task eternal because in man is "the undying fire" that makes him something "more than a little stir amidst the slime, a fuss in the mud that signifies nothing."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

TWO TRADITIONS OF ENGLISH POETRY.*

Mr. Laurence Housman's new volume is in the lesser tradition of English poetry. The predominant tradition is grave and musing, and, of the two books before me, is finely represented by the "Hymenaea and Other Poems" of Robin Flower. The lesser tradition is the slighter tradition, the tradition, at its highest, of Keats's "Fancy," or lower, the tradition of much of Tennyson's early work and of the best "occasional" verse. Following it, Mr. Housman does not attempt the heights or the deeps, but stays unpretentiously within his own wise limits. I have failed to find the poem from which his new book derives its title, and if it is even better than the delightful "A Georgic" with which the book opens, the reader might well complain:

"Come, tender Age, contain my blood,
And tame it to thy gentler moods,
From fields where once it ran in flood,
Down into woodland solitudes.
There, where the boughs
Soft music make,
I hear the wood-dove's voice awake:
'Take two cows, Taffy! Taffy, take
Two cows!'

"I am not he who comes for cows;
I seek no herd or grazing-plot:
Here, under roof of rustling boughs,
O tempting voice, you tempt me not—
But oh, the meek,
The pleading tone,
With which she makes the theft her own:
'Take two cows, Taffy! Taffy, take
Two cows.'"

The same fresh pleasure, a rural-smelling pleasure, is distilled in "A Song of the Dales," "The Wood Maze," and in "Farewell to Town," in which verse becomes poetry with:

"Where, cresting lone, a wind vane stands
High on a time-worn steeple,
And blesses with its circling hands
A still untravelled people."

But of all that is pleasure-giving in the volume the best is "Corin at the Gate," where the difficult beauties of measure are gallantly attempted:

"To Eden fast gated,
Heart-broken, belated,
Corin came weeping; ashamed was he,
On turret and border,
Attentive to order
Stood watcher and warder, a wonder to see!"

"Quoth he, 'O ye Powers
Who stand in high towers,
And bring to yon bowers the captive set free,
Let your bright sentry
Oppose not my entry,
For Phillada yonder sits weeping for me.'"

There are poems dealing with graver matters—religious poems upon subjects not too stark or not too starkly treated; and there are one or two, not directly religious, in which devotion has nevertheless guided the pen of the poet and he cries—"I know I am mortal. But he,

* "The Heart of Peace, and Other Poems." By Laurence Housman. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Hymenaea, etc." By Robin Flower. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

that knows not, is divine"—the only approach to mystic exaltation which I have noted, and one of the few quotable single lines in the volume. For it is a characteristic of this poetry that its tendency is normally towards diffusion, and not towards concentration.

In its adhesion to the graver tradition, Mr. Flower's volume reveals another primary virtue—the virtue of pure style and form. Instances are abundant: "Night resumes anew her territories in debate with day," and "The darkness thrown by the huge wing and pitiless flight of fate," or in the whole poem entitled "Peregrinari Pro Amore Dei":

'O Irish dead
I reading in your ancient books all day
And every day
Yet never read
The inner secret thing they had to

"You took by storm
God's kingdom brought so far from oversea
And with wild glee
Set shapes enorm
From your fierce hearts about the sanctuary. . . ."

Or in the longer "Fand," beginning:

"Quiet he stood, and quiet lay
The moving woods all round
And the long grasses in the way
Stirred softly with no sound, . . ."

and ending with such phrasing as:

"Now these things all are gathered to the past
And you and I are twain,
Our bodiless wills surrendered to the vast
And impotent necessity of pain,
And on Time's littered and oblivious floor
Shall meet no more."

Mr. Flower's best poem, "The Pipes," does not yield any single startling line, but is all beautiful with undetachable beauty of rhythm and burden; nor can more than a casual phrase be detached from "In Church":

"The carved screen,
With joyous fantasies of the summer wood,
Leaves and quick birds and squirrels pert between"

And here again the burden is a thoughtful one. For though there is neither facile pleasure nor facile sorrow in poetry of this kind, there is that which lies at the root of sorrow and pleasure—an imaginative, that is a spiritual apprehension of the world. It is not merely the material outer world that is so seized and visioned, the world of seasons and fruits, but also the immaterial world, the world of personality (one of these poems is entitled "Personality"), the world of symbol and relation. It is a characteristic of Mr. Flower's book, as of the tradition which it freely sustains, that in spite of or because of its spiritual preoccupations it yields a sharper satisfaction than is to be demanded from poetry more lightly conceived.

JOHN FREEMAN.

THE FRENCH NOVEL.*

The second volume of Mr. Saintsbury's "History of the French Novel," which has been anticipated so eagerly during the past eighteen months, is now upon the market. Readers will turn its pages with the liveliest curiosity to gather whether the learned Professor has managed to retain that first fine careles rapture, making the earlier volume so gay an adventure. They will not be disappointed in their hope, for he has kept it up to the very end. It is written, indeed, with amazing "go" and spirit, and since it is the author's pleasantry to make pointed reference to his age, it is but fair to say that there is no hint of advancing years in the astonishing vigour and virility of this remarkable book. Mr. Saintsbury's "History of

* "A History of the French Novel (to the Close of the Nineteenth Century)." By George Saintsbury. Vol. II.—1800 to 1900. 18s. net. (Macmillan.)

the French Novel " is a triumph of personality. It overflows with his humours, not to say his whims and whams. If you are out of sympathy with these, you may describe them as prejudices. But they are all there—his hatred of liberalism in religion and politics; his contempt for humanitarians who object to capital punishment; for teetotallers especially, and for Trade Union leaders in particular. The book furnishes a life-like portrait of the writer, with not a wart ignored. In nothing is it more characteristic than in the complete indifference displayed to the quality of the writing. It contains many long words, many odd words, and words difficult to be understood of the people. The English is larded frequently with Latin and French. As prose it is the despair of the purist. Yet the author is a great judge of letters, and amongst his enthusiasms is a love for such supreme masters of style as Flaubert and Gautier, Pater and Browne. And, despite his faults, he has written a " History of the French Novel," running to some thousand pages, which can be read lightly and with absorbed and unflinching interest from beginning to end.

The first volume of Mr. Saintsbury's " History " traced the main current of French fiction from its source in the Sequence of St. Eulalia to the Empire—a period of some nine hundred years. The volume just published continues the exploration of the stream—or rather flood—from 1800 to the close of the century, but includes no criticism of living novelists, to which the Professor has an unalterable objection, except as journalism. The glaring contrast between the nine hundred years comprised in the first book, and the one hundred years included in its successor, is an indication of how fiction arrogates to itself, more and more, the whole province of literature. It is very unlikely that in a scheme so carefully considered and elaborately planned, the author has erred on a cardinal point. As a piece of architecture the building is thorough and imposing, and now that the scaffolding is down, the proportions can be studied, and should justify their designer. If any error may seem apparent, it will be in the parts rather than in the whole. Some room in the edifice, for instance, may prove to be larger than the hall intended for far more important functions. To be explicit, I would suggest that Mr. Saintsbury takes Paul de Kock much too seriously, and allots to the " poor creature " space which could be utilised to considerably greater advantage. It is true enough that both his public and certain persons of importance in his day considered the pleasant humorist a great novel writer, but like Ophelia they were the more deceived, and there is no reason to perpetuate the error. Again, I grudge and complain of the thirty-one pages devoted to Dumas *fils*. It is more than the number permitted to his father, or to Flaubert. Flaubert even; and after all the greatest work of the elder Dumas is not his son, but " The Three Musketeers."

The second volume of Mr. Saintsbury's " History " is likely to find more readers even than the first, if only because of its wider appeal to the general public. It is quite possible that some amongst them may come with a start of surprise upon his eulogy of the *nouvelle*—his praise of those " short, cameo-like narratives, the peculiar glory of French literature." Yet Mr. Saintsbury is undoubtedly right. The Middle Ages and the Renaissance alike were a riot of short stories, and the writers of the nineteenth century were too sensible to depart from the traditions of their race. Mr. Saintsbury has treated no part of his subject with more gusto than the short story. It is obviously congenial to his temperament and taste. His praises of the masters of the genre are generous and discriminating, whilst his analyses of their narratives and his translation of Gautier's famous " La Mort Amoureuse " add delight to his pages. It is remarkable how many of these short swallow flights of fiction were written by men who also achieved fame as novelists, and thus combined distinction on two apparently incompatible paths. Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, are three names which recur to the mind, and all are recipients of Mr. Saintsbury's ungrudging recognition. The chapter on Balzac may sound occasion-

ally a little worn and tired, in consequence, doubtless, of over much writing on the subject, but the praise of his work rings true all the same. " It is almost always wonderful; it is often great, and it is often of the greatest." Flaubert receives an equally hearty tribute of esteem. " Style-craft and story-craft have married each other so perfectly that they are one flesh for the lover of literature to rejoice in." And again: " He is almost incomparably the greatest novelist of France specially belonging to the second half of the nineteenth century." Whilst as for Maupassant, not only are we told in a foot-note that the word " almost " is a reservation inserted particularly for his benefit, but the portion of the chapter devoted to his writings is of the freshest and most enthusiastic in the book. Indeed, it is necessary to remind ourselves that a work of art is like the Republic—one and indivisible; that theme cannot be separated from treatment, and that a mean subject inevitably drags down the story to a lower plane.

There is very much else of interest to discuss in connection with Mr. Saintsbury's learned " History," but here we must congratulate him—and ourselves—on the triumphant completion of his great work.

FUGENI MASON.

TWO WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

Is it one of the results of the war that our leading writers are giving us finer work than any they have previously done? Miss Sinclair has long held among us a place of pride, but none of her previous novels can compare with this enthralling study of a woman. Mary Olivier is an intelligent, courageous child without much vitality, but her presentment is in every way remarkable—the beautiful flowing style, the fidelity to life, the never relaxing hold on the reader's interest, the psychological insight. The child lives in her intelligence and her sensations. She is—leaving her convictions on one side—docile, such a good little creature, and when she grows up she has three lovers. The first, who has been intrigued by the pretty child, is disappointed in the woman and breaks off their engagement—a blow to Mary's vanity. The second, a middle-aged married man, of whose love she is innocently unaware, is taken out of the neighbourhood by a wife who is only careful after the horse had been stolen. Late, too late, comes the man for whom Mary cares, with whom she might have been happy. By then, however, she is middle-aged; overmastering passion she has never felt, could never feel; she has no longer even the vitality to take, at some little cost to herself and others, this last chance of human satisfaction.

He comes, this last lover, and he goes, and Mary lets him go. The effort to rearrange her life for his sake is too much for her. She cannot make it. She goes back to her mother and the old fable of the sour grapes is re-enacted. She tells herself that she is happy. Life, while she has been contemplating philosophy and writing verse, has passed her by, but she cannot bear to admit it. Instead she writes the word " happy " on her frontlet, and bids the world believe in the truth of the assertion—but the world knows better!

We lay down the book with a feeling of sorrowful understanding and pity for the starved existence Miss Sinclair, with sure hand, has depicted for us; with a feeling of almost reverent admiration for Miss Sinclair's gift. She has so much more than psychological insight; she has a technique which has no rival and a style that is beyond praise. Of the books that have been produced during the last ten years, books most of which are as long-lived as the grass of the field—I have most hope that this will survive to gladden our children and our children's children; for of all these books it comes the nearest to life.

* " Mary Olivier—a Life." By May Sinclair. 7s. net. (Cassell.)—" Consequences." By E. M. Delafield. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "Consequences" Elizabeth Delafield has taken a stride forward. In her other novels, brilliant as they were, she was careless of form, of the unities, of everything but the amusing presentment of persons, subtly, hardly, sharply drawn—she wrote, in fact, with a diamond point. In this book proportion is observed, the shape of the story is excellent and she begins at the beginning of the narrative and ends at the end of it—or so nearly as doesn't matter.

The new school of writers, that school of which Miss Delafield is a leader, makes its effects by eschewing sentiment (labelled by it—sentimentality), and giving in its place relevant detail. It rigorously excludes the personal element—a step in the right direction; but the impression made is often too hard, too cold. Austerity is an excellent thing, but so utterly does this school deny itself tenderness and charm that to read their books is like wandering among rocks on which no green thing grows.

But sentiment is a part of life, a force which has results, which is always modifying, changing us. The pendulum has swung from the Victorian over-emphasis of surface emotion to the other extreme; but the pendulum fortunately is never still and its passage from extreme to extreme gives us the beat of life.

From this grim picture that Miss Delafield has painted, we feel that she has unconsciously withheld a number of modifying and softening lights. She is mortally afraid of blurring the edge; but this Alex who was passion incarnate would, in spite of her awkward tiresomeness—and how marvellously that is presented—have aroused some helpful affections, received some kindness in her passage through life. She would have had lesser loves, not wholly satisfying, but which would have made her existence less utterly desolate. If these had been shown the picture would still have been unbearably poignant, but it would have been life, life which bestows on the most miserable, the most forlorn, the warmth of the sun and the sweetness of sleep and dreams.

A very fine book, by far the finest this young writer has given us. Gloomy, tragic, remorseless, it must have required courage of a high order to offer it to a world that prefers laughter to tears, and a slight, light thing to bitter irony. But Miss Delafield would not deserve her place in the front ranks of present-day literature, if she had not this courage, unconscious of itself, the courage of the leader.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

A FORTY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP.*

These are delightful letters, unpremeditated and casual and conversational. Scott Holland's friendship with Miss Mary Gladstone, afterwards Mrs. Mary Drew, led to a correspondence between them. Some of his letters are reserved for his biography; those printed in this thin volume are sufficient, however, to reveal the writer's exuberant personality, his intimacy with the Gladstone family, and his power of talking about things from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar in Lebanon, from lost shirts to vacant bishoprics. Their style, so far as they have any style, is that of the sermons. Holland rarely used one adjective if he could use half a dozen. If he has to sympathise with his correspondent's father in 1884, struggling with the House of Commons, he can only "think of what your father has to endure in this roaring, screaming, cruel, ugly, bitter, base, dirty rough-and-tumble." But now and then he shows a journalistic power of description. One of the vivid passages in the book is the picture of camels at Smyrna:

"They look overwhelmed with the pathos of their position; their skins don't fit; their joints come anywhere and anyhow;

* "A Forty Years' Friendship: Letters from the late Henry Scott Holland to Mrs. Drew." Edited by S. L. Ollard. 10s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

their hair seems to have been used up by John the Baptist, who wanted so much that he has only left them the locks and tufts, that were too bad even for him; they despair of knowing how their necks will stick on another minute; they feel sure they are being led on some hopelessly futile errand; they are almost determined to lie down and die at every step; but they put it off for one step more; woebegone old fossils, disastrous accidents who ought to have perished with the first failure of Nature, before she had got her hand in—cross-grained, plaintive, stupid, desolate blunders—there they roam, ragged, tufted eyesores—wearily plodding on some endless task."

His admiration for Mr. Gladstone is unrestrained, but it does not prevent him now and then from gentle criticism, as, e.g. over the Gordon episode. He is a Radical, but in 1895 he thinks that "the entire moral prophetic force that once rose to your father's touch has been sucked out of the older Liberalism by the Socialist movement," and, in 1917, he writes: "This Dardanelles report is rather smashing to poor Asquith. It reveals him at his worst."

The literary criticisms are few. The "Blue Bird" is "thin and cheap and wrong"; "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" is "a most fruitful and masterly bit of work"; "Boys and Masters" is "the finest book I ever read"; Morley in the "Recollections," is "rather inhuman and complacent"; and so on. It is the vital quality in the letters which tells, not their literary interest. Holland knew and liked human beings more than books.

JAMES MOFFATT.

TWO SEEKERS.*

The many books on Reconstruction that are now pouring from the press fall (broadly speaking) into two classes. The one class exalts Organisation, and insists that a new social order can only be reached through the avenues of certain well-defined programmes; while the other class troubles itself little about institutions, but looks for a new *spirit* to recreate the world. "Given the right organisations, we shall attain the right spirit," argues the first. "Give us the right spirit, and the organisations will take care of themselves," replies the second. "God helps those who help themselves" is the watchword of the one. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," is the amulet of the other. The latter creed is of course profoundly irritating to those very practical people who hold by the former. And to some extent we may sympathise with the practical man's attitude in this matter. For many of those who talk most glibly about "seeking first the kingdom," are in truth seeking no kingdom at all, but are merely endeavouring to cloak their real indolence with an assumption of religious or moral fervour. But, while we may share all the practical man's contempt for the pseudo-idealist, the fact nevertheless remains that it is the true idealist who is, in the long run, the only genuine reformer. To the practical man, for instance, the Sermon on the Mount savours of madness; and yet if ever Christianity were generally accepted by mankind, in fact as well as in theory, it would prove itself to be, not only the ideal of a visionary, but of all practical systems of economics the most practical.

These few reflections are suggested by the two volumes which lie before us. The two books, widely different as they are in style and in minor details of outlook, are fundamentally alike in this: they are both pleas for a new spirit, which alone, the authors maintain, can save men from the tyranny of the philosophies and of the machines which they themselves have made. Neither Mr. Cannan nor Mr. Massingham believes in "direct action"; neither sees a short cut to the Millennium; neither pins his faith to any party, or has any tangible proposals to offer for the reshaping of the social fabric. Mr. Cannan, it is true, is less sweeping in some of his strictures than is Mr. Massingham, who has all "the first fine careless rapture" of youth. Mr. Cannan does not altogether despair of some of our

* "The Anatomy of Society." By Gilbert Cannan. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"People and Things." By H. J. Massingham. 6s. net. (Headley Bros.)

PELMANISING BRITAIN.

By the Right Hon. J. M. ROBERTSON.

The following are extracts from an analysis of Pelmanism which has appeared as an announcement in the "English Review."

I AM not at all surprised to learn that Pelmanism is declared by many men who have fought in the war to have made them more efficient at their tasks; that it has made officers more capable of quick and right decision, sentries and look-out men better watchers; fighters more intelligent and actually more brave.

For "presence of mind," confessedly the most valuable possession in danger, consists just in being mentally all alive; and the man so describable is he who both observes vividly and recalls and connects with certitude all the relevant things. And Pelmanism, positing the habit of alert observation as the first requisite in cultivating memory, sets up by its mental gymnastic an increased faculty of retention—that spontaneous functioning of memory which is the condition of intellectual efficiency.

This power of helping not only the average man, but men above and men below the average, I find to be the outcome of long experience on the part of those who have framed and developed the system. It has grown up through many years, always under revision; and a comparison of the textbooks of 1911 with those of 1918 reveals much adaptation even in those four years. Some points appear to be stressed more, some less; but the whole apparatus is enriched and enlarged. And the skilled teachers who apply it, being faced by an endless variety of mental cases, have had to be more than simple communicators of knowledge. One of the outstanding values of the system is its continuous elicitation of the special difficulties, defects, peculiarities or requirements of the individual student—a thing not contemplated at all in academic education, generally speaking.

Of necessity, it stands for no "school" of opinion. Emphatically it turns away from the old ideal of education as a simple administering of doses of knowledge, and plumps for the modern ideal of fitting minds to acquire and to use knowledge. And this of course means that the student has to work his mind as the gymnast works his muscles. This is not a set of "tips for efficiency" that will operate like tabloids or the magic wishing-cap; it is a course of mental training in the sense of mental exercise. But neither is it a recondite or forbidding discipline above the heads of the many. It is simply a progressive method by which all men of ordinary education and ordinary capacity who are content to make trouble for a good and can profit mentally to an indefinite extent. And the testimonials come alike from men of the professional classes and men of business, men and women of the profession, men and women students; men of letters, soldiers and sailors.

Difficult cases receive separate and skilled attention, with markedly good results. The gain that may thus accrue to a multitude of minds can hardly be exaggerated. One of the fundamentals of Pelmanism is its psychological instruction for observation. All through my life I have been struck by the commonness of imperfect attention and observation in all sorts of circumstances, and have of course myself suffered from it to some extent. In youth especially I was impressed by the number of instances in which spoken words were inaccurately reported and even ascribed to the wrong persons, to say nothing of the common laxity of literary quotations. All of these laxities are so general that many people can testify how rare is the experience of finding any episode or transaction of which one happens to have exact knowledge correctly reported in a newspaper account of it.

One of the most notable testimonials to the system that I have seen is the confession of one student that it opened his eyes to the charm of descriptive poetry—a special exercise having revealed to him what a multiplicity of images a poem could convey. Given such an awakening, one can see how further æsthetic receptivity could come into play, the ministry of rhythm coming into action when diction had begun to be duly appreciated. And the habit of observation, brought to

bear on pictures on the analytic lines laid down by Pelmanism in that connection, is similarly likely to develop the colour sense, which, as many can testify, grows by using.

What can thus be done for immature and imperfectly trained intelligences can, further, be done in due degree for minds tending to grow "stale," as the athletes say—minds which have prematurely consented to be old, forgoing vigorous memory as men forgo athletic exercise with advancing years. As calculated exercise, however, can long keep the muscles relatively supple and the health relatively good, so a deliberate gymnastic, in which the elderly man is under no apparent disability through his age, can restore efficiency of memory to an indefinite degree. That attained, mental recuperation in general ensues; the elderly man is kept "fit" in mind, with the advantage of his experience in his favour.

"Si la jeunesse savait;
Si la vieillesse pouvait,"

says the sad French refrain. For Pelmanism it can be claimed that it goes as far as science can, yet plans to meet both aspirations. To youth it lends guidance; to age which is not positively decrepit it restores intellectual force by positing the proper treatment.

So it is really not unwarrantable to claim, as has been claimed, that Pelmanism is a new kind of universality. Pelmanism earns the title in virtue of the universal utility of its discipline as well as of its "open door"—the Post Office—to students in every part of the world.

Pelmanism, in so far as I have been able to trace its history, works more and more up to an ideal in which culture is seen to be as important as economic success, and character to be a vital element in both, and the alert use of the mental faculties to be the means of the achievement of all alike.

Therefore I look to the institution with great hopefulness for the preparation of a posterity wiser than our own age.

A predominantly industrial nation, we are facing colossal new problems of fiscal and industrial policy and finance with no larger measure of economic enlightenment than availed with difficulty for the collective handling of those of the past. The amount of sheer nescience, sheer incompetence for economic thought, that was revealed in much of the election talk about indemnities, was truly portentous. One asked oneself, How can such minds pass a sound political judgment of any kind? How is the Ship of State to be handled in such weather with such a crew, whoever may be on the bridge or at the helm?

Pelmanism necessarily takes no side in politics or political disputes; but I avow without hesitation that I would far more confidently leave any political problems to the handling of a Pelmanised community than to that of one still for the most part lacking that discipline. And as the community seems to be becoming Pelmanised at a fairly rapid rate, the outlook is thus on the whole hopeful.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free, by any reader of THE BOOKMAN who applies to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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existing institutions. They are cisterns that may hold clean water as well as they have held dirty—only it is our business to change the water. Mr. Massingham, on the other hand, would seem to argue that new wine must of necessity be poured into new wine-skins. The new spirit must inevitably call for a new set of institutions. But neither writer (as already suggested) is primarily concerned with the precise moulds into which the new spirit must flow; both of them are content with urging the necessity of the new spirit itself.

What, then, is this new spirit to be? Here, we are bound to confess, when it comes to the point of analysis, the two volumes are found once again to be alike in that they both leave a somewhat vague impression in the mind. There are, of course, things in each book that do stand out clearly. Mr. Cannan, for example, has no doubt as to what the new spirit must be in the relationships between man and woman. It will have to be a spirit of greater freedom and tolerance, a spirit of flexibility that will cut right athwart the rigid institution of the legal marriage. He has the full courage of his convictions; and on other questions besides this his ideas will provoke many readers to challenge.

Mr. Massingham has a rather more deliberate line of argument than Mr. Cannan; but, running as it does through a rather too ornate and tortured style, overgrown with thickets of quotation, it is as difficult to follow precisely as it is to keep to a faint footpath through a dense and tangled forest. However, the true lover of nature rarely troubles if he misses the track; it is the forest itself that counts. Similarly, we do not mind constantly losing the thread of Mr. Massingham's argument, because his wood (though it badly needs thinning) has many trees of suggestive and sometimes beautiful thoughts. Though he is no imitator, he is a disciple of William Morris, and the new spirit he desires to see (so far as we can define it) is a spirit that can only be generated by a growth of taste and by a general awakening to the sense of form. Just as the true artist, possessing this sense of form, learns by instinct how to adapt his particular gifts to his particular medium, and just as he refuses to prostitute his art by conforming to popular and commercial standards, so must each man learn to be an artist in the medium of living, and decline to submit to conventional institutions and habits of thought and life that do injustice and violence to his true self. Such (briefly and inadequately outlined) is what we take to be the essence of Mr. Massingham's thesis.

But, once again, the value of these two books (and of others like them) does not lie in any particular line of argument which they present. Their value springs rather from the sense of urgency which they create in the mind of the reader—the urgency of thinking our way honestly and fearlessly through the manifold problems that perplex our age. Both of the volumes under consideration breathe the sincerity of men who have earnestly set themselves to this high task; and, if they succeed in actually resolving none of our own doubts and difficulties, they do at least compel us to think for ourselves. And is not that, after all, the cardinal virtue in literature of this kind?

GILBERT THOMAS.

VISION AND IMAGINATION.*

Recorders of mystical experience are apt to express themselves mysteriously. Some little time ago I read a little book of reveries by W. B. Yeats; in fact, I made shift to review it; but I must confess I understood very little of it. No charge of obscurity, however, can be brought against A. E. (used it not, by the way, to be Æ?), who writes of his spiritual adventures with the same lucidity as he writes of the organisation of agriculture: a difficult task, the successful accomplishment of which is evidence both of the clarity of his mind and of his mastery of the art of writing. He himself is well aware of its difficulty:

* "The Candle of Vision." By A. E. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

"That sense of divinity ever present in act or thought my words do not 'communicate. The ecstatic, half-articulate, with broken words, can make us feel the kingdom of heaven is within him. I choose words with reverence but speak from recollection, and one day does not utter to another its own wisdom. Our highest moments in life are often those of which we hold thereafter the vaguest memories. We may have a momentary illumination, yet retain almost as little of its reality as ocean keeps the track of a great vessel which went over its waters. . . . I desire to be precise."

And admirably precise is just what, most often, he is. He may not have conveyed to us all that he wished to convey; he is himself the best judge as to that. But certainly he cannot be accused of vagueness.

Nor can there be any doubt of his absolute sincerity. Maurice Hewlett's "Lore of Proserpine" may be—it reads as though it were—an authentic history of abnormal experiences; or it may be, and probably is, an admirably executed *tour de force*. To read "The Candle of Vision" produces no such hesitation in judgment. A. E. has unquestionably had the experiences which he relates. Where there is room for doubt is in the interpretation of those experiences.

From boyhood A. E. has possessed a power of vision akin to that of Blake and other famous mystics. The question is, what is the source of that power. An imagination unusually sensitive, is the obvious answer. But A. E. will have none of it. He does not undervalue imagination; on the contrary, he rates it higher than the power of vision from which he distinguishes it, because imagination is the rare possession of the few while the power of vision, he holds, may be anybody's for the willing; but he maintains that, while imagination is a subjective and personal thing, the world of his vision is a real, concrete and objective world, that the fantastic or divinely beautiful beings who inhabit it have an authentic existence, and that one can get into touch with that world "by sustained meditation and by focussing the will to a burning-point." He has known quite unimaginative people who have done this.

The arguments by which he supports his theory—which is more than a theory, a conviction—are based on the inadequacy of the merely psychological explanations of these visionary experiences. Personal memory, inherited memory, thought transference will not account for them. There is not sufficient material in the mind to create the world of vision; therefore, it must have an external existence, and the envelope of that existence is the universal mind, or the mind of the Earth. Such, crudely put, is his reasoning. When, for instance, on the site of some ancient building, castle or monastery, of which now only a few ruins remain, he sees the building as it was in its completeness, and the men and women who inhabited it going in and out, he is neither imagining nor remembering. He is seeing, and it is the Earth that is remembering.

It is an interesting idea, but it provokes numerous questions. In the first place, how is one to be sure that what he sees is an accurate reproduction of the old life? Again, if, as A. E. holds, no phase of the world's life ever ceases to exist, but lives eternally in the memory of the Earth, why should not one who has got back to a certain moment continue to live his life as from that moment? A. E., indeed, does not say that he could not, but all the visions to which he refers appear to have been of short duration. It is curious, too, that all these visions, where they are not of a world altogether divine or demonic, are of moments in the world's history which it is the convention to call heroic. One scents the romantic fallacy here.

One feels indeed that though A. E.'s ideas are fascinating, his reasoning is not flawless. It is true that few recorded visionary experiences could be accounted for by memory alone. It may be plausibly maintained that many of them are beyond the scope of ordinary imagination. But memory and imagination in partnership, working with analogy for tool, are a powerful creative combination. Science certainly has as yet no satisfying explanation for many phenomena the actuality of which only the prejudiced deny; but science has explained many things once believed to be beyond human comprehension, and science is very young.

However, scepticism the most deeply rooted cannot mar enjoyment of such writing as this :

"When there is divine vision the mortal is made dark and blind with glory and, in its fiery fusion with the spirit, reason is abased or bewildered, or spreads too feeble a net to capture Leviathan, for often we cannot after translate to ourselves in memory what the spirit said, though every faculty is eager to gather what is left after the visitation, even as the rabble in eastern legend scramble to pick up the gold showered in the passing of the king."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

As originally planned it was intended that this work should be completed in two volumes, but on account of the abundance of the material and the very extensive bibliographies the publishers were obliged to extend it to three volumes. This division into volumes the editors state "should not be taken to offer a classification of the subject." The real classification is under the three following headings: "Colonial and Revolutionary Literature"; "Early National Literature"; and "Later National Literature." The first volume contained the first and part of the second and the present volume its continuation and the beginning of the concluding section, viz., the history of the later national literature. As in the former volume, so in this the bibliographies take up more than a third of its contents. Extensive as this is, it is not, apparently, exhaustive, for no account is taken of this journal's article on the "Personal Recollections of Thoreau," by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson (June, 1917), nor of the article on "Hawthorne," in 1901, nor of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's delightful book, "My Beloved South." The authors and subjects dealt with in the present volume are "Thoreau"; "Hawthorne"; "Longfellow"; "Whittier"; "Poe"; "Publicists and Orators, 1800-1850"; "Webster"; "Writers on American History, 1783-1850"; "Prescott and Motley"; "Early Humorists"; "Magazines, Annuals, and Gift-Books, 1783-1850"; "Newspapers, 1775-1860"; "Divines and Moralists, 1783-1860"; "Writers of Familiar Verse" (with Holmes as the chief and the best exponent); "Lowell." The preceding are included in the section "Early National Literature." Then follow, as belonging to "Later National Literature": "Whitman"; "Poets of the Civil War: The North"; "Poets of the Civil War: The South"; "The New South: Lanier"; "Dialect Writers"; "The Short Story"; "Books for Children."

So English some of the names of the American authors are, so intimately, appreciatively and affectionately are they blended with our earliest and happiest recollections that we almost unconsciously appropriate their works and look upon them as our common inheritance as the Americans do those of our Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley and others. When one contemplates how mightier might have been our present mighty Empire had the third George been less obstinate and his advisers more far-seeing and less arrogant, painfully one is impelled to echo Whittier's words:

"Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

There are many extremely interesting chapters in this work. Such a one as "Divines and Moralists" might not seem to offer much attraction and yet the contrary is the case. It is of very considerable, though not of particularly, literary interest.

Dr. MacMechan, who writes on Thoreau, trusting probably to his knowledge of him, does not appear to have

* "A History of American Literature." Edited by W. P. Trent, Professor of English Literature in Columbia University; John Erskine, Professor of English in Columbia University; Stuart P. Sherman, Professor of English in the University of Illinois; Carl Van Doren, Head Master of the Brearley School. Vol. II. 17s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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recently read his author, for one notes many slips, slight, no doubt, but slips all the same. He states (page 3) that the "large and solid academic basis of Thoreau's culture is not generally observed." This is negated by the fact that Mr. H. S. Salt does in his "Life of Thoreau" ("Great Writers" series) note this detail. On the same page we read that "his biographers seem inclined to slur over" an episode after Thoreau's college days "perhaps from a false sense of the dignity of biography, and that is the two years . . . which Thoreau spent under Emerson's roof." This episode is duly noticed by both Sanborn and Salt. Again, the author states that "some friend" paid Thoreau's poll tax when the latter was lodged in jail for refusing to pay it. The "friend" as a matter of fact was his sister. One or two other inaccuracies there are which might have been obviated by a reference to "Walden."

Professor Erskine's fine article on Hawthorne stresses the latter's indebtedness to transcendentalism, averring that "Hawthorne can hardly be understood apart from the current of transcendentalism in which his genius was formed." This point of view seems to be confirmed from a consideration of Hawthorne's romances: "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance" and "The Marble Faun," or as it is known in the English edition, "Transformation." In these novels, says Professor Erskine, Hawthorne "drew his inspiration . . . not so much from their [the transcendentalists'] ideas as from the neglected but inevitable conclusions of their ideas." The transcendental ideas which "occupied Hawthorne's thought" were the doctrines elaborated by Emerson in his essays on "Self Reliance," "Compensation," and that expressed in "Circles." "Hester Prynne . . . in 'The Scarlet Letter,' illustrates self-reliance in a way that some Emersonians may have found not altogether comfortable." "The House of the Seven Gables" "is . . . a characteristic criticism of self-reliance and of compensation . . . not at first disturbing, but in none of his books does he take more essential issue with Alcott and Emerson." In "The Blithedale Romance," "Hollingsworth illustrates his [Hawthorne's] fear of tampering with the natural order of things, especially by organised reform; and Zenobia illustrates his reflections on self-reliance, especially where woman is concerned."

Hollingsworth, the leading male character in "The Blithedale Romance," is obsessed with the idea of reforming criminals by an appeal to their higher instincts. "Hawthorne observed that such philanthropy, admirable in its intention, often proceeded on slight knowledge of the facts. He ought to have commenced his investigation of the subject by penetrating some huge sin in his proper person and examining the condition of his higher instincts."

"As a matter of fact," Professor Erskine comments, "Hollingsworth does ruin two lives, Zenobia's and Priscilla's, in the selfish pursuit of his philanthropic ideal, and, if he had chosen, might well have furnished the state of his own heart for examination."

The writer appears to have overlooked the fact that Hollingsworth did examine his own heart, as may be gathered from the following extract from the romance:

"Up to this moment," I inquired, "how many criminals have you reformed?"

"Not one," said Hollingsworth, with his eyes still fixed to the ground. "Ever since we parted, I have been busy with a single murderer."

Then the tears gushed into my eyes, and I forgave him; for I remembered the wild energy, the passionate shriek, with which Zenobia had spoken those words: "Tell him he has murdered me."

Of Poe, Dr. Campbell states that his fame abroad is admittedly larger than that of any other American writer, but that "his vogue has been steadily growing among his own people." His fame as a poet and as a writer of the short story has perhaps overshadowed his position as a critic. "Assuredly," says the writer, "no other American critic of his day, save Lowell, may take rank above him." Few there are who know his "The Poetic Principle," his "Philosophy of Composition," and his "Rationale of Verse," who will dispute this verdict.

Poe he defined as the "rhythmical creation of beauty," and in his "poems of extraordinary worth," which Dr. Campbell rightly affirms "are exceedingly few," his achievement certainly did not fall short of this definition. His pronouncement that a long poem is a "contradiction in terms" has been derided, but he had some support from Coleridge, who stated that "a poem of any length neither can be, nor ought to be, all poetry," and in this connection a statement of Whitman is interesting:

"Towards the last I had among much else look'd over Edgar Poe's poems—of which I was not an admirer, tho' I always saw that beyond their limited range of melody . . . they were melodious expressions, and perhaps never excell'd ones of certain pronounce'd phases of human mortality." [Elsewhere he speaks of "a demoniac undertone beyond every page of his verses."]

He goes on:

"But I was repaid in Poe's prose by the idea that . . . there can be no such thing as a long poem. The same thought had been haunting my mind before, but Poe's argument, though short, work'd the sum and proved it to me."

Much more in justice to the book remains to be said, but I have greatly overshot the limit prescribed; besides, "night's wheels are rattling fast over me—and it is time to close."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

UNCLE REMUS.*

It is with a feeling of eagerness that one opens a biography of the author of "Uncle Remus"; and when one turns the last page of the present volume there remains a sensation of relief that the book has left us with the clear portrait of a simple-hearted, honest man, and we know that we need not reconstruct our preconceived idea of this writer who charmed our childhood.

It is no unusual thing for a man who has gained success in a reasonable manner by being himself and following his own taste, to be suspected of being something more scientific, more profound. So the teller of the old negro stories of Brer Rabbit and his circle was approached by learned professors as a folk-lorist, and was even lured for a while into serious interest in myths and legends as "evidences" rather than as stories; but it pleases us to know that he in time pushed away the part that was artificial to him and remained, rightly, the man who had loved and remembered the stories as stories: "the folk-lore branch of the subject I gladly leave to those who think they know something about it. My own utter ignorance I confess without a pang."

But an earlier phase than this is one the most interesting portions of the book—the beginnings of the young journalist, who had poverty, awkwardness, shyness and a head of fiery red hair to contend with. He was but fourteen years old when he felt that he "must be up and doing," and answered an advertisement for a boy to learn the printer's trade. The advertiser was the editor of a new paper, *The Countryman*, and the bargain was soon made. Young Joel's patron was, as the boy later described him, "a miscellaneous genius,"

"who owned and successfully operated a plantation settlement, which comprised a hat factory, a tannery, a distillery, and a printing-plant. There were one hundred and twenty slaves on the plantation, and their quarters were ranged behind the J. A. Turner home." . . . "When the work and play of the day were ended and the glow of the light-wood knot could be seen in the negro cabins, Joel and the Turner children would steal away from the house and visit their friends in the slave quarters. . . . The boy unconsciously absorbed their fables and their ballads, and the soft elisions of their speech left an indelible imprint upon the plastic tablets of his memory."

Here, indeed, was Uncle Remus in the making. Here, too, while setting up the type for the *Countryman* he surreptitiously added contributions to its columns, and so paved

* "The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris." By Julia Collier Harris. With Portraits and Illustrations. 18s. net. (Constable.)

the way for the later career of journalism. In 1870 Joel Chandler Harris received an offer of a post on the *Savannah Morning News*, and made a big step towards success. One of his future colleagues describes the introduction to the new circle:

"I shall never forget the first night Colonel Estill brought Joe Harris up into the composing-room and sanctum, and introduced him to us all. We thought at the time he was the greenest, gawkiest-looking specimen of humanity our eyes had ever rested upon. He was of small stature, red-haired, freckle-faced, and looked a typical backwoods youth. . . . But that night, when Harris's copy came up, we knew he was a writer of more than ordinary ability."

Poor Joel, he suffered for his red hair, as most red-headed boys have to. One protest from a colleague is quoted:

"Whenever our friend Harris makes a hit at any of the State papers, the editor of the worsted journal invariably falls back on that old, stale, weather-beaten and worn-out repartee, 'red-head.' J. C. has one consolation—if his hair is red, it is a durned sight more than their articles are."

The quiet tale of Joel Chandler Harris's uneventful life is given here in great detail, and the volume would, we think, have been more forceful had the biographer been less generous with her material. But the portrait of the man is very distinct, his kindness, his honesty and his humour—and we can imagine his eyes twinkling if he could have known that "at least three localities" are pointed out as his birthplace.

FORM IN POETRY.*

In a recent volume of essays, directed towards a discussion of the conflicting elements of tradition and change, the present writer ventured to express his apprehension lest the prevailing effort after novelty should betray young writers of poetry into a fatal disregard of the claims of Form; and he quoted, in support of his fear, a number of literary eccentricities which had been widely acclaimed as beauties. His critics in reply were wonderfully indulgent to his anxiety, but hastened to assure him that he was really making a considerable fuss about very little. The eccentrics, they said in effect, were a very small group, and for the most part insignificant. They in no way represented the general trend of modern verse, which was just as sensitive to Form as any of its predecessors. All the really representative poets of the younger school, they added, kept the claims of Form assiduously before them in every new experiment they made. "The Form alone" would always be the eloquent vindication of art.

The assurance, if not always convincing, was encouraging; and the four volumes of poetry here to be considered add evidence to argument. They are all by writers of the newer school, and they are all extremely sensitive to Form. Their aim is consistently the expression of beauty, and their methods are melody and charm. They philosophise life rather than present it in rough fragments and snapshots, and the success of their achievement is enough to satisfy any champion of tradition that the ways of dignity and grace are still regarded as the proper path to fame.

Mr. John Drinkwater needs no fresh commendation; the subtle beauty and suggestiveness of his work were universally recognised from the first. I gather that some of the younger generation are inclined to make light of his mellow Wordsworthianism, his persistent quest and discovery of beauty in the unideal aspects of common life, his transfiguration—shall we say? of tranquil rusticity. If they are, they are wrong. The poet justifies himself in every stanza. It need not be denied that his themes are often homely to the point of bareness, but the fire of imagination and of interpretation never fails to light them

* "Loyalities." By John Drinkwater. 3s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Sword." By G. O. Warren. 6s. net. (Blackwell.)—"Charing Cross." By Cecil Roberts. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Symphonie Symbolique." By Edmund John. 5s. net. (Erslev Macdonald.)

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up. Reality to him lies, not in brief heroic episodes, but in the long continuity of familiar association:

"It is strange how we travel the wide world over,
And see great churches and foreign streets,
And armies a-foot and kings of wonder,
And deeds a-doing to fill the sheets
That grave historians will pen
To ferment the brains of simple men,

"And all the time the heart remembers
The quiet habit of one far place,
The drawings and books, the turn of a passage,
The glance of a dear familiar face,
And there is the true cosmopolis,
While the thronging world a phantom is."

In the same spirit, in an exquisite poem which has almost converted one sceptic to the uses of *vers libre*, he registers the impression of a single moment, when entering a well-known room in the dark, he was seized by a sudden fear, and then in the next instant restored to a sense of companionship and comfort. And he feels that it must be so with death, and that those who have no cause to fear from a knowledge of wrong, may await even that final separation without dismay:

"And I knew that God
Must understand that we go
To death as little children,
Desiring love so simply, and love's defence,
And that He would be a barren god, without humour,
To cheat so little, so wistful a desire,
That He created
In us, in our childishness . . .
And I may never again be sure of this,
But there, for a moment,
In the candlelight,
Standing at the door,
I knew."

It is indeed in momentary flashes of inspiration alone that all true light is granted to the wandering soul; and in these frequent revelations of the mystic meaning of life's commonest things Mr. Drinkwater fulfils a high function of poetry with the sure touch of the interpreter and the artist alike.

Mrs. Fiske Warren is also an interpretative poet, and the solace of her Muse is found in the consolation of faith. She writes under the heavy shadow of sorrow and loss, and her imagery is continually drawn from that of the Christian religion. She has great fervour and a glowing faith, and her poetry is in the true succession from Vaughan and Christina Rossetti:

"My Soul lives not in East or West,
For when upon the Tree
Christ turned Him to the hungry thief,
He whispered, too, to me.

"And I, who write these words to-day,
Walked on the Mount with Him.
I touched His garment blazing white
While all the worlds grew dim.

"And now beneath my coat of silk,
Thrilling within my side,
Unhealing, deep and bittersweet
His self-same wound I hide."

Her verse never falls below a worthy level of vision and of utterance. It should find its way into many a treasury of devotion, and prove of spiritual comfort to all who read it.

Mr. Cecil Roberts's poetry has been often extolled in these pages, and not seldom by the present writer, so that it is difficult to have to confess that the theme of his latest volume seems scarcely to draw him out at his best. He is writing of the seamy side of war, and it is needless to say of so honest an artist that he does not allow himself for a moment to indulge any false sentiment about the "ennobling influence of militarism." He has himself been too near to the heart of war to cherish any illusions, and he even refuses the conventional consolations in the face of loss. He turns over a bundle of letters, condoling on the death of a friend, and their "vacant chaff well-meant for gain" only accentuates the bitterness:

"But when I read these letters, then I know
You will not come again, nor does their praise
Lighten the heaviness of this great blow.
I cannot kiss your brow, nor see the place
Where they have left you; as they write of fame,
Your 'splendid gift,' my only thought is this—
What will they care ten years hence for your name?
Who cares a damn who died at Salamis?"

In the poem that gives its name to the volume there is fine stuff, tense with feeling, in the picture of the Red Cross cars rolling out of Charing Cross Station with their freight of human wreckage. Everywhere in the book there is strong vital impression, strongly uttered; but upon the whole Mr. Cecil Roberts's talent seems trained to more idealistic ends:

"Not here, O Apollo,
Are haunts meet for thee."

The echoes of war will soon die out of contemporary verse, and leave it to its native dream.

Edmund John, the last of our four poets, was one of those sacrificed untimely to the war; he died in February, 1917, of heart disease contracted upon active service. This, his last poem, is an attempt to translate Tschaikowski's "Symphonie Symbolique" into poetry, or rather to translate the first three movements, for he left the fourth movement untouched. It is a very notable piece of work, beautifully served with symbolic illustrations by Miss Stella Langdale. It requires a trained musician to judge how far Edmund John's poem interprets the soul of Tschaikowski's music, but no lover of poetry can doubt that he succeeded in producing a fervid, eager, deeply-moving work of art. His poem is full of melody, of colour, and of rich, sensuous imagery. It palpitates with feeling. It is intensely, compellingly alive:

"I stretch out yearning arms. . . . I hardly dare
Hold your gold fragrant body, young and bare,
Against me . . . Ah, sweet God! Mine, mine at last—
I hold you, crush you, almost desperately
In my love's hunger, and in agony
Lest you slip back again into the past.

"The world sways for a moment in a mist
Of stars and leaves and colours night has kist;
Then dim nocturnal odours call and thrill
From the soft couch of myrtles deep and low—
O come, O come to me, beloved, although
A sword shall lie between us if you will."

Contrast this perfervid "Attainment" with the elusive melancholy of "The Quest":

"The poplars are a mystic wall
Of whispering Titans, and a pall
Of vapour like a breath of sleep
Dreams where the violet shadows fall.

"The faun is dancing in a sea
Of opal, swift, illusively—
Pagan, half god, half animal,
With Pan's eyes lit by fantasy."

Here is music interpreted in its own language. It is grievous to reflect that so exquisite a voice is silenced in the universal tragedy of the world.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Novel Notes.

MR. STANDFAST. By John Buchan. 7s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is breathlessness, here is ecstasy, high and proud adventuring, patriotism, comradeship, the outwitting of the arch outwitter, the breaking of a spy—a super-head-centre of German intrigue, all in the best and most rollicking kind of good form and zest. The hero is Dick Hannay, General Dick Hannay, already known to us, and dear old

dyspeptic Blenkiron is with him, now cured of his dyspepsia, and with them Lady May Lamington, a lovely lady of eighteen—or is it nineteen?—no matter, she is more than a match for the cleverest and most sinister fellow in Europe, besides bowling big Dick Hannay head over heels at first sight. There is a conscientious objector who is as sincere and conscientious in his objecting as he is in his patriotism, and who finally finds an heroic death carrying dispatches for Hannay in the great Spring Defensive of 1918. And there is also our good Pienaar, who has shaved his beard, told the proper lies about his years, and got into the Air Force, becoming an ace of aces. Perhaps the best moment of this breathless tale recounts how in our greatest hour of danger outside Amiens, our line was so tired and so thin and so stretched that a resolute thrust by the Germans would have pulverised it, and the one hope was to keep the enemy's air scouts out of the air so that they could not give away our weakness. The French are to take over our line in twelve hours. Ten hours, eight hours, six hours . . . then, alas, up comes a German squadron of scouts. Up go our airmen to prevent them getting back with the fatal news. All are lost in clouds and Hun after Hun goes down—five in all . . . we breathe again. Then high up the sixth unsuspected Hun is seen streaking for his own lines like a hunted cat along a garden wall. Rum . . . no! Up darts a British machine, driven by poor maimed Pienaar and finally, unable to stop the brilliant German Lensch, he hurls his machine bodily on to him, and both hawk and bittern come down together, and the British are saved! What a wealth of exciting adventure and stirring incident go to the making of the story—air raids on London, disguised secret agents, escapes, arrests, foilings, thwartings, up and down in Scotland, England, Switzerland, Italy, France, with the good cause triumphing at last. Admirably written, full of life and colour and movement, "Mr. Stand-fast" is as ingenious and thrilling a war story as any we have had.

JINNY THE CARRIER. By Israel Zangwill net
(Heinemann.)

It is with some little surprise that one reads Mr. Zangwill's preface and takes in his statement that this is his first novel since the end of last century. It is quite true, though hard to realise, that the dozen novels that stand in Mr. Zangwill's name and to his credit in the lists of British fiction are all of the nineteenth century. So much the more gladly do we welcome him back to give us pleasure. His present inspiration comes out of Essex, the rural heart of Essex in the year of the Great Exhibition, that moment when the very heart of the Victorian era beat at its strongest. "Jinny" is the granddaughter of a very aged grandfather, who had been a carrier serving the countryside with a tilted cart, he and his family before him, for a span of a hundred years. Now in his extreme age, Jinny drives old Methusalem, and does the ancient rounds to the complete satisfaction of all customers. Pretty, witty, unschooled, fresh and wise in heart, hard working and sweet-tempered with just the acid flavour of the first mellowed apple on an early ripening tree in August, she is a real person and with her wilfulness without caprice and steadfastness without tameness, she captivates us completely. The old peasants, Caleb and Martha Flynt, the arid intensity of the religion of the "Peculiars," the antics of the actor-manager showman Flippance, the pictures of the life of Essex, make a harmonious background against which Jinny's struggle as carrier and lover is cunningly portrayed. Her lover, Will Flynt, is less sympathetic—a raw and arrogant fellow in his way, though strongly human—he is hardly good enough for laughing Jinny who is not lazy or languid. His harsh judgment of her, his successful attempt to ruin her carrying business with his smart coach and pair of fine black horses, his stubborn petulance, do not altogether allow us to feel as easy as Mr. Zangwill in his belief that Jinny, when she accepts him, will be happy ever after.

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A LONDON LOT. By A. Neil Lyons. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

For those who saw "London Pride," by Mr. Neil Lyons and Miss Gladys Unger, when it was appearing on the London stage, it is enough to say that this is the story of that play; for those who did not see the play it is only necessary to say that it is a story of Silverside, in East London, of certain men who went from there to the battle lines in France, and particularly of Cuthbert Tanks and Miss Cherry Walters, of how she carried on his business at home while he was busy at war, of the vicissitudes through which they both came to a triumphant and even gorgeous ending, and of many other things that are delightful to read about because Mr. Neil Lyons has the gift of telling such tales as they ought to be told. Where another goes down East and finds only squalor and misery he goes and finds squalor and happiness and all the good and bad human qualities as naturally mingled, with superficial differences, as they are in the West. He is sensible of the hardship, the pathos and ugliness of the lives and characters he reveals, but he knows them too intimately not to know that there is more in them than these, and he shows you that their lives, for all their poverty, are not without beauty and sweetness and that the pathos and hardship of them are thrown into sharp relief by the humour and sturdy courage with which they are borne. An excellent story; its characters are real men and women, its humour is real humour, and its picture of what the war meant in a poor neighbourhood is a true picture, the glorious, whimsical-emotional touch of romance at the end being of a sort reserved for heroes only.

ACROSS THE STREAM. By E. F. Benson. 7s. net. (John Murray.)

This book is so obviously a reflection of Mr. Benson's own views on spiritualistic phenomena that it is impossible to dissociate the author from the story. Mr. Benson takes the line of least resistance, and whilst admitting the possibility, even the probability, of spirit communication, is violently opposed to the forcing of such manifestations. In the figure of Archie Davidstow he attempts to point a fine moral, the essence of which is a warning that not all the communications vouchsafed to mediumistic humans are for the good of the latter, and that evil spirits are quite as free to operate through the mind of the medium as are the good. In the case of Archie we have a vividly-drawn picture of the struggle between the good influence of his dead brother and the base influence of a devilish spirit who successfully impersonates the latter. Mr. Benson treats this difficult theme with unusual literary skill and succeeds in holding the attention of the reader by his power to depict character and atmosphere, but his main argument remains unconvincing, even to those who are sympathetic towards the spiritualistic doctrine, and, like Mr. Benson, are opposed to the forcing of communication. Most people will agree that the author has gone too far in endorsing the Roman Catholic idea that external Evil exists and can and does operate against influences towards goodness. Moreover, audible conversation between carnate and discarnate entities, other than through the medium of physical organs, requires a vast amount of credulence. Nevertheless, the book marks a distinct advance in literature of this kind, and its prevailing air of sincerity, even in its unconvincing portions, is something that only a few years ago would have been impossible.

THE VALLEY OF HEADSTRONG MEN. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"What could you expect of a Halfirth man, brought up and trained in the Halfirth atmosphere?" asks Louis John of his father, Oliver Carsdale. "Aren't we all brought up in it? What's the prevalent creed? Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost! What does every Halfirth man think about from the day he's weaned?—

perhaps sooner, for he certainly seems to suck it in with his mother's milk. Brass! Isn't he considered 'the cleverest man who can do another man? Isn't it a sure road to respect here, to get brass, and to get power, and to circumvent your neighbour? Joe Bickerdike's a typical product of the hotbed of Halfirth—that's all. He's no better and no worse than anybody. It's in the breed of this valley, father." Louis John himself, for all his shrewd, efficient business qualities, is something of an exception and brings a breath of romance into the story; but his father, in spite of the streak of sentiment that mastered him in the end, is as self-willed, as self-seeking and as prosperous as any man in the valley. He is a multi-millionaire, but not contented with the handsome house he has built for himself is keenly ambitious to purchase and live in the inconvenient old Abbey near by in which he had worked as a boy. His friend Bickerdike cunningly forestalls him in that ambition and fires him with bitter resentment and such a passion for revenge that he wrongs others in order to carry out his purpose and through doing so is hoist with his own petard. The sketches of Yorkshire character are admirable; the story itself, which grows out of the character of Oliver Carsdale, is fresh in idea, holds the reader intensely interested in its strange, dramatic developments and arrives at a conclusion far other than Carsdale in his fury had planned.

BLIND ALLEY. By W. L. George. 9s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

A sound novel and written by a craftsman who knows his public. Like "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," this is a story of how the war affected the members of one family, and we feel as we read that in this book, also, we are given the effect the war had on the writer. Out of the spume and turmoil of battles beautiful things are slung, and this book is, in a modest way, beautiful. Mr. George has a light, warm, Gallic touch, which gives his books a unique place in our literature—he is a pleasant, exciting ingredient of the salad on which our minds browse. Novel readers look forward to a book from him much as a hungry man looks forward to a meal at an eating-house where the chef is French—after the dust and toil of the day, a good dinner, a thought-out, well-cooked, well-served dinner, what more can a reasonable man want? If here and there some *Oliver Twist* should ask for the something more—"and how much it is"—he must go elsewhere; but here he will find a pleasant, witty story, well conceived, well written, and one that will surely be popular.

THE MAN FROM AUSTRALIA. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. net. (Collins.)

John Darling comes from the backwoods of Australia to visit his Irish cousins, and finds them living in a state of hopeless gloom, dominated by a tyrannical father in the person of "Willie." John Darling is a strong man and a brave man, and, when it comes to the point, Willie is neither, so that when John sets to work, like a knight of old, to free his poor relatives from bondage and lift them out of the slough into which they have fallen, one feels confident that he is going to win. But he has more than trivial difficulties to overcome. The cousin who awakens his tenderest emotions is pretty little dark-haired Aileen; her life has been shadowed by a tragedy, and it becomes the passionate desire of his life to banish sorrow from her eyes and learn the cause of her suffering. She, not knowing the type of man she is dealing with, fears his condemnation and eludes him. But, having come to a decision, the man from Australia is not easily balked, and in spite of adverse circumstance he contrives to play the rôle of guardian angel to the unfortunate family and, in so doing, finds his own happiness. The author has an intimate knowledge of the West of Ireland and the people who live there; her sentiment is always fresh and wholesome, and this quiet romance makes a pleasant diversion from the many more sordidly realistic novels of to-day.

THE YOUNG VISITERS, OR MR. SALTEENA'S PLAN.
By Daisy Ashford. With a Preface by J. M. Barrie. 3s. 6d.
net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Usually when one hears that a book is exceptionally funny one is disappointed on reading it for oneself. But this was not so with "The Young Visitors," which we found even better than the highly amusing book that we were promised it was. Remarkable it certainly is for a child of nine to have completed such an unconsciously funny story. At times it is almost too good—and had we not the assurance of Sir J. M. Barrie that it is the unaided effort of Miss Daisy Ashford, at the age of nine years, we should be inclined to question the identity of the author—in spite of the photograph which adorns the opening page of the book. The plot of "The Young Visitors" is mainly concerned with the efforts of Mr. Salteena to become a gentleman and enter Society. Mr. Salteena is "an elderly man of forty-two," who is "fond of asking people to stay with him." When the story opens he has a young girl of seventeen named Ethel staying with him—conventional and chaperon being two words not to be found in Miss Ashford's dictionary. Ethel is evidently meant to be a perfect lady—she is, without doubt, charmingly high-spirited and unusual, her excuse for using "ruge" should be invaluable to all ladies who think such things need excusing: "I shall put on some red ruge," said Ethel, "as I am rather pale owing to the drains in this house." Mr. Salteena, who is "not quite a gentleman, only you would hardly notice it," consults a friend, Bernard Clarke by name, as to the best way of becoming one. He is advised to go to the Crystal Palace where numerous dukes and earls have "compartments," and where he can be trained for the sum of £42 to become a complete gentleman. The description of Mr. Salteena's training, and his appearance at a Royal levée where the Prince of Wales "laps" up his ice-cream, and the recounting of the great love scene where Ethel receives a "proposale"—and her subsequent marriage to Bernard Clarke in Westminster Abbey (while Mr. Salteena weeps into his handkerchief)—are all delicious. "The Young Visitors" achieves without intending it what so many writers intend but fail to achieve, and is one of the funniest books of the day.

THE MAN WHO TRIED EVERYTHING. By the Author of "The Pointing Man." 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

If the title of this story refers to the hero seeking for work, it would be more aptly named "The Man Who did Nothing," for Julian Radford, rising and dipping on the seasaw of life, avoids earning money by labour, while his remittances come to him irregularly. Wandering from pillar to post, satisfying the extravagant needs of his animal nature, he is a modern Villon, with the vagabond poet's charm, but lacking his genius. Still, he is a decidedly fascinating creation, and when he does find something tangible in the way of employment, proves himself to be less black than his earlier doings paint him. He is netted in pre-war days by German intrigue to overthrow British rule in the Far East, visiting Macao, the Andaman Islands and other places for that purpose, although tolerably uncertain of the aims of those who hire him. How he turns the tables on the Huns, when the threads of the intrigue are in his hands, forms interesting and exciting reading, so in the end, whitewashed to a superlative degree, he naturally marries the heroine. Janet, who spurs him on to proving his real worth, is an engaging young lady, although she figures less largely in the tale than one could desire. Madame Verrons is more prominent, and is the better-drawn character of the two. Von Brunner, Professor Millington, Verrons with his Sargern cure, are all capitalily delineated, but the most alluring personality in the story is Father Carillo, the honest Christian priest of Macao. On the whole "The Man Who Tried Everything," and did something at the end of a rather ignoble career, is an excellent story of the picaresque type.

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THROUGH A YORKSHIRE WINDOW. By W. Riley.
7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

This is the story of a demobilised soldier, nerve-shattered and wearing a wound-stripe, who goes to find healing for mind and body in the beauty and deep peacefulness of the hills and dales of Yorkshire. There are no sensational happenings; the charm of the book—and charm is the right word—lies in its quietness, its perfect simplicity of thought and style, the wise kindness of its philosophy. He describes the scenes that open about him; tells of his pleasant life from day to day; sketches sympathetically and with a few light, vivid strokes the people he lives among, the homely or quaint men and women he visits or meets in his wanderings, and interests you in them and what he learns of their histories. Even in that remote, restful place the shadow of the war has touched several homes, and without any straining for effect he brings you to realise the pathos of the lonely hearth, the anxious waiting for news from the battle-front. Nothing is more charming than the friendship that springs up between the war-worn soldier and the little girl Marion; or than the episode of the schoolmistress—like her friend the old parson, a delightful personality—come to full middle-age and finding the best of life beginning when the best had all seemed past. It is a very human book, true to the facts of life, whether they are pleasant or unpleasant, but finely charitable, and quick to see the goodness that may rise out of things evil.

WEB OF STEEL. By Cyrus Townsend Brady and Cyrus Townsend Brady, Jun., Civil Engineer. 7s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

This is a novel about a father and a son by a father and a son, and there are many engineering particulars, as is not unexpected in a book whose authors include a C.E. The tale concerns itself with the building of a bridge that failed. Its constructor was the father, who, though warned by his son, insisted on his own plans being carried out. When the smash came the father was killed, while the son, magnanimously declining to disclose the fact that the disaster happened because his suggestions had been ignored, was professionally ruined. Later he took humble engineering work on a great dam, for which also he had ideas. Down came a devastating flood, and he promptly went out with dynamite cartridges and at great risk to himself blew an overflow into existence, so saving the lives of a whole countryside. Throughout there is a girl, the daughter of the man who commissioned both bridge and dam. The book ends: "I won't argue with you," said the girl, bending close to him. "I'll only say that I have the best man in the world, but if he were the worst, I would rejoice to have him just the same." The novel has an unambitious literary standard, but makes brisk reading.

DROONIN' WATTER. By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

The awkward and unfortunate title of this thrilling novel is from the lines:

Tweed said to Till:
What gars ye run sae still?
Till said to Tweed:
Though ye rin wi' speed
An' I rin slaw,
Yet where ye droon ae man,
I droon twa.

Mr. Fletcher's story is modern, and deals with the mysterious murder of two men and the attempted murder of a third. The story opens in Berwick-on-Tweed, and it is at the junction of the Till and the Tweed that the bodies of the murdered men are found. One corpse is in the water and the other on the bank. Who did the assassinations? It is with cunning reticence that the author leaves the mystery unsolved until the closing pages of the book. There is a love interest, which, like the murder mystery, is told with the unerring skill of a sound craftsman. One is carried on easily from page to page by the story, and surprises spring up with refreshing frequency. The scene

is Berwick throughout, and of this district there are striking descriptions, which dovetail neatly into the narrative, the progress of which they never impede. Mr. Fletcher has written many sound and exciting books, but never anything more sound or exciting than "Droonin' Watter." The second edition, however, should have another title.

THE FOREST FIRE, AND OTHER STORIES. By E. Temple Thurston. 7s. net. (Cassell.)

Though the tales included in Mr. Temple Thurston's new collection of short stories are unequal in merit, "The Forest Fire" and its companions will be found to afford on the whole quite a fund of entertainment. The titular sketch, the account of a young wife's deliberate preparation of herself for and dedication of herself to maternity, is touched with much of that insight and imaginative sympathy which informs the author's best work, but is marred by what we can only describe as a lapse into sentimental symmetry. The final story, "The Nature of the Beast," an episode of the war, is for all its disguises an example of cheap melodrama. "The Unconscious Humorist" contrasts, amusingly enough, a retired actor-manager who is a good deal of a humbug, and a "Punch and Judy" showman who has no sense of the dignity of the Thespian art. While "Father Tierney Intervenes" makes a very natural and diverting comedy out of the politics of Sinn Féin. But the two best contributions to Mr. Thurston's new volume are "A Cameo" and "The Flaw." The one, which tells how the twenty-year-old acquaintance between an Englishman and a German came to a sudden and sinister end towards the last days of July, 1914, reminds us a little in its scheme of Mr. Stacy Aumonier's "The Friends," and is quite admirable in its reticence and its irony. The other, all too brief, is a divorce court story, which in its miniature style is the most ingenious thing of its kind we remember having read. De Maupassant, who wrote many a study of this sort, never achieved a neater or a more apocalyptic surprise.

THE TWO CROSSINGS OF MADGE SWALUE. By Henri Davignon. English Version by Tita Brand Cammaerts. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

There is a quaint charm about M. Henri Davignon's novel; the plot is very slight, yet pathetically human, and concerning natural, lovable characters that give a tense note of reality to a quiet tragedy of the war. Madge Nidington marries a Belgian, but cannot make her home in his native Bruges and persuades him to settle in England, adopt English ways, and become, as far as possible, an Englishman. He is contented and seems to forget his nationality—until the war breaks out; then it flames up within him, a strong, irresistible passion. He must go to fight and she will not restrain him, and so, in the early days of the war, he falls for his country. And Madge returns to Bruges in its hour of peril that Jan's son may be born on Belgian soil and grow up a true Belgian. It will be realised that such a story requires very sensitive handling; only an artist could do justice to it, and M. Davignon is an artist; there is poetry in the idea, poetry in the construction, a subtle delicacy that is difficult to define. We are greatly indebted to Tita Brand Cammaerts for the excellent translation.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Hermann Hagedorn. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

This is a graphic presentment of the life of a great American. Mr. Hagedorn writes with authority and with admiration for his subject, the result being a picture of Sargent-like quality. It may be urged that too much space is devoted to Roosevelt as a hunter, but, after all, Roosevelt

was a mighty hunter as well as an outstanding statesman, and the hunting parts are brightly done. His political career—which is of profound interest to-day, when the speculators are busy in regard to what he would have done had he, and not Mr. Wilson, been President when war broke out or when the *Lusitania* was sunk—is ably sketched; and we are given reminders of how firmly he, as Under-Secretary of the Navy, handled the Philippines affair. His work as a Rough Rider is put into its proper perspective. When he ultimately reached White House he said: "The White House door, while I am here, shall swing open as easily for the Labour man as for the Capitalist—and no easier." Roosevelt's friendship with the Kaiser is recalled, and it is mentioned there is in existence a photograph of the two at the German manoeuvres, the picture being inscribed by Wilhelm: "You and I together could rule the world." And now! Roosevelt dead, his people among the conquerors of the German nation, and the once-glittering Kaiser a refugee at Amerongen, sawing wood.

THE BRAZILIAN GREEN BOOK. Edited by Andrew Boyle. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

We do not remember to have heard whether the Germans, who—for the most part—regarded the intervention of this country and afterwards of the United States with contempt, honoured Brazil in the same fashion. At all events the Brazilian Navy was placed at the disposal of Great Britain and Brazilian aviators are said to have done excellent service in France. Nevertheless it is probably from the commercial point of view that Brazil's participation in the war was most dreaded by Germany; Brazil was also the favoured land of German peaceful penetration. The Foreign Minister himself, at the beginning of the war, was a gentleman of German origin, General Dr. Lauro Muller, and whole provinces were permeated with Kultur. Brazil was thus obliged to go no less, nay more, warily than President Wilson; and in this interesting book we have a translation, with adequate notes, of all the steps that Brazil was forced to take. We must admire the invariable moderation and wisdom which marked her conduct, in the face of repeated provocation she acted with great dignity and with more resolution than was shown by at least one powerful State in South America. We are shown the entire correspondence between Brazil on the one hand and the belligerent and neutral Powers on the other; and, although one does not usually look for very interesting material in official communications, yet in a good many of these dispatches we find sentiments that should not be overlooked. In a message from Bogota on June 24th, 1917, after Brazil had revoked her neutrality in the war between the United States and Germany, Señor Don Marco Fidel Suarez, Minister for Foreign Affairs, says that "if hitherto the lack of reciprocity deprived the Monroe Doctrine of its real character, the present conduct of Brazil gives her policy an appearance of continental solidarity now that her course is that of the other American nations." One might have hoped that the A B C combination (Argentina, Brazil and Chili) would by the events of the great war become an actual and potent alliance; one had heard of this proposal to unite the three greatest South American nations with a view to assisting Mexico in the solution of her troubles; then in 1915 a Treaty of Arbitration was signed, but was not completely ratified; and one is sorry to see the editor of this book expressing the opinion that the Treaty will probably not come into force. The time is evidently not yet ripe and Mr. Boyle knows well that various great obstacles stand in the way.

A CORNISH CHORUS. By Bernard Moore. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

When a poet loves a bit of land as Mr. Moore loves Cornwall the key-note of his poems is sincerity. There is sincerity in every line within this slim volume, and the gravest of the poems are those he has named "Exile

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Songs." There is a note of deep feeling in the seemingly lightly expressed poem "Travelling," which begins :

" 'Peckham Rye, Loughborough, Elephant, St Pauls,'
Every morning the porter bawls
The train grinds out . . . and I gaze on lots
Of sad back gardens and chimney pots, . . .

* * * * *

But trapped and prisoned as I may be
I lift a latch and my thoughts go free,
And once again I am running down
On a winding track from a Cornish town,
And I dream the names of the stations through—
'Moorswater, Cuseland Sandplace Toot' "

The verses which tell of the Cornish folk their idiosyncrasies, their doings and their sorrows, are gay or grave, but they have swing and music in their lilt, and are simple to suit a simple theme. The name poem, 'A Cornish Chorus' expresses the many-sidedness of Cornwall's natural wealth. The song of the sea is expressed in the next verse, and the song of the fields in the third. The dialect is good, and work of the true countryman—is never over insisted upon. There is a natural grace in the book which touches the heart.

SIX RED MONTHS IN RUSSIA. By Louise Bryant
Illustrated. 12s net (Heinemann.)

There is no question more universally discussed at the present time, and more universally misunderstood perhaps, than the situation in Russia. The best and only satisfactory way to understand it is, undoubtedly, to go there oneself, and find out what is happening. This is what Miss Louise Bryant did, and her book gives an absorbingly interesting account of what she saw and heard there. She presents vivid word-pictures of the Revolution and of the people who helped to bring it about, pleading for greater tolerance and sympathy from those who are prone to condemn the revolutionary movement unheard. "The great war could not leave an unchanged world in its wake," she says. "Certain movements of society were bound to be pushed forward, others retarded. Socialism is here, whether we like it or not, just as woman suffrage is here, and it spreads with the years. We can never again call it an idle dream of long-haired philosophers." She gives striking impressions of the people, their outlook, temperament and staunch courage, of the women who took their share of the fighting like men; of Kerensky, Trotsky, Lenin, Marie Spirodonova, and many others whose names have sprung into prominence in the last year or two. The simply-told record of Miss Bryant's experiences should serve to counteract the wild stories that have got abroad concerning the march of progress in Russia, and it is to be hoped that her book will be widely read on both sides of the Atlantic.

A NAVAL LIEUTENANT: 1914-1918 By "Etienne."
8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

It is a popular pose on the part of many people to say they are "tired" of reading books about the war. To blasé persons of this type 'A Naval Lieutenant' may be recommended as a work that will revive their interest in the war—at all events as to its naval side. The writing is brisk and bright, incisive and humorous. The book is neither from the British Museum nor Fleet Street, it is the result of personal experience on board H.M.S. *Southampton*, which little ship can lay claim to many distinctions, her guns having been in action on all the four principal occasions when considerable German forces were encountered in the North Sea. The author writes that the work is "a true account of the doings of one of His Majesty's two thousand naval lieutenants, and as such claims justification." It is a claim that will readily be acknowledged. A strong feature of "Etienne's" chapters is that the author carefully distinguishes between what he saw and what he heard from others. The work is highly charged with exciting incidents and entertaining anecdotes.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

THE BOOKMAN monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

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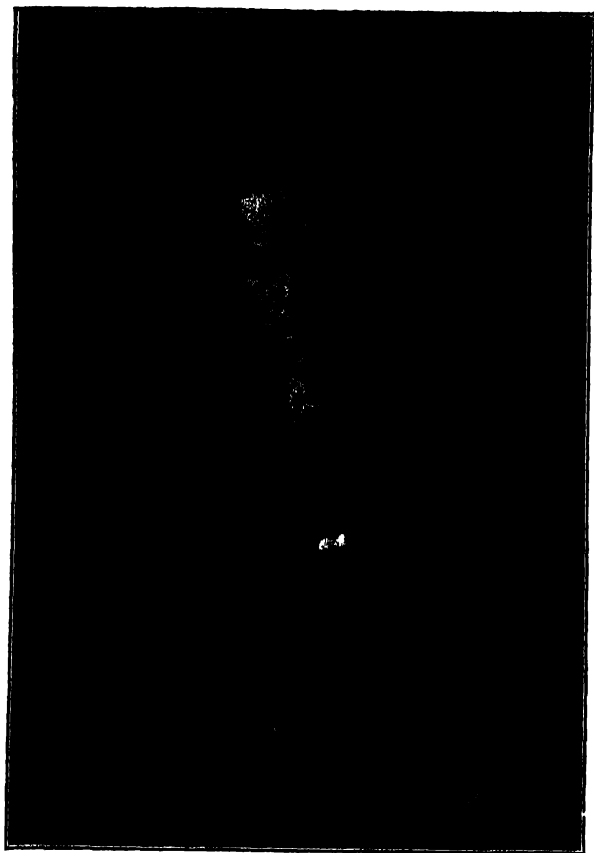
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and must reach the BOOKMAN office by the first post on September 4th next.

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.

The long expected posthumous novel of William De Morgan, "The Old Madhouse," will be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann. The book was left incomplete, but from the author's ample notes his wife has been able to finish it in accordance with his plans. It is the story of a strange disappearance, and but for the novelist's own notes of how it ended, the mystery would have remained as insoluble as that of "Edwin Drood."

Mr. Laurence Binyon's books of war poems, with some additions, have been collected into "The



**Lieutenant Adrian Consett
Stephen, R.F.A.**

"Four Years" (7s. 6d. net), which Mr. Elkin Mathews has published. There are verses in this volume, notably such as "For the Fallen," "The English Graves," "La Patrie," "Men of Verdun," "The English Youth," and "The Unreturning Spring":

"The year's pale spectre is crying
For beauty invisibly shed,
For the things that never were told
And were killed in the minds of the dead" —

that will survive Time's winnowing and remain among the most enduring poetry of the great war. The volume is admirably produced, with a striking portrait of Mr. Binyon from an engraving by William Strang.

"Sonia Married," a new novel by Stephen McKenna, will be published immediately by Hutchinsons.

The Athenæum Literature Department has published a selection of Whittier's Poems (6d.), with a Preface by Rufus M. Jones. The booklet, which is tastefully produced, is the first volume in the Westminster Classics series.

"The Riding Master," a new novel by Dolf Wyllarde, will be published immediately by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Two interesting volumes by Adrian Consett Stephen, M.C., have been published in Sydney by Penfold & Co., and in this country by the Australian Book Company. One, "An Australian in the R.F.A." contains the letters he wrote and the Diary he kept while on active service in the late war; and the other, "Four Plays," shows him as a dramatist, genially satirical, whimsically humorous, and with a sure instinct for social comedy. Adrian Stephen was educated at the Sydney Grammar School and at St. Paul's College in the University of Sydney. He would have been called to the Bar, but when the war came joined the Army instead, and in 1915 went to the front as a 2nd Lieutenant in the R.F.A. He was in some of the fiercest fighting in France; was mentioned in dispatches in May, 1917; awarded the Croix de Guerre avec palme for work on the Somme, in the same year; and for his gallantry in the terrible struggle for Passchendaele Ridge gained the Military Cross. During this period he was promoted, and was for three months acting Major in command of his battery. He was killed in action on March 14th, 1918. His letters and Diary form a graphic and intimate chronicle of his personal experiences in camp and billet and in battle; and the Plays, despite occasional immaturities, for they were all written when their author was between



Captain T. P. Cameron Wilson,

whose "Magpies of Picardy" (Poetry Bookshop) is reviewed in this Number.

twenty and twenty-three, make entertaining reading, sombre though they are at times, and show a skill in dialogue and construction and real power in the creation of character that are full of high promise, which can never now be fulfilled.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, the well-known newspaper correspondent who was introduced to American audiences by Lord Northcliffe as "the man who saw more of the war than any other living soul," has drawn from his experiences much of the material for "The Meaning of the World Revolution," which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing. Our photograph of him was taken on the Russian front, one of the five fronts on which he saw service during the great war.

Turning aside from the humours of "Bindle" (a new series of whose adventures is starting in *Hutchinson's Story Magazine*), Herbert Jenkins has finished and is about to publish a strange romance of the secret service, "John Dene of Toronto"—a story of mystery and sensation written in the spirit of light comedy.

The same firm has in the press "Maureen," a realistic romance of modern Irish life, by Patrick MacGill; and will publish this month "The Rain Girl," a tale of three months in the present year, by the author of "Patricia Brent, Spinster."

Jeffery Farnol's new romance, "The Geste of Duke Jocelyn," written partly in prose and partly in verse, will be published shortly by Sampson Low & Co.

A selection of Donne's Sermons, edited by L. Pearsall Smith, is to be published shortly by the Oxford Press.

In his timely and impressive brochure, "A League of Religions" (1s. 3d. net. Book Room, Essex Hall), the Rev. J. Tyssul Davis makes an able, succinct study of the great religions of the world, and holds that each has its own revelation, that "various religions emphasise some special aspect of God's truth," and that there is no essential antagonism between them. "I plead," he writes in his closing chapter, "for an end of attack and controversy and strife, I plead for understanding and sympathy, I plead for a league of religions, for spiritual unity and diversity of opinions, for a syndicate of hearts that will transcend the differences of creed and race." It should be easier for a League of Religions to put an end for ever to the



Mr. Hamilton Fyfe.

unworthy strife of creeds than for a League of Nations to draw mere average men into a brotherhood of Peace; or are we to take it that the politicians are more reasonable, more charitable than the priests? "The League of Religions" is worth reading and considering.

William Johnston, whose delightful story of a boy, "Limpy," Jarrolds are shortly publishing,



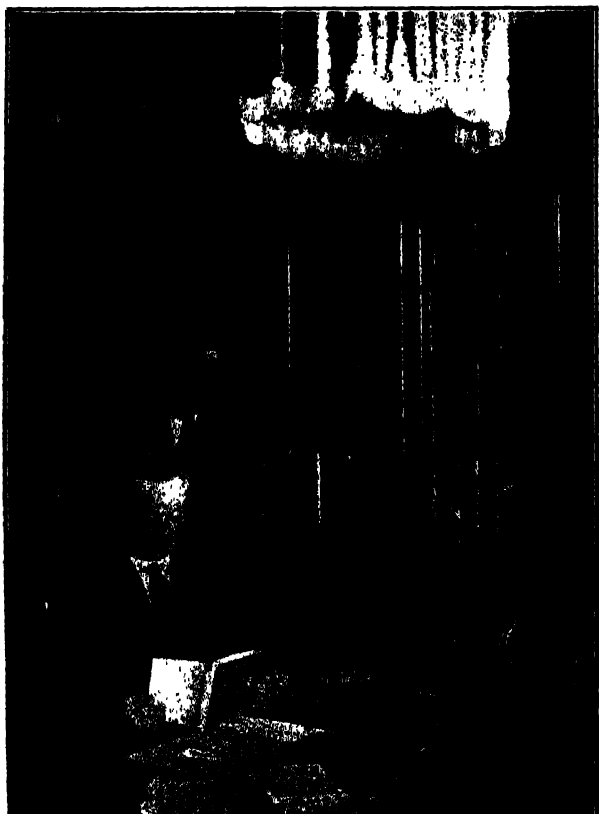
Mr. William Johnston.

is one of the editors of the *New York World*, and author of four novels, the latest of which, "The Apartment Next Door," published in America last January, has gone through many editions and is said to be one of the best selling mystery stories of the year. "Limpy" was published on the other side in 1917, and has been reissued there this year in a large popular edition. Messrs. Jarrold have arranged to follow its publication over here with other of Mr. Johnston's novels.

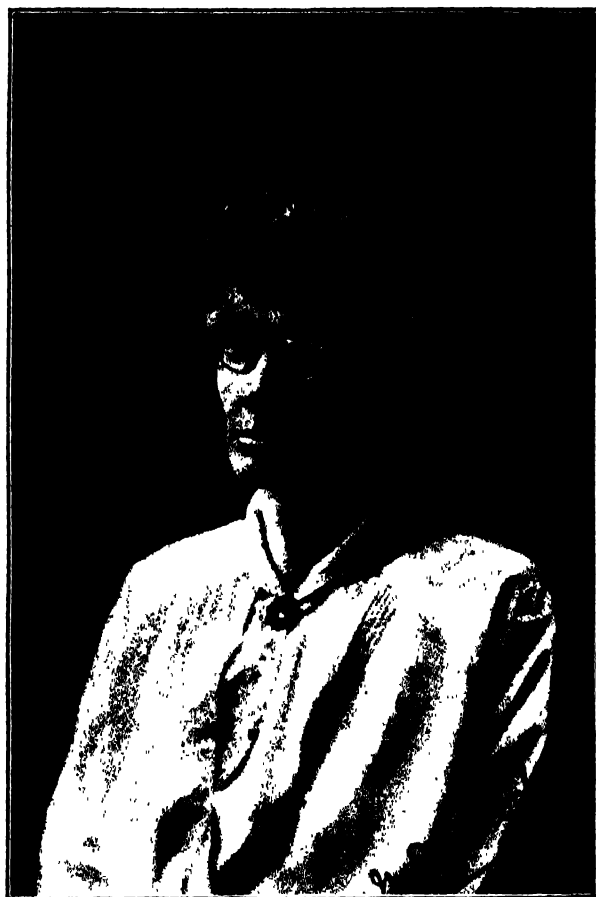
A new novel by Miss Ellen Glasgow, "The Builders," will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray.

The seamy side of Spiritualism comes under examination in "The Ghost World," by J. W. Wickwar, which Jarrolds are about to publish. Our portrait shows Mr. Wickwar at his table with his own ghost standing behind him, and the fact that the framework of the bookcase is discernible through the hand indicates the immaterial character of the spirit. But the photograph is a fake, the result of two carefully planned posings with exposures of unequal durations taken on the one plate.

Miss M. P. Willcocks makes a new departure in her latest novel, "The Sleeping Partner" (Hutchinson), which we review elsewhere. After publishing nine novels, some of West Country life



**Mr. J. W. Wickwar,
and his ghost.**



*Photo by S. A. Chandler & Co.,
Exeter.*

Miss M. P. Willcocks,

whose new novel, "The Sleeping Partner," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

pure and simple, such as "The Eyes of the Blind," "A Man of Genius" and "The Wingless Victory," and others with a problem interest, such as "The Way Up," dealing with Andre Gaudin, the great French pioneer in co-operative production, and "Wings of Desire," a story on the divorce question, Miss Willcocks says she decided to turn over a new leaf. It was Mr. Lyon Phelps, Professor of Literature at Yale, who told her that her "art was being spoilt by her opinions." She recognised the truth of this and determined to cut neither her opinions nor her art, but to provide a separate channel for each. This year, accordingly, Miss Willcocks brought out "Towards New Horizons" (John Lane), which is, in fact, a discussion of art, literature and politics from the standpoint of the international socialist. It has been furiously attacked, and as zealously defended by the critics, one journal calling her "a Bolshevik in petticoats," another acclaiming her as giving voice to the new European conscience. In "The Sleeping Partner" she has turned from these vexed questions and has written a story of the London publishing world from the inside. She is at work on another novel, a plain, bare tragedy of country life, and intends to follow "Towards New Horizons" with a study of the great literary international figures, Balzac, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Dostoevsky and Hardy in relation to the decline and fall of the present civilisation.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ALFRED HAYES.

MERE patriotism, as Edith Cavell said, is not enough. To keep the soul alive in war time required something more than a deep conviction of our cause and a share of hard work in the way of its furtherance. To have kept the soul alive in others was a mission to be proud of, and a cue for genuine gratitude. Birmingham yields to no other city in the contribution it has made for victory either in men or material, and its University has just bestowed honorary degrees upon two men who have helped to keep her standard high in thankless times. Long before he invaded London with a repertory theatre, Mr. Drinkwater had proved the efficacy of the idea by years of sound and vigorous work in Birmingham, and a city already possessed of a rich dramatic record adds this new feather to its cap. But it owes no less to Mr. Alfred Hayes for the service he has done his fellow-Midlanders in the sister arts of poetry and music. Professor Granville Bantock, as Director, has made its School of Music flourishing and famous, but he is the first to acknowledge what this owes to the Principal of Birmingham and Midland Institute, the semi-municipal college which houses it. Close friends and neighbours for many years, they illustrate to perfection the true relationship of music and education. But whereas Mr. Bantock is a Midlander by adoption, Mr. Hayes is one by birth and tradition, and his sterling work for the city that now delights to honour him dates back for more than a generation. Length of service counts for much in these helter-skelter times, it is rather the unselfish and intrinsic quality of that service which sets him deservedly among the city's worthies—men like Baskerville and Priestley, Watt and Boulton, Sturge and Bright and Chamberlain, R. W. Dale and John Henry Newman. But it is as poet and thinker that Mr. Hayes appeals to bookmen, and here there are no local limitations.

Only by chance the other day there came to light a curious tribute to his work. In a northern hospital, hundreds of miles away from Warwickshire, a mechanic no longer young was confronted with a dire operation—one of those tunnels of experience where hope is the faintest of glimmers at the end of a long traverse of danger. Poverty and hard work had always cut his rations down in the way of books, but he had a few he

cherished, and for one of them he sent—a book of verses—desiring the nurse to read him certain lines. They were hardly what the house-surgeon would have appointed, perhaps, for cheerful reading, but at the end our patient held out a hand to prove his pulse was equal to the ordeal, and the knife went ahead. The book was "David Westren," and the name

takes one back to a region of imagination whose memories have not faded in the flight of thirty years. How much or little it owes to "Enoch Arden" it would be hard to say. Those were days when men wrote blank verse narratives without seduction and without obscenity, and precious little verse written since will compare with them. Anyone who turns to "David Westren" will find it a deep and perfect idyll, ranging through nearly every phase of fine emotion, love and grief, despair and revolt, working back to a true resignation and a calm, brave philosophy of life. Indeed this fine philosophic serenity pervades all Mr. Hayes has ever written.

Of an earlier narrative, "The Last Crusade," sent him by a friend, Stopford Brooke wrote Mr. Hayes a long letter of not unmixt appreciation in which the following occurs: "I have not read anywhere things said about Nature more happily—or with greater truth." The criticism he hinted was sound: there was an excess of landscape, perhaps, and too little action, but anyone who has read his Joinville will rejoice to find how the poet has enriched with sympathy and fancy and power the heroic story of St. Louis. "The March of Man," a later volume, unfolds the poet's gospel of humanity, one of love and faith and patience, based upon a bed-rock honesty and a loathing of all cant, injustice and sham philanthropy. Even in downright quarterstaff work like this, Mr. Hayes has never failed to show a sense of form, and it was hoped that sooner or later he would give us a poetic play. The stage is the natural medium of a poet alive to the values of character and conflict, and the power of bringing convincing action out of appealing situations and noble speech. There is all this and more in "Simon de Montfort" (Methuen) which Mr. Hayes published the other day after many years of preparation. It is no recommendation to say that its length is greater than "Hamlet," but it intensifies the reader's admiration for a man who could keep the work upon so high a plane.



Photo by Harold Baker.

Mr. Alfred Hayes.

Happily it has found its audience and a welcome from the keener classes of critic—the historical expert and the actor manager; and one hopes to see it on the stage at no far date, brought within the limits of the “three hours traffic” by the poet himself. And when it is produced, the public will be the richer by a masterly conception of a strenuous pioneer in English history, surrounded, as Simon was in life, by worthy and admiring friends like Roger Bacon and Bishop Grosseteste of Lincoln, patriots after his own heart, and endowed with something of his prescience and public spirit. It is no slender task to take such a man from centuries ago and make him appeal across the footlights to the hearts and brains of the audience. This is what Mr. Hayes does even in print, and the great company of his friends who combined to have it published in the unpropitious times of war, were well advised, for the work will live not merely among our chronicle-dramas, but as an imaginative textbook for the historical study schools. Here, to conclude for the present, is an example of Mr. Hayes’s blank verse strain, put into the mouth of Friar Bacon as a vision of the magic of science to come. He is prophesying that men shall walk the sea-bed and ride in horseless chariots, and pierce the mountains men, he says,

“Perchance, though here my vision grows more dim,
Shall harness that same strong incorporate steed,
Or one as yet uncaptured, to spurn the ground
And eagle-wing’d to chase the scudding clouds
Over the white inviolate mountain-peaks.”

Mr. Hayes’s translation of “Boris Godounov” good judges have praised as a subtle and unsurpassed attempt to bring the harmonies of Russian verse-form into English, and this was the outcome of five years close study of the language. As in his pursuit of botany and geology, of music, of the Scandinavian mythology, of birds, and all kinds of English wild life, this devotion to a formidable subject reveals the thoroughness of the man. You may not infrequently encounter him in summer time sauntering through the Cotswolds or the Mendips, or, better still, the cragsman’s haunts in Lakeland. But if he has a preference it is either the valleys of the Western Midlands or else “The Vale of Arden” which gives its title to the best book of lyrics he has written. Musing or murmuring its stanzas over, one seems to breathe that quiet ecstasy of moving waters and tended pastures and element skies which pervades the Avon and the Severn. Mr. Oliver Baker, the landscape artist, has endowed the edition de luxe of this volume with a series of lovely photogravures suggested by various passages or poems; and they could hardly be less as transcripts of nature along with verses like these:

“A land where venerable trees
Whisper to many a storied grange,
Where orchards slumber, and the breeze
Comes laden with the breath of flowers,
And all things bask, and nothing swift or strange
Disturbs the loitering hours. . . .

“The fragrance of the fresh-turned loam,
Of hawthorn bloom and breathing hay,
The slumbrous air of harvest-home,
Find each in man their counterpart,
And make the echoes of old memories play
About his listening heart.”

To a man so passionately devoted to the love of birds and flowers, there is something sacred about a garden blessed with the fresh breath of the Bristol Channel, for in those Midland highlands there is nothing to intercept the south-west winds, certainly nothing of that plague of smoke and energy which the name of Birmingham connotes. It is no uncommon thing for the rarer migrants from Africa to find their way to these parts, led by favouring gales and the rich belt of woodland and meadow that stretches without a break down to the edge of the Atlantic. No man, not even T. E. Brown, has written in our time more perfect lines of gratitude to his garden than Mr. Hayes has done in his poem “My Study.” He is writing of the trees that constitute his books:

“Some perish with a season’s wind
And some endure;
One robes itself in snow, and one
In raiment of the rising sun
Bordered with gold—in all I find
God’s signature.

Abashed my faultful task to spell
I watch how grows
The Master’s perfect colour-scheme
Of sunset, or His simpler dream
Of moonlight, or that miracle
We name a rose.”

One would like to dwell upon the papers and lectures in which other aspects of Mr. Hayes’s philosophy have found rich and various expression, among them a paper of real insight he wrote years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the relations of music to poetry; or the lecture he has delivered upon Francis Thompson. His was the only house, save one, I believe, that Thompson ever visited, and the experience affords a vivid page or two of portraiture and recollection in Mr. Everard Meynell’s “Life,” showing how it takes one poet to understand another, especially such an elusive genius as the author of “The Hound of Heaven.” It makes one wonder if Thompson could have achieved more if he had known the things that were to his peace, and had been favoured by Providence with the gifts that constitute Mr. Hayes an apostle of all that makes for fullness and serenity of life, the cultivation of strict form in poetry, and the rejoicing “harvest of a quiet eye.”

J. P. COLLINS.

THE READER.

PROFESSOR SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

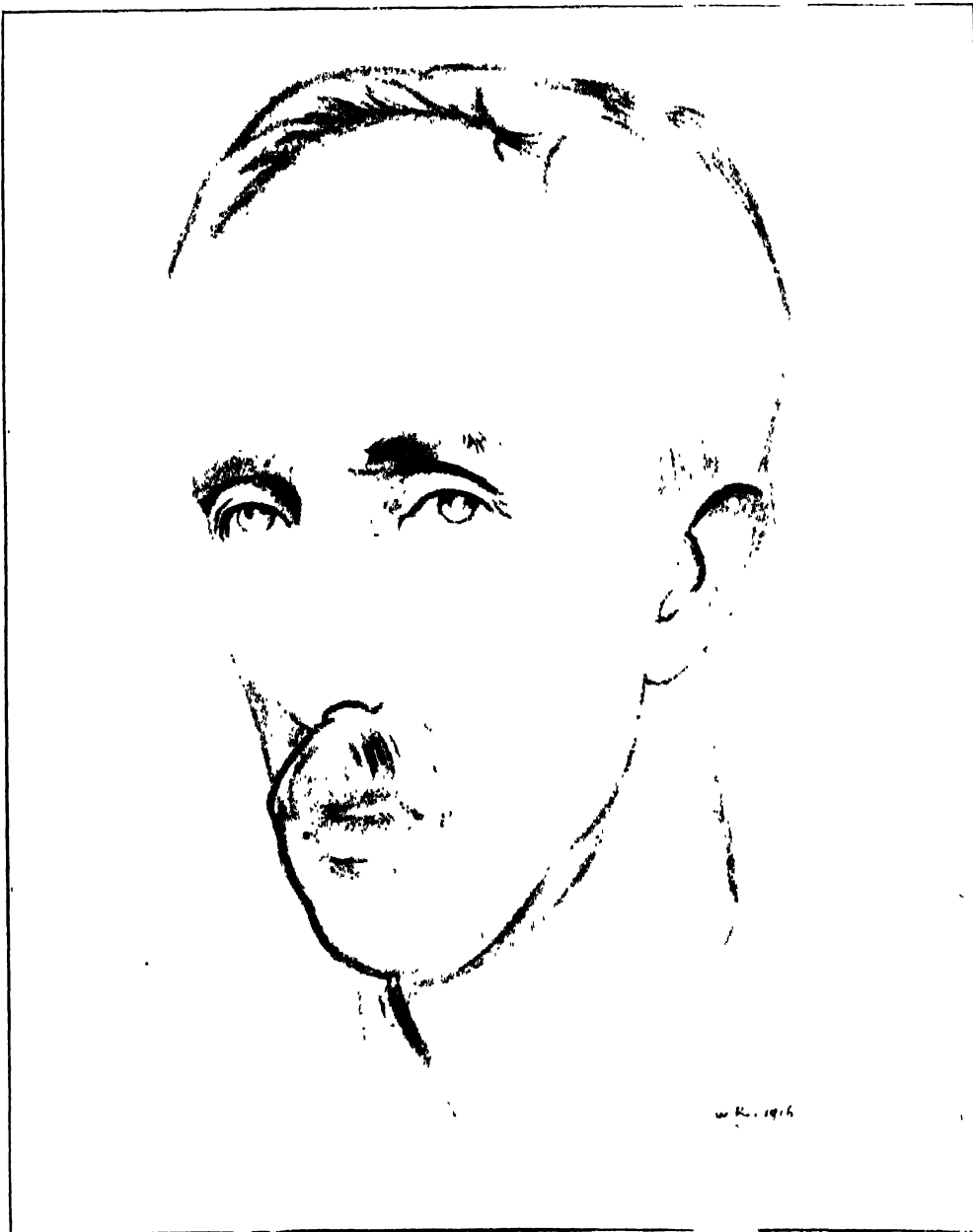
BY W. M. PARKER.

NO doubt we have all been witnesses, at one time or another, of the kind of reception given to the tardy postman, who, at long last, delivers up his mails to the weary-waiting recipient. His advent is hailed with less good-humour than if he had arrived at the earlier, the expectant hour. He is victimised, silently if not openly, as a reprehensible laggard, and so he anticipates a like reception at the hands of the next party he is due to face. Misgiving assails me as I start out to deliver up this belated appreciation of Professor Sir Walter Raleigh, for I feel I may find myself in the same predicament as the postman, though there follows the real consolation that it is an honour to be the deliverer, however unworthy, of the written matter of a proved man of "letters." Thwacks may descend on me for my tardiness, or for my manner of deliverance, but your hand, or stick, must surely be stayed when once you remark the precious subject of the document enclosed in the packet.

Sir Walter Raleigh maintains a reticent attitude with regard to his career, and he feels, as he has told me, "that the only way to be a free man is to be a private man. Once the public stakes out any kind of claim in you, a sort of slavery begins." Nevertheless one or two facts can be furnished to show it was neither by miracle nor by any other mysterious process he ascended

unto the high chair of Oxford, from where he has now guided the destinies of young students of English literature for fifteen years. His father was the late Dr. Alexander Raleigh, a popular divine. Sir Walter was educated at the University College of London and at King's College, Cambridge. He tells us in one of his books that at Cambridge he heard Leslie Stephen lecture in the Divinity Schools: "I saw him once again, on the uplands of Cornwall, but I never again heard his voice." His next step, it appears, was to the professorship of Modern Literature, at University College, Liverpool. In 1900 he was established at Glasgow University as Professor of English Literature, a chair which had been occupied by two illustrious predecessors, Professors John Nichol and A. C. Bradley. That Sir Walter Raleigh gave additional distinction to the Glasgow professorship cannot be gainsaid. He was immensely popular as a lecturer, and, though up to this time three able contributions to letters had come from his pen, while at Glasgow he further enriched the field of literary criticism with his scholarly work on Milton. And now he continues to grace the Merton Professorship of English Literature at Oxford, where his work is held in high esteem by those who have an unerring sense for pure letters.

A touch of significance colours the



From a drawing by W. Rothenstein.

Professor Sir Walter Raleigh.

fact that Sir Walter Raleigh at Oxford and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch at Cambridge are as un-professorial professors, in the strict sense, as it is possible to find. They would strip themselves of all the clogging conventions attached to their profession. Nothing suits them better than to shake off the gripping shackles of pedantic scholarship; they glory to let the warm sunshine of humanity stream into the lecture-room so that the dust of narrow, academic minds that has settled upon the surroundings may be stirred by the freshening airs from out-of-doors and be blown through the open window. As I said before, they are unconventional. They both have full-bloodedness and high spirits, and though Sir Walter Raleigh has never launched out upon a yacht of light fiction, such as that designed and built by his Cambridge fellow knight, he has adventured imaginatively, as his "English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century" testifies, to as far lands with his familiar Elizabethans, perhaps to "the still-vexed Bermoothes." The exuberant spirits and the human touch of these two writers find different outlet in their books.

It is not, then, in purely professorial work, though in that he has by no means been found wanting, that Sir Walter Raleigh's gifts have had their full scope. To readers of literary essays and criticism, he holds the position of an established critic. He is the author of some eight volumes, and set out on the bookshelf they look meagre in bulk, but what appears deficient in quantity is more than made up for by the quality of the contents. As far as it takes us, namely to the time of Scott, his first book, "The English Novel," is an absorbing work, though it scarcely challenges comparison with later works on the same subject that cover a much wider area, such as Saintsbury's invaluable survey. In his little essay on "Robert Louis Stevenson," he discusses R. L. S.'s style, romance, and morality with characteristic verve. Few, if any, university professors are better qualified than Sir Walter Raleigh to write on "Style," and the book in which he has expounded his views on that theme is a treasure to hold and to keep for all literary practitioners. Words of wisdom, pearls of closely-reasoned thought are contained therein. One of his happiest definitions strikes the eye immediately on reading the book— "The writer's pianoforte is the dictionary." He touches on most points in the æsthetics of the literary art. As regards his next two books, the "Milton" and the "Wordsworth," one finds it more difficult to assess their value. Admirable and scholarly as the "Milton" is, Sir Walter Raleigh seems to be less *en rapport* with this Olympian god than he proves to be when in company with the great humanist, Shakespeare. As for the "Wordsworth," I have felt that, while admitting it to be a penetrative piece of criticism, sound and sympathetic, at the same time it appeals to me as a very difficult book; and that, not on account of its style or its thought, both of which are crystal clear, but due rather to the difficulty of placing oneself in the attitude, or at the angle, from which the author views his subject. Besides his studies in Elizabethan literature (of which more presently), he has added to the ever-increasing bibliography relating to Dr. Johnson his hearty "Six Essays on Johnson," from any one of which springs more life than from many of the sterile accounts by Johnsonian experts. Look into these essays, and you

will discover he gives you the very essence and expansive figure of the Doctor's personality. Miscellaneous work also stands to his credit. *The Yellow Book* of January, 1896, contains a witty, argumentative dialogue between a poet and an historian, and the whim of the conception is as irresponsible as though Sir Walter had tossed up his thoughts, as a schoolboy his cap, into the air, careless as to where or how they might fall. To "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" he has contributed the article on Rossetti, a model of condensed biography and criticism.

I have purposely laid aside his ventures into Elizabethan times for separate treatment, as to my mind they show the high water mark of his art and scholarship. Surely it is not for nothing that his name has an Elizabethan ring about it, for there is not an aspect of the Elizabethan age that he touches that he does not adorn, from the sympathetic attitude in his "English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century" to the intensely vivid and characteristically spirited account of the Age of Elizabeth in "Shakespeare's England." Of course his "Shakespeare," in the *English Men of Letters* series, must be singled out. Overlooking the grave defect that portions of it are sadly in want of adjustment, the book remains to-day, as when it was written, a consummate critical performance, a work of critical art that stands out solitary and, in its own line, unmatched from among all the textbooks and studies written around Shakespeare. It is necessary to cull only a blossom here and there to give but an enticing whiff of the delicious aroma that pervades the garden from every tree and flower. The author would have us imagine that the outlaws in "As You Like It" "flee the time carelessly in a paradise of gaiety and indolence, and there is summer in their hearts." "Shakespeare is subtle, fearfully and wonderfully subtle; and he is sometimes obscure, lamentably obscure." "The everlasting difficulty of Shakespeare criticism," he says "is that the critics are so much more moral than Shakespeare himself, and so much less experienced. He makes his appeal to thought, and they respond to the appeal by a display of delicate taste." Falstaff, Sir Walter Raleigh asserts, "bestrides the play like a Colossus, and the young gallants walk under his huge legs and peep about to find themselves honourable graves." He wisely observes that Shakespeare's bad "habit of over-crowding his canvas is sometimes detrimental to the main impression," but he raises a doubtful question when he pleads on behalf of boys to play the heroines of the plays, and one wonders if Sir Walter Raleigh's statement, that "the genius of latter-day actresses, who bring into the plays a realism and a robust emotion which sometimes obscure the sheer poetic value of the author's conception," is as true as he inclines to think it.

To creative criticism, Sir Walter Raleigh has brought the best of qualifications, an artist's vision, imaginative impulse and insight, individuality, an alert mind, a deeply-imbued sense of style, and a sane, sober judgment. All these traits may be found in their most finished expression in that passage of imaginative prose, with its lingering, sunset touch, in the final pages of the "Shakespeare." He employs all the functions of the writing body, as it were, and each one is in perfect working order. As a critic, he neither mingles a scientific

view with the æsthetic like Watts-Dunton, nor, for all his individuality, bursts out in challenging and extreme denunciation like Henley. We are never delayed by having to gaze into a pool of reflection which Professor Bradley's instinctive bent for philosophical insight so often leads us to do. According to Mr. Thomas Secombe, "the most persuasive pen on literary matters to-day, that of Sir Walter Raleigh, pursues its course with groans of reluctance." It is information that astonishes as much as it interests, for, as he has the artist's loving care for his work, he so selects and shapes his material that it appears to be executed with the most effortless ease. We are never rudely disturbed by sudden jerkings and joltings but ride on an easy-going steed, whose grace and smoothness of movement have been acquired, we learn, by hard training.

Those who, living in the neighbourhood of Glasgow

University, remember so well the familiar, lanky figure, with the slight stoop of the scholar, and the genial, smiling face that was but an outward emblem of the happy, care-free spirit lodged within, have never quite forgiven Oxford for beckoning away Sir Walter Raleigh from their midst. That is the price that has to be paid when the fame of a scholar spreads beyond the boundaries of an Alma Mater. Glasgow still possesses something of him, for there the memory of his personality and his work lives on to this day. Passing within the precincts of the University, by quadrangle, court, or stairway, one half-imagines the walls give back dreamy echoes of the silvery laugh of former years. It is but the visitation of his presence under the cunning spell of memory, but that spirit of him is always ours alone who knew him here; it could have no life for others or in any other place.

HOLIDAY AND OTHER HUMOUR.

THERE are almost as many different kinds of humour as there are different ways of writing tribal lays, and every different one of them is right – but not for everybody. Your natural inclination is to assume that the man who is not amused by what amuses you has no sense of humour, till you discover that though he yawns over Dickens, Lamb delights him; or though he goes to sleep over Thackeray, Mark Twain and Max Adler keep him awake. Hood and Ingoldsby tickle men who are not susceptible to the quieter humour of Addison and Steele. In our own day, Chesterton and Jerome, Shaw and Jacobs, Max Beerbohm and Stephen Leacock, Barrie and Barry Pain, Neil Lyons and Pett Ridge do not all appeal to the same public, but who with any pretence to catholicity of taste shall say that they are not all humorists? I am a true disciple of each of them, but I say it without pride, not only because I am not alone in being that, but because there are several humorists from whom I fail to get even a smile, yet they count their admirers by the thousand, and surely it is as likely that my own sense of humour is defective as that those thousands who laugh at what I cannot do not possess any.

Punch has commonly been taken to represent our typical English humour; perhaps because it has outlasted all its rivals and, after long years, survives, the only comic paper of its kind; but English humour is too varied to be represented by any one type. It is enough that the type represented by *Punch* is

the real thing; it is not the bitter, scathing, satirical humour of deep feeling and passionate resentment, but the restrained, genial humour and witty persiflage of the urbanely philosophical looker-on. It is mainly in this spirit that "Mr. Punch's History of the Great War"¹ has been written, though, more especially in those parts that are pictorial or written in verse, it breaks from that urbanity at times into noble indignation, or some poignant utterance of the pathos and tragedy of the war or the heroism of those who have saved the world from a fate in which there could have been nothing funny. As a piquant, entertaining, mostly light but occasionally serious record of what the last five years have meant to us at home and abroad, Mr. Punch's is as accurate as any orthodox history and much more attractive.

In "A Last Diary of the Great War,"² Samuel Pepys, Junr., continues his chronicle and comment from July, 1917, to the end of last year. This is as clever as the two earlier volumes in its faithful parody of the quaint style of the great Samuel, and in reproducing the dominant traits of his character in his living descendant, who gives you jottings of passing events at the front and in the political arena, but is as much concerned with his private life and his personal friends as with the more momentous doings of the nation and the world at large. All his vanities, little meannesses,



Mr. Stephen Leacock.

Author of "The Hohenzollerns in America, and Other Impossibilities" (John Lane).

¹ "Mr. Punch's History of the Great War." Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

² "A Last Diary of the Great War." By Saml. Pepys, Junr. Illustrated by John Kettlewell. 6s. net. (John Lane.)



"The Minister had two daughters—both girls."

From "That's Me All Over, Mable" (Jarrolds).

snobberies, self-indulgences are as casually, unself-consciously revealed as in the work he imitates are those of the writer of the original Diary. There are delightfully characteristic touches in the scattered entries about the matrimonial woes of his unlovely sister, Mrs. Jackson, and the monetary losses they occasion to himself:

"Up," he writes on February 6th, 1918, "and to meet the greatest trouble and vexation (as if the times were not ill enough), by a letter from sister Pal; whose man, it seems, is run away with a land girl. Which, that Jackson should prefer another to Pal, were no matter of wonder, but that he leave her, I putting 600l. to her portion in consideration of his taking her, do prove him a base, ungrateful cheat; and, God helping me, I will have him back to her."

His subsequent treatment of Pal and her husband and others of his family; his portentous talk with fussy persons against the shortcomings of our leaders; his good-natured charity towards old General Pirpleton in his scandalous difficulties, are all as queerly characteristic of his ancestry as are his dabbling in war work, and his keenness for war economies that do not immediately affect himself, as when he is at his club, where

"our committee sitting upon our accompts; the 3rd time

of our adjourning the matter these six weeks, and all my endeavour is to have them lessen our debt owed to the banque; but to my infinite mortification, naught done but to talk of it. So this day I move the charges of jam roly-poley to be 8d. in lieu of 6d., and night-lights be put in the smoaking-room, with spills of paper to them in lieu of matches, as in other clubs. Which resolved, to my great content"

So, and with a hundred such intimate details, Samuel Pepys, Junr., reminds you of the little everyday facts of our lives in the abnormal period from which we are just emerging; and "Quoth the Raven —" another "unofficial history of the war," is more satirically irresponsible in its treatment of those same facts; it burlesques things that happened and people who did them, and the fun of it all is that its exaggerations are never far from the truth. The Diary opens with, "War imminent. Lord Northcliffe has his teeth sharpened"; it is presently noted that "Sir Edward Carson utters Grave Warning against sedition"; and the last note, after Peace has been declared, is that "Mr. John Burns, while purchasing a Shakespearean folio, hears of the war." The same fantastic truth is in George Morrow's sinful newspaper-portraits of war brides; of men and women "unwearied by war work"; of the brave peer whose cousin has been twice wounded; and in the sketch of Lord and Lady Overbury, "having a vegetarian lunch in front of their house in Belgrave Square to set an example of frugality to the carnivorous poor." It is all the shrewdest, slyest nonsense; its genial satire touches the spot effectively, and is none the less amusing for being unflinchingly good-humoured.

There are serious streaks in "The Hohenzollerns in America,"⁴ but for the most part the book is inspired by that spirit of broad farce which runs glorious riot through nearly all that Stephen Leacock has written. It begins and ends on a serious note.

And perhaps the stark righteousness of the prefatory proposal that

"the proper punishment for the Hohenzollerns, and the Hapsburgs, and the Mecklenburgs, and the Muckendorfs, and all such puppets and princelings, is that they should be made to work; and not made to work in the glittering and glorious sense, as generals and chiefs of staff, and legislators and land-barons . . . that they should work, in short, as millions of poor emigrants out of Germany have worked for generations past"; that, without any dignity or divinity of kingship, they should be made to "stand or fall, live or starve, as best they might by the work of their own hands and brains," and so prove their true value — perhaps the stern reasonableness of this leaves one unprepared for the extravagantly burlesque account that follows of how the doddering Kaiser, with his brother Henry, Little Willie and Ferdinand of Bulgaria set about adding a livelihood after they had emigrated to America, and therefore the fun seems forced and occasionally falls rather flat, but some of the further "Echoes of the War," and all the "Other Impossibilities" except the last are excellent fooling, and the last, "Fetching the Doctor," is not an impossibility but a finely etched, exquisitely tender recollection of childhood, which seems probably the more poignant for being

³ "Quoth the Raven——" By E. V. L. and G. M. Illustrated. 1s. 3d. net. (Methuen.)

⁴ "The Hohenzollerns in America, and Other Impossibilities." By Stephen Leacock. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

in such sharp contrast to the laughing irony of "The Lost Illusions of Mr. Sims" and the irresponsible, irresistible drollery of the best of the other "impossibilities."

The humour of "That's Me All Over, Mable"⁶ is commonly labelled typically American, and is of the raciest, funniest brand. A continuation of the phenomenally successful "Dere Mable," this is a further collection of those joyously fatuous letters in which Bill tells his sweetheart of his thoughts and doings whilst he is training and after he is at the front in the great war, and involuntarily reveals the simplicity, self-conceit, small parsimony and large chuckle-headedness of his own character. You may say Bill is an ass, an absurdity, but his personality is so consistently maintained and is so oddly natural and true to life that you find queer resemblances to him in actual people of your acquaintance. My own favourite among his letters is that in which he narrates how he and Joe Loomis are invited to dine with the minister who "has two daughters, both girls, and a wife. One of the girls is goodlooking and the other is more like you'd expect", but, without exaggeration, all the letters keep you laughing both by what they have to tell and their manner of telling it.

Whether "Irish Bulls and Puns"⁷ is altogether typical Irish humour I shall not pretend to say, but, though it includes some duds, it is on the whole a capital collection of anecdotes. "Snooker Tam,"⁸ anyhow, is the right Scotch stuff, and to my thinking, this story of Tam, the irrepressible young railway porter, and Maggie M'Cheery, the charming, sensible ticket girl, goes at least one better in the pawky humour and vivacity of it than that "Private Spud Tamson" with which R. W. Campbell scored his first big success. If you are only out to be amused, you may find entertainment, too, in the tale of "Guinea-Pig Smith,"⁹ and his devastating doings in "the dear old sleepy parish of Muddlemere." If its humour runs thin here and there, its high spirits and liveliness are unfailing.

I can remember when Barry Pain first arose and was eulogised and denounced as a new humorist. Nowadays, to name him is to praise him, for he has mellowed into one of the cleverest, subtlest, most individual of



Mr. Ernest Goodwin,
of "The Caravan Man" (Collins).

our humorists, old or new. It is sometimes said that he would be more widely popular if he were not so subtle but gave himself over more to the obvious humours of broad farce. "The Problem Club"¹⁰ steers a middle course, and its plots are as delightfully ingenious as its style and character-touches are easy and whimsical. The cunningest, neatest story, both in idea and narration, is that of "The Kiss Problem" but to describe the object and bizarre adventures of the Club would take some space, so I content myself with urging you to read about them for yourself and assuring you that you will miss one of the most delectable

and genuinely humorous books of the year if you don't.

Collinson Owen and Ernest Goodwin are again the real thing—they are genuine humorists as well as new ones. There is a sparkle and witty gaiety, a deftness and lightness of style in "The Adventures of Antoine"¹¹ that are characteristic of no other English author except Leonard Merrick. Antoine is a blithe, spirited Frenchman, a fascinating blend of simplicity and shrewdness, rash impetuosity and business acumen, and his rapid development from cashier in a newspaper office to part proprietor of a Parisian paper that, owing to the outrageous, sensational stunts he engineers for it, becomes a roaring success, is told in a series of stories that are invented and carried through in the happiest, lightest vein of light comedy. Mystery, excitement and trouble of all sorts result from Antoine's daring and often ridiculous but invariably effective enterprises, but the mystery, trouble, sensation never fail to break sooner or later into airy farce or, as at the finish, into some mood of pleasantest sentiment. An uncommonly able and enjoyable book.

Comedy and farce are as nicely and inseparably mingled in "The Caravan Man"¹² as the red and white in a healthy complexion. The momentous, accidental meeting in Oxford Street of the unconventional, insufficiently appreciated artist, Bamfield, and the exquisite little lady, also unconventional, but controlling and strictly self-controlled, and the later meeting at his studio that came of it—all this is pure comedy, alive and piquant. Bamfield's love affair with the timorous Rose,

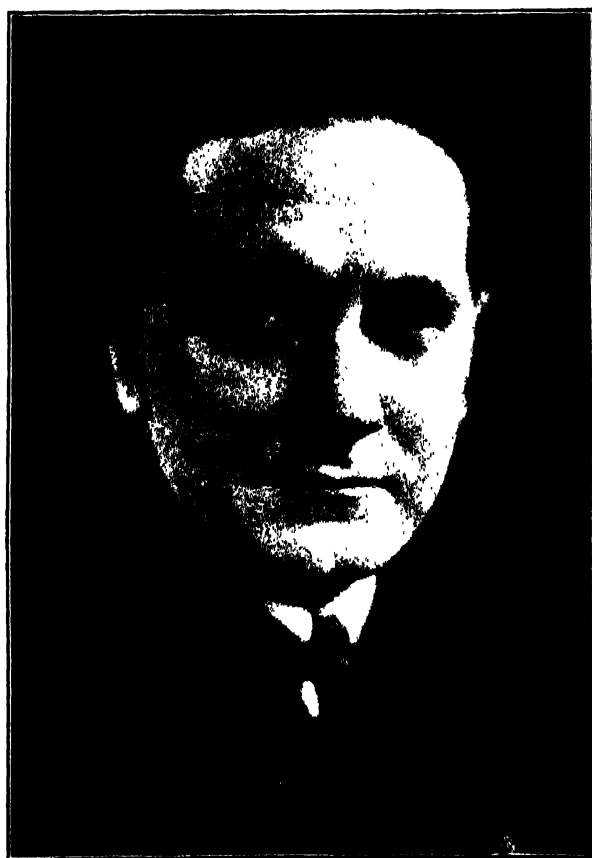


Photo by Claude Harris.

Mr. H. Collinson Owen,
Author of "The Adventures of Antoine" (Hodder & Stoughton).

⁶ "That's Me All Over, Mable." By Lieutenant E. Streeter. Illustrated by Corporal G. W. Breck. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold)

⁷ "Irish Bulls and Puns" By H. P. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net. (Skeffington)

⁸ "Snooker Tam." By R. W. Campbell. 2s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)

⁹ "Guinea-Pig Smith." By Woodhouse Lane. 6s. net. (Arrowsmith.)

¹⁰ "The Problem Club." By Barry Pain. Illustrated. 7s. net. (Collins)

¹¹ "The Adventures of Antoine." By H. Collinson Owen. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

¹² "The Caravan Man." By Ernest Goodwin. 7s. net. (Collins.)

after he has anchored his caravan on the village green, is comedy, farce and dainty sentiment by turns. Farce always comes in with the grotesque Farmer Gubbins; usually with Rose's decorous aunt and grandmother, and with that grasping art dealer who comes hunting Bamfield down, and with the handsome Bertha who is involved in disastrous experiences as the consequence of sitting to Bamfield out of doors at midnight for a flash-light photograph. But who cares whether it is farce or comedy? What matters is that it is all humour—

humour of incident, dialogue and character—and that it is crisply and humorously written—a book that is meant for nothing but laughter, and is what it is meant for.

Here, then, are eleven humorous books to suit the most diverse tastes. You may not like them all, but if you don't like any, you can depend that you must have got a quite unique sense of humour—or none.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, MESSRS. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of original verse on the town, village, or district in which the writer's holiday has been or will be spent.
(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best account in not more than a hundred and fifty lines of prose on How I Celebrated Peace.)
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

- I.—This PRIZE is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, N.13, and Kathleen E. Douglas, of Ranger's Lodge, Milford, Salisbury, Wilts, for the following:

MY LOVELY DEAR.

Oh, they have laid my only dear, my pretty dear, my lovely dear,
With all her laughter stilled and quiet lips without a sigh,
In the Stranger's land, a cruel land that has no heart to understand:
And laden with my sorrow the wind goes keening by.

Oh, she would lay her little hand, her tender hand, her
toil-worn hand

Within my own so softly at the closing of the day,
And resting so, and holding so, together we would home-ward go

Through silent moonlit meadows all sweet with dewy
hay.

And now I go at close of day the well-known way, the
lonely way,

Through dreaming misty meadows when the moon is
riding high,

With the echo of her dancing feet, her little feet, her
darling feet

Within my heart for ever, until the day I die!

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

"SMOKY CORNER."

Allus a mist at the Corner—why, there's nobody knows,
But there's allus a mist, an' a smoke, an' a fog, that lingers
an' never goes;

Summer or winter, spring or fall—a filmy haze that hangs
o'er all,

Where the trail swings down from the ridges brown to
where the river flows.

An' the face o' the Corner's blackened, as if with a smoke
o' yore—

(They say that the vanished warriors burnt victims there
by the score) --

An' where the coloured creepers hung are carved some
words in the Spanish tongue:

"Remember the friends who came your way, and come
that way no more."

Ah, many's the shadowy evenin' I've drawn my rein an'
sat

In a cloud o' bygone memories, to the click o' the wheelin'
bat:

Old Bird-o'-the-Night—a come-down Chief—but a trusty
friend beyond belief . . .

An' the half-grown lad poor Liddy had . . . an' Cori, o'
the "Coloured Cat."

An' Hal—old Hal, with his kiddies, that I somehow hoped
would rise

About my childless knees . . . an' Rose, long gone to
Paradise. . . .

Old Mammy Lucas, who heard my call, an' nussed me—
 an' Sadie . . . where are they all?
 Allus a mist at the Corner—yes . . . if it's on'y acrost
 yer eyes

KATHLEEN E. DOUGLAS.

We also select for printing:

RECOMPENSE.

You will grow old with Happiness, but I,
 Who have been Grief's beloved friend so long,
 Shall keep my youth green with miraculous tears
 And have for ever ringing in my ears
 The wild sweet tune of hope's undying song.

You will sit drowsy with Content, but I
 Shall leap each day to fling my windows wide
 And breathless wait for God's most precious things—
 And maybe I shall glimpse, with flashing wings
 And hidden face, the one dream still denied.

So you will sleep at last, and being dead
 Your quiet dust shall rest with nothing sad,
 But I, made quick by passionate songs, shall rise
 And bring God's angels trooping with wide eyes
 To hear me, at the gates of Paradise.

(Rachael Bates, "The Orchard," Victoria Road, Great
 Crosby, near Liverpool.)

SACRIFICE.

For justice and for right they died,
 All true, and yet for much beside—
 A cottage in the countryside—

Or house in some drab thoroughfare,
 With noisy children playing there
 And summer smothered by stifling air

For Britain, and for Honour's fame
 But other things of dearer name,
 Lest War should scorch with ruddy flame—

Some humble woman's toil-worn face,
 Some child, with love's discerned grace—
 Some shabby room—Home's Holy Place.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

TO A GIRL I DO NOT KNOW.

Oh, when you come to me, I do not pray
 That beauty shall be yours. Beauty, the pride
 That fades unwillingly as summer's day
 And dies at length, leaving me tearful-eyed
 Seeing the thing I loved in you has died.

I will not ask for this if you forgive
 As God forgives, utterly. If you bear
 With me my littleness, and wisely shrine
 My poor mean sins, knowing I could not dare
 High paths of self-denial and you not there.

Oh, when you come to me I will not crave
 Wisdom in you. But, dear, I want you kind
 And pitiful. With your sweet laughter brave
 Still all my old unrest, and let me find
 There healing for a discontented mind.

Oh, girl I do not know! Hidden within
 Your temple white, hold all the things I prize
 Above the fading folly men would win.
 Then shall I find, oh good and truly wise,
 Beauty and wisdom deep down in your eyes

(P. J. Battle, 20, Springfield, Clapton Common,
 London, E.5.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics sent by
 C. R. Price (Wellington), M. L. Gledstone (South Croy-
 don), Barbara Angrave (Melton Mowbray), M. B. (Calne),
 Geoffrey Dearmer (York), Leslie Comber (Vlamertinghe),
 M. Bernard Knight (Farnborough), Marjorie Crosbie
 (Wolverhampton), Kathleen Ida Noble (Walthamstow),
 Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), Mrs. J. G. Fether-
 stonhaugh (Bundoran), J. Richard Ellaway (Basing-
 stoke), F. W. Macnamara; R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Joyce
 Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), A. G. McClellan (Edin-
 burgh), Miss H. J. Smith (London, S.E.), Isabel Corbett
 (Penarth), Eileen Newton (Whitby), E. (Highgate), May
 E. Kevin (Belfast), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Delphine
 Stringer (London, S.W.), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.),
 M. E. Morris (Torquay), Lucy Malleson (London, W.),
 "Shamrock" (Taunton), L. Catterall (Chorley), Una
 Malleson (London, W.), Margaret Brooking (Gloucester),
 George Johnston (London, S.E.), J. W. van Druten
 (Brondesbury), F. N. Jellicoe (Brixton), Mary Wiseman
 (Colchester), Cyril G. Taylor (Grantown-on-Spey), Edith
 Allen (Llandaff), Lillian Chapman (Chelsea), Audrey
 Haggard (South Kensington), May Herschel Clarke
 (Woolwich), J. A. B. (London, N.), Alfred Victor Waller
 (Sunderland), Lettie Cole (Pontilias), Anna Walker
 (Sleights), William Mitchell (Great Yarmouth), H. G.
 Holland (Hove), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), K. (Black-
 heath), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Charlotte
 Brooke (Ilkley), Vyvian Silvestre; Beatrice Skilton
 (Forest Gate), Edith E. Hammond (Ruthin), "Thistle"
 (Hampton Hill), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Egbert
 Sandford (Haulbowline), W. V. J. Kitley (Alvaston),
 Doreen M. Dillon (Lee, S.E.), Ratan K. Nehru (Allaha-
 bad), Florence M. Pomeroy (Newport, Essex), Charles
 J. Kirk (Darlington), H. N. Forbes (Sheffield), E. M. H.
 Harrington (Folkestone), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown
 (Eastbourne), "Penruff" (Ealing), Phyllis Erica Noble
 (Walthamstow), Miss E. A. Quirk (Eastbourne).



"If you want all them threepennies,
 you'd better get them out of the
 blanky offertory-bag next Sunday."

From "The Problem Club," by Barry Pain (Collins).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following :

THE MAN WHO TRIED EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE POINTING MAN."
(Hutchinson.)

"Has earned a night's repose"
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*.

We also select for printing :

THE WOMEN OF '98. BY HELENA CONCANNON.
(Gill.)

"Young men no longer suddenly catch their breath
When you are passing."

W. B. YEATS, *Broken Dreams*

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

THE CANDLE OF VISION. BY "A. F."
(Macmillan)

"The light that never was on sea or land."
WORDSWORTH, *Nature and the Poet*.

(Pattie Williamson, of 98, Markliffe Road, Wadsley, Sheffield.)

THE FLAPPER'S MOTHER. BY MADGE MEARS
(John Lane)

"Bird thou never wert."
SHELLEY, *Ode to a Skylark*.

(J. I. Dean, Coppenhall, Stafford.)

A WOMAN OF ACTION. BY PAUL TRENT.
(Ward, Lock.)

"She'd two black eyes, a broken nose,
And bruises half a score."

G. R. SIMS, *Christmassing*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of verse expressing a dog's opinion of muzzling or of those who muzzle him, is awarded to Ethel M. Cooke, of 3, Cavendish Road, Clapham Common, S.W.4, for the following :

I am thy dog : I love thee tho' thou slayest !
Mine eyes are on thee, patient as of old ;
Mute in their depths the heart thy wit betrayest
Proffers thee largesse of despised gold.

Had I thy power, wert thou, as I, the puzzled
And piteous suppliant, could I turn away,
Think'st thou, unheeding, calm, while thou wast muzzled ?
As my love shames thine own, I tell thee, nay !

We select for special commendation from the large number of replies received the six sent by Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Robert A. Guthrie (Glasgow), Mrs. Alice Wise (Leicester).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Eric N. Simons, of 10, Endcliffe Rise Road, Sheffield, for the following :

THE UNDYING FIRE. BY H. G. WELLS. (Cassell.)

The theological bias of Mr. Wells's recent work leaves no room for surprise that his latest novel should be a modern Book of Job. Opening with a daring Prologue, its main

theme is the trials and tribulations of Mr. Huss, an idealistic head master. In the long metaphysical discussion arising out of his misfortunes, Huss, embittered by suffering, attacks God, but a vision revealing to him the Invisible King, he thenceforward defends Him stoutly against orthodoxy, commercialism, and materialism. The book is cleverly written and ends happily, but one wishes its author would remember that laughter, too, is of the Gods.

We also select for printing :

MY REST CURE. BY GEORGE ROBEY.
(Grant Richards.)

The beloved magician of Leicester Square was overworked, so he booked rooms at the Sunrise Arms, Little Slocum, and prepared to vegetate. The fates gave him no chance to rest. Trouble began before the cab had started for Paddington nor ended till he was back again with his face towards Piccadilly. Mothers' meetings, concerts and sports had been arranged at Slocum in honour of George Robey. He was greeted, upon arriving, with "The Bing Boys" from the village brass band. What he endured before he escaped from the rural spot the reader learns in the rollicking records of this preposterous diary.

(M. A. Newman, The Hill, Framlingham.)

JINNY THE CARRIER. BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.
(Heinemann.)

Mr. Zangwill's inordinate cleverness has never been so adequately and abundantly demonstrated as it is in this photographic representation of early Victorian social conditions and Nonconformist mentality. It is a simple tale of two lovers with their mutual attractions to, and repulsions from, each other. The development of the story is leisurely, though steady and relentless, but it is a perfect gold mine of rustic psychology and commonplace character delineation. While the general fabric of the novel is woven out of the eternal love motive, its basic structure consists of a curious and fanciful theme of sex antagonism cleverly worked out.

(William Saunders, 102, Comiston Road, Edinburgh.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), Frederick Willmer (Ramsay, I.O.M.), C. R. Price (Wellington), Frances E. Pearce (Holborn), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), Miss L. Mugford (London, S.W.), R. Bentley (Tonbridge), Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), M. B. (Stowmarket), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), G. M. Field (Earl's Court), Evelina I. San Garde (Accrington), P. G. Suttle (Cambridge), M. C. Jobson (Bedford), X. Y. Z. (Halifax), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), D. Pare (Bath), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Edith MacBean (Bristol), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Eve Casey (London, W.C.), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), G. Ralton Barnard (York), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Harold Downs (Bath), R. Clough (Scarborough).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Maude R. Fleeson, of 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891): A CENTENARY TRIBUTE.

BY F. C. OWLETT.

HERMAN MELVILLE was born in New York on August 1st, 1819—the birth-year of Whitman and Lowell and, on this side the Atlantic, of Ruskin, Kingsley and "George Eliot." Allan Melville, the

father, was a New York merchant, who, when not engaged in merchandising, was immersed in metaphysics. He was of good family, and had travelled extensively, and young Herman had many opportunities,

of which he seems fully to have availed himself, of storing his mind with the travel-lore contained in books, and the personal wander-tales told by his father and his father's friends. The family fortunes, however, were in decline. Allan Melville, dying, left his wife eight children and an impoverished exchequer. In 1837, Herman, being then eighteen years of age, shipped as a cabin-boy on a vessel trading to Liverpool. He has given us an account of his impressions on this, his first voyage, in "Redburn" (1849). In the words of Mr. H. S. Salt: "It is a record of bitter experience and temporary disillusionment—the confessions of a poor, proud youth, who goes to sea 'with a devil in his heart,' and is painfully initiated into the unforeseen hardships of a seafaring life." Mr. Maschfield confesses to a personal fondness for "Redburn," but thinks that "one must know New York and the haunted sailor-town of Liverpool to appreciate that gentle story thoroughly."

On his return to America, Melville entered the teaching profession, and for a while was usher in a school at Green Bush, New York. In view of his method of "downing" refractory pupils with his fists, it is not surprising that he quickly came to the conclusion that Nature had not intended him for a pedagogue.

In 1840 there was published a book which cunningly appealed to Melville and stirred again his passion for the sea. This was Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast"—an account of a voyage made by its author (a Harvard graduate whose studies had been interrupted by an affection of the eyes) round Cape Horn to California and back. On New Year's Day, 1841, Melville embarked at New Bedford on his second voyage, sailing as a fore-castle hand in the *Acushnet*, a whaler, the *Dolly* of his books.

In consequence of the tyranny of the captain, Melville and a shipmate deserted the whaler at Nukahiva and made their way inland to the Typee valley. Here they were made prisoners by the cannibal natives, who kept them in close captivity for four months, treating them meantime with a solicitude, and feeding them with a liberality which, under all the circumstances, was disquieting. Melville's companion, Bob, ultimately effected his escape, Melville himself being rescued later by the captain of an Australian whaling barque, who had put in at the island to obtain possible recruits. Here, then, in bald summary, are the facts in the case of "Typee" with its sequel, one of the most fascinating books ever written. Who that has once made their acquaintance is ever afterwards likely to forget King Mehevi, the patriarchal Marhevo and his son Kory-Kory—most faithful of valets and Fayaway—beauteous nymph of the strange blue eye and the hands of a countess—confiding tender-hearted Fayaway?

"Omoo" (literally "The Rover") continues the story aboard the *Julia*, where first we meet the irrepressible Doctor Long Ghost, "a tower of bones, with a complexion absolutely colourless, fair hair, and a light, unscrupulous grey eye twinkling occasionally with the very devil of mischief." It is a queer medley of practical jokings, conspirings, round-robins, mutiny—ending appropriately in the Calabooza Beretance (English jail) at Papeete, Tahiti, under the eye of the Consul. The *Julia* sails without the malcontents, and the Consul, presently finding himself in a quandary on their account,

orders a jail-delivery. Melville and Long Ghost got across to the neighbouring island of Eimco, and as to what they did, and what befell them in that Polynesian garden—it is all set down in the book.

Robert Louis Stevenson, at some time during those dreary months of poverty and sickness at San Francisco in 1880, chanced to discover "Typee" and "Omoo." More correctly, the books were lent to him by his friend Charles W. Stoddard. The sequel came when having bought the yacht *Casco* out of money which had come to him on the death of his father in May, 1887—he sailed on June 28th, 1888, for the South Seas. Exactly one month later, the *Casco* dropped her anchor in Anaho Bay, in Melville's own Nukahiva. The rest of the story is familiar to every reader of Stevenson's works.

"There are but two writers," he says, "who have touched the South Seas with any genius, both Americans: Melville and Charles Warren Stoddard; and at the christening of the first and greatest, some influential fairy must have been neglected; 'He shall be able to see,' 'He shall be able to tell,' 'He shall be able to charm,' said the friendly godmothers; 'But he shall not be able to hear,' exclaimed the last." It is good to have this tribute to the genius and charm of the author of "Typee" and "Omoo," from the consummate craftsman of "In the South Seas." At the same time I have never yet been able to "lay hold on" Stevenson's meaning in that last clause. The whole allusion occurs, it will be remembered, in one of those melancholy and impressive chapters on disease and death in the islands, and if the disability which Tusitala affects to see in his predecessor has relation to the absence from those earlier books of vital statistics and moralisings among the tombs, then here is one reader, at any rate, who would not have those "real romances" to be other than they are, nor exchange them for all the blue books ever compiled. I can only suppose that for a brief moment the artist in Stevenson slept. That Melville had ears to hear is made abundantly clear in his writings, it seems to me, and it is only fair to him to consider the circumstances under which he wrote his great romances of the islands, and the fact that, from beginning to end they are quite frankly tales of adventure—true tales, of course, but *tales*.

When at length, in the autumn of 1844, Melville landed again in America, it was from the deck of an old man o'-war, the frigate *United States*, which many years before had captured H.M.S. *Macedonian* from the British. He tells the story of his long homeward journey in his book "White Jacket" (wherein the frigate is rechristened *Neversink*). Mr. Maschfield declares that nobody nowadays should read Marryat, or Chamier, who has not at his finger-ends a few pages of Smollett and the whole of "White Jacket." And quite apart from the fact that the book contains some of its author's best passages and most characteristic bits of humour, he undoubtedly intended it to be read mainly for the picture it presents of life in the navies of the world in his own and the preceding generation. His graphic description and vehement denunciation of the use of the "cat," and the powerfully ironical account of the surgical operation conducted by old Cuticle, the Surgeon of the Fleet, are among the most memorable things

from his pen. Mr. St. Loe Strachey notes, also, that though Melville "wrote at a time when English insolence and pig-headedness and Yankee bumpiousness made a good deal of ill-blood between the two peoples, he feels that, on the sea at least, it is the English kin against the world."

Coming at last to treat of "Moby Dick," one feels the utter futility of any attempt to convey a just idea of that marvellous tale. "In that wild, beautiful romance"—the words are Mr. Masfield's—"Herman Melville seems to have spoken the very secret of the sea, and to have drawn into his tale all the magic, all the sadness, all the wild joy of many waters. It stands quite alone; quite unlike any other book known to me. It strikes a note which no other sea writer has ever struck." Here is a book about which Criticism is wonderfully agreed. Whatever the faults of it, there is only one opinion—as far as I have been able to discover there has never been more than one opinion touching its greatness. Writing people who have read it and have written around it however diverse the judgments they may have pronounced on other books, and whatever the critical doctrines they may severally swear to—unite in acclaiming "Moby Dick" as the finest sea book ever written in English. That a finer will ever be written is simply not to be conceived. The crown of this king of the sea writers is secure as Shakespeare's own.

In 1847 Melville married Miss Shaw, a lady belonging to Massachusetts, and commenced housekeeping in Boston. Subsequently he removed to New York, having received an appointment in the Customs Department there. In 1861 he made another trip round the Horn, to San Francisco, where he lectured. During the Civil War he wrote a number of poems, but otherwise took no hand in public affairs, being content to spend the remaining years of his life peacefully among his books and pictures and in the circle of his friends.

Mr. Shorter and others have styled Melville the American Borrow. To a certain extent the implied comparison is just. Both were vagabonds, in the sense of Alexander Smith's delightful essay of that title; both knew how to turn their vagabondisings to good account in the weaving their experiences into fascinating narrative; both had the poetic vision; both had humour.

Melville, however, was much more of the idealist than Borrow, who at bottom was a realist. Melville's idealism frequently became transcendentalism. In transcendental mood he conceived and fashioned "Moby Dick." It is the finest sea story in the world. In transcendental mood he wrote "Mardi," "Pierre," and other books equally unreadable. The robust humour of Borrow saved him from perpetrating a "Pierre"; his greater matter-of-factness prevented his ever giving to the world a "Moby Dick."

Melville's humour is of a subtler and more intimate quality than Lavengro's. It permeates his work—is, indeed, the vital essence of it—charging it through and through, and playing on it from without as it were, lambent always save in those great moments when it breaks and surges in riot. His style is spontaneous, buoyant, rich—with the richness of seventeenth century

prose (Mr. Strachey has pointed out the literary kinship of Melville with Sir Thomas Browne). His best descriptive passages reach the highest level of impassioned prose, and even in those books where he falls farthest from literary grace, he never loses his sense of the force and the colour of words. It may even be contended that the badness of his worst work is due to an over-development of this same sense, which, in its relation to our author's other excellent qualities, exhibited at times the dangerous tendencies of an Aaron's rod. Let it be conceded that Borrow on occasion achieves greater effects, in spite of—shall we say because of?—his terser statement of fact, and the simplicity and angularity that are the marks of his style. The throes of composition were very real with Borrow; his books were produced only after sore travail. He (who never confessed anything) might have confessed with Milton that he wrote prose as it were with his left hand (which is not to say that the Lavengro ever wrote, or was capable of writing, *poetry*).

Both Melville and Borrow were men of dauntless spirit. When, however, one reads of how Melville's apprehension of a flogging came nigh causing him to hurl his captain overboard, one hardly dares to speculate—not on what Borrow in a like situation would have done, so much as at what moment precisely he would have done it—an important consideration under all the circumstances. In other days, and under other conditions, Borrow would have been a Drake. The singeing of a papistical potentate's beard would have been an operation after his own heart. His defiant humour would have anticipated Van Tromp's broom. Melville was a more tractable being. His father belonged to an old Scottish family, his mother to the Dutch family of Gansevoort. Such blood-mingling affords as sufficient a warranty for coolness and discretion as for intrepidity.

Of the two men, Borrow was the more thorough-going rebel. Each was capable of great overthrowings, but Melville had what Borrow lacked—the imagination that constructs. It is significant that Borrow never created a character. If his characters live (and who shall deny that they live?) it is in spite of him, and because they are not the creatures of his imagination. He had met them one and all had dwelt with them, fought with them, conjugated Armenian verbs with them, drunk ale with them. His supreme moments were his aggressive moments, and they, unlike Campbell's hours of bliss, were neither few nor far between. Melville has his iconoclastic passages—and very effective they are—but if we would match the "Appendix" to the "Romany Rye," we must go back to such masters of vituperative prose as Milton and Swift. Finally, if the investing the commonplace with the indefinable spirit of Old Romance be held to be an achievement greater than the intensifying a fascination already exerted by circumstances of distance and unsatisfying rumour, then there can be only one Borrow. In which view, be it clearly understood, there is nothing at all derogatory to the genius of the American romancer.

The great books, then, are "Typee" (1846), "Omoo" (1847), "White Jacket" (1850), and "Moby Dick, or The Whale" (1852)—these four. Melville's other books, e.g., "Mardi" (1848), "Pierre" (1852), "Israel

Potter" (1855), "Piazza Tales" (1856), and "The Confidence Man" (1857) must be accounted failures, in spite of some excellent writing (particularly in "Mardi" and in "Israel Potter," the latter of which was praised by Hawthorne for its delineations of Franklin and Paul Jones), because, in them, the transcendentalist and metaphysician too often triumphed over the artist and poet. The difference between "Typee" and

"Pierre" is the difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober. That Philip should ever have been drunk is unfortunate; that Philip in his cups, as it were, should have wielded the pen, is hard lines on Philip sober. Had Melville's masterpieces, indeed, been less masterly they would hardly have availed to save their writer's memory from the oblivion which at one time seemed to threaten it.

SCOTT AND THE BOOKSELLERS.

A VITAL LINK IN THE STORY OF THE POET-NOVELIST'S FINANCIAL DISASTER.

BY DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A. SCOT.

IN a Letter of Claudius Clear on "The Family of Sir Walter Scott," several interesting references were made to the financial morass from which Scott strove so gallantly to extricate himself by the aid of his "grey goose quill." Bookmen will be interested in seeing the facsimile of an original agreement between Archibald Constable & Co. of Edinburgh, and Hurst, Robinson & Co. of London, for the sale of Scott's works. I was fortunate enough to secure it for a few shillings, from the catalogue of a London bookseller, who evidently

had no idea of its significance in connection with the affairs of "the wizard of the north." This document, with its £1 blind stamp faintly discernible under the word "First," is one of the momentous agreements which involved the affairs of Sir Walter Scott with those of Hurst, Robinson & Co., the London booksellers, whose big failure caused that of the Constable House, overwhelmed Ballantyne the printers in the crash, and brought financial disaster to the secret partner, the Laird of Abbotsford.

Agreement made this 1st day of June 1825 between
of Bury St Edmunds in the County of Suffolk
and Hurst Robinson & Co. of London
First—Whereas the said Archibald Constable & Co. of Edinburgh
and the said Hurst Robinson & Co. of London
have agreed to publish the works of Sir Walter Scott
of Abbotsford in Scotland
Second—That the said Archibald Constable & Co. of Edinburgh
shall pay to the said Hurst Robinson & Co. of London
the sum of £1000 for the purchase of the said works
Third—That the said Hurst Robinson & Co. of London
shall pay to the said Archibald Constable & Co. of Edinburgh
the sum of £1000 for the purchase of the said works
Fourth—That the said Hurst Robinson & Co. of London
shall pay to the said Archibald Constable & Co. of Edinburgh
the sum of £1000 for the purchase of the said works

First
The Books are all to be carefully
collated & perfectly before they are
sent to the Press
Archibald Constable & Co.
Hurst Robinson & Co.
1825

Reduced facsimile of agreement
for sale of Scott's works.

" Memorandum of agreement made this 14th Day of April 1821 between A. Constable & Co. of Edinb. and Hurst Robinson & Co. of London.

" First—A. Constable & Co. now sell Hurst Robinson and agree to deliver as soon as ready free of all charges in London 1080 as 1000 Copies of the Second edition of the Novels & Tales 12 Vols. 8vo at 4/4/ per Copy with the usual Discount from the Invoice—

" Second—Also 1080 as 1000 Copies of the new edition of Scott's Poetry in 8 vols. F.-Cap 8vo to sell at 3-12-0 in Boards at 10/ per Copy less the usual Discount from the Invoice—

" Third—These two Works to be settled for as soon as both are delivered in London in the manner following say in equal sums at 12—16—20—24—26—28—30—32—34 & 36 months after date.

" Fourth—The last two Bills to be renewed at A. C. & Co. expense for 6 & 9 months each Bill provided when the Bill at 34 months is due that the net amount of Stock unsold is equal in amount to the last three Bills say the Bills at 32, 34 & 36 mths.

" Fifth—The Books are all to be carefully Collated and perfect before they are shipped.

" ARCHD. CONSTABLE & Co.
" HURST ROBINSON & Co."

Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," does not mention this Agreement in dealing with the 1821 period, but in his 1825 chapter he says: "Among other hints to the tune of *periculosæ plenum opus ælæ* which reached my ear, were some concerning a splendid bookselling establishment in London, with which I knew the Edinburgh

house of Constable to be closely connected in business. Little suspecting the extent to which any mischance of Messrs. Hurst & Robinson must involve Sir Walter's own responsibilities, I transmitted to him the rumours in question as I received them."

In his next chapter, Lockhart speaking of Constable's difficulties, says: "The house of Hurst, Robinson & Co. had long been his London agents and correspondents; and he had carried on with them the same traffic in bills and counter-bills that the Canongate Company [Ballantyne's] did with him—and upon a still larger scale."

In Sir Walter's diary, 18th December, 1825, we find: "Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm." On January 16th, 1826, he wrote— "Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill to come back upon Constable, which I suppose infers the ruin of both houses. We shall soon see."

The crash came. Constable's obligations amounted to £256,000; those of Hurst & Robinson to about £300,000. The first firm paid 2s. 9d. in the pound, and the latter about 1s. 3d. The liabilities of James Ballantyne & Co. the printers (in which house Scott had been a secret partner since 1805) amounted to £117,000. Instead of "failing" like the booksellers, Sir Walter devoted the rest of his life, and all the power of his pen, to the service of his creditors. In the words of Lockhart: "He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honour and his self-respect."

New Books.

"1914."*

Few generals, if any, have undertaken their *apologia* with more ability than Lord French. The precision of his style, the vividness of the little descriptive vignettes which give life to his narrative, his power of keeping the situation as he saw it—or as he now thinks he saw it—before the mind of the reader, might well excite the envy of the most brilliant of war correspondents. But it is not for merely literary delight that the world of to-day, and of a hundred years hence, will turn to the memoirs of the British Commander-in-Chief in the all-critical days of 1914 and 1915. This book takes a permanent and a prominent place in the literature of the greatest war the world has ever seen. It speaks with authority, the authority of one of the chief actors in the great tragedy who now explains how he understood his part and gives his version of how he played it. It is not of course, even now, the only version. Every year that follows will present us with yet more versions. But always it will be referred to as a vital document in the great controversy upon which military historians, abandoning Waterloo and Gettysburg, will exhibit their argumentative acumen—the real value of the British participation in the war up to the battle of the Aisne, and their part in the decisive first battle of Ypres.

On this controversy Lord French's book throws of course the most vivid light in its detailed description of his forces and dispositions, and also scarcely less important

* "1914." By Field-Marshal French of Ypres, K.P., O.M., etc. Maps. 21s. net. (Constable.)

illumination in its involuntary admissions and suppressions.

The blame for the battle of Mons itself does not, certainly, rest with General French. The whole Allied strategy—and its intelligence—was at fault. The French and British expected to concentrate behind the Sambre and, pivoting on Namur, sweep forward and join hands with the Belgians on the Dyle. The Belgians waited for them until August 18th—*vide* pp. 45-46 of Lord French's book—and then retreated with some precipitation into Antwerp. Both French and British were late in concentrating, and it is perfectly evident that they were surprised and attacked in their concentration-area by forces of whose strength they had the most imperfect idea. The famous Retreat followed.

Here comes the controversy. The French allege that the British retreated with such precipitation (once the retreat was started, in which our Allies admit the initiative) that they failed to furnish the expected help at the battle of Guise; that they made impossible a stand north of the Marne; that they were one day's march to the rear ahead of the French and that consequently when the Allies turned round they were behindhand in giving effective support; that they immobilised, by their unnecessary nervousness in asking for help, the French 8th Division urgently required by Maunoury in his battle on the Ourcq; and that by failing to crush von Marwitz's cavalry screen they lost the full fruits of the battle of the Marne. There is no question, of course, of the valour of the British soldier—it is the British generalship which is challenged.

Lord French's account of these operations is obviously

orientated by his displeasure with General Smith-Dorrien. To that general's battle at Le Cateau is imputed the subsequent failure to make the stand demanded of the British, not only by Joffre, but (evidently in response to appeals from the French to the British Government) by Lord Kitchener. It is evident that both French and British Governments felt that General French was unnecessarily nervous. He admits his apprehensions, but maintains that he was justified—he admits, implicitly, a grave responsibility.

"On the morning of the 31st . . . the demand that we should stand and fight was not only urgently repeated, but was actually backed by imperative messages from the French Government, and from Lord Kitchener and the British Government . . . I retain the most profound belief that had I yielded to these violent solicitations, the whole Allied Army would have been thrown back in disorder over the Marne, and that Paris would have fallen . . . I refused" (p. 95).

It is scarcely necessary to point out that "the whole Allied Army" was not the responsibility of General French, but of General Joffre, and that French's refusal to fight was at least as unpardonable as Smith-Dorrien's unauthorised action at Le Cateau. It is impossible not to suspect that General French was at this time unduly impressed with the Allied inferiority and this suspicion might be fortified with a dozen little unconscious admissions in the memoirs which the historian of the future will seize upon.

Of the battle of the Marne "1914" gives no clear picture. Lord French denies categorically that he immobilised the French 8th Division. Under analysis, one can see that the British participation was not energetically pressed home, but (in Lord French's description) it is not obvious. One is left with but a hazy idea of that epoch-making contest.

For the check at the Aisne Lord French was certainly not responsible. He was working in close conjunction with the French and merely shared the ideas common to the Allied High Command at that period. His transference of the British to the north was, equally certainly, good generalship brilliantly performed.

The account of the battle of Ypres is most detailed, as far as the British are concerned, and, within those limits, accurate. The reader may be pardoned for imagining that the British fought this battle alone (whereas, in fact, compared with the French they were in a minority) and for failing to realise that Foch was in virtual command over all this northern area, sent there hurriedly when all seemed lost. It is true that over the British he had only persuasive powers—but he exercised those persuasive powers to the full. Once more, there is no dispute as to the valour of the British soldier: at the first battle of Ypres he filled the breach with his body, which, in an appalling percentage, he left there.

With regard to the much-bruited domestic controversy about ammunition, every soldier who was there will emphatically maintain that Lord French is in the right. There *was* a shortage, a fatal shortage. Again, it is impossible not to believe that Lord French was in the right when he pressed for the recovery of the Belgian coast in the winter of 1914—if it could be done at all, it could be done then, and only then. He was right also in his emphatic disapproval of the insane Darglanelles expedition which crippled him throughout 1915. The military critic will, however, await with some interest Lord French's explanation of why, when he was admittedly thus crippled, he undertook the foredoomed offensives of March 10th, May 9th, and September 25th of that year. He will also be interested to read Lord French's defence of his tactical arrangements on those dates, and particularly of his handling of the army reserve on the last-named day of costly memory.

But, controversial points notwithstanding, Lord French's "1914" is a most ably written and highly important contribution to the history of the war which no student should omit from his shelves and which everybody ought to read. It is a lesson on inadequate preparation.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

ENGLISH RELIGION.*

Dr. Figgis offers in this volume a collection of sermons which have been preached before Oxford and Cambridge Universities and in various London churches like All Saints', Margaret Street, and Grosvenor Chapel, Mayfair. His hopes for English religion are unfolded more especially in the first four discourses and may be summarised as follows: (1) The liberating force of true religion; (2) the redemptive character of Christian religion; (3) the living doctrine of sacramental grace; (4) the power of catholic religion "to stimulate every living and wholesome interest of human life and society." But these four heads of consideration are formulations at their value of hopes for Christianity at large and not especially of a departmental branch, registered as English. They are as much expressible and to be expressed in respect of the Latin rite and the Greek orthodoxy. Dr. Figgis recognises this—as indeed he cannot do otherwise—when he mentions "the error of treating the English part of the Universal Church as a thing in itself entirely separate"; but in so doing he would seem to renounce implicitly the title chosen for the first section of his sermons. If, however, we rename them "Hopes for Christianity at large," it has to be recognised—with or against our will—that they have become the questions at issue all over the world of religious debates, and to proclaim them as saving hopes does not deal with the issue. It seems to me that we who are Christians must face sooner or later—and so much the better as we decide to do it the sooner—this expanding counter-view which holds that amidst every variety of culture religion is one thing, the science of union with God; that the spiritual hope of the world is therein and therein only; that this science has been cultivated throughout the ages and nations under many names and within many official systems; that it is in no sense apart from Christianity and in no sense confined thereto; that Vedic, Buddhist and other Eastern saints have followed this science and attained a term therein, which is not on a lower groove than that of Ruysbroeck, Eckehart or Tanler; that their records remain to testify. From this point of view the churches—whatever their names—are not themselves religion but bodies of ceremonial procedure and official teaching, the vitality and consequence of which are in proportion to the presence within them of that spirit which is religion. The claims of this view are before us and will become much more prominent in the future. Should it happen, as it may happen, that they prevail, in virtue of a truth behind them, there must be such a restatement of Christianity as no Christian church and none of the doctors are now prepared for. I hold no brief on the subject except that it will have to be dealt with, above all by those who deny the truth, and that their warrants must be adequate knowledge concerning the science of religion in the East and West. The present "Hopes for English Religion," based on a simple restatement of old doctrine, look strange in such light as this—strange notwithstanding a reverent appreciation of these many excellent pages. "That God may enter more fully into the life of humanity" is the prayer of Dr. Figgis, and that the life of humanity may enter more deeply into the realisation of life in God is the end of that practice of Divine Presence which belongs to the science of religion.

A. F. WAITE.

THE CRITICAL ENTHUSIAST.†

Mr. Lynd is the ideal critic for the young. He is capable of great and generous enthusiasm, but always he keeps a part of his mind watchful for the faults in those he admires; he loves Beauty more than beauties, and follows Truth rather than truths; and yet, best of all, if one of

* "Hopes for English Religion." By J. N. Figgis, D.D., Litt D. 6s 6d net. (Longmans.)

† "Old and New Masters." By Robert Lynd. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

his literary friends offends he will not disown him, but, admitting the offence, turns your attention to the man's better qualities. The young are indiscriminate in their enthusiasms; and Mr. Lynd's delicate discrimination is exactly what they need. If only the teachers of our youth knew their business, they would endow Mr. Lynd so that he need no longer write reviews, but spend his time in leisurely reading and leisurely writing. For good as the book is, the reader is always aware that Mr. Lynd could have done much better. In a very few essays lack of time and the exigencies of journalism cause him to do a serious injustice to his subject. For instance, to write an essay on Kipling and never mention the "Jungle Books," or "Kim," or his supernatural stories is to do Kipling and yourself a grave injustice. What Mr. Lynd says about Kipling is in the main true; but he has written two serious papers not on Kipling, but on certain selected aspects and works of Kipling, which, were Mr. Lynd a less just man, one might suspect he had chosen in order not to reconsider his verdict. I dislike as much as he Kipling's brass and bounce; but what is the use of condemning Kipling as holding a "keyhole view of humanity" unless you endeavour to show how that view can be reconciled with "The Brushwood Boy," with "They," or with the many poems and stories in which Kipling, sometimes I admit apparently in spite of himself, once more makes his obeisance to "the Dreamer whose dream comes true."

The haste which is responsible for Mr. Lynd's misunderstanding of Kipling is responsible for other minor imperfections in the book. None of them, however, is serious enough to vitiate his judgment. No book of recent criticism contains more judgments which represent the verdict which is likely to persist: especially masterly are the chapters on Wordsworth, on Keats, on Browning, on Pope and on Mr. Conrad. An essay which rather disappoints me is that on Villon. I think Mr. Lynd has been misled by the popular view—he is writing apropos of Mr. Stacpoole's fanciful, unimaginative essay—which lays too much emphasis on Villon's life. For rascality Villon never approaches Cellini or Casanova; Villon's crimes are indicative not of character but of a lack of it. His life is largely negative—but his poetry, with its determined modernism, applying to the things of the gutter and the brothel a genius for stark truth not dissimilar to Dante's, that poetry remains something unparalleled in European literature; for later French imitations of it have either a cynicism or a sentimentality which are equally remote from the childlike, naked simplicity of Villon.

Many of the essays deal with modern authors, mostly English speaking (though there are in this book the sanest notes on Strindberg and Tchekov which I have read), and lovers of modern literature will turn gratefully to Mr. Lynd's pages on Yeats, on Synge, on Thomas Hardy, and on Belloc and Chesterton. As an example of Mr. Lynd's pleasant and imaginative method, what can be better than this on Belloc and Chesterton:

"Fifty years ago, when philology was one of the imaginative arts, it would have been easy enough to gain credit for the theory that they are veritable reincarnations of the Heavenly Twins going about the earth with corrupted names. Chesterton is merely English for Castor, and Belloc is Pollux transmuted into French. Certainly if the philologist had also been an evangelical Protestant, he would have felt a double confidence in identifying the two authors with Castor and Pollux as the:

Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome."

I could wish he had said something about Mr. Chesterton's poetry, surely his most vital and personal writing, whether it be serious or comic; and what he does say about G. K. C. makes one long for a book on him from Mr. Lynd. For while sufficiently sympathetic towards Mr. Chesterton's mediævalism, Mr. Lynd keeps his critical eye open, and is not to be bounced into agreement by the mere weight of his author. Always too Mr. Lynd keeps his sense of humour. I am not sure that this may not be a disadvantage to him; but it is a great pleasure to his readers. So much of literary criticism—those who wander

through the syndicated histories know it to their cost—is dreary, pontifical stuff, gravely measuring poetry and renown as though they were standard suits. Mr. Lynd never forgets caprice, never forgets the little imp which possesses all men at times, and artists particularly, the demon of perversity, which may be responsible for much trouble, but also gives us most of the colour, and laughter, and jollity and tears in this confusing universe.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE JERNINGHAM LETTERS.*

In that great storehouse of literary and other information, Crabb Robinson's Diary, there appears the following entry written on February 1st, 1811: "A visit to a most accomplished lady of the old school, Mrs. Buller. The poems of Southey and Scott she had put into her Index Expurgatorius. She cannot bear the irregularity of their versification. Mr. Jerningham was present and she called him to his face 'The last of the old school.' He is already forgotten, more completely than those will be whom his friend and contemporary treated so contemptuously." A little less than two years after the above lines were penned, "Mr. Jerningham" was gathered to his fathers, and but for the fact that a budget of letters written to him by his friends, along with others of his own composition, has been recently brought to light he would now have been as forgotten as when Crabb Robinson made his entry. The iniquity of oblivion cannot in this instance be censured with having *blindly* scattered her poppy. None the less the book is of considerable interest.

Born seven years before Pope died Jerningham lived until he reached his seventy-fifth year. He was the third son of Sir George Jerningham, fifth baronet, of Costessey Park, Norfolk, and was a poet, dramatist and man of fashion and numbered among his correspondents and friends the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl and Countess Harcourt, the Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, the Countess of Jersey, Horace Walpole, Edmund Burke, and others. With the Prince Regent he "seems" to have been on intimate terms. He knew many of Gray's friends, but did not know the poet; many also of Johnson's male and female friends, but was unacquainted with Johnson himself.

The book consists chiefly of letters written to Jerningham and of these by far the most interesting are those written by his parson-friend the Rev. Robert Potter, the translator of Æschylus, Euripides and Sophocles.

The letters of Horace Walpole, eight in number, will not, we fear, bear comparison with the best of those written by that incomparable letter writer. He writes enthusiastically of Burke's "Reflections of the Revolution in France": "Delighted with Mr. Burke? Yes, so delighted that I have read him twice; and, if I were not so old and had not lost my memory, I would try to get his whole book by heart."

Mr. Bettany has performed his editorial duties most exemplarily and in many instances his notes surpass the text in interest. Many of the editorial difficulties in dealing with epistolary matter are occasioned by the carelessness of letter writers in not dating or only imperfectly dating their letters. There are many such in this work, but the editor has been successful in the majority of cases. Some, however, seem to be out of their proper sequence. Letter No. 5 (Letters of Lady Beauchamp Proctor) precedes not follows No. 4; No. 6 was probably written in 1782, not in the following year; No. 11 in 1781; No. 14 in 1782; Nos. 16 and 18, of which the years are not given, seem to belong to 1785 and 1797 respectively.

The volume of Burney mentioned on p. 125 would seem to refer to Dr. Burney's "History of Music" rather than to a novel written by his daughter. Burke's speech noted

* "Edward Jerningham and His Friends: A Book of Eighteenth Century Letters." Edited by Lewis Bettany. 25s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

COLONEL AT 27: M.P. AT 28.

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF A BRILLIANT YOUNG OFFICER.

Lieut.-Colonel L'Estrange Malone, M.P., a brilliant officer of the Royal Air Force—he reached his present rank at the early age of 27, and became a Member of Parliament at the age of 28—has written the following remarkably interesting letter.

To the Directors of the Pelman Institute.

"Dear Sirs, I feel I must write and give you a hearty appreciation of the results of the Pelman Course. May I first be permitted to make a few observations regarding its application to my own personal case?"

"The outbreak of war found me completing a period as assistant to the Director of the Air Department at the Admiralty, and on August 11th, I was appointed to fit out and take command of some of the cross-Channel steamers in order to enable them to take on board sea planes to carry out aerial work in the North Sea.

I Discovered Pelmanism:

"The outstanding feature of this work was the famous raid on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day, 1914. After a varied war experience in many theatres of war, from the North Sea to Aden, sometimes experiencing success, sometimes encountering failure, my peregrinations found me once again in London in January, 1917. Then it was that, through a friend, I discovered Pelmanism.

"Luckily, just after that time, through difference of opinion with the existing authorities, I was enabled to go for a six months' 'change of air' in H.M.S. *Lion*.

"Whilst no one will deny the difficulties and strenuous nature of naval life, it certainly provides periods of comparative calm and periods when it is possible to put in good solid study, and in this respect, therefore, Pelmanism was enabled to get a good six months' footing.

"One can only judge by results. From my own experience I am quite satisfied that the work done and progress made in the last two years have amply repaid the moderate investment expended in undergoing the Pelman Course.

The successive stages, which were undeniably satisfactory, prove, without doubt, that there must be something in the Pelman idea, because on December 28th, 1918, less than two years later, one of its youngest students finds himself in the House of Commons, with the addition of many other responsibilities and duties.

Three Practical Results:

"Now, Sirs, what is it about Pelmanism that is so wonderful? There are three practical results arising from Pelmanism. There is the War use, the Professional use, and the Educational use. These are the three outstanding results which people have attained through Pelmanism.

"The War use manifests itself in the results achieved by officers and men who have undertaken the Pelman Course, in the field, either by acts of gallantry, or in overcoming fear, in stimulating personal energy and courage, in enduring hardships, and thwarting apparently insurmountable difficulties with unflagging persistence and undaunted will-power.

"The Professional use manifests itself in the advanced positions obtained by Pelmanists in the vast field of 'Professionalism' throughout which the Pelman idea has permeated. This covers the wide range from the office-boy, whose ambition, goal, and desire it is to become a junior clerk up to the managing director of a great financial combine.

"Then there is the Educational point of view which means the widening and expanding of all the component parts of the human being.

"What is the practical explanation of these extraordinary results? No successful business can ever be run without a policy, no shareholders could ever be induced to risk their money in a concern without aims, without a scheme, and yet every day we find a large number of people gambling with their own lives, treating their lives in a manner in which they would never dream of handling far less important business matters.



LIEUT.-COLONEL MALONE, M.P.,

whose remarkable letter is printed in these columns to-day. Those who wish to receive full details of the system described by him should write to The Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. They will be sent to you post free by return of post.

mentally the goal-posts of this short mortal life. No one can over-estimate the benefits of such a Course, and if we succeed in erecting a chain of concentric goal-posts, if we can successfully formulate some of the general aims of this life, much good will have been done.

Can anyone imagine a more anomalous policy? And what is the reason for it? It is because people have never taken the trouble to think. They have never considered the fact that a great many laws of common sense apply as much to the human being as they do to the world of business.

"No one can go through the Pelman Course without being compelled to face boldly the hard facts of this life, and to erect and at least visualise

The Vista of To-morrow:

"That is the outstanding result of Pelmanism as I see it. No one can go through the Pelman Course without realising this matter vividly. Some people may be against materialism, but if they are afraid to oppose materialism because they oppose bare facts, surely they are lacking in moral courage. . . .

"Whatever may be your work, whatever may be your daily task, be it great or small, whatever may be your ambition, your aims, your goals, your purposes in life, nothing is more beneficial from every point of view than a clarifying of the reason for your existence, why you are here, and at least an elementary knowledge of the cogs which comprise the Human Machine, and why they turn.

"This is the vista which Pelmanism opens up to you!

"Yours faithfully,

"CECIL L'ESTRANGE MALONE, M.P.

"The House of Commons, S.W."

The foregoing remarkable story demonstrates the great "personal" interest and practical value of Pelmanism. No reader can afford to neglect this opportunity of learning all about this famous system. Write to-day for a copy of "Mind and Memory," which describes Pelmanism in detail. This intensely interesting book, together with a copy of "Truth's" famous Report on Pelmanism and a form enabling you to enrol for the complete Course on special terms, will be sent gratis and post free if you write a post card to-day to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Write now or call to-day.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; Temple Building, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

on p. 306 probably refers to that delivered on introducing the "Bill for composing the present troubles in America," a speech which was delivered on November 16th, 1775, and took over three hours to deliver. "Sacotala" (p. 316) in all probability was the translation of Sir William Jones's "Sakuntala" completed in 1789 but not published until 1790.

On p. 229 Mr. Bettany states that Rogers with others is silent about the connection of the Prince Regent with the Countess of Jersey. This does not seem to be borne out by the extract from Rogers's letter November 14th, 1797, quoted in Clayton's "Early Life of Rogers," p. 335.

One is inclined to believe that Earl Harcourt's "late and long-loved friend" refers to Mason for a monument was erected to that cleric and poet in the village church of Aston; Walpole was not connected with any "obscure village in Yorkshire." In one of his letters Potter says: "I am getting off from the Land of Nod to Bedfordshire," and the editorial note runs "Possibly this is another way of saying that he is leaving 'Sleepy Suffolk' for a time." Such an explanation is rather fanciful. Surely it means that he is drowsy and is off to bed! Charles Lamb, we incline to think, would not agree with the statement that he admired Thurlow's sonnets, with the exception of the one "To a Bird that haunted the Waters of Lacken in the Winter." He told Wordsworth that he fatigued himself with going through a volume of fine words by Lord Thurlow with its "aching vacuum of matter."

Mr. Bettany states that the fate of the Duchess de Biron is unknown. According to the author of "The Public Prosecutor of the Terror," she was guillotined along with another woman of the same name, and this statement is based on documentary evidence. The following excerpt from his letter to Miss Mary Berry (Nov. 14, 1793) appears to disprove the assertion that Walpole was, when approaching his eightieth year, present at Jerminham's "new play" ("The Siege of Berwick"). "George Cambridge was last night at the first representation of Jerminham's new play, and I was delighted to hear that it was received with great applause and complete success."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE CHARM OF PERSONALITY.*

When George Meredith hailed the lark's song as being "seraphically free from *taint* of personality," he but emphasised the fact that from all larks the uprush of joyous song is the same, and doing so appeared to have a dig at poor humanity for its very diversity of utterance. Personality, that which marks an individual off from his fellows, is no taint, it is frequently a subtle and fascinating charm. It has been said that every man jack of us and woman jill too—has the material for writing one novel; how much truer it would be to say that each of us has the material for writing at least one volume of reminiscences. All of us might do it and, but for the price of paper and the obduracy of publishers, publish it—yet how small would be the percentage of the vast output of volumes that would be worth the reading after all! The few among the many would not be those by people who had had the most dramatic ups-and-downs in life, or those who had had the most moving accidents by flood and field, but they would be those written by people possessed of the charm of personality.

That same charm—very difficult of definition, but very easy of recognition—is something sweet and fresh as the perfume of primroses; it will be found pervading every page of Katharine Tynan's new volume of reminiscences, despite the title of that volume and the fact that it covers the years of the tragedy of the nations. Established as a poet who is sure of immortality in those anthologies in which, as we are told, poetry will "live," and as a novelist with a wide circle of readers, "K. T." has now with her reminiscences made a new claim upon our admiration—

* "The Years of the Shadow." By Katharine Tynan. 15s. net. (Constable.)

and our gratitude. The volume tells of recent years in Ireland, in Dublin, and in Mayo for the most part—with a wonderful excursion to Rome—yet its interest is not limited by either time or place, for the writer is one with a genius for making friends, a genius for representing them in pen and ink and a rare readiness in recalling amusing anecdotes and things happily said. Thus her book gives, as a volume of reminiscences should, the impression of easy, lightly-linked talk by one who has met many interesting people and has the twin gifts of memory and narration; she has indeed that further gift of making the people of whom she writes interesting to us, whether they are folk in the public eye already or hitherto unknown.

To the reader with a liking for personal anecdotalage "The Years of the Shadow" will prove one of the most companionable of volumes, for from start to finish it is, in the best sense of a much-abused word, entertaining. The author has not only the power of rendering things personally experienced but she has also the knack of drawing from others material which she can render valuable. Thus she is able to tell of the detachment with which Mayo regarded the Easter revolution in Dublin, and her own anxiety for news, and to give also two narratives of experiences in the capital during that tragic time. Despite the vast shadow of the war, despite the shadow of the revolution, there is yet something of radiance in these later chapters which have been recorded from a richly-stored memory by a ready pen. "K. T." has a way with her—possibly it is the elusive secret out of which springs the rainbow charm—by means of which she finds the best in the people whom she meets. It is true that in one of the two earlier volumes of her reminiscences she ventured to write of a certain place in Kent in a way which moved foolish people to write foolish letters to the press—but even that leads to the addition of some amusing pages to the present volume, one of the most engaging of books that have come out since the years of the shadow passed.

WALTER JERROLD

A KEEPER OF THE MERSE.*

An ex-Under-Secretary of State for War, having ceased to manipulate (metaphorically) the guns which deservedly dealt death to the Hun, took to recording his own experiences with other guns upon other fields than those of France. Mr. Tennant, like all his family, is a born sportsman, and Berwickshire has afforded him ample scope for partridge-shooting and similar favourite diversions. He was fortunate in his retainers there, specially in his gamekeeper, Thomas Walker. It is Thomas's personality which dominates this little compilation: indeed it is designed to do Thomas honour. One must respect the ex-Secretary the more for having penned so graceful a tribute to one whom Scott would have counted among his intimates—another veritable Tom Purdie. It is a pleasing picture that Mr. Tennant has painted of a quite idyllic life for both himself and his man. The conditions seem to have been wholly favourable—a kind and considerate employer, an efficient and loyal servant. Environment, to be sure, had its share in the successful relationship. Both men were equally devoted to the superlatively romantic and picturesque locality where their lot lay. And it appears also (as does not always happen) that the temperament of each dovetailed sweetly the one to the other.

A gamekeeper's letters are hardly likely to emerge into literature. Mr. Tennant would be the last to suggest this for any of these epistles. There is, however, a *naïveté* and an absoluteness of candour and sincerity about them which give distinction to a simple memorial of what was manifestly a happy and unsophisticated past. The keeper's language cannot be described as brilliant. There is nothing really memorable or arresting in what he wrote. The letters reveal the observant eye and the reflective mind of

* "Letters From a Lowland Keeper." With Additions and Notes by the Right Hon. H. J. Tennant, M.P. 5s. net (MacLohose.)

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The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel Metropole—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to eavesdrop even in an hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the world," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you many more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet-room the host was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line, and when it came to my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd of sixty men he had met two hours before, and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number accurately.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except how he called out, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates, and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

You can do this just as easily as I do.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would forget his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably ten thousand men and women, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can recall instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted. "You have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory *in one evening*. I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system, and you will find it not hard work, as you might fear, but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

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Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at thirty-two years became head of a £200,000 concern, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire-extinguisher:

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Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strongly.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can recall the name of almost any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished.

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I can recall like a flash of lightning almost any fact I want just at the instant I need it most. I used to think a brilliant memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of memory if he only knows how to make it work properly.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind, and see instantly everything you want to remember.

My advice to you is, Don't wait another minute. Send to the National Business and Personal Efficiency Department 97A, of the Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., for Mr. Roth's amazing Course, and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in INCREASING EARNING POWER will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

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"The course has been of real value to me. The small amount of time required and the simplicity of the method will appeal to any busy business man."

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one whose soul is in perfect sympathy with all the sights of Nature—though not with all her sounds, for Walker's hearing was defective, a misfortune which sometimes played havoc with his plans. He discourses interestingly on many themes, the keeper's problems and difficulties being naturally uppermost, although politics and the war have their due share. A touching reference to Mr. Tennant's son Henry, who was killed in France in 1917, concludes the selection: "We are very pleased to have that photograph; he looks in a happy mood. . . . No one who knew him can look long into his eyes without looking away from them. You all know too well what I mean."

But to be just, Mr. Tennant's own Introduction is, after all, the best thing in the book. Clothed in faultless English, it is itself a charming essay on Scottish rustic life and the varied occupations of a gentleman of leisure, with whom sport is a passion, and days spent under the open sky are the most glorious days of all. As befits the late Member for Berwickshire, that county is never far from his thoughts, with its magnificent landscapes, its ever-kindly folk, the recollection of hours expectant behind its russet hedges, among its golden stubbles, when everything seemed in tune with an auburn autumn, "and the perspective of distant beaters and approaching coveys, swerving on their sinuous course, were enough to stir the blood of even the most anæmic."

This is truly a delightful addition to the library of the Lowlands, and if Thomas Walker is scarcely a Richard Jefferies, he is of the same noble type, at all events. There are still many such to be found up and down the Borderside. May their school long survive!

W. S. CROCKETT.

MR. YEATS'S ODYSSEY.*

It is strange to remember that Mr. Yeats's first book was published thirty years ago, and that he was writing poetry when Queen Victoria was celebrating her first Jubilee. Granted that it is merely an accident, a temporary acceleration, actual or apparent, of the evolutionary process, which makes that august event seem so remote; and that many writers have done fine work at a far greater age than Mr. Yeats's (witness Mr. Hardy among the living)—yet there is still a quality of youthfulness in the literature of the author of "The Wanderings of Oisín" to justify our wonder. Most writers, after a generation of production, are content to live largely on their past. Many of them, like Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, achieve a spurious effect of being "up to date" by applying to contemporary matters formulæ which are in reality growing ever the worse for wear. But Mr. Yeats has been granted the freedom of *Tir nan Og*; to which surely no one has ever had a more flawless claim.

It is true that in his latest book, "The Cutting of an Agate," there is nothing that is quite recent and much that is a good many years old. But Mr. Yeats is too sincere to reissue work that has not kept for him some, at least, of the significance which originally made him write it; so that, whatever the birth-date of its contents, a new book by him is always a new book. The ostensible subjects of these collected essays are various. They include a good deal about the theatre; all the author's writings on Synge, which one is very glad to have together; the series of short papers called "Discoveries," which were published some years ago by the Cuala Press, and are one of his cardinal works; studies of two Irish patriots, John O'Leary and John Shawe-Taylor, and a longer study of Edmund Spenser. Those are the book's subjects; but what the book is about, as the White Knight would have said, is the growth of Mr. Yeats's soul. And in following that, we understand why he has remained so triumphantly young. He has never become content.

* "The Cutting of an Agate." By W. B. Yeats. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

"The friends that have it I do wrong
Whenever I remake a song,
Should know what issue is at stake:
It is myself that I remake."

Of this remaking, his prose essays offer as good evidence as the revisions of his verse. It has been a constant process. Perpetually has he been readjusting himself to life and to art. In the beginning, ardent for the absolute, he "was interested in nothing but states of mind, lyrical moments, intellectual essences," and wrote the haunting but esoteric verses of "The Wind Among the Reeds"; but presently, wearying of an impossible quest, he turned from lyric to the more concrete art of drama and from the contemplation of "haughty and elaborate life" to the life of the people, endeavouring to create an art which should appeal to "vigorous and simple men." "What moves natural men in the arts is what moves them in life, and that is, intensity of personal life, intimations that show them in a book or a play, the strength, the essential moment of a man who would be exciting in the market or at the dispensary door." From this conviction sprang his practical connection with the theatre, and all his multifarious public activities. He became a public man . . . but with a difference. "All the while I worked with this idea [of giving Ireland a national art], founding societies that became quickly or slowly everything I despised, one part of me looked on, mischievous and mocking, and the other part spoke words which were more and more unreal, as the attitude of mind became more and more strained and difficult." And since, for one of Mr. Yeats's literary integrity, to speak unreal words is the sin against the Holy Ghost, bitterness of spirit and reaction followed inevitably. A keen satirist is housefellow of the dreaming lyricist and romantic playwright; and there are some rather acrid epigrams among Mr. Yeats's later verse. He began to withdraw into himself again, to return to his alchemy, to write once more for "a little company of studious people." His plays were founded on the Noh drama of Japan, almost arrogant in their simplicity and meant only for presentation before the few. "Having given enough performances for I hope the pleasure of personal friends and a few score people of good taste, I shall record all discoveries of method and turn to something else." One awaits the "something else" with interest.

It is a restless mind, curious, unsatisfied; but not fickle. For there is a constant element in all its manifestations, a desire for the best and a scornful rejection of all else. Mr. Yeats is an aristocrat. He hates the middle-class, the Puritan, the grocer. He will have only the good life, whether as it is (or should be) lived by the lusty peasant, or as it was enjoyed by those Renaissance nobles of whom he writes in his fine and penetrating study of Spenser, with "their beautiful haughty imagination and their manners full of abandon and wilfulness." There is more of the Renaissance than one has always realised in Mr. Yeats.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

ODES AND OTHER POEMS.*

Mr. Macfie's volume is a collection of poems written during the last sixteen years, and contains indeed some which were composed a considerably longer time ago than that. It is not to be judged, therefore, as representing the latest development of his thought and art. The volume opens with his first serious experiment in the kind of irregular ode of which his great poem "War" is the culmination—the noble ode he wrote for the Quatercentenary of Aberdeen University, perhaps the only poem of the kind which is a living poem and not an academic exercise. "Highfalutin and wordy" a critic calls it. So every impassioned ode will appear to a reader who fails to apprehend the poet's vision, to catch the infection of the passion, to appreciate its miracles of technique. For Mr. Macfie's ode is the artistic expression of a vision

* "Odes and Other Poems." By Ronald Campbell Macfie. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

attained to through strenuous thought and penetrative imagination, a vision of the labours and pangs of the physical, intellectual and moral world in the process of evolution, the vision of one who knows from science and philosophy what he is talking about, and has realised his vision in the first section of "War," with a vividness and power hardly to be paralleled since Lucretius. "War" is a fuller and more poignant utterance of that vision, the Marischal College ode is concerned with the evolution of one white flower upon the tree of Idrasil, a lily of white stone and truth and hope, and his poem is worthy of its theme.

The irregular ode, and indeed irregular metres generally, have been handled by poets recently without any distinct consciousness that mere irregularity is simply formlessness, that the stanza of the irregular ode must have a logical, rhetorical and harmonious pattern as definite and satisfying as a blank verse paragraph of Milton, that the principle indeed is exactly the same as that of such a paragraph, "the sense variously drawn out," the change of pauses, the controlling harmony of the whole, except that the line division follows the pauses, and the pauses are rhetorically emphasised and poetically sweetened by the rhyme. The odes even of Francis Thompson, who was influenced by two very different artists of the ode, Crashaw whose pattern resembles that of a rising and falling fountain, a skylark's ascending and descending stream of song, and Coventry Patmore whose controlling scheme is much more rigorously periodic, are very unequal in this respect. Occasional stanzas are admirable, but more than often the evolving scheme of the whole seems to elude you before the end, and occasionally one has a little of the uneasy footing of one who makes his way across a pile of wet and slippery fish, despite the rich colour of the phrasing and the smooth slip of individual lines or groups of lines. Mr. Mache's rhythms vary from stanza to stanza in the most intricate and surprising fashion, but, except where the thought and feeling themselves compel a break, the intricate harmony is always controlled and wrought out to a splendid and satisfying unity.

"Death wrought with divers tools—Unworned
Across the warp of life that wimpled red
The lightning flashed, shooting a livid thread
Like signatures of the undying death—
Through the half-woven tapestries of doom
And the mephitic breath and mordant tunc
Of the hot-throated craters scorched and charred
The living, lengthening web; and through the gloom
Some tempest howling shrill, and breathing hard
Frayed Life's unfinished fringes; and disease
Nibbled the fairy fabric as the seas
Nibble the rocky headlands. Yet, unmarred,
Unscarred, unscarred,
Life ever wove in carpal and in womb
Imperishable webs of flesh and bloom"

The other odes in this volume are on "The Titanic" and the tragic death of John Davidson, and the thought which runs through them is the same as in "Marischal College" and "War." The first opens with an astonishing series of pictures, and the movement of the verse has something of the throbbing power of the great ship it celebrates. The counter-movement comes with the fourth stanza.

"Yea, but an icy mountain is unloosed
Riding the sea it cometh to the joust,
Reckless and ruthless, arrogant and proud,
Clad in white armour, visored with a cloud"

These stanzas, with the contemplation of the catastrophe in the fifth, are a wonderful rendering of the moods which passed through every mind on the occasion, swallowed up as they have been in the horrors of which we have supped since. The closing struggle to attain to a reconciling and consoling vision will be variously judged. It is hard for the greatest poetry to vie with the mind's own reflections on such themes. Perhaps to have closed with the revealing glimpse of the ninth stanza might have been better. Too confident assertions, even in poetry, repel. Of the odes on Davidson, the first, written in a mood of sombre reflection, seems to the present writer the more satisfying;

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The War of Ideas. An Address to the Royal Colonial Institute. 9d. net.

The Faith of England. An Address to the Union Society of University College, London. 9d. net.

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the second, like "The Titanic," perhaps attempts too much, savours of the sermon, and there are some over-elaborate conceits. But in all these odes there is enough of picture and phrasing, of passionate thought and vision, of pure though intricate harmony to repay prolonged study.

In some respects Mr. Macfie's last volumes have not quite fulfilled all the expectations awakened by "Granite Dust" (1892). In his case as in John Davidson's, the experience of life and the want of that audible recognition which a fair critical appreciation of a poet's work, for praise or blame, secures, has made the poet somewhat of a preacher. There were in "Granite Dust" some poems of pure delight and imaginative fantasy. "New Poems" (1904), marked a great advance in depth of thought and feeling and mastery of technique and contained a few poems of pure loveliness. This last volume has fewer still of these purely delightful poems. Some are slight, charming but hardly remarkable; but there are some whose fragrance clings. Such in the present writer's judgment is "In the white city of thy soul" with stanzas like:

"It lies, the city of thy soul,
White and mysterious and dim,
Filled to the brim
With poesie—
A chalice with a carver rim
Of fleur-de-lys.
It sleeps, the city of thy soul,
From pity and from passion free.

"Yet to the city of thy soul
A day will come, when every wall
Will shake, will fall,
Will crash asunder,
For to thy heart a heart will call
With beat of thunder,
And all the city of thy soul
Will grow alight with joy and wonder."

Of a like charm is the "Wedding Ode: To a Poetess" and "Ian's Flute," and the moving lines to "A Mother and Son," and the lines on "The Nile" into which have passed something of the flow and colour of that mysterious river.

It is time that Mr. Macfie collected all that he wishes to preserve of the poetry of his four small volumes. Some might be sacrificed, for occasionally he has succumbed too much to the Scottish passion for preaching, and occasionally he has written sentimental verses to please relatives and friends, but what would remain would be found to be a bouquet of poems which have already entered deeply into the consciousness of lovers of true and original poetry. Some poets take the kingdom of heaven, or popularity, by storm; others enter almost unobserved until some accident reveals how conscious we have become of their presence. The present writer can say for himself there are no poems of the last thirty years—with the exception of some of the rarest of Mr. Yeats's exotics—which dwell in his memory with such a delicate and penetrating fragrance as the best of Mr. Macfie's, for they are poems that have all the qualities which go to make poetry loved—heart and soul as well as intellect and imagination, an art which with all its careful workmanship and intricate harmonies has the sincerity and purity, the note of natural song of the greatest of Scottish poets.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

Novel Notes.

MARY ENGLAND. By Joan Thompson. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

One is not prepared for the ending of *Mary England*; it is as unexpected, as fortuitous, as indifferent to what one would like, as the end of life so often is in actual experience. It is a better ending than so easily might have happened to her; than threatened her earlier, in her relations with the strange man she met at Fairworth, or in her relations with Appleby, the novelist, in whom, fortunately for her, the gentleman triumphed over the cad. And if

one regrets that the end was not happier, that is a tribute to the skill and sympathy with which Miss Thompson has made her readers realise the character of Mary in all its strength and sweetness and perilous simplicity. She was "of the breed that rears itself among crude conditions"; there were contaminating influences in the raw country life about her, and it was not ignorance that kept her innocent. "Her mind was filled with the knowledge of evil, but there was nothing of evil itself in her nature. Fortified unconsciously with this, she was able to look on indifferently, while the world around her, beginning in her own home, played its part of deception and indulgence of desire. She judged no one, because she was ignorant of any higher plane of living." As her less fortunate friend, Emma, said, when they met after a few years and talked of their schooldays, "Aye, and you've not seed much since then, compared to things I've seed. You ain't trod in the dirt. It takes that to make a body know what's clean." But Mary has that knowledge instinctively and amid the squalor of her home-life and upbringing, nothing but that is her salvation. The men and women of the book are drawn graphically and with an intimate understanding; Hardy is not more realistically true to country life and country character. A very remarkable first book; it is not enough to call it promising, for it is in itself a considerable achievement.

THE DEAN. By Lady Charnwood. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Lady Charnwood's new novel leaves its admirable predecessor far behind. It cuts clean through the conventional and the outward to what is fundamental in character, in conduct, in religion, and taking Christianity for granted as the touchstone of life, is entirely fearless in its discriminating use of that touchstone. Lady Charnwood has wisely made use of the environment she knows intimately. But let no one suppose that she can only draw Earls and Deans, the wives of Viceroy's and that big interconnected family calling itself Society into which they were born. With the exception of the Dean himself, there is no more life-like character in the novel than Private Wood, of the Royal Worcesters, who tells of his "pal" who was "killed at Wipers," and was "a queerish blighter, a wrong 'un," though he makes but a brief appearance and is never over-emphasised. As for the Dean of Newchester, with his humour, his humility, his big heart and wide mind, the tenderness which accompanies virility, the vigilant dedication to that service of his fellow-men to which in the name of Christ he is sworn—these traits are even more attractive than his cultivated charm. He will have a niche in many a heart beside Jeannie Deans and Adam Bede and Colonel Newcome. Lady Charnwood is one of the very few modern novelists who hold a definite philosophy of life and have the courage to show their colours. The ethical ideal of the Founder of Christianity is to her the essential basis of life, though for that very reason never obtruded. Her sincerity adds dignity and lucidity to her work, which throughout confirms the doctrine of Pater that the only style worth having is that born of absolute and delicate veracity. Anstace is a beautiful and interesting study of youthful womanhood, and of that development of character, whether for good or evil, which is the key-note of the book, and of which Mrs. Barton also in her downhill path is, in an opposite direction, a brilliant and daring illustration.

THE BONFIRE. By Anthony Brendon. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

This unusual novel is a terrible indictment of the hell-fire teaching of the Jesuits, especially in regard to its effects upon the minds of children. Taking for his hero a small boy at a Jesuit school in this country, Mr. Brendon exposes the Jesuit methods in a series of brilliant little connected episodes, which culminate in the miserably unhappy death of his hero. "The Bonfire" is not a comfortable novel, perhaps, but it is exceedingly impressive. Nor is it all gloom; for the tenderer and more human side of the Jesuits is attractively presented. There

can be no denying, however, that it is very much more "anti" than "pro," and it may almost be considered a novel with a "purpose." Readers who like such stories will find a masterpiece of its kind in "The Bonfire," written from what must of necessity be intimate personal experience. A few documents are added in support of the author's statements, and effectively controvert any charge of exaggeration in the presentment of the most serious of them. But exaggerated in minor details or no, it is an uncommonly able piece of work.

THE LAST MILLION. By Ian Hay. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

After "The First Hundred Thousand" and "Getting Together," it was even money, as the betting gentry say, that Captain Hay Beith would give us something about what America did with her twelve months of the war. He has done it, and done it well, and so far it is hard to find any Westerner who has put into his chronicle half as much breeziness and humour as this present book contains. In the course of his war-time rambles in the States, "Ian Hay" has certainly got their angle, as they say themselves, and the result in this series of sixteen chapters is a rapid panorama of old-world impressions such as a typical Yank might gather in the course of his year of service. There are curious and ticklesome touches of psychology in this endeavour to see England and France through Western eyes, on the part of a humorous Scot, but we have long ago found out that "Ian Hay" has a Puckish faculty for changing the focus as well as the scene, and colouring everything with a glancing mirth and fancy. Half the time you read, you are teasing yourself with a perpetual query as to whether it is Joe McCarthy or Eddie Gillette playing at cover dodging with Captain Beith, or whether it is Captain Beith inventing these and their like for our amusement, but amusement there certainly is, beginning with the prefatory chapter of caution, warning the newcomers to take us, not so much as we are, but as we have to be in war time, and not to imagine that under our solemn and owlish exteriors we do not see the folly of our shortcomings all the while. This is in many ways a classic of its kind, but hardly better than the street adventures that ensue, the social customs of us "islanders," the experiences of a new American draft for their first time across, and all the happenings of the trenches, the camps, the leave-trip through Paris, and the rest. We are all apt to listen with patience to the choleric old blood-and-thunder Colonel who storms in these piping days of peace that we forfeited the opportunity of hammering the Boches back to Berlin; but when we are plagued with bores like these, it is well to read Captain Beith's concluding chapter, and recall from his thrilling account the tense and heartfelt emotion which the signing of the armistice awoke in France.

HARDER THAN STEEL. By Guy Thorne. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

It would scarcely be fair to give away a novel and daring plot by explaining what it was that was "harder than steel," but suffice it to say that it was neither the heroine, the hero, nor the villain. Violet Milton is transplanted from a typist's office, in the land of the dollar, to the ownership of her late father's paper mills in the north of England. Soon after her arrival she discovers that queer things are going on in the experimental house of the huge mills. Strange things happen in the dead of night. Intricate machinery is at work on some mysterious task in which the manager of the mills, an eminent chemist, is implicated. With the help of a young employé Violet sets out to solve the mystery. The action shifts to the hills of Wales, where certain Druidic ceremonies take place, and the central villain is unearthed. The grand mystery is finally solved and a great national disaster averted. It is a strong story revolving around a quite uncommon plot, but the end shows evidence of being rushed, and the reader is precipitated into a finale which ought to have been postponed for at least half a dozen more chapters.

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Miss Farren Le Breton.

STAIRS OF SAND. By Farren Le Breton. 7s. net. (John Long.)

Miss Le Breton's engaging but lonely young typist, Lois Bailly, promises almost anything in the first pages. She may turn out saint or devil, and the optimism of the usual novel reader will assuredly lead to the belief that she is saint. Lois is suddenly picked up out of the dreary office work, and away from the far more dreary bed-sitting-room where she lives upon slabs of cold mutton, bread, dry cheese and odorous butter, and is carried off to Paris, to spend as much money as she likes and to live in the lap of luxury. All this because Julian Le Marchand foolishly offers her everything for nothing. Lois, being very much absorbed in herself, takes all she can get and most effectively gives nothing to the man she has married. So she misses her halo, and gradually she is found to be to Julian something of a devil. She is the sort of girl energetic women would like to shake, and she does get a very rude shaking before she feels anything of the error of her ways. Her love-making with Basil—false as stairs of sand—the third in the human triangle, is entirely sexual, and so somewhat unpleasant; but as Julian deserves most of his tribulation because of his weakness, a somewhat cynical interest is awakened in the development of the story.

THE SLEEPING PARTNER. By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Books about publishers and writers are not as a rule supposed to be generally popular—but here is a book that deals with the making of books that should surely be an exception to this rule. It is a new departure for Miss Willcocks and she deals with her subject in a masterly way. The story has humour and irony; it is an able, realistic piece of work, and one admires the skill with which details are sketched in and characters portrayed. They are an odd collection of people that one is introduced to in "The Sleeping Partner," the principals being Silas Brutton and his brother Ned—partners in a big London publishing firm. The clash of the diverse temperaments of the two

brothers, Silas the dreamer and Ned the man of action, causes most of the dramatic moments in the story; the sidelights thrown on the publishing world and on the world of authors makes uncommonly interesting and sometimes amusing reading. There are several striking situations in the book and a crisis—when the divorced (though innocent) wife of Ned Brutton writes her own story and offers the MS. to Ned's brother, Silas, making unexpected use of him in an attempt to patch up her unfortunate affairs. It is a strong book, with keenly contrasted light and shade effects; a clever book and a curious one.

THE SKY PILOT OF NO MAN'S LAND. By Ralph Connor. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The No Man's Land of this clever, briskly-moving story is of course that land between the two armies which has already become again some one's land; and the Sky Pilot is a young, beautiful man from the village of Wapiti on the prairie. Intended for the Law, the boy obeyed what he felt to be an imperative call and chose the Church; but the blare of war trumpets roused all his enthusiasm to help and he joined the army, circumstances forcing him into the position of padre. Though it is not usual to connect such an impressionable, eager youngster with religion, Barry was sincere all through, and his mistakes and gentle triumphs, his acts of daring and courage, will be followed with genuine interest. The first few dreadful months of the conflict cover the whole story, in which time he is greatly attracted by the strong-minded American girl, Paula, and then falls head over ears in love with the pretty V.A.D., Phyllis. Mr. Ralph Connor tells his story with straightforward simplicity, betraying a breadth of view and a disregard of mere theology which destroys any hint of preaching. Barry's religion is one of love, of comradeship with all men, and of faith in all, and it is so spontaneous that it seems the natural accompaniment to all his adventures—and it draws all who come in contact with him to prove the best that is in them. Through it all we see the greatness of the men who fought, the almost impossible courage with which they acted and suffered, and realise the breaking down of life long conventions which have been such an obstruction to brotherhood. To those who have lost sons, husbands, and other dear ones, this story would bring comfort and pride, as it will bring pleasure to all admirers of the work of Ralph Connor.

ROBIN, THE PRODIGAL. By May Wynne. 7s. net. (Jarrolds.)

Miss May Wynne wields a practised pen when she writes a story of past days. The present volume is what may be termed "a costume novel," and the plot is woven in and about the days when the English Government was endeavouring to bring about the Union of Scotland and England. The hero, Robin Dencourt, is disinherited by his father on account of Mary Gilbert, a farmer's daughter, with whom he is in love. But Mary proves false and worldly, and has no wish for the love of a disinherited young man with no prospects; and Robin makes his way to London to seek his fortune. At the outset he meets Mr. Daniel Defoe, and before long is entangled in politics, even though he has no taste for them. From this point he meets adventure after adventure, and his heart and his sense of honour frequently pull in different directions. The picture of Daniel Defoe is quite vividly drawn; and we get some clear impressions of the peaceful home-life and the outside dangers of this little man who ran so many risks for the sake of his party, and at the same time managed to write his unforgettable story of "Robinson Crusoe." We think Miss Wynne would do well to avoid such a word as "enthused" in a tale of the late seventeenth century; and we cannot help thinking that it would never have occurred to Defoe to allude to his children as "the bairns"; but the tale goes well, and contains love and romance, hairbreadth escapes and a happy ending, and we can forgive such other trifles.

MARGARET PROTESTS. By M. Leonora Eyles. 7s 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

"Everybody's life's so rotten," says Mrs. Wayre, and though the judgment is too sweeping, her own experiences as they are unfolded in this book sufficiently account for her believing that. "I often wish," her friend, Mrs. Hughes, replies, "that we could get a book written about people living our lives—written by one of us, you know, not some one who just lives the life for a while, like a doctor, or a clergyman, or a journalist. . . . If the people who are living it could see it in print, they'd be that blooming well fed up with it they'd rise in a body and stop it off. And the rich folks—well, they go to lectures and read books to see how savages live. Why shouldn't they see how we live, too?" They may see that in "Margaret Protests," which is written by "one of us," by one who has lived that life, and that it is written with profound sincerity and a burning resentment of the dreadful condition of things it describes nobody who reads it can doubt. Margaret Wayre runs away from her home in the provinces, comes to London and makes a sort of living at addressing envelopes, till, for a home, she marries a decent working man. They are temperamentally and otherwise ill-matched; she is educated, he is ignorant, and, mainly through her discontent, they are not happy. From the start she had literary ambitions which, before and after his death, she struggled to realise, and the pictures she gives of the woman writer plodding desperately in Grub Street are vivid and devastatingly true. The one thread of light that runs through the dark story is her passionate love for her children, her determination that they shall not be doomed to the misery, the unlovely, the hideous conditions that surround the children of the underworld in which she is compelled to work and live. Her revelation of some of those conditions is terrible, is unspeakably loathsome, but if they are true—and we know they are—who shall blame the author for so ruthlessly forcing us to look upon them? They are festering sores in our social system that we shall never remedy by shutting our eyes to them. This is not everybody's book; it is not a novel, but a poignant and powerful human document, and we commend it only to those older readers who care to face the detestable facts of life and learn from one of themselves why the poor who live in outer darkness are not contented with their lot.

The Bookman's Table.

MAGPIES IN PICARDY. By T. P. Cameron Wilson. 4s. net. (Poetry Bookshop.)

These poems are, as Mr. Muntz says in a brief Introduction, "the expression of a personality"—a strong and attractive personality that expresses itself in verse which speaks the language of poetry and is veined with such thought and emotion as give the dry bones of metre life. Before the war Cameron Wilson was a schoolmaster; in August, 1914, he enlisted in the Grenadier Guards, and was a Captain in the Sherwood Foresters when, after long service overseas, he was killed in France in March, 1918. The war inspired him in seven or eight of his poems—in his sombre lines, "A Soldier"; in the mingled fancy and grim realism of "France, 1917"; in "On Leave," perhaps the most poignant, the most beautiful of them; but he is far enough from the war in the amusing, ironic "Stanzas Written Outside a Fried Fish Shop"; the bizarrely fine Bank Holiday verses, "Suicide"; and such charming things as the little snatch of song.

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reminiscent of his pupils, and sometimes touching a more serious note, as in the last, "To a Boy Who Laughed at Him," with its realisation that

"Poetry with her bare white feet,
And laughing eyes by tears alit,
Walks sometimes in a miry street,
But lives a million miles from it."

One of those not too plentiful books of verse that one reads with delight and is glad not to have missed.

WIDGEE: Adventures in the Wild Australian Bush. By Stanley Kingsmill, F.R.G.S. 6s. (Westall.)

This book is well described in its title, for it is full of adventures of every kind, from drowning to burning, and from releasing a man from his fastenings over an anthep to being caught by a devil fish. The heroes are two boys, Tom and Ginger, who in bush language are "cobbers" or pals, and who save each other's lives many times. There is no lack of courage in the deeds they do and very little self-consciousness shown after the events. On one occasion they have to jump from a very high bridge into a river to escape from an on-rushing train; they fight an old-man kangaroo, as well as with a mad giant Chinaman. They visit black tribes and save Sydney from the enemy in a sham fight; and are ready to learn all they can about their country. A very pleasant part of the book is the slight but telling descriptions of birds and beasts curious to us, the laughing jackass, the scissors grinder birds, the bower bird, and others. This is in fact a book for boys and girls, and one of the sort boys and girls enjoy.

WAR IN THE UNDERSEAS. By Harold F. B. Wheeler, F.R.Hist.S. With 9 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

The brave deeds of our submarine heroes in the war have received too little attention, and Mr. Wheeler's book is admirably qualified to fill the gaps in our knowledge. It contains descriptions of the work of the British submarines in the North Sea, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and, in fact, wherever they took an active share in the war. More detailed accounts are given of certain special "stunts," such as the exploits of Commander Sampson. Mr. Wheeler, however, does not confine himself solely to the British side of undersea warfare. Great deeds of the French and Italians are also dealt with, as well as those towards which one feels less sympathetically inclined—the work of the U-boats, from the diaries of whose commanders many quotable passages are printed. A short history of the invention and development of the submarine and some good illustrations go to complete a very attractive gift-book.

AN AMAZING SÉANCE AND AN EXPOSURE. By Sydney A. Moseley. 3s. net. (Sampson Low.)

This interesting little volume embodies the results of an unbiased investigation into the claims of Spiritualism. Mr. Moseley, who is a well-known journalist and author, was first approached by the *Sunday Express* to go to South Wales to inquire into the spiritualistic revival which was taking place there, and of which the Thomas Brothers were the head. The author's observations, as recorded, are those of a level-headed man who does not hesitate to recognise and condemn the faintest signs of trickery or fraud. The fifty odd séances which Mr. Moseley attended include those of the Thomas Brothers, the famous Mrs. B., the masked medium, and many others. The accounts, given with the completest detail, are certainly amazing and to some extent incredible. In Mr. Moseley's case the famous Mrs. B., in whom Sir Oliver Lodge placed great reliance, was a complete failure. The medium in "the mask," who created a sensation on several occasions by apparently materialising a spirit, is proved conclusively to be a fraud, by the confession of her confederate. But the Thomases, Mr. Moseley avers, are genuine. Mr. Moseley arrives at the conclusion that Spiritualism is an established fact, but that dark forces lurk behind the study of occult science, and it were best to leave the probing of the veil of Death to scientists.

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

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(1) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines each.*

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(3) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best drawing (serious or humorous, in line or wash) illustrating the title of any book published this year.*

(4) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best three humorous poems in not more than forty lines each.*

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

*The Editor, THE BOOKMAN,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square, London, E.C.4,*

and must reach the BOOKMAN office by the first post on September 4th next.

Results will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.

The October BOOKMAN will be an Autumn Double Number and, in addition to an Illustrated Supplement dealing with the new season's books, will contain special articles on "W. Somerset Maugham," by J. P. Collins; "What Dramatic Critics Should Know," by W. L. George; "The New Conrad," by Percival Gibbon; "New Novels," by Mrs. Dawson Scott; a Bookman Gallery article on Mary L. Pendered, by S. M. Ellis, etc.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing next month a new and enlarged edition of "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who have Fallen in the War." Some account of fifty-eight poets and

examples of their work are included in the much augmented and definitive edition of this memorial volume, which is illustrated with twenty-six portraits in photogravure. As the edition will be limited, it is advisable that orders for the book should be placed without delay.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing this autumn "Contemporaries of Shakespeare"; a book of essays by Swinburne, some of which have been collected from old periodicals and some from among manuscripts bought by Mr. T. J. Wise from Watts Dunton; and a volume of Selections from Swinburne's Poetry, edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Wise.

The story of Antonio Conselheiro, half cowboy, half mystic, the last of the Gnostics, who defied all the Brazilian forces for years until he and his little band were eventually slain, is told by Mr. Cunninghame Graham in "The Life and Miracles of Antonio Conselheiro," which will be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann; who has also in preparation the following new fiction: "Saint's Progress," by John Galsworthy; "Legend," by Clemence Dane; "Temperament," by Dolf Wyllard; "Gold and Iron," by Joseph Hergesheimer; and books of short stories by Richard Dehan and R. E. Vernède.

A new volume by Sir Henry Newbolt, which Messrs. Longmans have in the press, is "The Book of the Long Trail," being the stories of some of the most notable British travellers and explorers of the past century.

New novels that Messrs. Allen & Unwin will publish next month are "Shepherd's Warning," by Eric Leadbitter, and "Two Men," a romance of Sussex by Alfred Ollivant.

Two full length dramas and five short plays are included in "Heartbreak House, Great Catherine and Playlets of the War," by G. Bernard Shaw, which

Messrs. Constable are publishing immediately. The book will have a militant preface in which the author offers an unsparing picture of English society before the war and a "clinical lecture" on the war-fever that later gave the country a temperature.

The wide success and recognition of the vital purpose of Mrs. Leonora Eyles's impressive story of life, especially child-life, among the poor of London, "Margaret Protests," has induced Mr. Erskine Macdonald to offer a prize of £250 for the best novel of contemporary life submitted to him before November 1st.

One hesitates to describe any novel as charming, for the word is getting worn, but there is no other that so adequately describes George Van Schaick's "Sweetapple Cove" (6s. 9d. net; Skeffington). It is the story of a doctor who, not happy in a love affair, goes to settle down and work among the Newfoundland fisher folk and finds, though he is slow to realise it, that romance has come into his life again with the

arrival of a wandering American millionaire and his daughter. The charm is not only in the story itself, it is in the sympathetic character studies of the primitive, poverty-stricken fishers and their women and children; of the kindly, tireless little local parson and his beautifully loyal wife; of the American, and especially of his daughter, and of the doctor himself; and it is in the natural pathos, the humour and simple realism with which everything is told. It has its thrilling moments, its times of peril and suspense, yet, even with the doctor's cloudy first and sunny second love affair, it remains a delightfully quiet story—one of the quiet kind that deserve to make a noise in the world and sometimes do.

"Spade Work," a new novel by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Messrs. Putnams are publishing in September "Commercial Advertising," by Thomas Russell,



Photo by Bertram Pask.

Miss Rosita Forbes.

whose entertaining travel book, "Unconducted Wanderers" (John Lane), is reviewed in the number of THE BOOKMAN.

who has put into a useful and amusing appendix the subject matter of his recent lectures touching on this subject at the London School of Economics and Political Science.

Although her powerful study of English life and character, "Mary England" (Methuen), which we reviewed last month, is Miss Joan Thompson's first novel, it is not her first book. In 1917, Mr. Elkin Mathews published "Waifs," a collection of the verse she had written in the preceding three or



Photo by Chesney Ltd.

Miss Joan Thompson.

four years, for the most part while she was in France with the Red Cross Wounded and Missing Enquiry Department. She has written much verse since the appearance of "Waifs," some of which has been published in the *Anglo-French Review*. Miss Thompson has lately completed her second novel, another in a series of character studies she has planned, of which "Mary England" was the first.

"Scarlet Nest," recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, has quickly gone into a second edition which would seem to indicate that not only has a new Welsh novelist arisen, but that Wales has recognised him as the genuine article. The author, "Ellis Lloyd," is Mr. C. E. Lloyd, who has for many years represented the *South Wales Daily News*, the leading Liberal journal of Wales. As a journalist he has had exceptional opportunities of studying the life of which he writes. "Ellis Lloyd" belongs to Wales; he comes of a Welsh



Photo by Carver, Bridgend.

"Ellis Lloyd."

Nonconformist stock; and that "Scarlet Nest," which avoids realistic caricature on the one hand and idyllic sentiment on the other, is a true presentment of the conditions, atmosphere and characteristics of the Principality is evidenced by the fact that no novel of Welsh life written in English has met with such a prompt and cordial welcome from the Welsh reading public. The general verdict of the critics is well represented by the *Western Mail*, which hails "Scarlet Nest" as "the most serious and successful effort to depict Welsh life and character that we have yet had in the form of a novel."

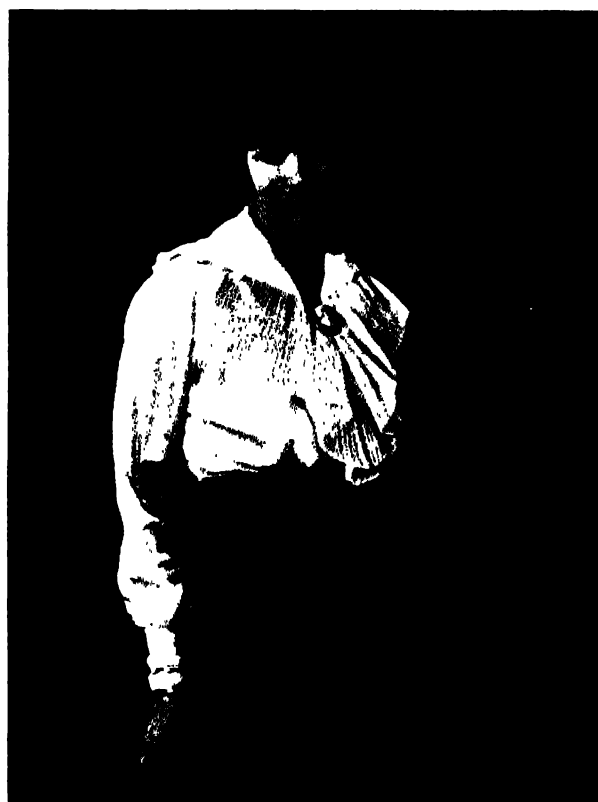


Photo by Hugh Cecil.

Miss Shella Kaye-Smith,
whose new novel, "Tamarisk Town," Messrs. Cassell
have just published.

Those who do not know Wales can read with full confidence that they are up against the real thing in these vivid and vigorous pages."

Draycott M. Dell, whose vigorous, picturesque romance of old pirate days, "Carrion Island," Messrs. Jarrolds have published, was educated at the Manchester Grammar School and at the age of sixteen started as a journalist on the *Daily Mail*. In the same year he contributed to *Punch* and since then has written articles, stories and verse for a great variety of periodicals. His first book was a novel based on Ibsen's famous drama, "Ghosts." This was followed by two novels of the French Revolution, "The Veiled Lady" and "The Red Whirlwind," written in collaboration with Miss May Wynne. When the war came, he was rejected by the Army on medical grounds, but put all literary work aside and joined the staff of the War Trade Intelligence Department, from which he resigned in order to become a lecture writer and organiser for the National War Savings Committee. His enterprise in this connection, which included advertising by fire-balloons and searchlights and getting his propaganda circulars scattered down from the air, had the result of adding several millions to the amount invested in War Loans.

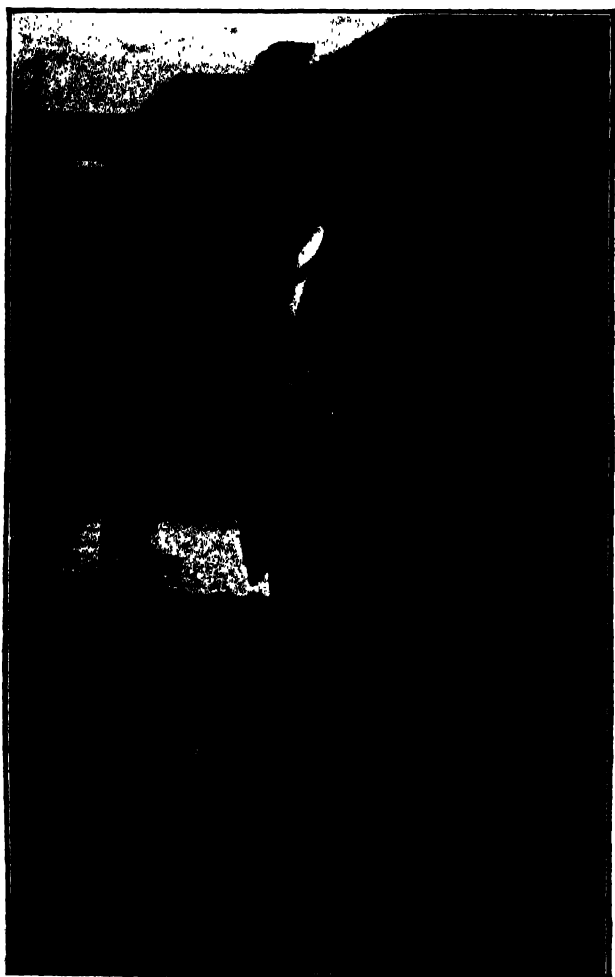


Photo by Leeds Mercury.

Mr. Draycott Dell,

outside the Tank he used while working on the National War Savings Committee.

Ten of Laurence Housman's lectures on social subjects are to be published shortly by Messrs. Headley under the title of "With Ploughshare and Reaping Hook."



Mrs. Coralie Hobson.

"With Other Eyes,"

a new novel by Norma Lorimer, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Mrs. Coralie Hobson, whose novel, "The Revolt of Youth," was published last month by Mr. Werner Laurie, came to the writing of fiction by way of the concert platform and the stage. She began by studying music, and intended to be a professional pianist, but took an opportunity of joining a theatrical touring company, and for a time acted Shakespearean and other dramas about the provinces. Ill-health led to her giving up the stage, and she has drawn on her theatrical experiences in "The Revolt of Youth," a very able study in feminine psychology and temperament, and a distinctly promising first story. Mrs. Hobson was married a few years ago to the son of Mr. J. A. Hobson, the distinguished author of many well-known books on social and political economy.

A story for younger readers, "Dick," by May Wynne, will be published this month by the Religious Tract Society.

The first volumes of "A History of British Foreign Policy" from 1783 to 1919, edited by Sir A. W. Ward and G. P. Gooch, will be published shortly by the Cambridge Press.

The portrait of Henry Lawson on our cover is a reproduction of the frontispiece in "My Army, O, My Army," by Henry Lawson, published at Sydney by Messrs. Tyrrell.

THE READER.

WILLIAM BABINGTON MAXWELL: NOVELIST.

BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

IT is not always an advantage to have had a famous mother or father, for it lays one open to the perpetual comparison, but so far from suffering any eclipse, in such circumstances, W. B. Maxwell, the son of "M. E. Braddon," has developed his literary inheritance into a rich possession that is peculiarly his own. We have known him for some years, and have watched as a friend and as a fellow writer the development and maturing of his great and distinctive gifts. And when recently we spent a pleasant morning with him at his mother's old home, Lichfield House, Richmond, we talked of many things, and of the future of the modern novel among them.

Born in London in 1866 he was well over military age at the outbreak of war, but he volunteered in September, 1914, and went to France as a subaltern in the famous 10th Royal Fusiliers, which had been raised in the City of London at the special request of Lord Kitchener himself. He served with his battalion until the end of 1916, when he was appointed by General "Reggie" Barnes as his A.D.C., and the remainder of his period of service was spent on the Staff.

Captain Maxwell speaks with enthusiasm of the wonderful days that he saw in France, the heart-stirring and brain-racking days of alternating victory and defeat. But it is doubtful, he told us, whether a real war novel is likely to be written by him. The impressions made upon his observant and sensitive mind seem to have been too stupendous to have produced the concrete sequence of ideas which must go to the fabric of a really great and adequate war novel. He will most certainly not engage upon such a literary adventure unless something worthy of the subject and the men he lived with and learned to admire and love can result. Perhaps, at a greater distance of time from the actuality of war, these impressions that he has received may resolve themselves into a connected sequence of definite ideas and dramatic scenes, and then we shall see!

Among the many subjects upon which our conversation touched was the somewhat remarkable fact that the last four strenuous years, while productive of a

considerable number of books of quite notable minor verse, have given us no great war story, of the type of Zola's "Débâcle" or Paul and Victor Marguerite's "Disaster," painted on a large canvas and peopled with living characters moving amid stirring scenes. It may be that the few novelists possibly capable of such a work were too busily otherwise employed in "doing

their bit," as the phrase has it, or it may be that it required the remoteness of time from actual events to enable even Zola to produce such a work. It is agreed that a great novel in the sense of structure, characterisation and length requires more actual time and labour in production than a poem of perhaps equal merit. Chiefly because a great poem is often the result of a fleeting though vivid emotion, while a great novel is the result of long weeks and even months of mental and physical labour. The poem is often the child of the travail of spirit and of soul, whereas more usually the novel is the child of the travail of the mind.

Readers of Mr. Maxwell's novels will not need to be told that the craftsmanship so clearly apparent in their structure has its chief basis in an artistic appreciation of form. This quality may

surely be traced to the fact that the novelist commenced life with the intention of becoming an artist: studying Art seriously in the schools for several years before making the discovery that he was unlikely to become a painter of mark. This knowledge at last came and was somewhat of a disappointment and even a shock to his self-esteem; and Mr. Maxwell did not at once rediscover himself as a potential novelist. For a very considerable period, he says, he remained without any definite occupation, hunting a good deal with the New Forest hounds, when living at his mother's beautiful country house, Annesley Bank, near Lyndhurst; travelling on the Continent; and, as he puts it, "comfortably idling, and perhaps learning my future trade or profession, which you will, of novelist the while."

Readers of his novels, however, will agree that these years could not have been wasted, for during them he had many opportunities of studying all sorts and

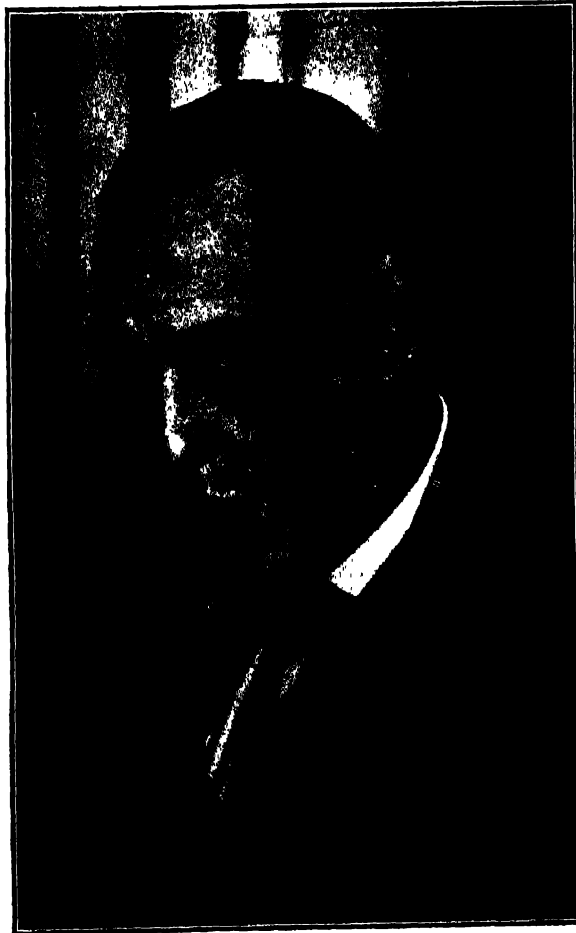


Photo by Clive Holland.

W. B. Maxwell.



Photo by Clive Holland.

Lichfield House, from the lawn.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell's home at Richmond, Surrey.

conditions of men and women; and incidents and events in the social life of the time which, impinging upon various characters, produce different but none the less definite results.

The future novelist received much help and encouragement from his mother, whose gifts as a weaver of plots,

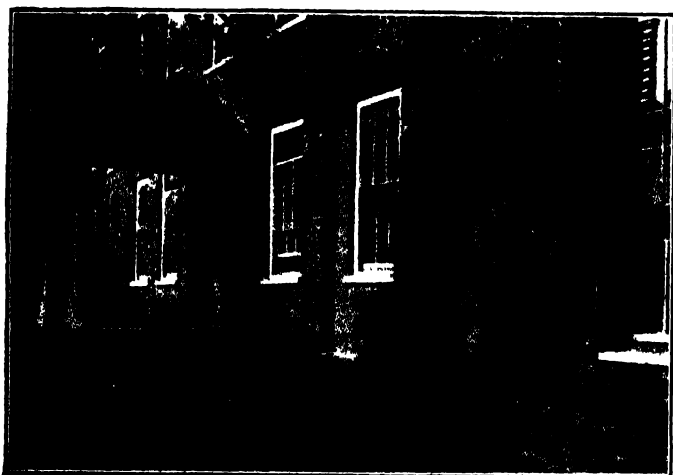


Photo by Clive Holland.

Entrance to Lichfield House.

and as a writer of interesting and thrilling stories was second to none in an age which had produced a number of great and popular novelists. In speaking of his mother, of her kindness—of which we ourselves had some happy experiences—of her avid and sustained interest in life, of her intuitive faculties, of her wonderful



Photo by Clive Holland.

Lichfield House.

A corner of the drawing-room.

gift of studying characters, he said, "Most of the knowledge I possess of how to write, and indeed the fact that I commenced to write at all, I owe to my mother. She was never too busy, or too detached, or too immersed in her own work to spare time to discuss literary ambitions or work of my own. She did not always know the way any work of mine was going, for I wished neither for it to be an imitation of hers, nor in any way to trade upon her own great and world-wide reputation. Indeed, I not infrequently felt that I had set myself a more difficult task than even of becoming an artist, in a sense, to follow her. I remember once the son of a great man saying in my hearing that the fact that he was so situated had in a measure spoiled his life. 'People expect too much,' he remarked pathetically, 'and sometimes they get so little. I might have been quite a success if I had not been overshadowed by my great father.'"

Mr. Maxwell need have no regret that he is the son of one of the great story tellers of the Victorian age. One can trace in his books the strong narrative gift which his mother possessed in so remarkable a degree; the consideration given to plot (which may be also inherited); but, without disparaging her, one may claim for him a closer and more exacting analysis of character in his novels, and a more virile handling of purely psychological, in contradistinction to merely dramatic, situations.

But Mr. Maxwell gives a publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, part of the credit for his ultimate adoption of the novelist's calling. He told us with a smile that had he not chanced to meet "that enterprising and energetic publisher, who was then in the hey-day of his reckless youth, I should probably never seriously have attempted to become a novelist." Mr. Grant Richards, much daring, commissioned him to write forthwith "an arresting and soul-stirring novel of modern life." The result was "The Ragged Messenger," a book that must have delighted the "reader" to whom its fate was possibly confided, even although it had been commissioned. It certainly fulfilled the publisher's conditions. It won instant success. The reviewers were enthusiastic about it, and it was acclaimed a great novel. The fact that it was decidedly modern in its tendency and outlook did not fail to gain recognition; and, as Mr. Maxwell himself says, he "thus fortunately escaped all those struggles and disappointments that are usually incident to, and indeed seem generally inseparable from the early stages of a literary career." In a word, he "arrived" almost before he knew that he had started.

To no one did his success bring greater delight than to his mother, who thus had made manifest the fact that, while she was still writing, a son was carrying on honourably and with rare distinction her own profession. *The Athenæum*, by no means enthusiastic as a rule over new writers of fiction, and ever somewhat sparing in its praise, called this first novel "a powerful and dramatic story, and one having in it qualities by no means common in modern novels of the well-written sort. It has fire, sincerity, enthusiasm, and high-strung emotion—all the elements of drama and popularity."

This book had, it is true, been preceded by two others, the one a collection of social dialogues entitled "The Countess of Maybury: being the Intimate Conversations

of the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Maybury, collected with *Sedulous Care and Respectful Admiration* by W. B. Maxwell," and the other "Fabulous Fancies," a collection of short stories. Some of the gentle satire that has found its place in other of Mr. Maxwell's writings, is detectable in that first account of a "Society" woman of the upper class. "Vivien" followed in 1905, and sustained if it could not enhance the novelist's reputation. "The Guarded Flame" (1906) is a remarkable story of moral law and its infraction and touches impressively upon the deeper issues of life and death. This very poignant story has enjoyed, since its first appearance, a high place in the affections of Mr. Maxwell's readers. It has with all its subtlety and stern strength of inevitableness, the saving grace of humour, as witness, *inter alia*, the passages of "journallese" describing the illness of Richard Burgoyne at Whitebridge.

Since those earlier books the qualities and tendencies which marked them have been developed and strengthened in later novels. The story is never a trivial one saved by fine workmanship—as is sometimes the case with less "serious" novelists—but generally it deals with a problem of vital interest to thoughtful men and women. In "Cotton Wool" we have such a problem, and the author handles it so relentlessly and unflinchingly that the reader feels, perhaps, too keenly for comfort the poignancy of the whole situation. Some of the more gentle souls, who read a novel merely for amusement, we can readily believe, may even regret having read it. But no one will, we think, forget its problem, or its characters.

Mr. Maxwell is not a prolific writer. His average of production is scarcely a novel a year, even excluding the four years of war from the account. But following "The Guarded Flame" (1906) have come at fairly regular intervals "Odd Lengths," a collection of short stories (1907), "Hill Rise" (1908), "Seymour Charlton" (1909), "The Rest Cure" (1910), "Mrs. Thompson," that



Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

W. B. Maxwell

served in the war as Captain in the 10th Royal Fusiliers.

gently satirical study of a middle-class, capable woman (1911), "In Cotton Wool" and "General Mallock's Shadow" (1912), and "The Devil's Garden" (1913).

The last named book aroused a storm of criticism, in the first instance instigated by the action of a circulating library which banned the story. The world of novel readers was divided sharply and even acrimoniously in its opinion. But the readers and the critics who count saw its purposes, and its masterly handling of a vital theme, which might in less able hands have been "boggled," and become merely nauseating. *The Times* in a lengthy review said very clearly and admirably that "in these days of scamped art and hectic sentimentality it is good to come across so strong, so carefully wrought, so artistically com-

plete a story as that Mr. W. B. Maxwell offers us in his latest novel."

This study of a self-made man during the critical years of his life is relentlessly carried through, and nothing is shirked in the complete picture the author gives of the surroundings of the principal figures. Indeed, the background has far more to do than most backgrounds with the crux of the story. It is not perhaps a book for babes, but this because one doesn't encourage a child to run before it can walk. Before the publication of "The Devil's Garden" the author had a wide following of readers; but, as was the case with the like controversy arising on the publication of Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the attention of many additional readers was focussed upon that book, which still remains the author's strongest and most impressive work.

During the war Captain Maxwell published no new novel. But "The Mirror and the Lamp" (1919) has been quickly followed by a book of short stories, "The Great Interruption," marked by careful workmanship, humour and dramatic effect. And, at the time we write, a new long novel, "The Man and His Lesson," is promised for early issue.

Of his "The Mirror and the Lamp" it is not

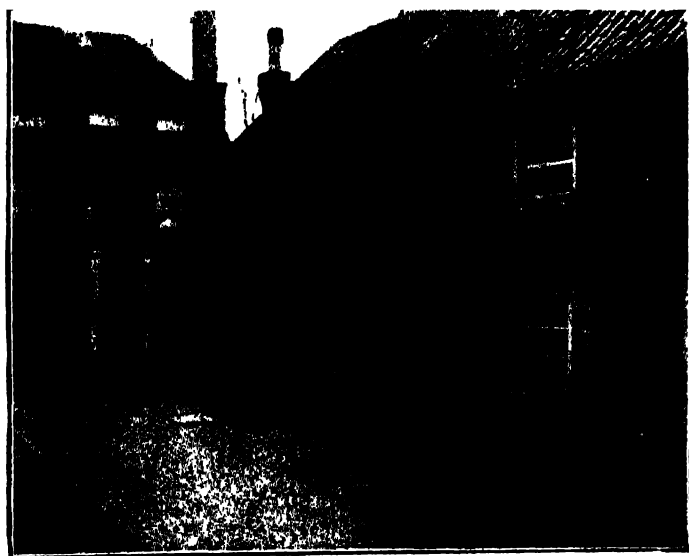


Photo by Clive Holland.

The old stable buildings

on the upper floor of which is the novelist's study, "a den of quietude and peace."

too much to say that in it he has reached a point of artistry and of craftsmanship which places him not only inalienably among the writers that count, but also gives him a secure position among the great novelists of his age. This study of a character at one and the same time a

rationalist and of a truly religious temperament, is masterly, and the wide interests of the minor characters, drawn with the novelist's invariable care and precision, make this a really great and enduring book.

Novel readers of discrimination look expectantly for each new story from Mr. Maxwell's pen. They will not, we think, be disappointed in "The Man and His Lesson" or the one that is to follow it. At the present time he is engaged upon a novel which has for its theme a most vitally interesting problem of modern life both for men and women. One may even hope, bearing in mind the wide circulation it is sure to enjoy, that it may assist in the solution of that problem which has for a generation or more engaged public attention, and has been made more insistent by war and post-war conditions.

In discussing with him the novel of the immediate future one came inevitably to the conclusion, shared by him, that it is likely in its main characteristics to resemble the novel of the immediate past. "But it is surely likely," said Mr. Maxwell, "that the tremendous influence of the war upon current thought must gradually become apparent in fiction as in everything else. The terrible realities of recent times must have destroyed or rendered useless much of the novelists' old stock-in-trade. Day after day the newspaper has surpassed the novel in excitement. The sensational events of ordinary life have lost the power of evoking sensation. To put it brutally, who is now disturbed by the thought of a dead body, the sight of a stain of blood, or the description of a sudden loss of fortune?"

There remains immutable the love story—the great interest that even world-chaos cannot destroy or reduce to insignificance—the old, old story of men and women that can always be made fresh and new.

Regarding writers who have taken actual part in the war, and those others who have been brought more or less into direct contact with it, Mr. Maxwell is of the opinion that "these must inevitably show a tendency towards romanticism in their future work. They have

Think of the ingratitude of children to parents taking all, giving nothing in turn. Think of the ingratitude shown sometimes by wives to husbands; but, above all, think of the ingratitude of husbands to Bryn Vaile, the playwright, did think of it.

Facsimile passage from MS. of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's new novel, "The Man and His Message," just published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

had such an intolerable dose of realism and dull routine that they will probably seek for beauty and glamour at all costs. Or having learned the lesson of essentials and made vows that they will never again trouble about trifles, they may attempt a great simplification of literary style, caring

now only for what they have to say and not at all for the manner in which they say it."

Speaking of the future public for novelists, Mr. Maxwell made a point of the many hundreds of thousands of new novel readers the war has produced. He said in this connection, "Among the new armies a cheap reprint, if not a field-marshal's baton, could be found in each man's haversack. Out in France the men read at every opportunity in the trenches, in billets, and at all the Y.M.C.A. huts. And apparently they were stout fellows as readers, just as they were as soldiers: with omnivorous appetites, ready for anything, from Walter Scott to the *Daffodil Series*."

It is interesting to find that Mr. Maxwell's opinion regarding the favourite authors out there, at least in one particular, coincides with what we have found to be that of several authorities. He says, "Of contemporary writers, I think I am right in saying that Mr. Nat Gould was easily first favourite: and, indeed, he might justly feel pride and satisfaction if he could ever count the hours of dullness he wiled away in support trenches, and the hours of pain that he rendered less trying and irksome in field ambulances and hospital wards."

Although Mr. Maxwell is sufficiently in touch with publishing matters to know the difficulties of production, paper shortage, and other details which are holding up enterprise in the production of books, as in that of many other desirable things, he is no pessimist. He believes that there is a good time coming for the author who has a fresh story to tell and tells it straightforwardly and honestly; and even for the old stories if they are carefully redressed by skilful hands, or rather pens, and if genius, or something approaching it, breathes into the dry bones the breath of actuality and life.

London will always have a lure for Mr. Maxwell, but nowadays his time is spent fairly equally between the centre of things and the temporary home he has found for himself, his wife, who is a charming hostess, and his two children, a boy and a girl, in Devonshire.

HENRI FABRE.

By C. S. EVANS.

HENRI FABRE was born in 1823 at Saint Léons in the Haut Rouverque, the son of a *praticien*, *homme d'affaires ou de chicane* (so the father described himself in the boy's birth certificate), who afterwards

turned innkeeper at Rodez and Toulouse. The family seems to have been poor, for Henri had to pay for his schooling by serving Mass on Sundays in the chapel at Rodez, but by one shift and another he was kept

at school until he was seventeen ; then came an unusual run of bad luck as a result of which he was forced to give up the ideas he had cherished of entering the medical profession, and go out into the world to earn a living.

" We see him set out along the wide white roads," says Dr. Legros, his biographer, " lost, almost a wanderer, seeking his living by the sweat of his brow ; one day selling lemons at the fair of Beaucaire, under the arcades of the market or before the barracks of the Pré ; another day enlisting in a gang of labourers who were working on the line from Beaucaire to Nîmes, which was then in process of construction. He knew gloomy days, lonely and despairing. . . ."

Then he entered for a bursary at the Normal School at Avignon, a training college for teachers, obtained the highest place, and two years later his superior certificate. At the age of nineteen, he began a scholastic career, which was to last for more than fifty years, by taking an assistant mastership at the college of Carpentras, on a salary of £28 a year.

During the whole of his long life the shadow of a grinding and sordid poverty never left Fabre's door. The possessor of academic qualifications above the average, a brilliant teacher, and a man of unusual scientific knowledge and attainment, he was forced to struggle along during the best years of his life on a pittance that was hardly enough to keep body and soul together. At one time, indeed, it seemed as though preferment might come his way, for Victor Duruy, the enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, sent for him to Paris and presented him to the Emperor Napoleon III., probably with the idea of securing his appointment as tutor to the Emperor's son. But this awkward provincial schoolmaster, in his rusty broadcloth and old-fashioned top-hat, with his brusque speech and dreamy eyes, apparently impressed the Emperor very little, and Fabre retired to Avignon, with the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur in his button-hole, and a profound sense of relief. After twenty years of school teaching, during which his salary never exceeded £100 a year, he gave up the struggle, broke with the University of Avignon, and began to write school textbooks to make the pot boil. On those textbooks, as on every other piece of work he touched, he set the seal of his amazingly fertile and vigorous mind. They were models of clearness and simplicity, and they have affected the education of generations of Frenchmen.

" It is wonderful," says Mr. Legros, " to watch the mastery with which he conducts his demonstrations, the simplest as well as the most involved, singling out

the essential, little by little evoking the sense of things, ingeniously seeking familiar examples, finding comparisons, and employing picturesque and striking images, which throw a dazzling light upon the obscurest question, or the most difficult problem."

It was this genius for demonstration, this vigorous simplicity, which he was afterwards to bring to bear upon the revelation of insect-life.

From his early childhood Fabre had " delighted in beetles, bees and butterflies. As far back as I can remember," he says, " I see myself in ecstasy before the

splendour of a ground-beetle's wing-cases or the wings of the swallow-tail." The spark that fired the train of his enthusiasm was an essay by Leon Dufour on the habits of a wasp that hunted Buprestis beetles. Dufour's investigations showed that this wasp, a *Cerceris*, always enclosed with its egg, which it laid in a burrow in the earth, the body of a Buprestis, and the queer thing was that when these beetles were dug up, after weeks of entombment, they were as fresh as though they had just been killed. Dufour attributed this to a preservative or antiseptic fluid injected into the body of the victim by the wasp's sting.

Fabre's curiosity was aroused, and he proceeded to investigate the matter for himself. He had to be content with another species of wasp which fed its young

exclusively upon weevils. The problems to be solved were two : First, why did the wasp ignore all other game except this weevil ? and, secondly, how was it that the insects disinterred from the burrows, although apparently dead, showed not the slightest sign of decay ?

By dint of long and patient observation and a series of brilliant experiments, Fabre found the answer to both these questions, and disclosed a phenomenon that seemed almost miraculous. The weevils were not dead, but paralysed to a condition of immobility by the wasp's skilful surgery. She herself was a honey-eater, but she knew (or rather she acted as if she knew) that the young grubs whom she would never see were carnivorous, and that they abhorred meat which showed the slightest trace of decay. Gamy flavours would not suit the palates of these epicures. They would die of starvation rather than touch such a meal. She had therefore to provide them with meat which would remain fresh for two or three weeks—live meat, in short, which would keep still while the grub devoured it, and be incapable of retaliation, even when the hungry creature gnawed into its very vitals.

The paralysis of the weevil was produced by a single stroke of the wasp's sting, skilfully directed through the joint of the insect's armour to the centre of the nervous



Henri Fabre.

By permission of Messrs. Delagrave, Paris.

ganglion controlling the organs of movement. The reason why the weevil was chosen by this particular species of wasp for its prey was that in the weevil this ganglion was contracted into a single knot. The *Cerceris* hunted the *Buprestis* beetle for the same reason.

But what would happen if the insect upon which the wasp preyed was constructed on a different plan? Suppose the organ of movement were controlled not by one, but by several ganglia. Would the wasp still strike with scientific precision, as though she had an accurate knowledge of the creature's anatomy?

The answer to this question was supplied by a study of another species of wasp, the *Sphex*, which hunts crickets. In the cricket, the ganglia controlling movement are separated into three knots some distance apart. If only one of these ganglia were destroyed, the insect would still be able to writhe its body and move its spurred legs, which would make short work of the feeble grub. To paralyse it effectively, there must be a dagger-stroke directed precisely to the centre of each of the ganglia; and this is exactly what the wasp does. A greater wonder still: the cricket thus paralysed could still champ its mandibles, and when it was being dragged to the burrow it often laid hold of pieces of grass, thus retarding progress. The wasp had a remedy for this too. With profound emotion, Fabre saw her stoop over her prostrate prey, force open the joint of the neck, and exert pressure upon the brain of the insect until complete insensibility occurred. The slightest pressure too much would have killed the cricket—instead of a fresh and juicy morsel the grubs would have been confronted with a putrefying corpse. But the wasp made no mistake. Her object was not to kill, but merely to produce insensibility for a time, and this she did with an apparent knowledge of anatomy that would not have disgraced the most skilled human operator.

Even more wonderful still is the procedure of another wasp called the *Ammophila*, which feeds her grubs upon big grey caterpillars. Fabre saw her find her prey, going unerringly to the very spot of ground beneath which the worm lay quiet, and when she had caught it, he saw her plunge her sting quietly and methodically into the nine chief ganglia of its body.

The story of the lives of these insect surgeons is to be found in "The Hunting Wasps," and the one or two examples I have chosen by no means exhaust the marvels to be found in that volume. The observations upon which they are based sometimes extended over long periods of time. The man who would study the habits of insects must be possessed of more than an average share of patience; for he is dependent to a great extent upon accidental circumstances. It was not until twenty years after his first observation of the *Sphex* that Fabre was able to verify the assumption that it stung its prey in the three significant ganglia.

Here is another wonder, told in the words of Dr. Legros:

"Certain miserable black mites, living specks, the larvæ of a beetle, the *Sitaris*, are parasites of the solitary bee, the *Anthophora*. They wait patiently all the winter at the entrance of her tunnel, on the slope of a sunny bank, for the spring-time emergence of the young bees, as yet imprisoned in their cells of clay. A male *Anthophora* hatched a little earlier than the females, appears at the entrance of the tunnel; these mites which are armed with

robust talons, rouse themselves, hasten to and fro, hook themselves to his fleece, and accompany him in all peregrinations. But they quickly recognise their error; for these animated specks are well aware that the males, occupied all day long in scouring the country and pillaging the flowers, live exclusively out of doors, and would in no wise serve their end.

"But the moment comes when the *Anthophora* pays court to the fair sex, and the imperceptible creature immediately profits by the amorous encounter to change its winged courser. . . . Grappled now to the female bee, the grub of the *Sitaris* allows itself to be carried to the end of the gallery in which she is now contriving her cradle, watches the precise moment when the egg is laid, instals itself upon it, and allows itself to fall therewith upon the surface of the honey, in order to substitute itself for the future offspring of the *Anthophora*, and possess itself of house and victuals."

Fabre's researches cover almost the whole field of insect life, and everywhere he finds evidence of the same marvellous foreknowledge of a faculty which works with a surety and precision to which intelligence cannot compare. The *Eumenes* wasp builds clay houses for its young, and walls up with the egg a writhing mass of caterpillars, not paralysed to immobility, for she lacks the surgical skill of the *Sphex*. To make up for this defect, she attaches her egg by a slender thread of silk to the dome of the dwelling, well out of reach of the squirming mass below. When the grub is hatched out, it hangs head downwards from the thread and takes a nibble here and there. If its bite causes commotion, it retreats out of the way of the lashing coils and champ-ing mandibles by retiring into the egg-case from which it has emerged, and which is shaped like a tube for that very purpose.

But instinct has its limitations, as Fabre has proved by many beautiful experiments. The *Bembex* wasp, which makes its burrow in sand dunes, can return, by some unexplained faculty, to the very place of its nest on one dune among a hundred similar dunes, even though no trace of the position of it is apparent to the eye. More, when Fabre covered over the front of the dune with moss impregnated with various strong-smelling substances, the wasp still came back unerringly and alighted on the exact spot beneath which the entrance of her burrow lay. When, however, Fabre removed the sand from the entrance, so as to expose the burrow in all its length, with the helpless larva, in full view, wriggling in the cell at the end, the mother-wasp was checked. There lay her infant, the inspiration of all her labours, but she took no notice of him and continued to dig at the burrow-mouth. One step in the train of ordered circumstance had failed, and instinct was no longer competent to deal with the situation.

From the scientific point of view perhaps the most valuable aspect of Fabre's work is the light which it has thrown on the nature of instinct. Those beautifully co-ordinated, wonderfully imagined experiments of his, planned to make the insect itself answer the questions of the investigation, have established the fact that instinct, whatever else it may be, is certainly neither undeveloped intelligence nor a kind of crystallised habit. Instinct is a function of mind absolutely different from intelligence and sometimes working side by side with it, although as a general rule, where instinct is highly developed intelligence is rudimentary. Instinct and

intelligence are two widely differing methods by which mind controls matter for the purposes of life. It was principally upon the researches of Fabre that Henri Bergson based the arguments of that wonderful second chapter of "Creative Evolution." It is, indeed, not too much to say that the work of this obscure provincial entomologist has inspired a new philosophy of life.

But for the general reader, the interest of Fabre's work lies chiefly in the unsuspected wonders of nature which it discloses, and the charm and variety with which these wonders are described. A book of Fabre's opens up a new world—a world of enchantment more fascinating than the Arabian Nights. He will have nothing to do with the dry-as-dust classification and hard scientific description of conventional entomology. For him the insect ceases to be interesting when it is dead,

and he leaves to others the task of describing exactly how many joints there are in its antennæ. Fabre was not the first naturalist to describe the living insect; he followed in the train of Reamur and Huber in this, but he was the first to carry this method of entomological research to perfection and to apply to it a genius for observation which is unique.

The results of Fabre's work are contained in ten volumes entitled "Souvenirs Entomologiques." These cover his researches during the years 1855-1915, and they are being translated into English by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, who has already published eight volumes with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. "The Life and Love of the Insect," "Social Life in the Insect World," "The Wonders of Instinct," and the definitive "Life of Fabre" by Dr. Legros, are issued by Messrs. Fisher Unwin.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. *Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account in not more than a hundred and fifty words of prose on How I Celebrated Peace. (The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best note in not more than a hundred and fifty words on which character in fiction you would recommend as an ideal husband or wife, and why.)
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to A. M. Christie, of Ashfield, Torquay, for the following:

PIERROT GROWN OLD.

Here upon the hearth together,
Here, where once the children played,
I and Pierrette watch together,
I and Pierrette undismayed.
Hand in hand we played as children,
In the bygone days of old,
Now we watch the shadows lengthen,
I and Pierrette—growing old. . . .

Pierrette's hand has left the blind
Halt unlatched, and from behind
Darkening clouds, there shines the moon. .
(On the hearth the ashes flicker,
Pierrot, does your heart beat quicker?
Even now in grey December,
As you look, and you remember
Earlier days when you went singing,
Set the whole wide world a'ringing
With your song of love and pain ?)



Photo by Priestley.

Miss Clarice Blaikley,

whose poignant little book of war plays, "Waste Cities" (Erskine Macdonald), recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, has received compliments from the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Turn you back to where the ember
Strangely kindled, dies again. . . .
Shun the moon lest you remember
Columbine who died so soon. . . .

Something stirring in the garden. . . .
Some soft footfall on the grass. . . .

(What takes Pierrot to the window

Watching whose light foot shall pass?)

Flash of spangle in the moonlight!
Crash of thunder! Lightning gleam!
Is it two who dance together
As immortals in a dream?

(Dreaming only brings one pain

Can the dead return again?)

Hark! a step upon the pathway!
Hush! a hand upon the door!
Then the door swings slowly open,
There's a step upon the floor. . . .
Just a rustle and a sigh,
There beside me close, close by. . . .
Some wild bird flown in for shelter?
No! for I could swear I felt her
Tender lips on mine. . . .
Bringing back to me again
All the splendour and the pain!
It is Columbine. . . .

Crash! the door blows to again!
Dark the room and strangely cold. . . .
Pierrette, rising from her seat,
Pulls the blinds with sudden heat,
Shuts the moon from out my sight!
(Pierrette ever hates its light)
Is there anger in her eyes?
Knowledge, fear, and swift surprise?
(Strange the room should turn so cold. . . .
Pierrot! you are growing old. . . .)

She and I the self same folk,
Bound together by the yoke
Of the common years together. . . .
Through the fair or clouded weather,
So shall we, the self same clay,
Watch the ashes growing grey. . . .

Lead me back, then, where the fire
Gives one leap of last desire!
Flickers faint and fitful yet,
As a heart that would forget. . . .
Moondreams only bring one pain!
Can the dead return again?

Columbine died in the past. . . .
And the fire burns out at last. . . .

We also select for printing:

AT EVENING TIME.

O Son of God, O Son of Man,
Whose tenderness and love can span
The woes of earth from pole to pole,
Now gather close each tired soul—
And every heart that sobs in vain
For evening's peace and rest from pain.

Oh! pitying Christ, may darkness bring
A cooling dew for suffering,
And may the vesture of the Night
Fold grief and sorrow out of sight—
So that the robe of silence fall,
Like Benediction over all.

Ope wide Thine arms, and gather in
The tired heart that turns from sin,
The striving heart of loyal saint,
The tempted, falling, and the faint,
The fearful who would turn to Thee
And lean on love's infinity.

So let the silent night be sweet
With the music of Thy feet,
And let the chilly dusk be warm
With the love-glow of Thy Form,
Fear and terror have no part,
Son of God, if near Thou art.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by M. E. Morris (Torquay), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Beatrice Skelton (Forest Gate), G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Green), F. E. Scarborough (Piccadilly), A. E. Wood (London, W.), L. Freeman (Wolverhampton), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby), Canon C. J. Boden (Nottingham), I. L. Watts (Leeds), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Irene Eveleen Osborne (Honor Oak), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdowne (Blackheath), Mary E. Pierce (St. Leonards), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), R. Scott Frayn (Timperley), M. B. (Calne), Yvonne Creswell (Plympton), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee), Lyons Wilson (Leeds), Mrs. Paterson Cranmer (Teddington), Alicia Sheridan (Orpington), Vera Nation (Louth), Mrs. M. E. Fraser (Hornsey), H. B. Whitehead (Oldham), Sheena Macfarlane (Woldingham), Daphne de Waal (Kenilworth, Cape Town), Gladys Bass (Surbiton), Noelle Ffrench; F. Olsen (B.T., in F. and F.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Hilda M. Barrow (Dunstable), Olga Mills (Croydon), Margaret Ellerker (Scarborough), D. H. Southgate (Maidenhead), Edith A. Quirk (Eastbourne), B. Ionides (Hove), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), L. D. Cosgrove (West Ealing), E. M. H. Harington (Folkestone), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), J. E. Owen (Muswell Hill), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Ruth Taylor (Wood Green), Amy E. Evers (Bedcote Stourbridge), H. J. P. Sturton (Lancaster), Cecil Thomas (Wellingborough), Ernest F. Seymour (Hampstead), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Lettie Cole (Pontillas), C. R. Price (Wellington).

II. The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mabel W. Shephard, of Dunmow, St. Leonards, East Sheen, Surrey, for the following:

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
(Humphrey Milford.)

"She never told her love."

SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*.

We also select for printing:

THE SOLITARY HOUSE. BY E. R. PUNSHON.
(Ward, Lock.)

"Thou art too dear for my possessing."

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet*.

(Grace E. Ashford, Red Cliff, Kinver, near Stourbridge, and D. M. Richardson, 31, Canynge Square, Clifton, Bristol.)

A NIGHT SURPRISE. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.
(Ward, Lock.)

"The cow jumped over the moon."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield, and Miss Edith Shephard.)

III. The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines of original verse on the town, village or district in which the writer's holiday has been or will be spent is awarded to Mrs. E. R. Leatham, of The White House, Durham, for the following:

SCARBOROUGH.

Scarborough! where the North Sea's billows beat against the rocky wall.

All ways rose-ways! Tea, and tennis; music in a Floral Hall,

Parks, and lily lakes, and "Catlings," Spa and Pool, and silver shore:—

For your loveliness we love you. For your scars* we love you more.

* Bombarded.

From the very large number of replies received we select for special commendation the verses by C. E. Ransom (Bovey Tracey), "Malakoff" (Camborne), Lilian Mary Nally (Dublin), T. D. Hodgson (Harrogate), Mrs. T. D. Hawkins (Ealing), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Mary P. Gray (Grays Thurnock), Hilda Barrow (Dunstable), Robert A. Guthrie (Glasgow), Mrs. Change (Streatham Park), S. E. Thompson (Hampstead), Mrs. Lucy Harrison (St. Leonards-on-Sea), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Lieutenant Malcolm Hemphrey, of Middleton, Lynchford Road, Farnborough, Hants, for the following:

A PRINCE IN PETTO. By JOHN AYSOUGH.
(Chatto & Windus.)

This is a story of the years of exile following the unsuccessful rebellion of '45, and the narrator is Bonnie Prince Charlie's son, who from obscurity is swept, at the age of fourteen, into the maelstrom of political and royal intrigue. The Prince himself appears before us, middle-aged, dishonoured, almost forgotten. There are occasional exciting chapters, but the book, as a whole, lacks the raciness and glamour of romance, and the bones of history too frequently protrude. A little more flesh and blood, and the novel might easily have ranked with Whyte Melville's or Stanley Weyman's delightful tales.

We also select for printing:

THE ELSTONES. By ISABELL C. CLARKE.
(Hutchinson.)

If the Anglican Church had as powerful an advocate among novelists as the Romanists have in Miss Clarke she might have a more enthusiastic following. Miss Clarke's partisanship is never irritating; she is an excellent propagandist, but she still makes the usual mistake of calling

her Church Catholic instead of Roman. Her character drawing is in most cases powerful and realistic; Elvidias and Lady Elstones are to be found every day. But her men are prigs and their conversions far too easy to be convincing. But it is a most readable book and will especially appeal to those who are thinkers.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

KATE PLUS TEN. By EDGAR WALLACE.
(Ward, Lock.)

This is a most thrilling holiday story which is well worth reading on several counts. The skill shown by the "World Thieves" in their many *coups* is of great interest to those who revel in detective stories and the like, and the motives influencing and actuating the various members of the famous gang in Crime Street are worthy of note by the psychologist. The human *motif* pervading the whole is distinctly fascinating, and all who read it will follow the career of hunter and hunted with unremitting interest. It is improbable, perhaps, but none the worse for that!

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We select for special commendation the fifteen reviews by Joseph Holford (Norwich), M. J. Dobie (Chester), H. R. Shaw (Liverpool), J. Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Robert A. Guthrie (Glasgow), Ethel Webster (Bristol), William Saunders (Edinburgh), B. Noel Saxeby (Manchester), Gordon Fletcher (Erdington), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. Ralton Barnard, of 6, The Crescent, York.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THAT originality is not the most common feature of new books, is not a very rash or contentious proposition. But things might become less peaceful if an attempt were made to define originality, or at least the ways of securing it. For a good many years past the idea of it has been very mainly confined to style; and even to one part of style—that is to say phraseology. We have been told that we must not repeat old phrases, however good they are—that everything of the kind must be personal and new. It was probably wrong of Shakespeare to use four such frightfully common words, so ordinarily put together, as "The rest is silence"; he should have sought something more in the Goncourtian or Meredithese manner. But perhaps there has been a mistake here, or at any rate a too exclusive devotion to one side of the question. The more excellent side of originality—certainly the rarer—may possibly be discovered elsewhere, in the ability to find, and make good, a distinct and independent point of view. The field of thought on almost all questions has been so much trodden; the claims have been so marked and overmarked and cross-

prospected; that it is not easy to secure such a position of vantage.

It is in this respect that Professor Gregory Smith's book is most remarkable: though it is by no means devoid of other claims to consideration, having plenty of crisp phrase, of acute criticism of individual books and authors, and, in one respect especially which will deserve special notice later, of discussion of subordinate but important questions. Scottish literature, at first sight, may seem to be a subject rather easy than difficult of comprehension. It is very manageable in bulk; it is (the present volume brings this out well) not very complex, indeed unusually simple, in departmental distribution; and it has certain strong characteristics of difference which, as differences, do really "leap to the eyes" after a fashion singularly congenial to that often borrowed French metaphor. Moreover, it is the appanage of a notoriously patriotic people; it has produced at least two Scott and Burns—some of us would, adding Carlyle, say at least three members of almost the selectest company of great writers that the world can furnish, with plentiful squires and pages and yeomen to attend these chosen knights. Yet, however angry this statement may make some persons,

* "Scottish Literature: Character and Influence." By G. Gregory Smith. (Macmillan.)

it has been much more talked about than read ; it has had no really good and really literary history till Professor Hepburn Millar's very recent one ; and it has scarcely had anything that may be called a Companion to such a History until this treatise of Professor Gregory Smith's.

The differentia—the logically constituting characteristic of Scottish Literature—as he defines it, is the presence therein of an unusually pronounced antinomy (though he does not himself, we think, use this rather battered word) of the real and the fantastic—of Intimacy and Fancifulness. The one gives the early and pervading attention to detail, whereof the sometimes too much insisted on notices of scenery, weather, etc., are merely instances ; the other inspires in more vulgar moods “ flyting ” and the like, in less vulgar the ballad and the lyric and all the floating gossamer of Faery. Any one may see at once—whether he has ever seen it before or not—how this theory of antinomy or antithesis explains, as every such thing should explain, the degradations and the consequent libels, as well as the exaltations and the appurtenant glories, of the national character. In the mood of too much attention to detail a slight “ surgical operation ” might perhaps be salutary ; in those of excessive high jinks and “ skimble-skamble ” Mr. Pleydell's green tea and wet towel do sometimes suggest themselves as sovereign. But when Minerva is kind to the one tendency, you get the best touches of Henryson and Dunbar in the old literature, the most strikingly drawn scenes and characters of Scott and Carlyle in the newer : when the lower Fancy discards her “ lendings ” and becomes the higher Imagination you get the dateless jewels of the Ballads, or the texts, less tormenting to Dryasdust, of “ Kilmeny ” and “ Proud Maisie.”

One curious result of this omnipresent working and counterworking of the two moods which he has so well displayed and defined, Mr. Gregory Smith has not, one thinks, touched upon : and that is the fact that perhaps in no other literature do you so often find almost great things in very small writers as in Scots. The heavy finger for once finds itself on the real spot ; the clumsy wing for once acquires hawk's or lark's or swallow's flight. But if he has not noticed this—which is after all a disputable opinion rather than a certain fact—he has left very little else unnoticed. Of course readers not acquainted with the actual literature may find themselves, not infrequently, at a loss. But this may be claimed as a positive merit of the book. Scottish Literature ought to be the subject of much greater “ acquaintance ” than it enjoys ; more particularly (if one may say so without offence) on the northern side of the Tweed. And anyone who can feel the savour and “ race ” of this allusive discussion of it ought to be enticed to hunt up the allusions. Here it is only possible to notice a few of the points handled or merely touched upon. Perhaps the most important part of the book, after the laying out of its main thesis, is the chapter on “ The Problem of Dialect ” which is one of the very best things ever written on the subject, and supplies material for thought on the problem itself in other languages besides Scots. In particular, Mr. Gregory Smith's defence of Scott's peculiar use of dialect as a seasoning, but not a main ingredient, save

in special parts of his work, is a capital piece of advocacy and indeed something more. Nor is the demonstration how drama is almost wanting and prose inferior to verse in Scots less noteworthy as an important part of the book.

Some scattered “ bricks of the house ” should however be produced. Few really critical students of the subject will deny that “ Scottish literature is more mediæval in habit than [usual] criticism has suspected.” The remark “ it is history rather than literature or the history that is in literature or goes with it, that gives popular credit to the Scottish Muse ” may not itself be popular “ up there ” ; but it is exceedingly true. The present reviewer happened, quite recently, to be reading an essay, some half century old, by it matters not what Scottish writer, on Scott. The Wizard was generously championed against the modern depreciation which had even then begun. But though the intention was literary, the writer was constantly deflected from literature to praise of Scott's morals, manners, politics, nationalism, illustration of history and what not. And the deduction is sound that this habit has actually interfered with the appreciation of the literature itself. The revaluation of certain very loose estimates of foreign influence on Scots is hardly less important than the “ Dialect ” and “ Drama and Prose ” sections : but, like them, it must be studied in the book : while on the other hand the dictum “ No Scots ever printed or spoken can claim general authority ” is a capital example of that book's succincter contents. And the passage on Edinburgh at the beginning of the chapter on “ The Northern Augustans ” supplies evidence of command in yet a third division. Nor should we omit to notice, in connection with this same chapter, the satisfactory fashion in which Mr. Gregory Smith smites one of the silliest crotchets of the sham prae- or perfervids—the repudiation of writers like Hume and Robertson as deserters and outcasts from pure Scottishness.

Perhaps, however, there is no sentence in the volume which is at once more satisfactory in itself, and more explanatory of the soundness of the whole composition than one—to speak with strict accuracy in regard to punctuation, two—occurring at page 102. “ Such problems in the life-history of a literature, as in the career of an individual, are not to be solved by ingenious speculation on the probable or possible. Our only recourse is to the facts.” The innocent reader who is not familiar with literary histories may say “ Nothing wonderful in that, surely ? ” Even moderate familiarity would answer his question for him. In no department of inquiry is attention to fact and to fact only, combined of course with intelligent grasp and arrangement of fact, so rare as in literary history. If the blue pencil were run through all “ speculation on the probable or possible ” (a splenetic person might add on the extremely improbable and almost or quite impossible) whole books if not whole bookcases would have to go from the library of this kind of literature ; and what remained would exhibit a terrible amount of cancel in all but very few instances proportionately. Of these instances Mr. Gregory Smith's book may be unhesitatingly pronounced to be one. He has known his subject ; has known what he meant to do with it ; has meant to do something worth doing ; and has done it

HENRY LAWSON.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

WHETHER Kendall was a greater poet than Adam Lindsay Gordon may be a matter of opinion; and it may be a matter of opinion whether certain of his contemporaries are not greater poets than Henry Lawson; but there is no question that as Gordon stood pre-eminent in the past, so Lawson stands to-day, the most typical, the most representative Australian poet of his time. Not only because he gets into his verse so much of the life and character, the scenery and colloquial language of the Australian bush, the town, the sheep-station and the mining-camp, but that the whole body of his poetry is alive with the freshness, the freedom and restless vigour, the spontaneous sentiment and humour, raw humanity and un-studied, sometimes almost crude simplicity of a race that is still in the making and has not had its natural impulses put into harness, nor the strong angles of its individuality smoothed down by old custom and the common laws of convention. His verse is not merely or even primarily a matter of technique; he has never tried to model himself on the standard English poets; whatever he is not, he is always himself, finding his themes in his own country and expressing them with an art that seems as natural to him as if he were but a pipe through which the spirit of Australia blew to music.

In an interesting preface to Lawson's *Selected Poems* * David McKee Wright names him "the first articulate voice of the real Australian," and says frankly and finely, "Lawson is never exquisite as are our greater lyrists. The axemarks show in his work everywhere." It is in the fitness of things that he should be more essentially Australian even than Gordon, for Australia is his motherland. He was born there, in 1867, in a tent on the Grenfell gold-field. "His father was a Norse sailor who became a digger," says Mr. Wright; "his

mother came of a Kentish family of gipsy blood and tradition." This much of his ancestry you may gather, too, from his poems—from "The Vagabond," from the lines "To Jim," or the wonderfully self-revealing song of "The Wander-light" which in its own way tells his own story:

*"Oh, my ways are strange
ways and new ways
and old ways,
And deep ways, and
steep ways, and high
ways and low;
I'm at home and at ease
on a track that I
know not,
And restless and lost on
a road that I know.*

*'Then they heard the
tent-poles clatter,
And the fly in twain
was torn—
'Twas the soiled rag of
a tatter
Of the tent where I
was born.
Does it matter? Which
is stranger—
Brick or stone or
calico?
There was One born in
a manger
Nineteen hundred
years ago.*

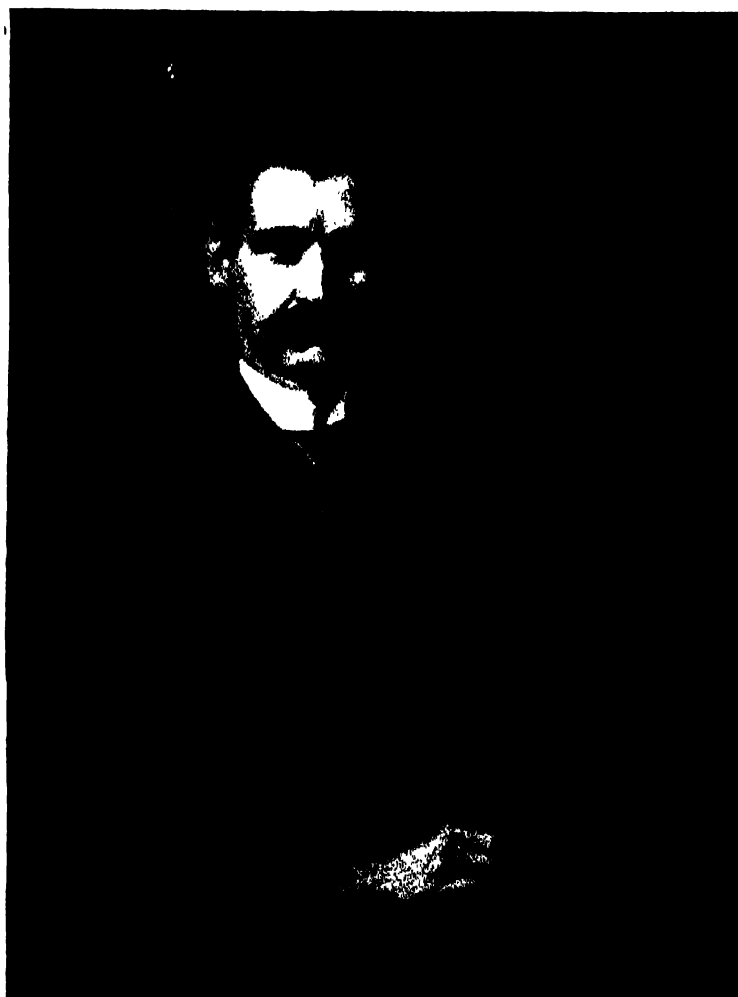
*'For my beds were camp
beds, and tramp beds,
and damp beds,
And my beds were dry
beds on drought-
stricken ground,
Hard beds and soft
beds and wide beds
and narrow—*

For my beds were strange beds the wide world round.]

*"And the old hag seemed to ponder,
With her grey head nodding slow;
'He will dream, and he will wander
Where but few would think to go.
He will flee the haunts of tailors,
He will cross the ocean wide,
For his fathers they were sailors—
All on his good father's side.'*

*'I rest not, 'tis best not, the world is a wide one—
And caged for a moment I pace to and fro;
I see things, and dree things, and plan while I'm sleeping,
I wander for ever and dream as I go.*

*"And the old hag was troubled,
As she bent above the bed;
'He will dream things and he'll see things
To come true when he is dead.
He will see things all too plainly,
And his fellows will deride,
For his mothers they were gipsies—
All on his good mother's side.'*



Henry Lawson.

From portrait by John Longstaff in the National Gallery, Sydney.
From "Selected Poems of Henry Lawson" (Sydney: Angus & Robertson).

* "Selected Poems of Henry Lawson." With Preface by David McKee Wright, portrait in colour by John Longstaffe, and 9 full-page illustrations by Percy Leason. 12s. 6d. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: Australian Book Co.)

" And my dreams are strange dreams, are day dreams, are grey dreams,
And my dreams are wild dreams, and old dreams and new ;
They haunt me and daunt me with fears of the morrow—
My brothers they doubt me—but my dreams come true."

Such a dreamer and such a wanderer he was from the beginning. He grew up on the gold-fields and on the selection where his father presently settled down ; then went, before he was well out of his boyhood, to work as a coach-painter at Sydney, where " he attended a night school, dabbled in spiritualism, and was caught in the wave of socialism." The eighties and nineties, there as here, were years of social and political awakening and upheaval, and Lawson found his first inspiration in the stimulating unrest of the time. Before he was twenty-one he had won a reputation, writes Mr. McKee Wright, as " probably the most remarkable writer of verse in Australia."

By then, however, he had turned his back on Sydney and travelled far into the interior, to wander and work there, sharing " the rude, strenuous life of his brothers in a dozen varieties of toil. . . . The drover, the stockman, the shearer, the rider far on the skyline, the girl waiting at the sliprails, the big bush funeral, the coach with flashing lamps passing at night along the ranges, the man to whom home is a bitter memory and his future a long despair, the troops marching to the beat of drum, the coasting vessel struggling through blinding south-westerly gales, the great grey plain, the wilderness of the Never-Never"—these as he has seen and known them, and the thoughts and emotions that arise from seeing and knowing these, are the blood and breath and being of the poems he has written.

Reminiscent of his wandering days among the rugged grandeurs, vast solitudes, or fullness of rough life at scattered camps and lawless, primitive towns of the Australian hinterland are the vigorous, graphically pictorial ballads of " The Roaring Days," " The Lights of Cobb & Co.," " The Shearing Shed," " Ballad of the Rouseabout," " The Teams," " Ballad of the Drover" and " The Never-Never Land." Reminiscent of them also are such character sketches as " Sweeney," " Dan the Wreck," " Out Back," and that of the human outcast type of man who drinks, swears, gambles, never does any good for himself but is always ready to do a good turn for another, a reckless, kindly waster, " and his name is mostly Bill " :

" . . . Maybe he's in trouble or hard up now, and travelling
far for work,
Or fighting a dead past down to-night in a lone camp west
of Bourke.
When he's happy and flush, take your sorrow to him and
borrow as much as you will ;
But when he's in trouble or stony-broke, you never will
hear from Bill."

If there is bitterness as well as pathos or humour in some of Lawson's virile, realistic pictures of

" The living death in the lonely bush, the greed of the selfish town,"

there is charm and an exquisite tenderness in others—in " The Drover's Sweetheart," for instance, and in

that quietly tragic idyll of love and long waiting, " The Sliprails and the Spur " :

" The colours of the setting sun
Withdrew across the Western land—
He raised the sliprails one by one,
And shot them home with trembling hand ;
Her brown hands clung—her face grew pale—
Ah, quivering chin and eyes that brim !—
One quick, fierce kiss across the rail,
And ' Good-bye, Mary ! ' ' Good-bye, Jim ! "

" Oh, he rides hard to race the pain
Who rides from love, who rides from home ;
But he rides slowly home again
Whose heart has learned to love and roam. . . . "

there is pity and the sense of heartbreak in the ballad of the lonely, worn woman, " Past Carin'," which stands in sharp contrast to the gracious, homely, quaintly happy etching in verse of the old granny in " Black Bonnet."

It is twenty years since, in reviewing one of Lawson's prose volumes, the *Spectator* said, " It is strange that one we would venture to call the greatest Australian writer should be practically unknown in England " ; and, if we are no longer subject to this reproach, I believe that most of us still know him only as a poet. As an artist in the short story he has been classed with Kipling, with de Maupassant, with Bret Harte ; but he is closer akin to the last than to either of the others. The kinship to Bret Harte is suggested in some of his verse—or perhaps only seems to be because both writers pictured similar types of humanity as they existed under similar conditions in their different nations—and though there are no abler or more racily intimate stories of the comedy and tragedy of the outer circles of Australian life than are in his two books, " On the Track and Over the Sliprails" and " While the Billy Boils," it was as a poet that Lawson first became known, and I think it is as a poet that he will be chiefly remembered.

Generally I am a little shy of selections, but this of the poetry of Lawson is made with admirable critical judgment and very adequately represents the range and diversity of his gift. I miss from it those grim, powerful ballads of Russia, " The March of Ivan" and " Grey Wolves, Grey " ; and one or two of his swinging, stirring songs of the late war, notably " Fighting Hard" and the " Song of the Dardanelles " ; but there are some that are new to me (some that have not appeared between covers before), and they serve to atone for this. Lawson is a democrat in grain, a born rebel, and his flamingly passionate " My Army, O, My Army," though it was written early in the war, is nothing of the conventional war chant. He is no all-wool Imperialist, but an incurably human man, and his deep patriotism, his love of his land speak with a passionate pride and emotion in " Fighting Hard," " The Song of the Dardanelles," and perhaps more than all in " The Star of Australia," which, written in 1895, foresaw that

" From grander clouds in our peaceful skies than ever
were there before
I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the lurid
clouds of war,"

and that when the great testing day came :

" All creeds and trades will have soldiers there—give every class its due—
And there'll be many a clerk to spare for the pride of the jackeroo.
They'll fight for honour and fight for love, and a few will fight for gold,
For the devil below and for God above, as our fathers fought of old ;
And some half-blind with exultant tears, and some stiff-lipped, stern-eyed,
For the pride of a thousand after-years and the old eternal pride :
The soul of the world they will feel and see in the chase and the grim retreat—
They'll know the glory of victory— and the grandeur of defeat."

This prophecy was nearly twenty years old when it came true, and that one result of the way in which it came true was to strengthen the love and admiration of Australia for the old country, let his " England Yet," written in 1917 and one of the new poems in this selection, bear witness :

" She's England yet ! The nations never knew her ;
Or, if they knew, were ready to forget.
She made new worlds that paid no homage to her,
Because she called for none as for a debt.
The bullying power who deemed all nations craven,
And that her star of destiny had set,
Was sure that she would seek a coward's haven,
And tempted her, and found her England yet !

" We learn our England, and we soon forget,
To learn again that she is England yet. . . .

" She's England yet ; and men shall doubt no longer,
And mourn no longer for what she has been.
She'll be a greater England and a stronger—
A better England than the world has seen.
Our own, who reck not of a king's regalia,
Tinsel of crowns, and courts that fume and fret,
Are fighting for her—fighting for Australia—
And blasphemously hail her England yet !

" She's England yet, with little to regret,
Ay, more than ever, she'll be England yet !"

Lawson's war verse was, of course, written by the way, but, like the more characteristic work on which his fame rests, it voices the heart and soul of his own people, and, if only because he is one of them and interprets them as Burns interpreted Scotland, it was to be expected that they should easily and enthusiastically recognise and acclaim his genius ; what is more significant, perhaps, is that their highest praise should have found its fullest confirmation in the judgment of a foreign critic. Writing of him in the *Mercur de France* a few years ago, Professor Saillens paid tribute to the qualities in his work that are " deeply and eternally human," and added, " Australia has a great future before her, and particularly a great artistic future, but she will never have another Lawson."

New Books.

A CONCERT.*

The limits of verse as a medium for pleasing the ear are undefinable, but it seems as if poets are too indolent to capture fresh raptures of music. Of " free " verse the best that can be said is that it is very convenient for poets whose ears can tolerate it, as, like an india-rubber bag, its form is what its contents make it. But just as one does not look to legs for new illustrations of flying, so one does not look to prose or prosy verse for new varieties of singing. New varieties can only proceed from inspiration having form for its special object ; and, new forms being invented, it may be that poets will have to work hard to adapt their matter to those forms.

The seven poets before me do not convey to my ear the impression that they are working for novelty in form, but since Mr. Houghton worthily follows Drayton in the latter's most celebrated metre, he deserves to invoke and be heard by the Muse of Metrical Novelty. Beyond doubt he has that gift of melody which turns images of the terrifying into sweetstuff for the ear. Let these stanzas show what I mean :

" A legend runs that when the night
Holds neither moon nor starry light,
A cry comes from the tombs ;
That men have heard in rooted dread

* " The Tavern of Dreams." By Claude Houghton. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—" Songs and Chanties, 1914 1916." By C. Fox Smith. 6s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—" New Poems." By Charles G. D. Roberts. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—" Swords and Flutes." By William Kean Seymour. 4s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—" Through Two Windows." By Leslie Hinchliff Winn. 2s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)—" Chimes for the Times." By A. Bartholmeyns. 1s. net. (McBride, Nast.)—" An Exile's Lute." By E. Howard Harris. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

The hermit walking with the dead
Amid the catacombs ;

" That flares have flashed through mighty rents
Of those half-buried battlements
Like ravenous green eyes ;
That mystic stars of orange flame
Have traced a hieroglyphic name
Across the ebony skies."

It is true that in such writing there lurks an iota of that food for mirth which is to be found in such rich abundance in Monk Lewis's " Alonzo the Brave " ; the contrast between the libretto and the music, so to speak, is just a little amusing. But Mr. Houghton is a poet of distinction and when his dramatic sense is more educated his narrative verse will gain in power to create illusion.

The author of " Songs and Chanties " is a lady, and it is remarkable that she succeeds in pleasing by work which instinctively keeps one listening for the voice of a well-trained parrot. Chanties are sung by tars at work ; and, to be candid, when they are thus heard they are very much more expressive of the impulse for rhythm than for literature. Yet Miss Fox Smith somehow has the art of creating the mood for banging the door behind one and hurrying to the nearest stream that communicates with the sea. And although I have read Mr. Kipling, Mr. Service, and our confrère, the lamented J. E. Patterson's excellent anthology of Sea Songs, I find her verses new by virtue of personal enthusiasm, just as to-day's blackbird's song is new, though we heard another blackbird last year. She can be funny in the manner of the music hall, and do a war poem better than most, though neither she nor any other among the seven whom I am now reviewing, has so exquisitely united the war to literature as has Lord Dunsany in his " Dirge of Victory." Ere taking leave of Miss Fox

Smith, one may say that "Romance" is a poem that the ear holds perhaps longer than any others in her book. It shows a genuine effort at virtuosity in picturing the things that quicken the lethargic soul, and it is a great pity that its closing quatrain is marred by a sacrifice of perfection to convenience in the arrangement of words.

Mr. Roberts's volume is slender, but has no lack of emotion:

"I am the man who dared the Gods
And under their thunderbolts lay blest,
Because I found the flower, and wore it
One wild hour upon my breast."

The above proclamation is perhaps as good as anything in his present collection, though his tribute to the earth—

"Dear dwelling of the immortal and unseen"—

appeals to those who like to know something of the spiritual life of a man of mark.

Another BOOKMAN critic has spoken highly of past work by Mr. Seymour, and his new book, in which is included his well-known "Deathless Dead," has given me the pleasure that deep feeling expressed with dignity and passion, irony and unexpectedness, awake in me when I find them in literature. Something, however, has gone wrong with the meaning in the attempt to express it in a stanza on page 31, and I am repelled by an idolatry which asserts that the "flame" of a woman's hair "made a failure of the sun." Mr. Seymour has unusual command of the technique of the sonnet. His sonnet on a Dead Poet (possibly the Keats of legend who was "snuffed out by an article") is a masterpiece of eloquent questioning, and certain sonnets that pay tribute to unhappy loves are also beautiful. In the poem "Casualty," in which he contrives a tragedy out of the meeting between a witch on her broomstick and an aviator, he displays imaginative talent of a high order. Mr. Seymour has, in fact, the eye for the new. He can get away from the amatory and opinative and present interesting objects and events as clearly as a balladist.

Mr. Winn is poetical rather than specifically a poet. His *vers libres* do not justify the forfeiture of the privileges of simple prose; and though he offers specimens of verse written according to old rules they are not very impressive, unless one is to accept as a truth such a statement as is contained in his question:

"Who should fear death when none knows ill of him?"

Mr. Bartholeyns in "Chimes for the Times" may be defined as a folk-lorist at play. The war is over and to gambol lyrically is better than mafficking, even if the poet is not wholly invulnerable to a feline retort when he says:

"Faint the caterwaul of Folly . . .
Compared to the Hosanna holy."

Mr. Bartholeyns has metrical skill; sometimes he pleases by sound or by antiquarianism, but he seems like many rhymers to suppose that metre can glorify banality.

Mr. Harris loves Wales, and can tell a "tall" story with the solemn earnestness of an Old Testament Hebrew. His technique is inconsiderable, but it is enough for his poetry to come through and to enable him to interest his reader. When he is angry he is formidable, and if the wretch who asserted that "Taffy was a thief" can hear that he spent his life in

"Scraping muck and spitting venom by the candlelight of ghouls,"

he will be thankful that Mr. Harris does not exercise the function of Rhadamanthus. Mr. Harris's lines on "The Welsh Gypsy" are charming, and his vision of the prehistoric Welsh beauty about to be killed by the white-tusked mammoth is effectively horrid.

And here I leave my seven singers to the consideration of a public who can hive all their present wares in the pockets of one coat.

W. H. CHESSON.

JEREMY.*

This book, it is pretty evident, has been written in a holiday spirit; and, as Mr. Walpole maintains a right sense of his literary responsibilities, it is, though slight in form and episodic, an excellently well finished piece of work. Its main study is Jeremy Cole, the child of eight—standing with reluctant feet where infancy and boyhood meet—and as, within its limits, it is sufficiently realistic, the book should help to get rid of that dreadful literary abortion, the gushing fictionist's little pet, with his too-beautiful presence, elaborated mispronunciation and drivelling simplicities. Even at his worst the true child is always a great deal better than an idiot's darling.

Jeremy, although by far the most prominent person of the book, cannot be considered apart from his sisters, Helen and Mary, especially Mary, with her spectacled earnestness and dreadfully faithful devotion, for they generally aided and abetted him in his various adventures, and—to use the adjective in its most casual meaning—gave him moral backing. Their most successful effort in conspiracy was at the expense of Miss Jones, the elderly, ugly, neuralgic, incompetent governess, who through sheer stupidity challenged the naughtiness of Jeremy and his sisters, and found it even diabolically calculating. One characteristic of childhood faithfully depicted by Mr. Walpole, which the gushing sentimentalist certainly does not see, is its eager faculty for hating. Jeremy hated a number of people, and (putting aside my elderly prejudices that were based upon moral copybook) I sympathise with him over this, as his nurse the Jampot, Jellybrand the burlesque curate, and the inept and interfering Aunt Amy, to name no others, had the sort of fussy virtuosities or jarring incompetence that should rouse the spirit of revolt; and, as the opportunities of wronged infancy for justified revolt are extraordinarily limited, an ardent hatred is the only alternative and safety-valve. Miss Jones, with those others, duly earned the white-hot hatred of the nursery three; and then, in the most inconsequent manner, lost it; for when she was successfully fought and conquered, Jeremy came accidentally to witness her humiliation of tears, and forthwith surrendered—how could he continue a raging campaign against so reduced an enemy? He became thereafter to poor Miss Jones as good as gold in an age of Bradburys. He is altogether an engaging child, plucky, adventurous, self-reliant, lovable.

Even more important than the sisterly association with Jeremy was that of the dear dog, Hamlet. There is one element about the creature that causes me doubt. When a stray dog, saturated with snow and dirty, comes to kind strangers in a clean, warm room, does he lick himself like a cat? He does not! A dog has too much sense of humour, and Hamlet was as well-endowed in that respect as any quadruped gentleman. No! He would have waited for the children to cluster round him, as they did; and then would have sprung on them with the eager embraces of dirty feet, after which challenge to patience, when his affectionate exuberance had driven them a little distance away, he would have shaken himself thoroughly, showering on them the rain-water with which his generous coat was drenched. Dogs, especially when they are nice mongrels, have a deal of the old Adam in them. That is why they prove such right companions. Hamlet could not have licked himself clean.

The episodes and characters grouped round the rapidly developing personality of Jeremy Cole are admirably planned and diversified to bring out his mental and moral growth and idiosyncrasies. The tale of the sea-captain is the least novel of the set, for the child and burglar business has been overdone, though Mr. Walpole is too wise to follow the moral lead in causing the prattling innocent to bring the midnight burglar to an immediate conversion or even to capture. Jeremy's passion for the sea, the excuse for this episode, is forgotten during the rest of the book. One person we could gladly have seen more of; and that is Uncle Samuel. This fat artist, with his self-indulgence

* "Jeremy." By Hugh Walpole. 7s. net. (Cassell.)

and sudden bursts of generous kindness, is too good for merely occasional glimpses. Perhaps we shall see more of him in one of Mr. Walpole's later novels. I hope so, for the story of Uncle Samuel's past and future must be sympathetic and well worth the reading and telling. Although "Jeremy" cannot have taken a severe toll of its author's nervous and emotional resources, it is no less a well written and enjoyable book; and while evidently penned as a pleasant diversion for a literary holiday, proves, for that very reason possibly, splendid holiday reading.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

OBITER SCRIPTA.*

These papers were contributed by Mr. Harrison to the *Fortnightly Review* month after month during 1918. The author has described them as "a miscellaneous article on the Situation, the Future, Books, and Men." The range of topic is remarkable; scarcely any branch of knowledge, any form of art, any phase of religion is left unrepresented; and whatever the author touches he certainly adorns. In this universality of literary acquirement he stands surely alone. Alone too, as I judge, in the strength and finish of his prose; estimates of course vary, but I am not sure that any other pen has filled the gap left by Carlyle. In support of my statement I need make no special quotation; whatever I transcribe in the course of this brief review will serve as an example.

Here are a few words on the subject that has now for four or five years engrossed human thought—the gigantic war between Germany and civilisation:

"It is a case of the diabolic dogma which he and his soldiers have taught the German race, that war abrogates morality, humanity, decency, customs, laws, contracts. Until this gospel of Hell can be driven out of the German mind there can be no peace for civilisation. And nothing but the extremity of suffering will ever drive it out of their mind."

This under the head of Action, chiefly; equally to the purpose is what he writes on the side of Intellect:

"One of the ultimate gains of the war, we trust, will be that modern learning may free itself from that German ponderosity which for two generations has enthralled it. In many subjects its industry, patience, thoroughness and subtlety have taught the world much. But in all the moral and spiritual forms of mind it has laid its heavy hand on thought by pedantic specialism, baseless hypotheses and gaseous metaphysic. Let us free the world of this *Kultur* of the Book, along with the *Kultur* of the Sword."

Before leaving the subject let me add that I am writing this on the eve of our Peace celebrations. And what of the peace? What peace can there be for a nation on strike, or a world distraught? Let us hear Mr. Harrison's latest on the "Situation" and the "Future"; I quote from a letter received from him two days ago:

"I see nothing but bankruptcy, chaos, civil war, ruin and famine before us now for a decade. It seems a pity the war is ended—if the peoples of Europe are to commit suicide and starve themselves to death."

If we turn from this subject to literature, we find Mr. Harrison in his element; no matter what the department, be it prose or verse, practical or æsthetic, he will deal with it as an authority of taste and judgment. I will select some of his remarks on the Greek dramatists, and, incidentally, on Shakespeare, for as will be seen, these two subjects have been his favourite studies in recent years. Indeed, in his notice of Mr. Courtney's new volume of essays, he writes of Æschylus—"his seven plays are my Bible." But some years ago he asked me to suggest a course of reading as a change from Greek drama; I recommended Shakespeare, and sent him a copy of my edition of "Twelfth Night." Of this he was good enough to approve, adding that commentaries were as necessary for the study of Shakespeare as of Æschylus; and a

* "Obiter Scripta." By Frederic Harrison. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

little later expressed the satisfaction he found in studying the Arden series of Shakespeare's plays. Since that time his letters have abounded in comparisons between Shakespeare and the Attic drama, and as a final result of this course of reading, he gave us his recent article on "Tragedy" in the *Nineteenth Century*.

In connection with this subject, the following quotations from his letters may prove interesting:

"I am now studying the three Electras—by Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, which I mark in this order—Æschylus, 100 (highest possible); Sophocles, 80; Euripides, 50." . . . [I may add that in conversation he has agreed to a higher estimate of Euripides than that suggested by these figures.] "W. S. was a great poet, the greatest of all, but he only *sometimes* took trouble to write a real tragedy." . . . "I am meditating an essay on Shakespeare, to show that he was *not* the greatest tragedian that ever lived." . . . "I yield to no one in believing W. S. to be the greatest *poet* of the world . . . he constantly injured the *tragic* intensity of his plays by giving rein to his own sublime imagination, which Sophocles never did, and which Athenians would not stand."

I will add one other note under this head of Literature, of which, by the way, he remarks—"The one thing that *lives* on is the higher literature. . . . In these cruel times, you and I at least have one untailing resource—in Poetry." The thirty-ninth page of "Obiter Scripta" prints "the most beautiful of epitaphs,"* together with a version by Mr. Harrison. On this subject he wrote to me, "It is untranslatable into English verse, almost into English prose. The reason is, its monumental *reserve*. . . . It has the noble serenity of the best Greek epitaphs, the type of which is Simonides' on Thermopylæ. Let me see how you English it." I sent three or four versions, one of which was the following:

"Far less with other friends to be,
Alas! than to remember thee."

Then he sent me some more renderings of his own, and finally this: "This epitaph gets on the nerves, and one lies awake inventing new versions. Try this in Roman monumental form:

"Poor solace give
The friends who live;
Enough for me
To think on thee!"

But no verse or *rhymed* version of Latin epigraphic *prose* is possible."

For the rest, the book itself must speak; it will speak eloquently, and to great purpose.

MORTON LUCE.

"Hæu, quanto minus est
Cum reliquis versari
Quam Tui
Meminisse."

MURRAY MARKS AND HIS FRIENDS.†

Dr. Williamson's latest volume is an admirable book: full of amusing or informing stories of Rossetti, of Whistler, of Sandys and of Simeon Solomon, and it is a mine of information concerning Charles Augustus Howell, that charming gentleman of Portuguese extraction who successively or perhaps simultaneously fleeced Ruskin, Swinburne and the two famous painters aforementioned. Its main defect is that, professing to give a sketch of "Murray Marks and His Friends," it relegates Marks to the background and places his friends in the foreground. Perhaps, however, this result was inherent in the nature of things; for however considerable in his way a great dealer may be—and Murray Marks was undoubtedly a great dealer—he must *ceteris paribus* be overshadowed in any faithful record by the great artists he met. Moreover, as we learn from Dr. Williamson, who had known him from schoolboy days, Marks was a quiet, modest, reticent man whose self-contained temperament put forth no sort of

† "Murray Marks and His Friends: A Tribute of Regard." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

challenge to the flamboyancy of Whistler, to the exuberance of Swinburne and of Rossetti, and to the robust self-confidence of Millais. Marks had an artist's love of fine pictures, fine china, fine food and fine wine, and he was ever kind and generous in the extreme to the artists who were his intimates; but he had nothing in him of the artist's egoism and gasconade. His cultivated tastes were in his blood. His father, who was also a dealer, was a Dutch Jew named Van Galen; and on his mother's and grandmother's side he was connected with two of the leading families of Vennes, belonging to the Wertheimer Van Wertheimstein stock and claiming direct descent from that Samson who in the early eighteenth century was Minister of Finances to three Emperors in succession. What a happy birthright! How could Murray Marks escape being a great dealer, inheriting such aesthetic sympathies from his father and such financial aptitudes from his mother? Probably, indeed, a dealer had need be a bit of a Jew—a Jew, that is, in both senses of the word, an appreciator and a depreciator—to be able to counter the foibles of the collector and the eccentricities of the artist. Take for example Frederick Richard Leyland, the sometime owner of "The Peacock Room." Leyland was a generous buyer in his way; but he had his mean side, so we learn from Dr. Williamson. Rossetti again, who in addition to being poet and painter was the keenest collector of blue and white china, thought nothing of putting up the price of a picture which he had agreed to execute at a lower figure. While Whistler, impelled by the interested enthusiasm of Howell, who would grind the ink, work the press or hand the paper, quickly learnt to print off his etchings for a steadily rising market. Over the frailties of Simeon Solomon, whom drink and drugs drove to become a pavement artist in the Brompton Road, to sell matches in Whitechapel and to herd with thieves in Houndsditch, it were kinder to draw the veil. Dr. Williamson draws such a veil; for all the new information he gives about this gifted man compels the reader to regret rather than to gloat over his fate. A similar mercy is shown to the memory of that great designer, Frederick Sandys, who seems to have behaved to Murray Marks in the unscrupulous fashion in which he behaved to most of his friends. But our space is exhausted, and we must close our notice of this extremely interesting volume of reminiscences by adding that its illustrations alone are worth the price asked for it. The pictures of the beautiful Mrs. Marks reproduced from portraits done by Rossetti and Sandys add enormously to the interest of its pages.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

ORIENTAL CAMPAIGNS.*

Had Mr. Dane and Mr. O'Neill come to a mutual understanding before writing their respective books they could not have produced volumes that dovetailed into each other any better than they do. Mr. Dane deals with the campaigns in the Nearer East, that is to say, Gallipoli, Salonika, Syria, Egypt and Mesopotamia, whereas Mr. O'Neill describes fighting in Togoland, the Kameruns, German South-West Africa, German East Africa, Kiaochau and the German Colonies in the Pacific. Thus between them they cover all the Oriental campaigns.

So much confused talk about "side shows" was indulged in by all manner of people almost to the end of the war that even to this day few persons realise the importance of the fighting in various parts of Asia and Africa, or of the issues involved in such fighting. Well therefore may Mr. Dane remind the reader that "the campaigns in the Nearer East during . . . November, 1914, to January, 1918, not only represent what would in any other war have been considered operations of the first moment, but

afford lessons in campaigning of the greatest interest and the highest value."

Mr. Dane analyses the course of fighting in the Near East with great skill and candour. He does not minimise failures, nor does he spare those responsible for them. In describing successes he is always sober. The result is that his plain, interesting recital of facts, based upon reliable documents, carries conviction.

A large portion of Mr. Dane's book is devoted to tracing the failures in Gallipoli and accounting for the debacle at Kut. His examination is keen and thorough, and dispassionate almost to the point of being cold-blooded. While considerations of space make it impossible for me to follow his elaborate analysis, his important findings deserve to be recorded here. Mr. Dane contends—and, in my opinion, contends rightly—that the primary causes of the failures both in Gallipoli and at Kut were the same. The reverses in both theatres of war were fundamentally due to the incapacity of the authorities to realise that "really secure in Egypt on the best foundation of security—popular contentment—and not less really secure in India, the British possessed in the Great Dependency (India) the resources for a military movement against Turkey on a formidable scale." Pressed "by the necessities of war in France," and unnecessarily anxious about the German invasion, the British Cabinet allowed themselves in consequence baselessly to be impressed by the belief that in the Nearer East a defensive policy ought for the moment to have the first place, though the situation, rightly estimated, called for confidence and active energy." Hence, the misfortunes both in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia.

While India possessed tens of millions of men of fighting age, and of admittedly fighting quality, official shortsightedness in Britain and India alike compelled Townshend to march upon Bagdad, hundreds of miles from the seaboard, with 11,000 effectives—all battle-worn. As if that were not tragic in itself, the expedition was handicapped by an appalling shortage of transport and medical supplies. The curious routine that obtained at the India Office proved, moreover, the means of keeping back from Townshend facts that had an important bearing upon his ability to hold Bagdad after it had been captured.

Against the dismal background of shortsightedness and muddle Townshend's incomparable leadership and the gallantry of the Indian and British troops stand out brilliantly. What pluck and what will to bear hardships uncomplainingly! The pages in which Mr. Dane chronicles the triumphant march of the General within eighteen miles of the great capital of the illustrious Caliphs, of his retreat to Kut, and his siege lasting for a hundred days, constitute a fine piece of writing which deserves widely to be read.

The same applies with equal force to that portion in which he shows how tireless energy and attention to detail led General Maude to organise the expedition and the transport, communications, medical supplies, and other essentials of military success, which ultimately drove the Turk far beyond Bagdad. Mr. Dane's description of the fighting in western Egypt, by the Suez Canal and in Palestine, is likewise accurate and vivid. The admirable plans generously distributed through the volume materially assist in explaining how the genius of Maude and Allenby transmuted failure into successes.

Mr. O'Neill's book is graphically illustrated by maps which, together with the text, give a good bird's-eye view of the fighting in Africa and the Far East. As he truly says, "if there had been no war in Europe to overshadow the campaign in the Colonies the world would have been thrilled by these struggles which epitomised centuries of warfare." The "most modern equipment of scientific warfare was to be found side by side with the remains and framework of war whose memory is preserved only in textbooks." Among the formidable obstacles that had to be conquered by the Allies were "dense thickets of jungle, vast stretches of waterless country, fever-ridden swamps, wild animals, and even wild bees."

* "British Campaigns in the Nearer East, 1914-1918." By E. Dane. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)—"The War in Africa, 1914-1917, and in the Far East, 1914." By H. C. O'Neill. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"Two Years' Captivity in German East Africa." By E. C. Holtom. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

As Mr. O'Neill says, at the outbreak of hostilities Germany made frantic efforts to keep the war out of Africa on the pretext that it was undesirable to give the Africans the opportunity to witness "a conflict between the white rulers." The Allies refused to listen to that plea with the result that vast blocks of territory fell to them to counterbalance the gains that the Germans had made in Europe.

How the Germans stooped to all sorts of villainies in German East Africa is very vividly brought out in Surgeon Holtom's interesting account of his captivity in that country. While on a visit of investigation the Germans turned upon him, and but for amazing luck, he would have been killed instead of being taken prisoner. The occasional glimpses that he gives of the brutal treatment accorded by the Germans to East Africans are extremely painful.

SI. Nihal Singh.

BELGIUM'S MARTYRDOM.*

Before this work appeared in its present form it ran serially in *Everybody's Magazine*, an American monthly, and in the *Daily Telegraph*. In the latter journal, however, although it began so far back as January 24th, 1918, only about two-thirds have as yet been published. The remainder will, we presume, ultimately be printed and so enable those, for whom a work priced at twenty-five shillings is a luxury, to read Mr. Whitlock's painfully fascinating narrative of what gallant little Belgium had to endure during German domination and tyranny. For about two and a half years from the beginning of the war up to the time when the United States joined the Allies, Mr. Whitlock was the American Minister to Belgium, and there seems to be very little doubt, but for the fact of the neutrality of the United States and the presence in Brussels of her Minister after the Belgian Government had left the capital, that the sufferings of the regions occupied by the enemy would have been greatly intensified. The *ravalllement* of the country in which the American Minister worked so generously and unceasingly would not, we conjecture, have been carried out with such success without his patience, energy and perseverance. It would not, however, be just to omit the mention of the loyal co-operation of the other representatives of neutral countries who elected to remain at their posts in Brussels. No more enthusiastic co-operators could have been found than the Marquis de Villalobar, the Spanish Minister, and others.

It would be impossible for anyone to read this history without feeling not only the greatest sympathy for the Belgians in their almost unparalleled sufferings, but also the utmost reverence for them on account of the manner in which these sufferings were undergone. Over their bodies the Germans might exercise their masterdom, the unconquerable mind of the nation was untouched. Mr. Whitlock's work is not only fascinating, as has already been stated, but it is of great historical importance. The style is that of a practised writer; not only so, it is in addition that of one with a marked poetic instinct. Nothing could well be more attractive than his description of the capital and its surroundings before the onset of the war, and its poignant contrast with the terrible after days.

Only very occasionally do we come across such a solecism as "that badly" and "that long." These expressions arrest us more particularly by their intrusion into a style of writing otherwise so uniformly excellent.

One quotation, thrice repeated, is we submit incorrectly cited, viz., "It is worse than a crime, it is an *indehacy*." The underlined word should read "blunder," and its author is not Talleyrand but Fouché or Boulay de la Meurthe. These are very insignificant slips in a work extending to close upon a thousand pages.

S. B

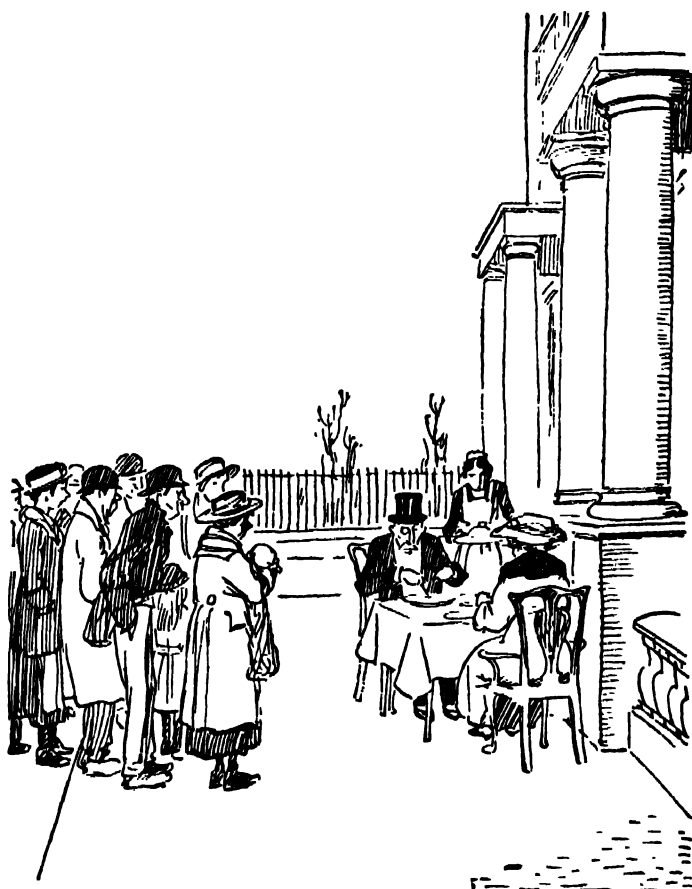
* "Belgium Under German Occupation." By Brand Whitlock. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Heinemann.)

THE MOUSE OR THE LION.*

It must have occurred more than once to minds fascinated by the Napoleonic legend what a dramatic clash might be contrived by confronting the emperor with a simple type of British patriot. Campbell did it in a spirited ballad, one of the very few in English that give the true measure of the Corsican in the whimsical exercise of his power. Mr. Trench, without apparent debt to anyone, has built up here a four-act drama in similar vein and reserved the great strain of his verse for its culmination. What is better still, he has not fallen into the prevailing fashion of interlarding his acts with choric strophes and anti strophes; for though these consist in every way with the supernal machinery of Hardy's "Dynasts," and set the right cloud-barriers between gods and mortals, they are apt to be something of a distraction between real scenes and the doings of actual men; and there is no real need for these interpositions of rhyme and metre where the strain of the prose is sound and dignified. Mr. Trench has not made himself a slave of the archaic, though there is just enough of distinction in the dialogue to remove it to the right historic focus; and when it enters on the great verse passage in Act IV, it is easy to assign its authorship to the poet who wrote that fine tribute to the Allies, "The Battle of the Marne."

Mr. Trench is far from making the "great little man" his hero. That honour is reserved for Geoffrey Wickham, eldest son of a family of Kentish patriots with a sturdy old physician for a father, and a mother who has French blood in her and a fine enthusiasm for the republic that "Bony" has destroyed. In the course of a wild and roving life up and down the Dover Straits Geoffrey has mastered their eccentricities of tide and shoal and current, and made his younger brothers his sworn adherents. They find their way into the camp at Boulogne through their fluent French dialect, and Napoleon sees in the eldest the

* "Napoleon: A Play." By Herbert Trench. 10s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)



Drawn by George Morrow.

"Lord and Lady Overbury having a vegetarian lunch in front of their house in Belgrave Square to set an example of frugality to the carnivorous poor."

From "Quoth the Raven" By E. V. L. and G. M. (Methuen), reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

man he has been waiting for to pilot his fleet across for the great invasion. He is too shrewd a tactician, however, to lend himself to Geoffrey's rather palpable plot to entrap and capture him, and when they meet again it is in the cabin of Geoffrey's sloop, Bonaparte in the character of a map-thief and its skipper in a mood of grief over the loss of his brothers. He fails to stir Napoleon to a sense of his duty to France, and finds the invader simply a selfish glutton for power. He tries a desperate device to rid the world of such a monster, but tries in vain; and when the Corsican's men have dispatched him, the body is handed over to his parents with a certain air of greatness and Greek tragedy. The real triumph of the play is that in the midst of his wild and rather random notions, Geoffrey reveals a philosophy of life, where the germ of the civilisation that Napoleon is trying to destroy lies in that family life which he despises, perceiving in it the core and secret of British strength. This is put in majestic verse and is likely to endure as a tribute to the race. Only a true poet could have set it, as the author has set it here, in an impressive frame, half history, half romance, or endowed it with adequacy of language and power of mind.

J. P. COLLINS.

LEONARD MERRICK'S NOVELS.*

"Peggy Harper" is one of Mr. Merrick's later novels, and if it lacks some of that witty geniality which can be found in the earlier work, it yields to none in its competence and craftsmanship. In his Introduction Sir Arthur Pinero happily compares Mr. Merrick's art to that of the etcher, quoting Seymour Haden's verdict, "Every stroke he makes tells strongly against him if it be bad, or proves him to be a master if it be good." As the painter is forced to do, so Mr. Merrick from choice allows his method and his style to be governed in some degree by his material and a respect for it. It is this which makes his work so exceptional among modern writing. A sentimental realist of the modern school would have forced us to a gentler view of Peggy; he would have resented the fact that success of a deep kind does vulgarise a vulgar nature; and he would have given us a Peggy full of self-excuse and exculpation. Not that Mr. Merrick judges harshly. He does not blame Peggy—he draws her. So too he is content to leave Tatham, her gentlemanly, quiet, talented lover, unheroic. "Peggy Harper" is astonishingly life-like through its author's refusal to shift his people's characters to gratify a false artistic ideal or a plausible philosophy of life. One reads on always expecting to meet that gratified relenting with which so many English authors pluck their disagreeable people out of harshness and cruelty—but Mr. Merrick never gives way. He is as firm in this as was Mr. Shaw in his early plays, and he has a far finer and more real grasp of human nature and individual temperament than Mr. Shaw has ever had. His sense of temperament, indeed, fills one with renewed admiration on re-reading such a story as this; in the stark, honest effect of the scene when Tatham first finds Mrs. Harper drunk; in the horrible little episode when Peggy, flushed with success, turns down her old friend Naomi Knight, and in every scene when Peggy's degradation becomes plainer and plainer. . . . Mr. Merrick's skill is to be praised. Better, however, than any specific scene is the manner in which, throughout the story, Mr. Merrick analyses indirectly the "kind" character: for Peggy is kind—kind because it suits her, and avoids trouble,

and because, too, of a genuine spring in her nature. Kindness of her sort, though, has little strenuous roots, and is never fed by intelligence or effort, and so perishes, like physical beauty or charm, having no source of spiritual truth to nourish and sustain it.

"The Worldlings" occupies a rather unusual position among Mr. Merrick's books. In some ways it is the least satisfactory of his novels. It deals with a world, that of the country-house and the idle rich, whose society he does not know as he knows the friendly, shiftless, poetic or practical people of Bohemia, Fleet Street and the Green-room. Yet, as Mr. Munro says, there are things for which "The Worldlings" deserves very high praise. The brief but astonishingly effective sketch of the grimy, grasping, cruel life in the diamond-fields is one; and another is the emotional crisis involved when Maurice falls in love with Lady Helen. Indeed the power of the book lies not in Maurice's assumption of a dead man's heritage, but in the agony wrought in an essentially honest nature by its one dishonest deed. There Mr. Merrick's philosophy is as sound and as true as ever. It is not the little or the big lies which matter, it is the lie in the soul—the lying to one self, the continuous acceptance of a course of life which makes even good actions bad, which ultimately makes it impossible to think good thoughts, until the man is purged and cleansed of his original falsehood. In his portrait of Helen, Mr. Merrick has been ambitious and not altogether unsuccessful. He has managed that most difficult of tasks, to show us a woman as she is to herself and in herself, as well as how she appears to the lover who idolises and adores her. Still one puts down "The Worldlings" with the sense that the real story, both of Maurice and Helen, has only begun with the discovery of the truth; that this book is only a prologue to a drama which, if he chose to write it, might prove to be Mr. Merrick's greatest novel.

Mr. Howells claims that "The Actor-Manager" is "in every way the best of Mr. Merrick's stories"; and, so far as achievement goes, many readers will be inclined to agree with him. It is a more contained piece of work than the "Quaint Companions," and has a less whimsical appeal than "Conrad in Quest of his Youth." It is remarkable for its cleverness of character and circumstance, and for its astonishing verisimilitude. The gradual breach between Oliphant and his wife is handled with such sureness and firmness that the reader is only aware afterwards of how definitely Mr. Merrick has controlled his sympathies. Mr. Merrick's almost terrible justice renders his hard women far more difficult to forgive than if he were frankly prejudiced against them. His genuine gift for story-telling and for differentiating character is displayed to anyone who cares to compare Peggy Harper with Blanche Ellerton. No doubt there are as many causes for unhappiness—or happiness—as there are marriages; but too many novelists are content with one formula for the unhappy marriage. Mr. Merrick keeps his problems as distinct as his people, and his handling of the third person—the gullible, enthusiastic Otto Fairbairn—is consummate in its ease and reticence.

Problems are offered in all of Mr. Merrick's books—but the solution springs generally from character rather than from abstract principle. In "The House of Lynch" it is otherwise. I feel right through that Mr. Merrick is more interested in his problem, more anxious that the reader should see his point of view, than that he should understand his hero. The problem is the old one of tainted money. Robert Keith falls in love with Betsy Lynch whose father is an American millionaire; the millions are tainted, blood-stained. As Keith puts it to Mrs. Weldehart, "My objection is not to marrying a girl with money, but to living on atrocious money." He refuses to receive a penny, or to allow his wife to receive a penny of the Lynch millions; and there follows the struggle of Betsy to live as a struggling artist's wife. The problem is full of human interest; but I cannot help thinking Keith would have wavered a little more than he does: or rather Mr. Merrick should have suggested more clearly the possibility of

* "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."—"When Love Flies Out o' the Window."—"The Quaint Companions."—"The Position of Peggy Harper."—"The Man Who Understood Women."—"The Worldlings."—"The Actor-Manager."—"Cynthia."—"One Man's View."—"The Man Who Was Good."—"A Chair on the Boulevards."—"The House of Lynch," by Leonard Merrick. Introductions by J. M. Barrie, W. Robertson Nicoll, H. G. Wells, Arthur Pinero, W. J. Locke, Neil Munro, W. D. Howells, M. Hewlett, Granville Barker, L. K. Prothero, A. Neil Lyons and G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

BOOKS AND PELMANISM.

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Keith thinking he is wrong. Not as to the taint in the millions—that is plain enough; but on the larger question as to whether any money is untainted. The weak point, that is, in this admirable novel, is that throughout Mr. Merrick treats as ethical a question which is fundamentally æsthetic, sentimental, emotional. One is always in danger of touching ill-gotten money; but one revolts from it when the ill is glaring. That, as a rule, means when its immediate source is personally tainted. Now Mr. Lynch is not an offensive person, he is pleasant and human and devoted to Betsy, and his humanity should inspire Keith with some tenderness. Keith's position with regard to the Lynch millions is as if a conscientious objector were to refuse to receive a salary from anyone who had invested in any War Loan—a position heroic indeed, but scarcely possible. Still "The House of Lynch," which is the latest, I believe, of Mr. Merrick's novels, is as full of interest and as provocative of thought as any of his books, and Mr. Merrick may say in defence to my criticism that only by Keith's extreme methods could Betsy be saved from her dependence on the monstrous comforts of the terribly wealthy, the evil case of the habitually luxurious. And the bearing of the story does rest, not in its attack on Lynch, but in the gradual discovery of her soul and of the test of love by Betsy Keith.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE PICTISH NATION.*

A thorny subject has been courageously and vigorously tackled by the minister of Kildonan, in Sutherland. This is a remarkable book, and exception will be taken to some of its pronouncements. One is not surprised that "others who contemplated the task shrank from it" almost as soon as its maze of difficulties had been encountered. Two things have made it possible now—a scholar's enthusiasm, and the ability to rehearse a strangely intricate story with perspicuity. A laborious piece of work has been done with distinction, and on that account Mr. Scott is to be complimented.

Mention of Picts and Scots sends one soaring among the mists of antiquity. Who were the Picts? This is the name first given by Euménius (about A.D. 296) to the early settlers in Scotland. Tacitus called them Caledonians, but no doubt he was referring to the people who long after his time were spoken of as the Picts. The Picts are supposed to have been a race of Celts hailing from the country of the Pictones in Gaul. The name springs from a Sanskrit root meaning to pick or mark the skin lightly with a sharp instrument like a tattooing needle. "Pick" is a Scots word employed in the same sense. Tacitus describes the Picts as a "noble race of barbarians." Mr. Scott denies the epithet and presents a totally different portraiture. He describes them as a pastoral people, wedded to their flocks, and leading a simple primitive life. They span and they wove: they used the potter's wheel, were acquainted with the working of iron and bronze: were lovers of the chase: adepts in the art of fish-spearing, and they made use of a two-handed cart, a representation of which survives upon one of their incised stones. They built the *brochs* which still dot the mainland and islands of northern Scotland, and around those fastnesses they set their groups of hut-circles and erected their burial-cairns. Above all they gave welcome to the light of religion, and their *dair-teach*, or prayer-house, foreshadowed the village church uprearing its "modest fabric by the lone yew, or lime, or elm-girt mound." With all that the "barbarian" tradition is incompatible, except—and this may have been Tacitus's point—that the Picts entered battle with bodies bared, but emblazoned with the crudest figures, by which no doubt they hoped to terrorise their adversaries, and perhaps also to derive some sort of fetishistic aid.

St. Ninian was the great Apostle of the Pictish people. On the shore of the Solway he built his Candida Casa or

* "The Pictish Nation: Its People and its Church." By Archibald B. Scott, B.D. 25s. net. (Foulis.)

White Hut, making it a notable training-centre whence his fervid missionaries passed to the evangelisation of the whole East of Scotland from Galloway to Shetland. The native Pictish Church founded by Ninian flourished till the end of the ninth century. How perfect it was, ethically and evangelically, in Mr. Scott's view, we gather from his application to it of the term "Apostolic":

"The Picts believed in the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of men, and strove that personal and communal righteousness should be recognised as necessities of life and progress." . . . "The Pictish Churchmen could claim for their organisation that it adhered not only in form but also in spirit to the Apostolic example." . . . "The Church of the Picts stands in history as a branch of the Church of Christ adhering to the simple life and simple organisation and government of the earliest Apostolic Church." . . . "The motives and aims of the Church of the Picts were Apostolic."

Mr. Scott perhaps is too generous an apologist of the Pictish Church. We must remember the paganism from which it grew, the hard soil, the lack of a preparation period, the frequent thwartings that faced Ninian and his men. On the other hand we have known in our own time a Christianised Nyasa-land where the soil must have been as unpromising as that of Pict-land.

A romantic chapter is devoted to the successors of St. Ninian. But Mr. Scott departs entirely from accepted tradition when he comes to discuss St. Columba's relationship with the Picts. The Founder of Iona is generally credited with the conversion of the Pictish nation, beginning with King Brude whom he is said to have baptised. According to Mr. Scott this is a mere "fable." Brude, Mr. Scott affirms, clung to his heathenism "though he tolerated and could even be kind to the Christians." Mr. Scott apparently accepts the "interpolation" theory with regard to Cumine's and Adamnan's biographies of their great predecessor. "The utmost that Adamnan asks his readers to believe is that the saint 'affrighted Brude greatly,' and the latter conciliated the saint, and treated him 'with very great honour all his remaining days, as was due.'" It is difficult to disentangle this old-world tale of the Christianising of Pictland proper. St. Columba could not have accomplished such a transformation himself, for he was actually an "alien" there—an "enemy" indeed, (as a Gaidheal or Scot), an outlander unfamiliar with its dialect, who could converse with Brude and his court only through an interpreter. The story of Columba's extended missionary tours throughout almost all the north of Scotland is probably apocryphal. This is iconoclasm with a vengeance, but Mr. Scott knows his subject and as an investigator he can be trusted.

It may be, as Mr. Scott thinks, that Venerable Bede is responsible for an error which the history-books have persistently perpetrated. Bede says that "Columba converted the nation of which Brude was the powerful King." Bede's geography, however, was governed by the Ptolemaic conception of ancient Scotland—Ptolemy's North being our West, and his South our East. That is to say, Columba's propaganda was really amongst the Picts of Dalriada—Argyll and the Isles (in the West)—whose inhabitants also acknowledged the paramountcy of Brude. Into Pictland of Alba, or Northern Pictland, St. Columba never ventured on the scale which has been ascribed to him. The Columban mystery is largely the result of a muddling-up of names, and a recognition of that fact seems the true solution. A competent ecclesiologist expiscates for the first time the significance of numerous church-sites within the counties of the Moray Firth area.

"The very stones of these ancient so-called Columban Church-sites of Pictland cry out the names of their true founders, the Colums, Colmans, and Colmocs with whom the fabulists, for St. Columba's glory, deliberately confused his name."

A transcendent name in the religious evolution of Scotland to be sure, but the glamour which surrounds even St. Columba's name must vanish at the uprising of long-buried truth. Manuscripts perish, but church-sites remain, and "the ordinary folk of a district refuse to withdraw their veneration for the names and sites of the earlier Church." No future historian expatiating on the advancement of

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upon him: "I believe it's destroyed every scruple I ever had"; and he acts accordingly, up to certain limits. He has fallen in with old Saffron and serves as a sort of secretary to him, encouraging him in a fantastic delusion that he is the most talked-of monarch of the day, and in constant danger of being seized and haled into captivity. He wins the old man's confidence and regard, and develops a real affection for him, and it is this affection, and the influence of Dr. Mary Ackroyd, that in the end, after Saffron's strange death, prevent him from being so unscrupulous as he believed he had become. It is an ingenious story, compounded of mystery and sensation, rascality, and at first the disillusion and at last the romance of love. Sir Anthony has a light and cunning hand; his melodrama is at times lurid, but he leavens it with a sense of humour and a dash of cynicism. And the melodrama serves as a foil to the sentiment and comedy—more of character than of incident—that are the life and strength of the story, and these are always delightful. Beaumaroy is a baffling personality, dishonourable, ignoble apparently, as well as gaily candid about himself, and it is no small tribute to the author's skill in characterisation that before the end the reader shares Dr. Mary's understanding of and liking for this man who had not found the manners and customs of warfare morally elevating.

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* "The Old Madhouse." By William De Morgan. 7s. net. (Heinemann).—"Beaumaroy Home from the Wars." By Anthony Hope. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

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half-frivolous request is taken seriously and the surprising consequences form the substance of Mr. Chamberlain's delightful novel. Carried to the Englishman's settlement in Central Africa, where he is the only white man and she the only white woman, and communication with the civilised world is practically impossible, the society beauty finds herself living a free, healthy life, and rapidly falling in love with her strange and always chivalrous host. The situation teems with opportunity, and Mr. Chamberlain is inventive and resourceful enough to take full advantage of it. Exciting, romantic and humorous by turns, "The Shining Road" is certainly one of the most original and sparkling of recent novels.

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The Bookman's Table.

THE TOY CART: A Play. By Arthur Symons. 5s. net. (Maunsel.)

Mr. Symons has been thirty years before the public, he has written much, though for a professional author his output cannot be called large. We open each new volume he offers with curiosity and an expectation of pleasure. There is always the same atmosphere, the same outlook on life, the same constant and unvaried search for the picturesque, and yet there is a great variety in the matter. His writing is always graceful, and much practice has given it a sure touch. We feel that Mr. Symons knows just what he can do, and is wise enough and respects himself enough not to attempt to wander in other fields. It is very natural that such a writer, particularly in a time like the present, should turn his eyes towards the glamour of the East. He has always been a lover and a keen student of the drama, and as he is also fond of experiment, he would be pretty certain to write a few plays. It is not often that the critical and dramatic sense go together. "The Toy Cart," however, is genuine drama, and should appeal to a popular as well as a select audience if staged artistically with beautiful dresses and refined acting. Those who care only for musical comedy should pass it by. The characters are clearly enough drawn and the literary style is of such a quality as to place it amongst the closet dramas, which are so marked a feature in the literature of our own country. The play is thoroughly Indian in feeling, and is founded on an Indian story. It is quite simple and straightforward, with no particular subtlety and nothing very new about it; virtue receives its reward, and in its triumph is magnanimous to its fallen foe.

ELIZ'BETH, PHIL AND ME. By Marion St. John Webb.
Illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

The irresistible earnestness of normal children over the countless things that make up their life and their interest in life are lightly and deftly and surely indicated in this pretty volume of verses by Mrs. Webb. No great adventures are recounted: none are needed. The whole of life is an adventure in the years below the teens; and few men and women are more critically observant than are small boys and girls of the persons and circumstances that compose their world. Mrs. Webb remembers or imagines well, when in poem after poem she allows Phil and Eliz'beth and Robin to reveal themselves. The three children are distinct and individual, and yet they are any children or all children. Phil, the eldest, is on the brink of being a schoolboy, but he is still one of the trio; he may see through the kindly pretences of "grown-ups," but he has not lived beyond the thrilling joy of make-believe himself. He may not believe in fairies, but he still sees eye to eye with his juniors over commercial rectitude in the sweet-stuff shop:

"Outside Miss Barbet's shop
We always stop,
And look inside to see who's serving there.
And if it is Miss Barbet's May,
We always buy our sweets that day,
Because we get our proper share.
She weighs the sweets out in a lump.
Miss Barbet's May
Will always say,
'One more for luck!
There you are, my duck!'
And let the scales go down a bump.

"Outside Miss Barbet's shop
We always stop,
And look inside (from where we can't be seen),
And if Miss Barbet's there to stay
We don't go in at all that day,
Because she's really dreadful mean.
The scales don't move, it seems to me,
Before she'll catch
Our sweets, and snatch
Them back once more
Among her store.
It makes you feel quite ill to see"

Eliz'beth also is one of the three, yet distinctly feminine and individual. She "holds together" with the boys, and Phil sometimes criticises her, and Robin sometimes is puzzled by her secrets; but in the last poem, "The Page that Phil and Robin Mustn't Read," she confesses that there are times when she wishes she had a sister

"... who could be
Not quite as old as me,
Though very nearly. And she'd do
Whatever I did; and we two
Would share our games and toys
That wouldn't interest the boys.

"... she'd understand
Just everything I do
Yet, always, as she grew,
I'd grow just a little taller --
So she'd have to be the smaller.
For then she'd always come to me,
And I'd take care of her, you see."

And Robin is the baby of the trio, with a yearning still to be sung to sleep by his mother, although Phil has declared him to be too old for such things. Mrs. Webb's trio are natural, living children, and each poem holds its own pretty child-thought. Sincere praise must be given, too, to Miss Margaret Tarrant, whose illustrations, graceful in drawing, admirable in composition and delicate in colour, make her a valuable colleague in the production of a charming volume.

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continent to California, journeyed thence to Hawaii, Samoa, Savaii Island, Tonga and Fiji, explored New Guinea, civilised and savage, going subsequently to Java and Sumatra, travelled through the Malay States, Siam, Cambodia and Cochin China and then, despite the raging of a great civil war, made their way through Northern China and Southern China to Korea. But an even more extraordinary feature of the lengthy tour which these two English women made was the gallant spirit in which they undertook it, and carried it out. No matter what they set out to do, no matter where they found themselves, even though it were between the armies of Northern and Southern China, they went ahead and got through, relying not a little of course on British and French official passports and recommendations, but supported in the main by their own pluck, initiative and resource and buoyed up by their own indomitable spirits and good humour. Nor can the variety of information about native customs and folklore which Kosita Forbes has picked up on her wanderings and embodied in her book, be regarded as anything less than extraordinary.

THE BOY WHO DID GROW UP. By Newman Flower. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

I should like to persuade every one who can to buy this book and then pass it on to some one else. It may not be as entertaining or enthralling as a first-rate novel, but, read in the right mood and in the right spirit, it will justify the outlay of five shillings a thousand times over. The main facts as to Dr. Barnardo's Homes are known to most of us, but Mr. Newman Flower, in this charmingly sympathetic volume, has devised a way of his own for making us familiar with the actual life of some of the many and various institutions now comprised in the great enterprise. In the course of a country ramble in Essex he meets a boy in a green blazer—a jolly, healthy, happy boy named Fred who is one of "a family of forty-five" all living in a large, pleasant, picturesque villa of red brick—one of the many such homes for waifs and strays constituting the Barnardo Garden City at Woodford. Next he takes us to Barkingside to show us the "City of Girls." A chapter follows on the big naval training school in Norfolk to which we owe so many of our best and smartest sailors . . . and so on through a dozen other aspects of Barnardoism. To see Barnardoism applied to the British Empire—that is Mr. Newman Flower's dream. Sir J. M. Barrie shares it, as his characteristic Preface shows. So no doubt will you when you read the book—especially Chapter XIII., "To-Morrow." Here is its motto, from Benjamin Kidd:

"Oh, you blind leaders who seek to convert the world by laboured disputations! Step out of the way or the world must fling you aside. Give us the young. Give us the young, and we will create a new mind and a new earth in a single generation."

TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS. By M. P. Willcocks. 5s. net. (Lane.)

The twelve essays in this book do really justify the title as few current essays ever do, because in various aspects they tackle the future with an earnest and an inquiring mind. As the dedication is partly to colleagues in prison, the reader is left in no sort of doubt as to the strain and tendency of the thought; and no protest on a reviewer's part is ever likely to persuade these zealous apostles of change that if we are to judge the merit of the message by what its propounder has had to endure at the hands of the law established, then all we need do is to accept the gospel of the Redeemer and St. Paul without further question, and simply decide which form or development of it our individual tastes prefer. Seriously, the fault of the thinking in such works as this is that the mere proclamation and glorification of change is taken to be tantamount to change itself, and the reader is made restless without the benefit of exercise. But Miss Willcocks is a thought sincerer than the rest of them, ampler in her argument, more flashing in her illustrations, more intrepid in her attitudes of mind. And she is such a downright champion of the best side of her sex that no one can fail to admire her, quite apart from any question of sympathy.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. 4

A preliminary letter of enquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The November BOOKMAN, a George Eliot Centenary Number, will contain special articles on George Eliot by George Sampson and Arthur Compton-Rickett.

The Christmas BOOKMAN, which is now in preparation, will contain all the usual features, including four large Illustrated Supplements, a number of beautiful presentation plates in colour and black-and-white, and, in addition, a series of portraits in chalk of distinguished living authors. To avoid disappointments, we would urge our readers to place their orders for the Christmas BOOKMAN at once, as the Number cannot be reprinted.

A new story by those delightful Irish humorists, E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross, will be published this month by Messrs. Longmans. It was projected some years before the death of Martin Ross and takes its title, "Mount Music," from the old house which is at once the background and chief character in the tale.

The first and second "Chap-Books of Rounds," two attractive little books for children, by Eleanor Farjeon, with music by Harry Farjeon, will be published this month by Messrs. Dent.

Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, whose little book of charming essays, "Trivia," was published by Messrs. Constable last year, has made a selection of extracts from English authors, from Chaucer to Shaw, which Constables are publishing under the title of "A Treasury of English Prose."

"Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Her Rise," by the late David Graham Phillips, has been published in two volumes by Messrs. Appleton. In a preface, Robert Chambers pays a warm tribute to Phillips's personal character, his clean honesty, his knightliness "I never knew a finer man" and to his high literary gifts. "I have always thought that Graham Phillips was head and shoulders above us all in his profession," writes Mr. Chambers. "He was to have been really great. He is—by his last book, 'Susan Lenox.' I do not know what the public may think of 'Susan Lenox.' I scarcely know what I think. It is a terrible book—terrible and true and beautiful. Under the depths there are unspeakable things that writhe. His plumb-line touches them, and they squirm. He bends his head from the clouds to do it. Is it worth doing? I don't know. But this I do know—



**Captain R. S. Gwatkin-Williams,
C.M.S., R.N.,**

whose "Prisoners of the Red Desert" Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing.

that within the range of all fiction no character has so overwhelmed me as the character of Susan Lenox. She is as real as life and as unreal. She is Life. Hers was the concentrated nobility of Heaven and Hell. And the divinity of the one and the tragedy of the other. For she had known both—this girl—the most pathetic, the most human, the most honest character ever drawn by an American writer."

"Touch and Go," a three-act play with a Labour interest, by D. H. Lawrence, and "The Fight for Freedom," a play by Douglas Goldring, are the two first volumes in a new series of "Plays for a People's Theatre," which Messrs. C. W. Daniel are publishing.

"A Treasury of War Poetry," edited by George Herbert Clarke, is an exhaustive anthology of the best verse written on every phase of the late war, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in the press.

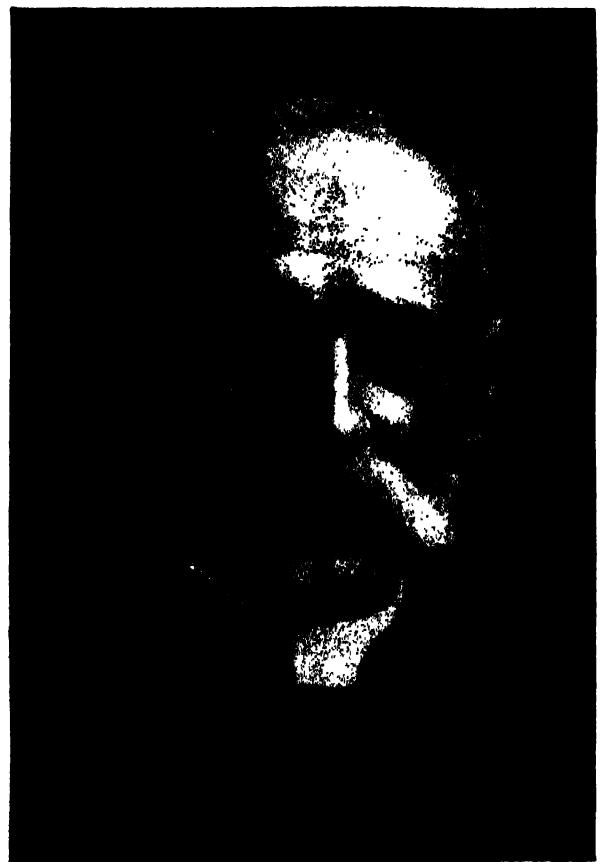
"Romances of Old Japan," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing shortly, is a collection of Japanese stories of the days of the Samurai, translated by Madame Ozaki. The book is to be illustrated with sixteen full-page coloured illustrations reproduced from water-colour drawings and sixteen in half-tone, all specially drawn for the volume by well-known Japanese artists.

The Memoirs of Ludendorff are to be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Messrs. Cassell have almost ready for publication a remarkable book by Count Czernin, former Foreign Minister of Hungary, giving the inside history of momentous episodes of the war and recording some sensational interviews with the German and Austrian Emperors, the German Crown Prince, Bethmann Hollweg, and other persons once of importance in the enemy countries.

Another notable German war book, "Reflections on the World War," by Von Bethmann Hollweg, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth has in the press, gives the German Chancellor's account of what led up to the war, of the progress of hostilities and what has been happening since they ended. Incidentally, he replies to the censures that have been passed upon him by Count Czernin, Ludendorff and other of his critics.

Mr. Butterworth is publishing also "Old People and the Things that Pass," by Louis Couperus. The book has been translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and has an Introduction by Stephen McKenna, who describes it as "unquestionably the greatest novel by the greatest living Dutch writer."



Rev. Frederic W. Macdonald,

whose delightful book of reminiscence, "As a Tale that is Told," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell.

The newest of London publishers is Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who has just opened premises in Thavies Inn, Holborn. He is new only in the superficial sense of the word, for he has had many years of practical experience with Mr. Fisher Unwin, and brings to his undertaking not only sound business qualities but a critical judgment of books and a technical skill in the artistic production of them.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing "Enjoying Life, and Other Literary Remains, Essays and Sketches," by W. N. P. Barbellion, whose posthumous "Journal of a Disappointed Man" roused so much controversy on its appearance last year.



Miss E. W. Savi,
whose new novel, "Banked Fires" was published last month by Messrs. Putnam.

An interesting book of verse that Mr. John Lane has just published is "Poems in Captivity," by John Still. Before the war Mr. Still had lived for many years in Ceylon, but in August, 1914, he returned home to join the Army and took a commission in the East Yorks Regiment. He was sent to Gallipoli, and taken prisoner there, after an action in which almost the whole of his battalion was wiped out. For over three years he was a prisoner in the hands of the Turks, and during that dreary period of too much leisure discovered himself as a poet. The poems in the first part of the volume embody the thoughts, dreams and emotions that came to him in his captivity; those in the latter part hold his memories of Ceylon, its people, its forests, its history. Mr. Still has written also an

account in prose of the three years he spent in durance at Constantinople and Afion Kara Hissar, and this will be published also by Mr. Lane, shortly.



Katherine Harrington
(Mrs. Rolf Bennett),
whose new novel, "Felicity," Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing immediately "Felicity," by Katherine Harrington (Mrs. Rolf Bennett), a strongly realistic novel whose sombreness is relieved by the charm of the heroine's character. Mrs. Bennett, who is an Australian, was educated in the Dominican Convent at Adelaide. She was on the stage for several years, and came to England after touring in the Far East with the late Robert Brough's Company. At present, she and her husband are staying in Cornwall, where she is devoting herself to literary work.

In "If All These Young Men," which Messrs. Methuen are publishing, Miss Romer Wilson, the author of "Martin Schuler," tells a story of what some of those young men and women who were forced to stay at home suffered during the war.



Photo by H. B. Parks.

Mrs. M. Leonora Eyles
whose remarkable novel of life among the poor in London, "Margaret Protesta" (Erskine Macdonald), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

Two new novels that Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing are "The Taming of Nan," by Ethel Holdsworth, author of "Helen of Four Gates," and "The Booming of Bunkie," a humorous story by A. S. Neill, who will be remembered for "A Dominie's Log," the whimsical tale of his unconventional experiments as a schoolmaster.

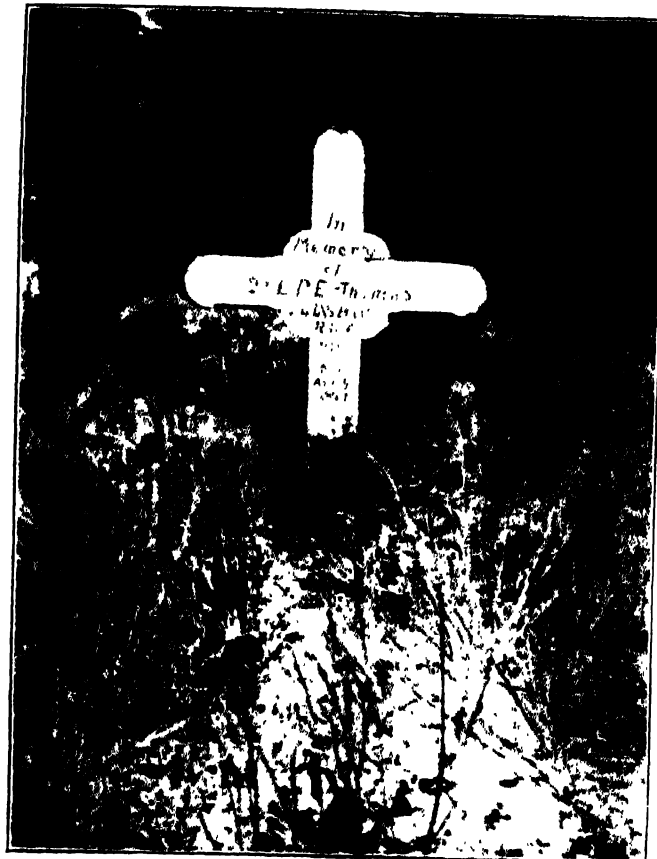
The second Number in series (2s. net) published by the Morland Press is "In Memoriam: Edward Thomas," and contains in addition to a very characteristic poem by Thomas, "Up in the Winds," Vivian Locke Ellis's "Sonnet of April," the month in which Edward Thomas was killed in action; an "In Memoriam" sonnet by Julian Thomas; a poem, "Killed in Action," by W. H. Davies; and a vivid personal sketch, "As I Knew Him," by J. W. Haines. The booklet is decorated with designs by James Guthrie.

A first novel which Messrs. Sampson Low are to publish forthwith is "Sunny Ducrow," by Henry St. John Cooper, who is a nephew of the late Clark Russell.

Two important biographies that Messrs. Macmillan announce are "The Life of Lord Kitchener," by Sir George Arthur, Bart., formerly Lord Kitchener's secretary; and the "Life of William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army," by Harold Begbie. They are publishing this month Mr. Festing Jones's long expected Memoir of Samuel Butler, and, in November, "The Letters of Henry James," edited by Percy Lubbock.

"Materials for the Study of the Apostolic Gnosis," by T. S. Leigh, D.D., and F. Bligh Bond, a book which contains Christian evidence from an entirely unexpected source, will be published this month by Mr. B. H. Blackwell.

Green Pastures"



The Grave of Edward Thomas,
the distinguished critic, essayist and poet, who was killed in the
Battle of Arras, April 9th, 1917.
"One of the Lords of No Man's Land, good Lord
Although he was seen dying at Waterloo,
Hastings, Agincourt and Sedgemoor too,
Lives yet." *From his poem 'Lot.'*

A humorous book that never had a boom, but won high praise from such critics as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Birrell and Mr. Belloc, and has gone on selling steadily ever since it first appeared, about thirty years ago, is "The Diary of a Nobody," by George and Weedon Grossmith. Messrs. Arrowsmith, who publish it, are now including it in their two-shilling reprints, and have in preparation a Library Edition which will contain a memoir of the two brothers Grossmith by B. W. Findon.

"Youth! Youth!" a collection of stories that Captain Desmond Coke wrote during the war, will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The book will contain many illustrations by H. M. Brock.

New volumes in Messrs. Williams & Norgate's admirable "The Making of the Future" series are "Our Social Inheritance," by Victor Branford and Patrick Geddes; and "Provinces of England," by C. B. Fawcett.

The Oxford Press has just issued a new and cheap edition of Mr. Herbert Trench's play, "Napoleon," which we reviewed last month.

Mrs. Mary Gaunt's new novel, "The Surrender and Other Happenings," is to be published this month by Mr. Werner Laurie.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin have ready for publication "The Outer Circle," a new book by Mr. Thomas Burke.

"Plays of the Ridings," three plays in the Yorkshire dialect by the late Professor Motorman, will be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews; who has also in hand three volumes by Lord Dunsany -- fresh editions of "The Gods of Pegana" and "The Book of Wonder," and a new book entitled "Unhappy Far Off Things."

Mr. Mathews has discovered a new poet who, hiding his identity behind the pseudonym of "Red Band," has written what distinguished critics who have read it in MS. describe as a very beautiful and poignant poem that he is calling "A Prisoner of Pentonville." The book will be published in the course of the next few weeks.

"Ousting Louise," a new story by Dr. Morgan de Groot, is to be published next week by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

"A Thin Ghost, and Other Stories," a new collection of weird and gruesome tales by Dr. M. R. James, Provost of Eton, will be published immediately by Mr. Edward Arnold.



Miss Jessie Duncan Westbrook,

joint translator with Inayat Khan, of "Hindustani Lyrics" (Sun Publishing Society) reviewed in this Number.

That interesting little "journal of fellowship and freedom," *The Venturer*, starts a new series under new editorship with its October issue, and will be published by the Swarthmore Press, the new name that has been adopted by Messrs. Headley Bros.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has arranged to take the Chair at the To-Morrow Club on December 4th, when Mr. Herbert Thring is to give an address on the Society of Authors.

Sir Guy Francis Laking, Bart., has written "A Record of Arms and Armour Through Seven Centuries," and the first of its five volumes will be published by Messrs. G. Bell & Sons this year.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS MARY L. PENDERED.

IT seems to be the pleasant practice of women novelists who study country life, to depict some particular county or district well known to them as the background and setting of their stories. Probably the fashion was instituted by Jane Austen, more than a century ago, with her delicate studies of Hampshire and Bath. The Brontës followed with their more vivid pictures of the moorlands of Yorkshire, and George Eliot with her charming presentments of Warwickshire. At the present day this specialisation, so to speak, of county novels is very marked. Sussex, in particular, is highly favoured in possessing three such literary artists as Mrs. Henry Dudeney, Miss Violet Simpson, and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith,

Miss Mary L. Pendered is pre-eminently — nay solely — a novelist of Northamptonshire, one of the most typical of English counties. Its situation in the heart of England has left it primitive and unspoiled in the rural districts away from the towns. What strikes a visitor to Northamptonshire most, in spring and summer, is the intense green of the countryside — a land of lush meadows, rich vegetation, wild straying hedges, grass-bordered roads, and waving woodlands which descend from the forests of Whittlebury and Rockingham. This, too, is the aspect which Miss Pendered has conveyed to her best novels and transcribed again and again with never-failing charm—a picture of rich green country and Arcadian delights, of

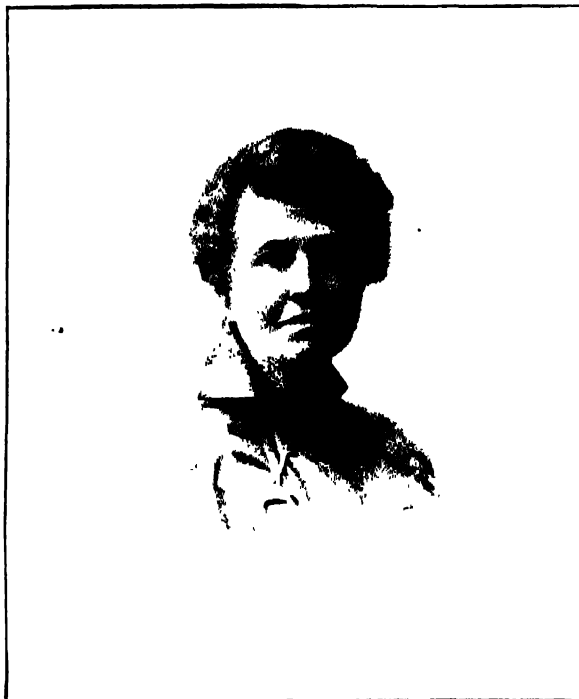


Photo by S. H. Greenaway

Miss Mary L. Pendered,

picturesque thatched cottages set in old-world gardens ablaze with flowers and scented with lavender, and always woods beyond. She draws from the actual scene, for, although born in London, Miss Pendered has, since the age of seven, lived practically all her life in Northamptonshire (with the exception of a few years spent at Beltinge, Herne Bay). Her girlhood was passed at an old house in Wellingborough, but later her family removed to a pleasant property, named Redwell, outside that town, and this is still her home. Wellingborough and the country round is consequently the district of her novels.

But though the scene of her novels may be local and peaceful, their subject matter is sometimes very different, for human passions are not slaked by a draught of green pastoralism and innocence is not indigenous to a cottage. Miss Pendered does not shrink from the facts of life; she has on occasion presented them with considerable courage for one of her sex, and has, in result, not escaped the charge of "immorality" brought against some of her books by inept persons. The most remarkable fact of her literary output is her extraordinary variety. As I have said, several of her novels have been stigmatised as "immoral and too daring": others have been termed "wholesome and sweetly pretty." This, perhaps, has militated against her work becoming a popular success. She has ever declined to write in a groove. The reading public which knows exactly what to expect in the way of sentimental virtues or delicious vices of certain popular lady novelists, who shall here be nameless, is a little shy of a writer who runs up and down the whole scale in her books. The unexpected is not desired by the great majority of novel readers. Those who liked Miss Pendered's "daring" studies of the relations of the sexes were bored by her "wholesome" pastorals, and those who liked the latter were shocked by the former. Consequently, the versatile author has missed the particular following of the established favourite. As she herself has described her variableness:

"I cannot and don't want to write two books alike. I cannot make a name for a certain type of book, because my fancy pulls in so many directions. At one moment I long to write, like Herrick, 'of books, of blossoms, birds and flowers, of April, May, of June and July flowers.' At another time I feel impelled to write of poor, frail, fallen humankind. At another I write of naughty people and their passions. Or again I have a sudden desire to recreate a once living man or woman in biography. Or I feel sententious and wish to spend myself in essays. Or a dramatic inspiration seizes me and I burn to write a play."

Miss Pendered's first novel, "Dust and Laurels," published in 1893, was very well received by press and public, and went into a second edition. *The Literary World* observed that the author's strength lay "in her smart Oscar Wilde paradoxes." It was followed by "A Pastoral Played Out," which the critics decided

was an "immoral" book. *The New York Times* gave it three columns of violent abuse, which, however, failed to secure popularity for the novel: the subject—the ruin of a young girl, who eventually murders her illegitimate child—is painful. The book also gives some glimpses of stage life.

The author broke new ground with her third novel, "An Englishman," which Mr. W. L. Courtney described as "a thoroughly wholesome, sympathetic, effective story . . . handled with considerable adroitness and manifesting no inconsiderable originality of characterisation": he classed it as one of the best books of the year (1899). Next came "Musk of Roses," "The Secret of the Dragon," and "Daisy the Minx." The second of these—and the author's favourite work—was a remarkable romance: it dealt with alchemy and what the *Westminster Gazette* termed "the secret whispered through Keats's 'Magic Casements.'"

Miss Pendered now produced in sequence her three most characteristic novels of country life in Northamptonshire. "At Lavender Cottage" contains some excellent portraiture, in particular a very able and successful study of the psychology of a small boy. "Phyllida Flouts Me" describes the villages of the Cranfords near Kettering. "Lily Magic" interprets very finely the spirit of the lovely country of the midland county.

"Plain Jill" and "The Secret Sympathy" (which has been translated into Norwegian) were followed last year by "The Silent Battle-field"—a powerful novel which has brought the author an instalment of the recognition that is her due. It describes the career of an illegitimate boy and his struggle with the world: the title adumbrates his conflict with his own soul. The Eniborough of the story is, of course, Wellingborough. Miss Pendered has also written "The Book of Common Joys" (essays) and, anonymously, "All We Like Sheep" and "The Truth About Man" by A Spinster, which ran through two magazines, and three editions in book form. She has written other works in collaboration, and contributed largely to magazines and newspapers. For nearly a year, in fact, she followed the calling of a journalist in London. But she now lives entirely in the country: no place can be too quiet for her. When not engaged in writing she devotes her time to gardening and music.

Mention must also be made of another book by Miss Pendered in quite a different vein to her novels. In 1910 she produced "The Fair Quaker"—an extremely painstaking and valuable study of Hannah Lightfoot and her relations with King George the Third, which shows considerable biographical skill and a *flair* for discovering evidence and the marshalling of salient facts. Miss Pendered's future career, both as biographer and novelist, will be watched with interest.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE READER.

W. H. HUDSON.

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

WHAT a delightful, fascinating writer is W. H. Hudson! He is the joy of all good readers and the despair of all bad authors. Open any one of his volumes, and in the first paragraph he casts his spell upon you with the deft, irresistible art that seems to know nothing of artifice. His prose appears as natural and unforced as the notes of his own beloved birds, and as full of grace and sunshine. How is it done? Speaking as one who writes with groans and sighs and labour vast, driving the unwilling words into some sort of order, which then ungratefully proves to be not quite the order desired, I can only say that I read him with the blackest envy and the profoundest admiration. There is no better way of getting a short view of his peculiar excellence than a successive reading of "Nature in Downland" and "Wild Life in a Southern County." I protest that I like Richard Jefferies and desire to speak no ill of him, if only because his admirers are many and earnest and would undoubtedly begin looking for me with a gun; but I am bound to say that

I do not find him always delightful. He was better at wood-craft than word-craft. Sometimes, and usually when he is most sincere, he is difficult and ungraceful, as if his flow of feeling impeded his utterance; and then sometimes he says too much. Think of "Bevis," which should have been the perfect book for boys, and somehow isn't. Who can help feeling that it fails because Jefferies did not know what to leave out? True, he tried to shorten it later; but he made it even worse because he then left out too much. Grace and charm and shapeliness are not everything, but they are a great deal; and if we are to appreciate the best in literature, we must learn to appreciate fine craftsmanship. On the whole we do appreciate the craft of verse, but we often have the air of thinking that prose doesn't matter; and so we cheerfully let our politicians and officials and commercial men do damage to our ear for

prose as well as to our wonderfully rich and beautiful language. But we digress! Let us reiterate our gratitude for the excellence of Mr. Hudson's prose.

One outstanding quality of his work is its range and variety. Here he is unique among writers on nature. He is equally at home with mammoths and moths, unlike Fabre, for instance, who seems most strongly attached to the things that attach themselves most strongly to us. Richard Jefferies' kingdom is England south of the Thames, and Gilbert White's Selborne is a narrow plot of ground intensively cultivated; but Mr. Hudson moves with ease and intimacy from La Plata to Land's End, and interests us equally in the copses of the suburbs and the great plains of the unfamiliar Americas. This is a great and admirable quality. The good naturalist is in a way supernatural. He transcends our petty and jealous boundaries and knows nothing of international suspicions. To him a living creature is wonderful and beautiful whether it lives in Surrey or Siberia. The naturalist does not feel bound to love a species because it is British,

to suspect a species because it is Russian, and to hate a species because it is German, or to maintain, with admired patriotic fervour, that the British rat is bigger, fiercer and more dangerous than any three foreign rats together. When we can learn to regard the interesting mammal called man with something of the naturalist's large reverence, we shall be the nearer to making this distracted globe into something better than a slaughter-house.

Mr. Hudson has the true naturalist's feeling. He sees in an animal something to be admired and studied, not something to be slain and stuffed or immersed in a bottle of spirit. To the true naturalist it is life that matters, not death; and he can therefore be tender to the things that give me horripilations which I deplore, but cannot help. I sympathise with Stevenson's shuddering exclamation that entomologists must be the bravest

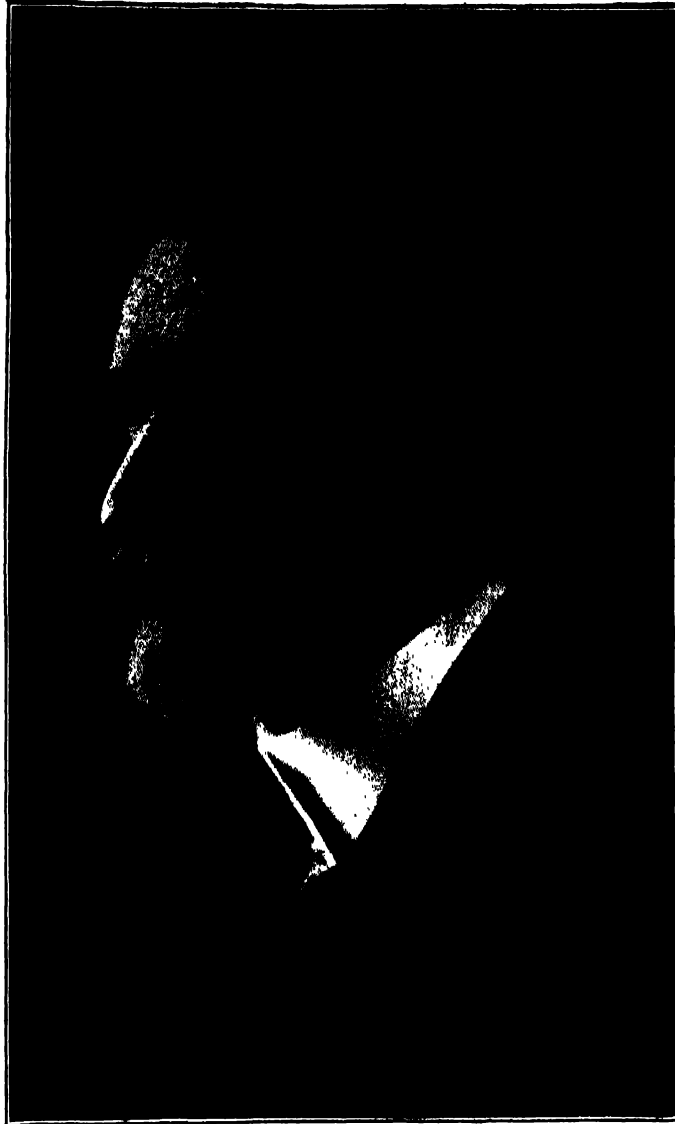


Photo by Mar.

W. H. Hudson.

of God's creatures. No one could accuse Mr. Hudson of writing gush, though his note is always the note of love and wonder. With the repentant Mariner he can exclaim :

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware " -

except, of course, that "unaware" is the last word he could use of his all-sympathising mind. It is the beauty of "living things," of life itself, that moves him

"The main thing was the wonderfulness and eternal mystery of life itself; this formative, informing energy, this flame that burns in and shines through the case, the habit, which in lighting another, dies, and albeit dying yet endures for ever; and the sense, too, that this flame of life was one, and of my kinship with it in all appearances, in all organic shapes however different from the human. Nay, the very fact that the forms were unhuman but served to heighten the interest; the roe-deer, the leopard and the wild horse, the swallow cleaving the air, the butterfly toying with a flower, and the dragon-fly dreaming on the river, the monster whale, the silver flying-fish, and the nautilus with rose and purple-tinted sails spread to the wind."

To slay is to be not a naturalist but a collector, and to be a collector of creatures or of wealth, of life or of the means to life, is the sin against the spirit. Are there not postage stamps?

Mr. Hudson's books are not only high in quality but generous in quantity. One or two may have something of a specialist's appeal; but, for general readers, consider what is offered—"The Purple Land," "The Naturalist in La Plata," "Birds in a Village," "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Birds in London," "Nature in Downland," "El Ombú," "Hampshire Days," "Green Mansions," "A Crystal Age," "The Land's End," "Afoot in England," "A Shepherd's Life," "Adventures among Birds," and the fragment of Autobiography published last year, "Far Away and Long Ago," to say nothing of the delightful fairy tale, "A Little Boy Lost"! His latest volume, "The Book of a Naturalist,"* is worthy to rank with the best of its predecessors. In variety it is specially charming. It deals with such diverse subjects as the nature of pine-woods and the bird and insect life therein, the beauty and attractions of rats, adders, serpents, toads, bats and moles, the life (and death) of foxes, the serpent in nature and literature, the dog and the horse, the lamb and the pig, the wasp and the moth, the rook and the heron, and plants as various as the daffodil and the potato. Let us quote him in two aspects, first in anecdotal vein, maintaining from known instances that the dog is not unique in his developed attachment to man—is there not, for example, the lame duck that attached itself to Mr. Caxton, and affectionately followed him up and down in his walk? about which Mr. Hudson sagely remarks that the incident must have been founded on fact, for

* "The Book of a Naturalist." By W. H. Hudson 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton)

if Lytton had invented it, it would have been a peacock or a bird of paradise:

"A friend of the writer owned a duck far more worthy of admiration than Bulwer's immortal bird. This was not a domestic duck, but a teal, which he brought down with his gun slightly wounded in the wing, and feeling all at once a strange compassion for it, he tied it up in a handkerchief and carried it to his home in the suburbs of a large town. The captive was turned into a courtyard and its wants attended to; it soon grew accustomed to its new mode of existence, and furthermore became strongly attached to all the members of the family, seeking for them in the rooms when it felt lonely, and always exhibiting distress of mind and anger in the presence of strangers. When a cat or dog was fondled in its presence it would run to the spot, administer a few vindictive blows to the animal with its soft bill, and solicit a caress for itself. The most curious thing in its history was that it took a special liking for its captor, and singled him out for its most marked attentions. When he went away to business in the morning the teal would accompany him to the street door to see him off, returning afterwards contentedly to the yard; and in the afternoon it would again repair to the door, always left open, and standing composedly on the middle of the step wait its master's return—for this teal took count of time. If, while it stood there watching the road, a stranger came in, it would open its beak and hiss and strike at his legs, showing as much suspicion and sense of proprietorship as a dog does when it barks and snaps at a visitor. Its owner's arrival would be greeted with demonstrations of affection and joy, and following him into the house it would spend an hour or two very happily if allowed to sit on his feet or nestle close against them on the hearth-rug."

Now let us try him in his reflective, descriptive mood. He is instructing us how to find adders:

"Not only must the seeker go softly, but he must have a quick seeking, ever-searching eye, and behind the eye a mind intent on the object. The sharpest sight is useless if he falls to thinking of something else, since it is not possible for him to be in two places at once. To empty the mind as in crystal-gazing is a good plan, but if it cannot be emptied, if thought will not rest still, it must be occupied with adders and nothing else. The exercise and discipline is interesting even if we find no adders; it reveals in swift flickering glimpses a vanished experience or state of the primitive mind—the mind which, like that of the inferior animals, is a polished mirror, undimmed by speculation, in which the extraneous world is vividly reflected."

That is interesting and suggestive in matter as the remarks of any naturalist might be; but is it not also charmingly written—as the remarks of many naturalists sometimes fail to be? In this world where, as yet, man's fullest energies are turned to destruction, where his instant response to life and beauty is the trap and the gun in this world

'Of dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched blind pit-ponies,
And little hunted hares,"

nothing but good can come of such work as Mr. Hudson's with its sympathy, admiration, humour and cosmic kindness.

WHAT DRAMATIC CRITICS SHOULD KNOW.*

BY W. L. GEORGE.

IT is understandable that critics of the drama should abound, while critics of prose should be few; under-

* "European Theories of the Drama" By Barrett H. Clark. \$3.50 net. (Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.)

standable for two reasons. One is that the critical mind finds itself stage-struck as easily as any suburban girl, and is allured by the atmosphere of the theatre, the lights, the properties, the beautiful young actor

or actress that draws tears or arouses passion. The other is that drama, in the modern sense, is a new form, and that for the two thousand years preceding Molière it could hardly be distinguished from poetry. Thus critics of poetry were also critics of drama.

It follows that an immense mass of criticism has accumulated through the ages, that much of it is contradictory, and that the critical tradition can be disengaged only by a student ready to labour as any Benedictine monk. Mr. Barrett Clark has undertaken this work, and one might review his activities by saying that he has written the standard book on the subject. "European Theories of the Drama" is only 500 pages long, but it concentrates within its covers everything the dramatic critic should know, and indicates the direction he should follow if he wishes to grow learned. It would of course be too much to ask Mr. Barrett Clark to analyse for us the minor commentators, such as C. F. Armstrong, Benoist, or Borsa; if he had done this his work would have attained six folio volumes. What he does is to select the main theories of the main people, and to add to each of these an enormous bibliography. Thus, if one wishes to follow him further, the facts are there.

Mr. Clark's book, however, suffices for technical criticism. If ever I write a play, I shall be content if my notices come only from men who have read Mr. Clark. For the student will have surveyed the whole field, from Aristotle to William Archer; he will know something of the views of Scaliger, Minturno, Wagner, Victor Hugo; he will have founded his theory on Boileau as well as on Shaw, on Schlegel, and on Brunetière. He will have been well guided, in spite of Mr. Clark's undue insistence on ancient criticism. Speaking as a modern, I have little use for Greek drama *as drama*; it is poetry; but it is not drama; it is difficult to feel interest in the adventures of men who murder their fathers and marry their mothers, or are asked ridiculous riddles by animals escaped from a mythological zoo. Likewise, there is not much to be gained from the mechanical intrigues, the unlikely soliloquies, the absurd asides which infest early Italian comedy, leak into Shakespeare and Molière, and make into a weariness the works of Congreve.

What is obviously useful in this book is the disengaging of the far from obvious view that a play is not a novel, though Brunetière alone says this clearly. It follows that action, and nothing but action can carry a play. Aristotle is clear on this, when saying: "Emotions arise

from the combination of incidents rather than from the sight." Horace: "The things which enter by the ear affect men more languidly than such as are submitted to the faithful eyes." Dryden: "Nothing should go into the discourse which may hinder the moving of passions." This may seem obvious, but I think it is worth putting forward, because of late years the tendency of the intellectual drama has been away from action. Drama has become static; it is all very well for Mr. Augustin Hamou to say that in Mr. Shaw's plays there is "psychological action": the truth is that if Mr. Shaw's plays had not been intensely sincere and very witty, they would never have stood up on the stage. Action, and always action, is the test of good drama. If it had action "The Madras House" would be as good a play as "Mrs. Goringe's Necklace"; Mr. Barker is an intellectual, Mr. Davies was a commonplace playwright . . . but the playwright knew his job. And Alexandre Dumas *fits* agreed that a man without thought might be a good playwright.

Of course, by action one does not mean agitation, as Brunetière puts it, and Freytag agrees that an action in itself is not dramatic. When one man shoots another, that is not drama; when one man hesitates between his desire to shoot and the consequences of the deed, that is drama. The last word on this has been said by Brunetière: "The theatre shows the struggle of the human will against circumstance." There are other considerations, such as the unities of time, place, and action, on which Castelvetro, Molière and Diderot rightly extend; there is the question: "Should drama imitate (Aristotle says 'yes') or interpret?" There is the question of realistic scenery, for which Sir Philip Sidney clamoured. All these matters appear, and are vital, but the main problem is dramatic action; the critic who seeks that first will probably judge well.

It is worth while judging well, for good plays are few and deserve commendation. Beaumarchais may exaggerate when he says: "Plays are like children: conceived with pleasure, carried about before they are born with great fatigue and brought forth in pain; scarcely ever do they recompense their parents, and they cost more sorrow than they give delight"; still they do not come to playwrights in their dreams, and so humbly beg fair treatment. The critic who reads Mr. Clark's book will certainly be preparing to judge with skill and appraise with justice.

EDMUND GOSSE.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

ON the 21st of September Mr. Edmund Gosse celebrated his seventieth birthday. His friends and fellow-authors were unwilling that the occasion should go by unmarked, and united to pay him a tribute of esteem and felicitation in the form of a portrait-bust which is, I believe, to be formally presented to Mr. Gosse when it is finished.

Three score and ten used to be accounted a great and venerable age. But it is hard to associate Mr. Gosse with any thought of age; he does not look his years; he keeps a vigour and activity that many younger men

might envy; more than all, he has the secret of youthful mind, alert to fresh impressions; he has never lost the capacity of enthusiasm. At a time of life when writers and artists often grow crusty in their opinions, self-absorbed, and contemptuous of the advancing generation, Mr. Gosse keeps touch with the rising talent, and is ever ready to encourage and give the spur to the promise of youth. Not that every young idol of the day has won his applause. I think he is far from facile in his admirations; there are modern tendencies that do not appeal to him at all; and when he condemns,

he condemns with candour and decision. But he is less prejudiced probably than most of us, and he is always interested. A generous sympathy with youth and understanding of its ardent struggles and disappointments is not too common; and many are the younger writers who have experienced from Mr. Gosse very real kindness, and help, and encouragement. A great loyalty to the fine tradition of letters, a wish that the torch should be kept alive and radiant, and that the future of English literature should prove worthy of its majestic past—this no doubt inspires an eager interest in the activities of the present and gives warmth to the recognition of a budding gift. I dare say Mr. Gosse would share the feeling that Albert Dürer expressed as he grew old, thinking hopefully and happily of the artists who were to come after him and who should surpass all the achievements of the past.

But we must not, and cannot, think of Mr. Gosse as one whose work is over. He is still active as a writer, and his pen has lost nothing of its natural animation. We are greeting his latest volume, "Diversions of a Man of Letters." And it is as a man of letters—one of a type that grows rarer in these days when writers are so prone to reform the world—as a man to whom

literature is a passion even more than a profession, and who cares most jealously and honourably for the dignity of letters and the recognition of that dignity, that we salute Mr. Gosse to-day. In all his writing the flame of this loyalty and enthusiasm burns transparent. He himself has told us in memorable pages the story of his childhood and singular upbringing, and how, against all obstacles and in spite of repression and enforced ignorance, the master cravings of his mind pushed up like a flower to the sun. He had the born writer's love of language for its own sake; the sound of proper names had magic for his ears. Brought up to be absolutely ignorant of all the world of story-books and romance, without sight of any pictures save scientific illustrations, the first chance-won glimpses of literature and art were thrilling as they could never be to children of a later time. If this deliberate starving of the imagination seems a cruel privation, yet it had its recompense. If, reading "Father and Son," we share the intensity of the child's disappointment with Primrose Hill, expecting a mountain absolutely carpeted with shining primroses and finding the suburban mound we know, we share too the intensity of his rapture in the first-heard cadences of Virgil, in the radiant sensuous images of Marlowe's

"Hero and Leander." And if Mr. Gosse, as a child, was protected by parental solicitude from the seductions of romantic literature to a degree that seems now hardly credible, he no sooner escaped into the forbidden garden than he seems to have explored its farthest recesses. How greedily, how joyfully, he must have read! And how accomplished an artist he appears already in his first volume of verse, published when he was twenty-three. When "On Viol and Flute" appeared, he had been for some years an Assistant in the Library of the British Museum. Coventry Patmore had by then, I think, retired from the Museum, but another poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who had become an official naturalist, in spite of himself and to the scandal of the zoologists, was a colleague in Bloomsbury. It was in the Museum that Mr. Gosse first set eyes on a greater and more famous poet:

"Swinburne had fallen in a fit while working in the reading-room, and had cut his forehead superficially against the iron staple of the desk. I was walking along a corridor when I was passed by a couple of silent attendants rapidly



Mr. Edmund Gosse
in his Library.

From an etching, by Miss Sylvia Gosse.

carrying along in a chair what seemed to be a dead man."

It was a strange and dismaying first encounter with one who was afterwards to be so close a friend. At that time Swinburne was at the height of his youthful fame. A whole generation had been swept off its feet by the impetuous rushing music of "Atalanta" and "Poems and Ballads." And when, a few years later, Rossetti's poems emerged at last into the daylight, it seemed that a new period of splendour had once again set in for English poetry. Mr. Gosse was not merely a witness of this dazzling movement, he belonged to the charmed circle.

In the preface to his "Collected Poems" (1911) he has this interesting confession:

"There is nothing in which fashion alters so rapidly as it does in poetry. I have followed every successive change in it with curiosity, and I believe with sympathy. I shall know myself to be old indeed when I can no longer vibrate to the music of the latest poets of our race, and I have not yet found that I am unable to respond to their challenge. But I should make a vain pretence if I presumed to work upon their lines; I admire them in their advance, but I do not attempt to follow it. . . . My technique was determined forty years ago, and what it was it has remained. I believe that a verse-writer learns his business suddenly, at the dawn of manhood, and that he continues in a state of metrical equilibrium till his skill as a craftsman falls from him."

Does the belief expressed in this last sentence partly account for the fact that Mr. Gosse, after putting forth three or four volumes, deserted verse for prose? For it seems to me that whatever an artist's natural medium be, the problems and the fascination of that medium will continue to enthral him and continue to prompt fresh experiment; he will be far from staying in one place, or content with equilibrium. The pressure of actual and of imaginative experience will be always teasing his thought to discover new subtleties of form. However this may be, it would appear that prose, as a medium, has had a more enduring interest than verse for Mr. Gosse; in his prose the accent is more personal and vibrating; and as a prose-writer he has shown an increasing mastery, felicity and ease. It is in set forms like the sonnet that his poetry is most happy; and from a cluster of fine sonnets I will recall this one to the reader, because it seems to me very typical of its author's gift:

A PORTRAIT.

"She hath lived so silently and loved so much
That she is deeply stirred by little things,
While pain's long ache and sorrow's sharper stings
Scarce move her spirit that eludes their clutch;

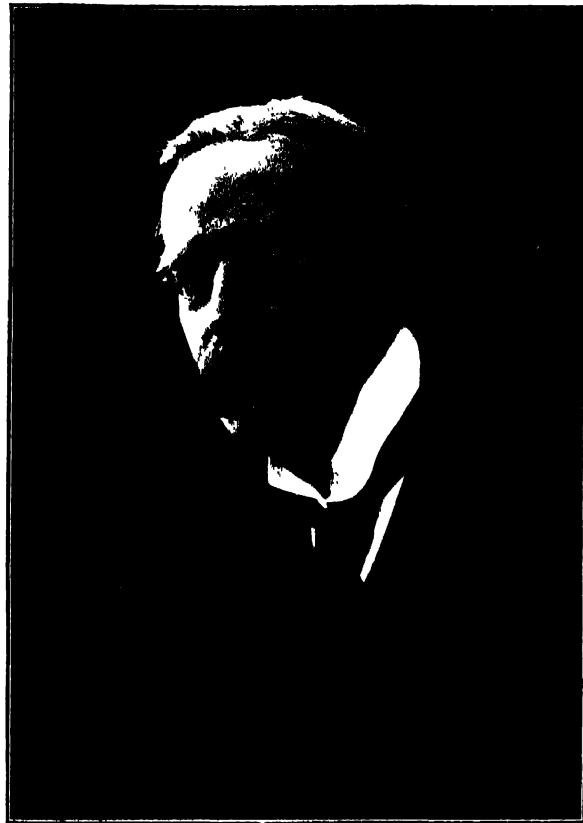


Photo by G. C. Beresford.

Mr. Edmund Gosse.

A new portrait.

But one half-tone of music,
or the touch
Of some tame bird's eager
vibrating wings,
Breaks up the sealed fountain's murmurings
To storm, or what in others
might seem such;
So when she lifts her serious
lips to turn
On ours her soft and magical
dark eyes,
All womanhood seems on her,
in disguise;
As on the pale white peacock
we discern
The pencilled shadows of the
radiant dyes
And coloured moons that on
her sisters burn."

Already in 1872 Mr. Gosse is addressing a poem to Henrik Ibsen in expectation of the forthcoming "Emperor or Galilean"—long years before that master's name had become a battle-cry to the "advanced," or had made the hair of Clement Scott to stand on end, or

had been so much as whispered to the British public. And in 1879 appeared "Northern Studies," the fruit of much reading in the Scandinavian languages and of travel in Scandinavian countries. Here Mr. Gosse was truly a pioneer. Before this he had been translated from the Museum to the Board of Trade. There followed a long series of prose works; literary history, biographies, and essays, interrupted by what, I think, is an isolated adventure into fiction—"The Secret of Narcisse," a remarkable story, which makes one wonder a little that its author did not further explore this field. But Mr. Gosse's peculiar combination of gifts finds most intimate and triumphant expression in a kind of literary portraiture. As a critic he does not deal, like Arnold, in the large and luminous application of general ideas to literature so much as try to bring out with delicate and vigorous strokes the most expressive features in the subject of his study. He is at his best when the human interest, not less than the literary, is engaged: he is at his very best when writing of men whom he has actually known. Who can forget such pictures as that of Walt Whitman in his home at Camden, or that of Swinburne at an evening party? It is here that Mr. Gosse's genius for portraiture gets full play with its sustained vivacity and incisiveness, mellowed by the suffusion of an imaginative, slightly malicious humour. As a literary historian Mr. Gosse has ease and point and a light control of his material, qualities rarer with us than with the French. Few Frenchmen indeed possess his knowledge of France and of French literature; and of contemporary movements in French poetry and fiction he has been, and is, an enlightened and sympathetic interpreter. But of Mr. Gosse's many books I suppose every one would agree that one surpasses all the rest in beauty and power; and that is "Father and Son." There are few books of our time

for which such a claim might be ventured ; but this, I think, we feel to be a destined classic, one of the master-pieces, unique in its kind. The portrait of the Father in that book is something never to be forgotten, so profoundly human is it with all its extreme singularities ; and it is touched with the rarest art, the finest feeling. And around that dominating yet pathetic figure how the lesser characters, even the most transient, group

themselves in that strange atmosphere, each in a few strokes so alive and real !

All who love letters and the art of letters will congratulate Mr. Gosse on the ripe achievement of his busy life. He has attained the position, recognised abroad, of what one might call the ambassador of English Letters ; and there is no one who could fill that unofficial post with such grace, authority and animation.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, PLAYWRIGHT AND NOVELIST.

By J. P. COLLINS.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has stood for years among my arrears of conscience. That is to say, after a working acquaintance as an old reviewer with his half-dozen novels, and as an old and grateful playgoer with his score or more of comedies, the fancy came of late to go through them again and see if they would pass on second or third reading. So far from proving a holiday task, they gave the holiday a double zest, and I can heartily recommend a run through Mr. Maugham's writings as a post-war tonic. The thing to stipulate is that the reader must be modern-minded and the reverse of squeamish, especially about the seventh commandment. So much said, it remains to give the best advice of all, and that is to read Mr. Maugham, as I have done, in the green core of his own breezy county of Kent.

The first book Mr. Maugham launched upon the public could hardly have been, considering its slight dimensions, a clearer indication of the fearless line he was to follow. "Liza of Lambeth" came at a time when Gissing and Morrison were still a force, and the odour of mean streets was accepted as synonymous with literary honesty and courage. There is certainly no lack of either about his idyll of Elizabeth Kemp of the lissom limbs and auburn hair, but with all allowance for the racy dialect, the frolics of the Chingford "beano," the rueful futility of the faithful Thomas, and the engaging callousness of Liza's mother, the effect upon the reader is one of crudity of set purpose, and an interval of twenty years' acquaintance only makes it, on repeated reading, seem cruder still. No artist of experience setting out upon a traverse from gaiety to gloom would allow his hand to appear so flagrantly ; and no practitioner who wanted to do anything but make our flesh creep would admit such a double blow, to the reader and the heroine alike, as occurs at the climax of Jim Blakiston's hefty love-making. Every time one reads of the downfall of "Liza," one cannot help feeling that if she had perished in manuscript under a veto from the publisher's adviser, the lesson might have spurred the author to gain that mastery in fiction which he seems somehow to have disdained. And his next study in feminine portraiture showed how far he could travel towards perfection.

"Mrs. Craddock"—which I take to be Mr. Maugham's best work as a novelist—is a sex-satire punctuated by four curtains, two of tragedy, and two of comedy. This mixture of opposites should be enough to damn it in the eyes of a public intent upon classifying everything

by means of labels, and on making everything so classified stick to its label like grim death. Yet the unclassifiable may flourish, and does, when its merit is beyond dispute. It is so long, reckoned by the "speedometer" of war and peace, since the nineties when "Mrs. Craddock" made her bow in covers, that one forgets the kind of reception she met ; the only safe thing to bet is that she was fully a decade ahead of her time. Victorian influences were still alive, and the modern cry for well-to-do women to occupy themselves with something to justify their existence was still in the nature of a novelty, so that this lay-sermon against the intellectual lady-idler may have seemed less *à propos* than we know it to be now. If Mr. Maugham were writing it again, he would pack Edward Craddock off to France as a major of Territorials, and invest his wife with a posthumous decoration instead of sending him to his death in a fox chase, and her to a contrite widowhood. But then there would be even chances that Gerald, the dissolute boy, might go out and perish afield with just as much credit, and the heroine be left to torture memory as fiercely as ever on the dilemma of romance and remorse. It is likelier still that, in these morbid days, Mr. Maugham would have given himself rather more rein with Bertha Craddock's disappointment as a mother—the one episode which satisfies us by the test of probability, and exalts her for the moment from a self-tormenting neurotic into a kind of Niobe.

Even in the fuller light of experience, however, he could hardly have bettered this study of an impulsive and exigent woman rising at the outset to the height of a bold and womanly choice in defiance of social prejudice and family tradition, and then relapsing under the disillusion of marriage into the worst and weakest failings of her class. The love that might have saved her, steadily evaporates ; the child that might have drawn the ill-assorted pair together, proves to be still-born ; and the success that comes to Edward as a landholder and a local magnate makes him all the more odious and misunderstood to this embittered wife of his. Whether or not the author wrote the story as an experiment in alienation of sympathy, it would be hard to say ; but he certainly succeeds in shifting the reader's sympathy from wife to husband, and in restoring the true balance between character and mere culture. The process gains immensely by the exquisite chapter of farce in which Mrs. Craddock is forced to hear her worthy



After the painting by Gerald Kelly

Kindly lent by Mr. Heinemann.

W. Somerset Maugham.

spouse go stodging through a political speech which stamps him in her eyes a hopeless clodpate, and then to hear the haughty dames whose criticism she has always dreaded, acclaim him as a patriot and a saviour of his country. After that the fox-chase finish comes by way of an anti-climax, like the watery ending of "Beauchamp's Career," and one's sense of irony would have been satisfied by a lighter crisis, say, the promotion of Edward to administrative honours as an agriculturist, and a life peerage, so as to complete the discomfiture of Bertha's ancestral pride. In the days when he wrote this novel Mr. Maugham may have shied at the device of a title as something hackneyed and impossible, but a death in the hunting-field was very little better, and it is not improved by the rather poor premonition which dawns upon us earlier in the chapter. What is worse, it seems clumsy and resourceless compared with the ironic key of the book at its best, such as rings, for instance, in a passage half-way through:

"Mr. Craddock's principles, of course, were quite right; he had given her plenty of run and ignored her cackle, and now she had come home to roost. There is nothing like a knowledge of farming, and an acquaintance with the habits of domestic animals, to teach a man how to manage his wife."

One hears one's feminine acquaintance snorting at boomerang comments like these, but they will do well to read this book steadily through. I would even make it a textbook in post-graduate courses, alongside "The Egoist," or some such corrective of sex vanity. Sometimes I wonder how on earth the pundits of Paris could sit all day for months and yawn over protocols and Leagues about reconciling nations and adjusting tariffs, when the crucial question of the race is the approximation and mutual comprehension of the sexes. It might not improve the girl-graduate's opinion of mere man to have him pictured like the smug eupeptic that Edward Craddock is, but at least it would cure her of the folly of asking for honeymoons to be made of evergreen cheese.

If "Liza of Lambeth," as we have seen, was a raid into realism, and "Mrs. Craddock" a successful venture into sex-psychology, it was tolerably certain we should find other experiments among Mr. Maugham's other novels, and of these the most ambitious is "Under Human Bondage." The title in itself is typical of the author's determination not to mince matters or camouflage his wares with sugar "icing" or the bravery of the poster. Nor is the work less laborious than the title threatens. A chronicle of three hundred thousand words is not lightly written or lightly read, and the story of Philip Carey unmistakably belongs to the school of the panoramic story which has come in secular waves with "Clarissa" and "Wilhelm Meister," with "Le Juif Errant" and "Jean Christophe." Centrifugal energy may account for these lava-breaks on the part of authorship, nor is the public likely to object so long as it remains addicted to "the lumping penn'orth." But there is no real vitality in this kind of megalomania, and the rules of economics will prevent publishers in the end from encouraging authors to combine a maximum of letterpress with a minimum of plot. The vogue of "Sinister Street" is already dead, you may say, because its aim was to accumulate detail and eliminate invention or relief.

Mr. Maugham's book excels most of its rivals because it has at least an outward shape which they have not, and those who read it attentively will find no difficulty in marking off its undenoted sections—Canterbury, Heidelberg, Montmartre, Mildred, Medicine, Millinery, and Marriage. Something like a hundred pages goes to each division but the last, and this supplies a welcome pretext for the story's stopping like a clock. There was no earthly reason why we should be debarred from the connubial confidences of Sally Athelney any more than we were from the intimacy of her several predecessors in Philip's affections; but even abrupt respectability has its claims, and Philip is nothing if not a creature of impulse. At every stage of the story you rub your eyes to discover whether the club-foot is a key to his character or merely a plea for sympathy; but at no stage do you discover enough evolution in the man to justify the story's length. Its best passages are the wrangles about art and morality, the sharp contrast between environments, and the longings to get away to that dreamland, Spain. One almost sees that if the author had not already written an Andalusian travel-book, it is to Spain the story would have taken us, and it might easily have made a better background for Philip than the studio-slums of Paris or the purlicus of Vauxhall. As it is, he strikes us as a Christian who is no Christian, making a Progress which is no Progress, and preferring the slough of dilettantism and self-reproach to anything in the way of steady effort and self-control. When he emerges from the medical morgues of St. Thomas's and drops into Mildred's tea-shop, you would never dream, if you didn't know your London, that there intervenes all the wonder and inspiration of Westminster Bridge. An exclusion of healthy "reflexes" is characteristic of the book and its class. It remains a kind of descriptive quarry for lesser men to plunder, rich in violent emotionalism, eccentric episodes, range of character, and unbridled dialogue.

To couple Mr. Maugham's novels and plays together by what divines call the "synoptic" method is to come to the inexorable conclusion that he has made the one a stepping-stone for the other. He has used fiction, in a word, as the roughing-in ground, the modelling clay, for the more assured perfection of his work upon the stage. No one can read the two versions of "The Explorer" without seeing the process and admitting the point. Other men have produced play first and published the story afterwards, but who has ever met any such instance without feeling that the story had been the anterior form—in a fallow and unwritten condition perhaps, but still pre-existent to the play? "The Merry-Go-Round" is another of Mr. Maugham's stories written almost idly in disregard of plot, it seems to me, since the book is simply a fagotage of ill-assorted couples where the women invariably get the worst of it, and the men never labour under the slightest sense of expiation, except perhaps in the way of discomfort or insolvency. The middle chapters yield more than one episode which the author has turned to account in the way of drama. Some expert book on stagecraft years ago, I remember, praised the last act in "Landed Gentry" for the dexterity with which Grace is spared the shame of an awkward disclosure, and there may have been ill-humoured and

undiscerning critics who explained the device away as dictated by regard for the sentimental pit or a search for novelty. But when you turn from the text of the play to the seventh chapter of "The Merry-Go-Round," you see how much the position has gained from restraint and elaboration. So far as concerns the issues at stake, the predominance of caste and code over natural feeling, the two versions are about equal; and in so far as the author has not had to consider the emotional scope of a particular actress, the novel has a marked advantage. But in point of artistry the play has finish and superiority, and the story seems unlicked and hasty by comparison, though no one can surely hold that "Landed Gentry" is a finished piece of work by any means. It is inferior, for instance, to "The Tenth Man" in power and reality of appeal, in the clash of character, and in legitimately framed effect. Here again Mr. Maugham has drawn for his climax upon a scene in "The Merry-Go-Round" and made true metal of what had been merely ore in the rough. Thus at point after point one is forced to the conclusion that he has expended patience and skill upon the theatre which he might have very well bestowed in fairer measure on his stories.

Curiously it is in "The Explorer," one of the slightest of his books, that he shows what an easy command he possesses over the story-form pure and simple. It is hard to accept Helen's attitude, first of disbelief in her hero, and then of surrender. You feel that there

is somehow no sufficient pretext for her second change, since a woman so deep-set in her principles would hardly waive them for the sake of an affection she had abjured. At any rate, the book is much more than the study of a strong man trampling on calumny, or even the outcrop of hereditary taint in character under new conditions; and if one were asked to name an example in English of the finished shorter novel, such as French fiction has produced so brilliantly and so often, "The Explorer" might very well stand. It is certainly a long way ahead of a clever extravaganza like "The Moon and Sixpence," which draws for its lightness and humour chiefly upon its title, and for its invention chiefly upon an insufferable whimsicality. Ranking last in order of chronology, it may fitly conclude this survey of a remarkable and original tale of work, one which suffers not from any want of consistent and versatile ability behind its author's pen, but simply because he has given too many of his book-creations impulse instead of motive, and casual shape instead of artistic form. They are effects without a cause, and possibly that is why so many of their actions are the same. Mr. Maugham's books are transcripts, not of life as a tolerable whole, but of phases which suit his rather arbitrary treatment, and if we fall into impatience with them now and then, it is because he seems to take impatience as the note of the age in which we live. After all, if you get out of temper with one of his novels, there is an excellent remedy: you can always read the play.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>I. —A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.</p> | <p>a hundred and fifty words on which character in fiction you would recommend as an ideal husband or wife, and why.)</p> |
| <p>II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.</p> | <p>IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.</p> |
| <p>III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account in not more than a hundred and fifty words of prose of How I Celebrated Peace. (The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best note in not more than</p> | <p>V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent <i>post free</i> for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.</p> |

NOTE.—We have had to give so much space in this Number to our Special Twenty-four Guineas Prize Competitions that announcement of Results in our usual monthly Competitions is held over until next month, and the time for sending in extended accordingly.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The total number of replies received in these Competitions has been larger than in any Competition THE BOOKMAN has yet conducted. The lyrics exceed in quantity the contributions received in any of the other sections, but the essays are almost as numerous, and in all four the average level of merit is very satisfactory, that of the humorous verse being rather below the other three. After careful consideration, we make the following awards:

I. LYRICS.

The FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to Gertrude Pitt, of 8, Wyndham Crescent, London, N.19; the SECOND PRIZE of £2 2s. to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, London, N.13; and the THIRD PRIZE of £1 1s. to H. C. Coales, of Gara Rock, Salcombe, South Devon, for the following:

THE LOOK.

As I were climbin' Jacob's Tor,
A soldier-lad came ridin' down:
He stopped an' passed the time o' day
An' asked how far to Plymouth town.

I told him, that were all: he took
The path that goes towards the sea.
I turned to watch him out o' sight . . .
An' he were lookin' back at me.

He waited. Like a stone I stood,
Shamed to be caught, yet somehow bound
To give him look for look: his lips
Moved as to speak, but made no sound.

It seemed a life-time we did look:
As drounin' folk may do, they say,
I thought of every little thing
I'd ever done. . . . He rode away.

Tremblin' an' smilin' I did sit,
And watched the larks an hour or more
Fly up against the golden light
Wi' songs I'd never heard afore.

Jan's heavy breathin' by my side . . .
All else be quiet and still. I fret
And long for day. How can I sleep
When tears do make my pillow wet?

GERTRUDE PITT.

THE SHIP OF DESTINY.

"What of yon ship, old sailor-man,
With sails o' the sunshine gold?"
"A vessel no priest may bless or ban,
For Love is the helmsman bold.
And hither and thither,
No mortal knows whither,
We speed as the world grows old."

"What is your freight, good sailor-man?"
"Sweet maids and brave lads, my dear,
With hearts a-smart in the world's cruel mart,
Undaunted by pain or fear;
And young feet aweary,
Like yours are, my deary,
Come—sail for a day and a year!"

"What is the fare, kind sailor-man?"
"A smile— or a tear, maybe,
And a wish wished ere ever the world began,
The dream of a soul set free.
See! the sails are unfurled,
For the edge o' the world,
And the dream winds rise from the sea."

"What will Love say, old sailor-man?"
My gown is of hoddin grey,
And my cloak so thin that the spray drifts in
And I'm barefoot this many a day.
Look, my hands are worn,
And my poor heart torn
With wounds that no lips may say!"

"What will Love care? O foolish maid!
He will crown you with stars from the skies,
Your robe shall be made of the prayers you've prayed,
And he treasures the jewels of your eyes."
And hither and thither,
No mortal knows whither,
The fair ship of Destiny flies!

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

FUGITIVE.

[There is a legend in various parts of England and Wales that the devil, with a pack of demon hounds, rides through the night and hunts evil-doers to the gates of hell.]

Speed, my horse, the night falls fast,
The huge moths hurry blindly past,
The lean moon totters up the sky
And down the wind—
(Oh, hurry! hurry!)
I hear the demon huntsman's blast!

Before thy starting nostrils stark
The trees stand, silent, damned and dark,
Troll haunted glades that thick the blood—
But, far behind—
(Oh, hurry! hurry!)
I hear the hounds' mad bay and bark!

Breast the lake that looms before,
The mandrakes scream and drip with gore,
The nixies stretch their thin green arms
Lily-hung—
(Oh, hurry! hurry!)
They ring around us more and more!

Yonder through that moonlit glade
See'st thou beckon the eldritch maid?
And black gnomes snatch at the bridle chain
With horrid laugh!
(Oh, hurry! hurry!)
The dogs of darkness nearer bayed!

Why are my hands with blood asmart?
Why does my dagger leap and start?
Why is my heart a searing flame?
And my hands numb?
(Oh, backward! Backward!)
The gates of hell before us part!

H. C. COALES.

We also select for printing :

THE PRAYER.

My little son of four,
The long day's playtime being o'er,
Had wearied with his joy,
And, with a lov'd and crumpled toy
Clasp'd in a chubby hand,
Been Mother-led
To welcome bath, and bed,
And slumber-land.

There, fragrant as a new-blown rose,
From curly head to curling toes,
He lay :
And I, as is my way,
Stole up the quiet stair
To hear his pray'r
And tell him all was right ;
To kiss and leave him there
In keeping of the Night

As, then, amid the gloom
Of gath'ring dusk, I stepped into the
And lifted the small, drowsy head,
He sigh'd with weariness, and said :
" Oh, Daddy. Can I say
A *little* prayer to-day ? "
And kneeling up, to keep
His earnest soul from sleep,
He said two words : " Our Father " . . . paused a while
And whisper'd out : " Amen ! . . . "
And then upon his baby face a smile
Of grave content, he fell
Into the dreams he'd earn'd so well,
And I, in silence, bent
And kissed the child—and went,
Knowing that all was good,
That He, the Hearer, Who
Is God—but Father, too
Had mark'd the little pray'r
And, stooping there,
Had smiled—and understood !
(S. Elliott Napier, Sergeant, A.I.F.,
Cedar Bank, Diamond Terrace,
Greenwich.)

THE LITTLE TOWN THAT WAS.

Underneath her martyr-crown, burnt
and broken, shattered down,
There she stands, a ruin dread,
desolate, with beauty dead,
That was once a little town.

Her unnumbered tragedies, torn earth,
mutilated trees,
Her blind windows and dumb doors,
her shell-shattered walls and
floors,
All are silent witnesses.

Thro' the ravaged fields around, o'er
the scarred and cross-marked
ground,
Runs the crimson poppy-flood, but
she knew the fields of blood,
And the dreadful battle-sound.

For she heard the anguish'd cries,
heard the great guns shake the
skies--
And the windows of stain'd glass,
which her little church still has,
Glimmer out like tearful eyes.

Burnt and broken, shattered down—once she was a little
town !
And the soul that all towns have still survives her ashen
grave

Underneath her martyr-crown.

(Phyllis Erica Noble, Link Lodge, 6, Forest Rise,
Walthamstow, London, E.17.)

MY LADY OF THE MEADOW.

The daisies are the face of her,
All pinky-white and sweet,
The velvet grass the gown of her,
The tinkling stream her feet.

A man might kiss her blushing cheek,
A maid her robe admire,
A child would run at once to clasp
Her necklet bright as fire.

For buttercups, like gleaming gold,
On her fair bosom lie,
While tiny dewdrops, silver white,
Are caught in her deep eye.

Her gown with blue forget-me-nots
Embroidered at the hem,
Is spread out in its loveliness
And bound with leaf and stem.

All fragrant is the breath of her
With clover or with may,
All musical the voice of her
As song-birds soar away.



First Prize.

By V. D. Goodwin.

Illustrating title of "The Untamed," by Max Brand (Putnams).

Though she has ever beauties new
To captivate my heart,
Perhaps her perfect passiveness
Is her most perfect art.

She's fair if I go down at dawn,
Fair if at dusk we meet,
And I—I love each bit of her,
My Lady—Meadowsweet!

(Frances Burn, St. John's Vicarage, Kimberley, South Africa.)

O GOLDEN HEAD.

O golden head, that I caressed
In sunny hours for ever fled,
That lay, and looked so strangely blest,
On this poor coat. O golden head!

Once more this solemn grove I pace,
Where we in joy were wont to stray;
The oak is in his ancient place,
But thou, my soul! art passed away.

When I recall those radiant years,
Each shy, fond glance that made me proud,
Ah, measureless my loss appears,
And on my breast my head is bowed.

Why should I toil on thus in ways
I loathe, for laurels I despise;
Befooled by lips that falsely praise,
Still, still unblest by thy true eyes?

The world's awards are void and vain,
Since from my bosom thou art fled.
Such honour ne'er can fall again
To coat of mine. O golden head!
(John D. Ware, 9, Oxford Park, Ilfracombe.)

SONG FOR MUSIC.

Home the swallow to his nest goes flying,
When the sunlight fades to sunset's hue!
So at evening when the twilight closes,
Turn my weary thoughts, my dear, to you.

Fleet the swallow as he homeward fieth,
Swift as singing arrow through the blue;
Yet my thoughts outsped the homing swallow
When at dusk they turn, dear love, to you.

(Esther Parker Ellinger, 12, W. 25th Street, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Violet Walker (Whitchaven), A. M. Christie (Torquay), Mary Yelland (Lincoln), Tinsley Pratt (Northenden), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), S. Gertrude Ford (Bournemouth), Morton Luce (Weston-super-Mare), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Percy Allott (London, E.C.), Winifred Barnes (Malvern), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), A. Howarth (Port Elizabeth, South Africa), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Alicia Sheridan (Orpington), Brian Hill (Loughton), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), Robert Sloss (London, S.W.), M. Warrenner (Leeds), Violet Gillespie (Hammersmith), Mrs. T. D. Hawkins (Ealing), I. M. Miller (Ukley), Judith Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Rev. Dr. Rosslyn Bruce (Edgbaston), Barbara MacIver (Dingwall), Oswald H. Harland (Scarborough), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Mary Carolyn Davis (New York), Beatrice Skelton (Forest Gate), Bertha Smithworth Dalby (Southport), Maidstone Power (Shrewsbury), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hayes), Lena Margaret Small (Edinburgh), G. N. Goodman (Lahore), George Savill (Brockley), J. A. Belchambers (Highgate), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), "Marcion" (Winchester), Agnes

Strong (London, S.W.), "Ethel" (London, W.), Elsie M. Meredith (Bideford), Madeline Constance Munday (Newbury), Vivienne Dayrell (Worthing), M. H. Robertson (Herne Bay), P. S. N. Aswarth (Madras), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Mary Somerville (Caen, France), Rev. Llynfi Davies (Swansea), Edwin Faulkner (Exmouth), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Ruby K. Mundy (Bournemouth), Arthur Holmes (Salisbury), T. Gray (Glasgow), E. Morley (Hull), E. Leslie Gunston (Wimbledon), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), M. Revell (Downe), A. G. Ryland (Birmingham), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), May Basham (Bassaleg), Leo I. D. Gamble (Johannesburg), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Tamar Faed (Edinburgh), Egbert Sandford (Haulbowline), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Malcom Hemphrey (Farnborough), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Leland Davis (New York), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), P. Marshall Hill (Doncaster), N. Pallant Cassera (Kilburn), C. R. Price (Wellington), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton), Rev. Robt. Armstrong (Ripon), Olive Searle (Lincoln), George S. Astins (Harlesden), Enid M. Norman (Somerset), Esther Parker Ellinger (Baltimore), Rosa E. Barnett (Bridgwater), W. Barras (Malvern), Hoyt H. Hudson (Cleveland, Ohio), R. Scott Frayn (Timperley), Richard S. Baker (Dudley), Arthur Payne (Sheffield), C. B. Ayrton (London, N.W.), Robert Watson (Vernon, B.C.), Kate Anderson (Ottery-St.-Mary), John Earl Rose (Bristol), Helen Douglas Adam; R. W. Fenton (Birstall), Evelyn E. Davey (Lowestoft), J. P. du Parc (Dulwich), Helen Mitcham (London, N.), Rev. H. C. Waddell (Howth), S. R. Noyes (Parys, South Africa), J. Ewart Griffiths (Worcester), Harold Matthews (Malvern), Edith Irvine-Jones (Edinburgh), J. Frew Dougall (Glasgow).

II.—ESSAYS ON MY FAVOURITE AUTHOR.

Easily first favourite with the great majority of our competitors is Dickens; then comes Scott; then Stevenson and Lamb. Wells is chosen by some forty essayists; Barrie and Kipling by nearly as many; after them, with from two to six essays apiece, come Hardy, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Hugh Walpole, Borrow, W. J. Locke, Wordsworth, Jane Austen, Arnold Bennett, George Eliot, Conrad, Gissing, Mary Mann, Charles Reade, Trollope, Chesterton, Ainsworth, Shakespeare, Leonard Merrick, Shaw, A. C. Benson, Matthew Arnold, J. E. Buckrose, Richard Jefferies, Turgenev, Mark Rutherford, Compton Mackenzie, Macaulay, E. F. Benson, Meredith, Mary Johnston, Maurice Hewlett, Blackmore, Ruskin, Browning, Galsworthy, Carlyle, Emerson, R. H. Benson, Francis Thompson, Whitman, Ralph Connor, Washington Irving, Beatrice Harraden, Arthur Symonds; and the large variety of authors who are each in favour with only one competitor include Hawthorne and Mrs. Humphry Ward; Jerome and Tennyson; Mary Cholmondeley and Sir Thomas Browne; Swift and O. Henry; Oscar Wilde and Thomas à Kempis; Synge and Lord Morley; Pater and Oliver Wendell Holmes; Edward Carpenter and Maeterlinck; Balzac and Algernon Blackwood, and a goodly catholic selection of others, living or dead.

The FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to W. Kent, of 67, Union Road, Clapham, S.W.; the SECOND of £2 2s. to Robert Ainsworth, of 63, Park Road, Darwen, Lancashire; and the THIRD of £1 1s. to the Rev. F. T. Harkness Graham, B.D., of 103, Fotheringay Road, Maxwell Park, Glasgow, for the following:

MARK RUTHERFORD.

Mr. Massingham's prediction, that when the tale of Victorian literature is fully and truly told the name of Mark Rutherford will lead all the rest, has not received much support from the critics, and probably such a confession of faith has provoked many disdainful smiles. Perhaps it is inevitable, for the appeal of Rutherford is not to the crowd; it is wise to touch the pulse of a man's

life before you recommend his books, and the early Laodicean rarely becomes a late disciple. But if he does not survey mankind from China to Peru that is no reason for decrying Rutherford's merits and treating him, as some do, as one who, in Johnson's phrase, carved on cherry stones. Having devoted high art to poor material, he is dismissed as the novelist of Victorian nonconformity, and the uninitiated are led to suppose that he narrates nothing but pleasant and amusing trifles like "Cranford."

This is grievously to misunderstand Rutherford, who seeks to fathom spiritual depths without regard to geographical or historical limits. "I have sometimes thought," says Baruch Cohen, "that the love of any two persons in this world may fulfil an eternal purpose which is as necessary to the Universe as a great revolution." Rutherford loves to praise obscure heroes who never acted on spacious stages but whose "aching hands and bleeding feet" make life's pathway easier for future pilgrims. The Blanketeers and the inhabitants of Cowfold epitomise in their lives universal struggle, and the only insignificant people to him are those who grow no soul and exhibit simply features pitifully plastic to the pressure of the society in which they live. It is not to travel sympathetically with his spirit to regard him as merely a war correspondent of sectarian strife. He sympathises strongly with dissent, cradled amidst Bunyan's descendants he could hardly do otherwise, but to him the significance of a conventicle is more as the alternative to convention than as a rival to the parish church. It is rather in the larger and Emersonian sense that "every man must be a nonconformist" that he is interested in dissent, and many of his characters, when we leave them, far from being concerned about liturgies and church rates, hardly conform to nonconformist canons.

It is astonishing that in these times of political turmoil Rutherford's books are so neglected. His writings are aflame with passion against political oppression; his pen becomes at times as potent a weapon as Carlyle's, and he has a style superior to his in lucidity. It was pleasing to see recently a reference in the *Daily Herald* to "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," the finest of political novels, but I fear to most Labour M.P.s it is a sealed book. Many would be surprised and few unmoved by the pathetic picture of Zacharian Coleman seeking employment. For imaginative power and telling and incisive strokes, this delineation of the *vita dolorosa* of the labouring man cannot be surpassed. Yet Rutherford never feeds rebellion for rebellion's sake; he never stimulates a wanton and merely fractious destructiveness that would prefer the world as a wilderness to the slightest inequality. Coleman, in his economic battles, stems the tide of bitter thought with literature; in an inward world of the mind he fortifies his courage in grappling with the world of sense.

Still finer is Rutherford's ministry to the mind diseased, and he is so able a physician because, a spiritual realist like Bunyan, he never hesitates to cut deep and to reveal nakedly the pangs of life. But rarely does he fail to find healing. He traces with wonderful insight what George Eliot called the unmapped country of the human heart, and strikes waters of consolation from the most unpromising rocks. He appeals particularly to those who have left their early religious moorings. He does not love to poison wells at which others are refreshed. He is not of those who, interested in vestiges of creation, view with nothing but pharisaical cynicism the vestiges of past philosophies and religions. He is progressive, and progress

FOR REMEMBRANCE.



OLDER POETS who have fallen in the WAR.

Second Prize.

By Private R. F. Hopes.

11th Batt. Suffolk Regiment.

Original title of "For Remembrance" (Hodder & Stoughton).

to him is not skimming the surface but ploughing the depths: he would have the light of intellect burn with increasing brightness, but he would also (in the words of the poet whose spirit was so closely akin to his) "guard the fire within."

W. KENT.

BLAISE PASCAL (1623-1662.)

Many years ago, when Lord Macaulay was the god of boyish idolatry, I alighted upon, and lingered over, a thought-provoking phrase in one of his essays—"the incomparable letters of Pascal." What delicious things those epistles must be, I reflected, if the great historian was unable to find a parallel for them in any corner of his astonishing memory! Obviously, no bookworm worthy of the name could afford to leave such a literary feast untasted. So I applied myself with ardour to the study of the French language, and eventually, Pascal's indictment of the Jesuits (Les "Provinciales") became as

familiar to me as Macaulay's flagellation of Robert Montgomery.

A transfer of allegiance followed, for it had to be admitted that the French controversialist outshone his English successor. Pascal's resourcefulness knew no bounds; his skill in detecting a fallacy verged upon the miraculous; and the smiling urbanity with which he delivered his most dexterous strokes added a sting to every wound. How it must have galled his adversaries to see one of their Order represented as a bland simpleton, exclaiming triumphantly whenever he was hard pressed: "But listen to Father Baum, or Father Escobar or Father Filutius, on that point," and then rapping out extract after extract, which not only gave his own case away, but showed, as if by accident, how horribly complaisant the casuists of that time could be in dealing with vice!

Admiration of Pascal the debater ripened into a warmer sentiment after a perusal of his "Thoughts." In this fragmentary, but unique work, our Jansenist reveals himself as a very bold and original thinker, with a gift for putting his readers into that mood of mingled recklessness and stoicism in which it becomes possible to face "the trivial round, the common task." It is not gay courage, exactly, which he communicates to his devotees. It cannot be denied that Pascal is austere and grim. There is austerity and grimness even in his wit, of which the following is a characteristic specimen:

"If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the face of the whole earth would have been quite different to-day."

Not a few potent, grave and reverend signiors must have paid that observation the tribute of a smile during the last two hundred years. And many unhappy wights, trudging through this vale of tears, have felt their hearts go out to Pascal as they paused over this *obiter dictum*:

"The most important thing in life is the choice of a profession—and Chance settles that."

It does indeed!

When Pascal was not writing in this strain, he was often engaged in putting some theological case very succinctly into a nutshell.

"Either God exists or He does not," he writes, "and a man is forced to gamble on one view or the other. Let us estimate the consequences of staking our all upon the former. If you win, you win everything; if you lose, you lose nothing. Bet, then, without hesitation, that there is a God."

Neither boldness nor cogency is lacking there, and though it may be true that people find those reasons most convincing which they discover for themselves (*vide* "Pensées," Art. 45), I have greater respect for Pascal's deductions from any premises than I have for my own. The man had a big brain, and was constantly brooding over fundamental things.

Here some one may whisper:

"But your author wore a girdle studded with spikes, wherewith to mortify the flesh; and he believed that his niece was cured of a *fistula lacrymalis* by one touch of the Holy Thorn."

Quite true; he did. Knowledge of those facts, however, only adds piquancy to the pleasure with which I recall his ironical remark in the Eighteenth Provincial Letter concerning Galileo and the Papal decree. It does not lessen the enjoyment that I find in declaiming his magnificent outburst, which starts:

"Man is only a reed, the feeblest thing in Nature, but he is a *thinking* reed."

And who would not be an ascetic, if asceticism helped one to write prose so full of music and sublimity as Blaise Pascal's immortal line:

"Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie!"

ROBERT AINSWORTH.

BORROW.

I am but little attracted to the phrase—favourite author. The word "favourite," redolent as it is of caprice, of the intrigues of court life in other days, hardly justifies the

attachment which most of us make between the companion of our leisure moments and ourselves. I do not merely favour the author who has cheered me, consoled me and helped me. I am devoted to him. And when my devotion overflows into words, I write of him as though I loved him.

I am not going to apologise for my attachment. There is something too subtle in it to admit of explanation. I suppose I came to be interested in George Borrow by chance, because a first edition of his works glanced down on me from the shelves of my father's bookcase. The titles inflamed a certain yearning for the romance of travel: and a spirit of curiosity set me wondering what might be behind such strange words as Lavengro and Romany Rye. That interest has never failed me: and when my mind, more matured, could go deeper than the surface of such writings, my first love returned with stronger emotions.

Most books of travel lapse sooner or later into mere itineraries: most autobiographies dwell on peddling details which can neither raise interest nor understanding. Borrow has triumphed over these difficulties and in a style limpid as the wayside brook he loved, invigorating as the wind on the hilltops, he has created for us a rich and interesting world where true lovers of nature will never weary to wander. He is the true adventurer in literature. He has gathered for us the romantic beauty of Spain where the wild sierras are steeped in moonshine. He is a lover of all that makes life strong, beautiful and romantic. The fleet speed of the horse, the thews and muscles of the boxer are imprinted on his pages. We revel in life and rejoice in it with the spirit of those who have no disconcerting philosophy.

Borrow disliked Wordsworth and ridiculed him. He mistrusted Scott, because it seemed his romanticism paved the way for the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism: one of Borrow's peculiar *bêtes noires*. Yet in a particular way Borrow was their colleague in helping to establish literature as the interpreter of nature. He loved the dramatic in every episode that befell him. He had the painter's eye for a quaint scene.

Can it be that there is a symbolism underlying his fight with the flaming tinman and his subsequent sojourn with Isopel Berners in the dingle? Isopel Berners is more than human. Like a goddess in exile, or nature in female guise, her words are oracular. "Fear God, and take your own part."

Was it the struggle against material limitations merging itself in that divine intercourse with nature, which makes our isolated experiences with her very glimpses of Paradise? One must be a lover of the road to admire Borrow. One must have touched him through experiences similar to his own. I like to feel that he has disclosed the true romance of being, among the gipsies who live very close to nature and will not disclose their secrets to any but a sympathetic heart.

Some may prefer to follow Borrow to Spain: I prefer his company in Wales or on the English highway. I like his Ishmaelitism in literary taste; and his desire to write the life of Jerry Abershaw, the famous highwayman. Borrow is big and unconventional. He is like a holiday amid scenes that appeal. With him I would climb the peaks of Snowdon or stand where the Atlantic breaks on the rock-bound coast of Spain.

He takes me out of the drab, the present and the uncongenial. I go with him where men are men: where passions are strong, but none the less clean; where the wildflowers scent the highway and a handful of grass marks the gipsy trail.

F. T. HARKNESS GRAHAM, B.D.

We also select for printing:

STEVENSON.

It may seem at first a trifle strange that in their choice of a favourite author, the affections should wander away from the sages and philosophers, whose works gaze reproachfully from their places on the bookshelves, to one of less assured name and standing in the ranks of the

immortals. But in our guide, philosopher and friend, it is his friendship which we most esteem, and perhaps it is this capacity for inspiring affection which has brought to the feet of Robert Louis Stevenson so large a circle of devotees.

Of all men of letters R. L. S. exerts this irresistible appeal of companionship. There is a singular fascination both in his life and in his work. His long struggle against ill-health, his fortitude, his devotion to his art and his early death in far away Samoa contrive to weave a romance round the personality of the man himself. And so with his work. A subtle alchemist, whatever leaden metal he turned his hand to, he transmuted into gold. Dare-devil romance, entertaining sketches of travel, elegant and diverting essays, and the quaintest and tenderest verse, all flow from his pen with amazing facility and in faultless style.

As a congenial companion he is without a peer. There are times, the wind roaring outside o' cold winter nights, when our spirits cry out for the glamour of romance. Then Stevenson knows the charm by which to transport us to wonderful Pacific islands, faery lands to our trammelled imaginations, where we can breathe the fresh sea breezes and see the white combers breaking on the beach of Falesa. Or he carries us away into piratical adventures in search of treasure and thrills us with the deeds of the wildest and most picturesque buccaneers in literature, until we can hear the sinister tap-tapping of Pew's stick on the paving stones, and conjure up the spirit of dreadful Captain Flint "glaring at us through the darkness." Another wave of his wand and we are back amongst the Highland clans in the stirring years after the '45; or we are thrilled with weird tales of mystery and imagination, of body snatchers, imps in bottles, and double personalities.

It is a different charm which he exercises in the miscellany of travel sketches and essays, but a charm none the less potent; for here we meet the man face to face, listen to his incomparable conversation, and obtain glimpses of the inner Stevenson with all his captivating qualities and innate nobility of soul. The secret of his charm lies in his sympathy with life, and with young and full-blooded life especially. His philosophy is comfortable, and kindly and wise; there is some truth in the accusation of hedonism levelled by the "cheerful Indian critic," for while he is writing, the duty of being happy is never far from his mind; his broad tolerance, his humour, his lightly cynical vein, as in "Virginibus Puerisque," his manly love of truth and straightforwardness, and of all things in nature clean and young and healthy make Stevenson at once the most engaging of companions and the most lovable of friends. Deeper down there is a leaven of that philosophical melancholy which seems to come with much meditation on life—a legacy of Montaigne, perhaps. But he is too much in love with living to have any sympathy with philosophers "who pule in little atheistic poetry books about the vanity and brevity of life," or with messieurs les retraitants of our Lady of the Snows. "Death may be knocking at the door," he cries; "we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. . . . Life with us is a honeymoon all through; small blame to us if we give our whole heart to this glowing bride of ours." Was ever so great a heart in so ailing a body! And this essential manliness is emphasised by his love for little children. The essay on "Child's Play" and the dainty poems of the "Child's Garden of Verses" are the crown and seal of the greatness of his nature. In these he has cast affection as bread upon the

waters and in return he has won the hearts of all men.

Stevenson died at the age of forty-four. What he might have achieved had he lived longer we can only surmise. What he had already achieved posterity will not willingly let die. This was his requiem:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I'll lay me down with a will.

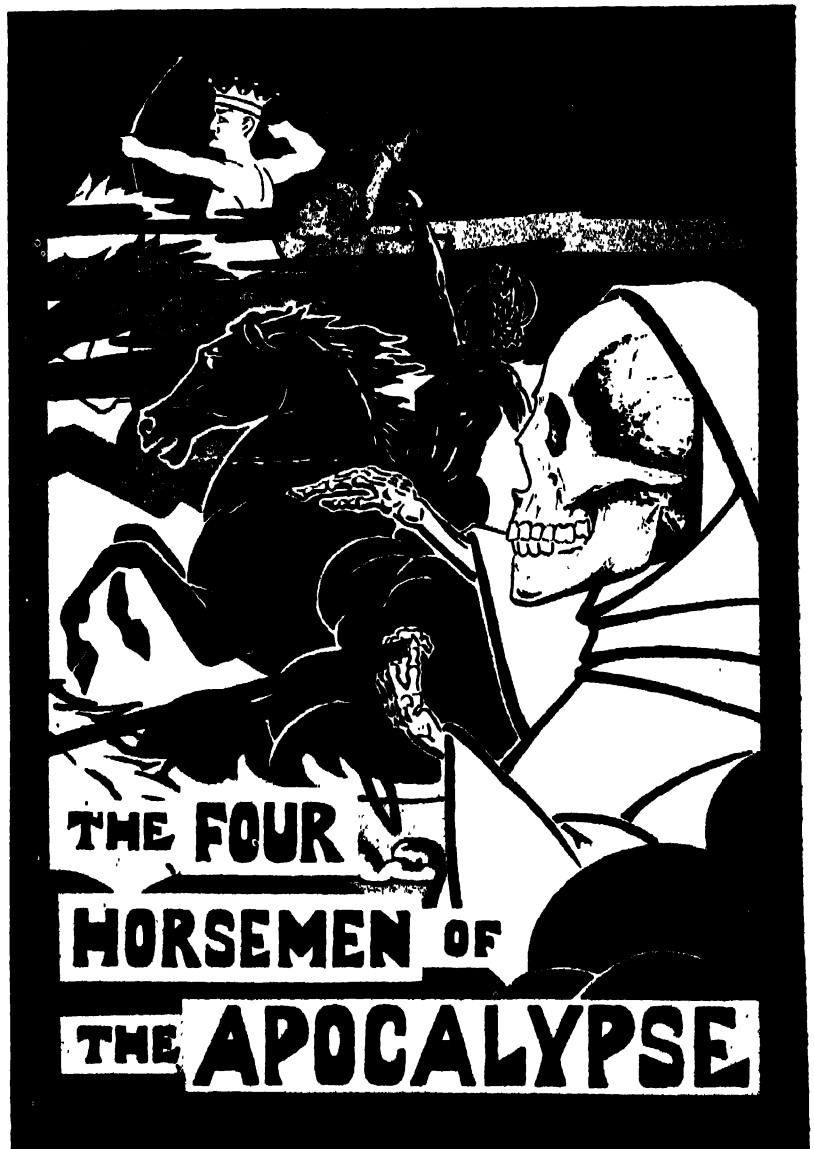
"This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter, home from the hill.'"

(A. A. Bruce, 26, Croft Terrace, Jarrow-on-Tyne.)

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

The mind which gazes at the world through a narrow convent window does not necessarily miss the beauty of its colour and design. It is true that it perceives only a small fraction of the earth's surface, but perhaps for this very reason the observation bestowed upon it is both thorough and appreciative.

If this is true of the world of sense it is surely no less true of the world of feeling and thought. The mind of a devout monk, save for the few persons with whom he comes into contact, is engaged in contemplating one other Mind; and it is this centralisation of the forces of his



Third Prize.

Illustrating title of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by V. B. Ibanez.
(Constable).

By Alex. T. Waddell.

nature, this concentration of the emotions into one direction that has the effect of at any rate temporarily quickening their development.

We find in the author of the "Imitatio Christi" an intense emotionalism combined with its most valuable product—the intuitive type of apprehension. He does not analyse the unseen nor does he generalise concerning it, but he knows it through personal experience. And because he has the soul of a poet as well as that of a saint there springs from the barren ground of the conventual life a love lyric as natural, as fervent, as spontaneous as any of Shelley or Keats. It is like a water-lily blossoming on the surface of a stagnant pool. It has within it that delicate purity and flaming enthusiasm which have illumined the imagination of the world and transformed an obscure religious of the fifteenth century into an acknowledged priest and prophet of the spiritual life.

"Love is a great thing, yea, altogether a great good—by itself it maketh light everything that is heavy . . .

saint. Nor is it characteristic of any one century. It is the property of the artist and idealist of every age.

Dr. Johnson said: "The world has opened its arms to receive it," and he was right. Like the Bible and Shakespeare and Dante and Homer, its resting place is very near to the heart of the world, and if we pause to think and question why this should be, we shall be drawn slowly, perhaps, but surely, to the conclusion of the great thinkers. Emerson writes: "There is no luck in literary reputation . . . the permanence of all books is fixed by no effort friendly or hostile, but by their own specific gravity or the intrinsic importance of their contents to the mind of man. . . . The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely." It is this genuineness in the realm of feeling which introduces the "Imitation" into the ranks of the classics. "It was written," says George Eliot, "by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting," and herein is the summary and the psychology of its power.

(Joyce Nankivell, St. Hilda's College, Cheltenham.)

H. G. WELLS.

A reader gives first position in the realm of writers, not to the one whom he considers the cleverest, but to the one who gives him the keenest delight, and in the present writer's judgment H. G. Wells, under either claim, easily outdistances his compeers. The position is invariably occupied by different people at different periods of a reader's life. The present writer has in turn enthroned:

- (1) The now forgotten author of "Don Zalva the Brave."
- (2) Miss Marie Corelli.
- (3) Mr. H. G. Wells.

The latter has been *facile princeps* for the past sixteen years, and is not at all likely to be deposed, although as a novelist Mr. Joseph Conrad runs him close.

Admiration for the genius of Mr. H. G. Wells is enhanced by contemplation of his early environment. Many of our greatest authors were deprived of the advantages of high education, but Mr. Wells, to an unparalleled extent, made his own opportunities for self-improvement, and the result is seen in the scholarly tone of his varied productions.

His vast knowledge of pedagogics and philosophy enables him to make his points readily understood by average intelligence, yet the easy polish of his style is never vitiated by any trace of dullness. His work both in fiction and in sociology is of the highest class, and one may justly assume that as a writer in *both* spheres he has never been excelled by any author living or dead.

The present writer was trained from boyhood for the scholastic profession and has been for nineteen years the head of a large boys' school. He has naturally a great admiration for the leaders of his profession, but the greatest of them cannot be compared even in their own special line to the brilliant ex-drapers' assistant, who took his B.Sc. with honours at London University, and in the difficult examinations for the licentiate and fellowship of the College of Preceptors took every prize that was offered for the subjects in which he was examined.

"Love and Mr. Lewisham" and "The Undying Fire" could only have been written by a man with a profound knowledge of education, yet the humour and pathos of the one and the deep tragedy of the other are presented with a brilliance rarely associated with their underlying subject.

Mr. Wells is a socialist but a patriot, so "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." In politics he has little in common with Mr. Balfour, but the finest pen picture ever given of that great statesman is to be found in the pages of "The New Machiavelli."

In all his writings one is conscious of a desire for truth; with him there is no hide-bound prejudice such as Milton evinced in his Puritanism, and Herbert Spencer in his stark individualism. He can praise the aristocrat in "The



Specialty Commended.

By Betty Lawson.

Illustrating title of "Without the Gate," by Silas K. Hocking (Ward, Lock).

for it carrieth a burden which is no burden and maketh everything that is bitter sweet and tasteful. . . . A lover flieth, runneth, and rejoiceth, he is free and is not holden. He giveth all for all, and hath all in all."

The force of these words is the force of an intuitive apprehension which contemptuous of restraint bounds forward with the action of a young hunted creature flying before the hounds. Browning has felt "the wild joy of living" but the wild joy of loving is à Kempis's theme.

"O Thou, my sweetest, most beloved, let heaven and earth and all their fair apparel be silent before Thy Face."

What if that Face were actually invisible and intangible, only imaged in the adoring mind, only possible to embrace in the symbolry of the sacramental rite? The intuition of the saint pierces the commonplace exteriors of bread and wine, finding within them that essential joy which translated his communions into the supreme adventures of his life.

This book makes a strange appeal to the sceptic and the critic as well as to the orthodox, to the Protestant as much as to the Catholic, to the sinner equally with the

Research Magnificent," but in "Tono Bungay" he "dines not merely with the titled but the great," whilst in "The Food of the Gods" he puts in his glorious plea for the possibilities of "the rude mechanical."

He has produced no outstanding character to compare with any of the Dickens gallery, but he never descends to the great Victorian's exaggerated pathos. Dickens not only wrote immortal novels but by their aid corrected many social abuses, though as a writer on purely social subjects he cannot be compared with Wells. The latter guides the constructive thought of the twentieth century even as Ruskin and Carlyle directed that of the last century.

His work—tremendous in amount—has so far dwelt on events present or future, but one gathers the impression that his pen is competent to deal in the same wonderful way with any period of time. He certainly does not lack the scholarship, and the production of an historical novel by him would be the literary sensation of the day. It would indeed be interesting to compare one of Wells's novels with Thackeray's "Esmond," Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," or Scott's "Kenilworth."

One may admire Tennyson for his capacity for telling pretty stories in melodious lines, Dickens for his humour, Jack London for his magnificent virility, but the author who occupies chief place in a reader's affections does not reign by any single quality.

Mr. H. G. Wells has earned his position by the beautiful expression of the inspiring thoughts of the most powerful mind of the day.

(W. H. Edge, 50, Adswold Lane E., Stockport.)

Several other essays are of equal merit with some of the last three, but we have not space to print more. We select for special commendation the essays by Leo I. D. Gamble (Johannesburg), Helen C. Roberts (Worthing), Rev. A. T. S. James (Gloucester), Charles Smith (Nelson), Rev. John T. Watts (Penarth), Ethel M. Tarr (Forest Gate), Hilda M. Ridley (Ottawa), Joseph Harding (Cardiff), Rev. H. H. Turner (Somerset),



Specially Commended.

By Jessie Jackson.

Illustrating title of "The Undying Fire," by H. G. Wells (Cassell).



Specially Commended.

By Allan A. Adcock.

Illustrating title of "The Man from Australia," by Katharine Tynan (Collins).

Wilfrid Edward Scott (Balham), Robert J. McIntosh (Falkirk), Percy Alwyn Staub (Bradford), Joseph Holford (Norwich), Freda La Pla (Beaconsfield), George C. Pildridge (Plymouth), Rev. Robert Armstrong (Ripon), Lavender Resarf (London, S.W.), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Gladys I. Preedy (Bristol), Wilfred Leicester (Wellington, N.Z.), Dr. Robert Watson (Belfast), Alex M. I. Henry (Glasgow), Gladys R. Franklin (Gloucester), C. D. Leslie (West Hampstead), R. P. Douglas (Wishaw), James Turner (Bolton), D. L. Dalgleish (Wandsworth), Eugene O'Brien (Dundee), N. Walker (Belfast), Samuel King Hutton (Poole), Marion Carrick Alston (Glasgow), Peggy Judge (Hullingham), Victor S. Pritchett (Burnley), Ivy Rogers (Manchester), Rose King Watkins (Lincoln), Isa Kirwen (Sydenham), Teresa Freeman (Kensington), Ernest McInnes (Johannesburg), Arnold Sherring (Paisley), Frank F. Balmforth (Leeds), A. V. Arnold (Sheffield), Winifred Lewis (Cardiff), O. S. Shepherd (London, S.W.), Winifred Graham (Durham), "Channel Islander" (Guernsey), Sheena Macfarlane (Woldingham), E. T. Walton (Gravesend), Madeline C. Munday (Newbury), Amy Peacock (Downham), Annie Southwell (Norwich), Gertrude M. Field (Earl's Court), G. M. Baker (Heworth), Ruth A. Beach (Brighton), R. W. Evans (Birmingham), W. J. Jenkin (Camborne), Dorothy G. Perry (Sydney, Australia), Ellen M. Symmons (Walthamstow), Miss H. J. Smith (London, S.E.), Martyn P. Pollock (Birmingham), F. G. Houldershaw (Leeds), Winifred Mary Jenkins (Cardiff), Mrs. Monypenny (Maida Vale), Kathleen Chivers (Bath), Olive Foulston (Preston), Sybil Pearce (Bedford Park), Margaret Dunnett (New Brighton), Gertrude Lindley (Shipley), Kathleen Maton (Thornton Heath), Lilian A. Hitchcock (Putney), Gladys E. Garrett (Forest Gate), M. Victoria Lewis (Huddersfield), V. E. Dismore (Southend), W. P. Williams (London, S.W.), Robert White (Edinburgh).

III.—DRAWING ILLUSTRATING BOOK TITLE.

The FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to V. D. Goodwin, of "Lyndhurst," Gillingham, Kent; the SECOND of £2 2s. to Private R. F. Hopes, 320469, C Company, 11th Batt. Suffolk Regiment, Peronne, France; and the THIRD of £1 1s. to Alex T. Waddell, of 15, Wilmslow Road, Rusholme, Manchester, for the drawings reproduced on pages 17, 19, 21.

We specially commend and select for reproduction the drawings of Jessie Jackson (Beverley, Yorks), Allan A. Adcock (Carlton, Nottingham), R. H. Robson (South Shields), Gwendolen M. Evans (The Park, Nottingham), Betty Lawson (Bethersden, Kent). And we highly commend the drawings by G. M. Sinclair (Leith), M. Hony (Bristol), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Evelyn Simpson (West Chislehurst), Alfred E. Carey (Forest Rise), Doris Jeffreys (Bournemouth), Beryl M. Puzey (Harrogate), Herbert P. Dollman (Kensington), Herbert E. Russell (Cockermouth), G. F. Barrow (Crouch Hill), A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Fred E. Bolt (Anerley), D. Broom (Warrington), Mona Spencer (Hanwell), Marguerite Perry (King's Lynn), B. W. Stanley (Great Yarmouth), Chas. Smith (Nelson), Hubert H. Thomas (Griffithstown), Jessie M. Tarbolton (Warwick), Phyllis M. Butter (Walsall), Dorothy A. Legg (Penge).

IV.—HUMOROUS POEMS.

Some of the work sent in for this Competition is good verse but not humorous; and some that is humorous is not good verse. The printable percentage is not so high as in any of the three other Competitions.

The FIRST PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to Mrs. Kathleen Palm Loxton, of 1, Trebovis Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W.5; the SECOND is divided and £1 1s. each awarded to Lettie Cole, of Toyer House, Pontilas, and



Specially Commended.

By R. H. Robson.

Illustrating title of "Blind Alley," by W. L. George (Fisher Unwin).

E. L. Roberts, of 21, Museum Chambers, Bury Street, London, W.C.1; and the THIRD PRIZE of £1 1s. is awarded to Wilford Gower, of Mill Bank, Wellington, Salop, for the following:

THE PROBATIONER'S "IF."

(*With Apologies to Mr. Kipling.*)

If you can rise and dress, without a grumble,
At six o'clock each morning, without fail;
If, when your frozen feet and fingers fumble,
You set to work without a daily wail;
If you can sweep, and not be tired of sweeping,
If you can dust, and see the smuts sit down
Just where you've dusted, and not take to weeping,
But start and dust again without a frown;

If you can clean, and clean, and go on cleaning,
And, tired and "fed up," smile on just the same,
And see your work upset, and learn the meaning
Of undeserved and most uncalled-for blame;
If you can spend your days in washing dishes,
And make yourself believe it's splendid fun,
And stifle down your very natural wishes
For something int'resting that might be done;

If, when some cross and tired Sister's snubbing
Makes you despair, though sticking to it still;
Or, when it seems your whole life's spent in scrubbing,
You keep right on, just of your own free will;
If you can polish floors with grim endurance,
And clear up doctor's messes, all in vain,
And tidy beds, while in the full assurance
They must be done again and yet again;

If you can start afresh each blessed minute
At your routine work, wearisome and dull,
And never scamp your work or muddle in it,
Though nothing comes by way of change or lull;
If you can keep the courage of the lion,
And yet not lose the meekness of the dove,
With nerves of steel and sinews made of iron
Why, go and be a V.A.D., my love!

KATHLEEN PALM LOXTON.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

In the spring Diana's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of seeds,
Then her lover's lot is chancy
(Not a word of mine she heeds):
I may whisper, "You entrance me,"
She goes on destroying weeds.

In the spring Diana's chatter
Chiefly deals with that which squirms—
Caterpillars, grubs . . . the latter
Do much damage Di affirms:
While I talk of things that matter
She goes on unearthing worms!

Though I vow my heart I'll harden,
Too much labour it entails;
When we wander round the garden
In the dusk that kindly veils,
If I'm wrong I beg Di's pardon,
But I *know* she looks for snails!

In the spring sometimes she lets me
Fetch and carry, seek or bring;
Or some simple task she sets me:
But I'll own the general thing
Is my true love quite forgets me;
Still it isn't *always* spring!

LETTIE COLE.

THE POET'S LOT.

When Orpheus strummed his magic lyre
In mythological attire

Upon the Attic plain;
If pleased to make the welkin ring
He was politely asked to sing
Again.

Lived there (for long) a Greek who scoffed
At Homer when he lightly coughed

An epic from his chest?
He who possessed the *Iliad*
Was miserable till he had
The rest.

When Villon took the tavern floor
Declaiming villanelles galore,

Did fellow-villains hiss?
Quite the reverse—they sat unsated,
Thumped the floor, and vociferated:
"Bis!"

But bards of meaner mould will find
The public very disinclined

To lavish thought on them.
For all their works, however fair,
The public does not really care
A damn.

An "Ode to Phyllis Running Free,"
In course of time, perhaps, may be

Productive of the bays;
A couplet cracking up a pill
Which cures every mortal ill . . .

Pays! E. L. ROBERTS.

MIND AND MATTER.

How wonderful the powers of poets be,
Commanding earth, and air, and fire, and sea!
They bade the hills and valleys laugh and sing,
They ordered them about!
And out

Of sheer conceit, one sought a mightier slave,
Bidding the deep and dark blue ocean roll!
It did as it was told.
It rolled.

Encouraged by success, they tried again
Calling upon the lofty stars to shine;
And, soon as day had gone,
They shone!
So, in their sweet, soft light, selecting one,
"Twinkle," a bard sang, "Twinkle, little star!
And saw it, acting on his wrinkle,
Twinkle!

Wonderful folk, these poet people are!
WILFORD GOWER.

We also select for printing:

AUTUMN LEAVES.

I stood alone within a wood
Upon a quiet autumn day,
And leaves were falling where I stood,
In quite the old autumnal way.

Autumnal thoughts were in my mind,
Such as a wayward fancy weaves
Of sad and melancholy kind,
Mostly of sere and yellow leaves.

The coming winter turned my thought
To fuel and the price of coal,
And then, by easy stages, brought
My mind to think of food control.

I thought of him who vainly tries,
As once in Egypt Joseph tried,
To still a hungry nation's cries
And satisfy its poor inside.

And then I thought of that grey leaf,
On which, in hope, our names are penned,
Asking, when we beheld our beef,
"Is this the end? Is this the end?"



Specially Commended. By Gwendolen M. Evans.

Illustrating title of "Jeremy," by Hugh Walpole (Cassell)

'Tis more than we have right to ask,
And more than any man can do,
To execute this hopeless task,
Controlling food and temper too.

For this poor man my spirit grieves;
I would not have his place instead,
With forty million dull grey leaves
Falling on his devoted head.

Full circle have my thoughts come round
Upon this quiet autumn day;
The leaves still fall upon the ground,
But in my mind are coloured grey.

(Canon C. J. Boden, Nathell Rectory, Nottingham.)

The best of the other humorous poems received are by W. St. Leger (Herne Hill), T. Disney (Hereford), Oswald H. Harland (Leeds), W. J. Fawcett (Strandtown), S. M. Isaacson (London, W.), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Hilda Brough (Stourbridge), T. B. Powell (Winchmore Hill), R. A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), Percy Allott (London, E.C.), Morton Luce (Weston-super-Mare), "Dickbird" (Finchley Road), Ambrose Vickers (Bootle), W. Mayer (Folkestone), Frederick Theodore Bastel (Cleveland, Ohio), D. J. Hickey (Leith), S. Louie Siviter (Birmingham), C. E. Ransom (Bovey Tracey), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), "St. Clair" (Leith), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Edward Crecy (Clapham), G. W. Harris (Runcorn), Chris Lawson (Glasgow), Elspeth Carr (Adelphi), Henry Wyatt (Preston), W. Masterton (Nottingham), Annie Storr (Brixton), C. D. Leslie (Hampstead), Eva Barwell (Kenilworth), Maud Cockrell (Lowestoft), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Mart Eastsley (Perth), Tamar Faed (Edinburgh), Harold Matthews (Malvern), G. A. Preston (Bournemouth), William Mitchell (Yarmouth).

New Books.

THE SUPERHUMAN ANTAGONISTS, AND
OTHER POEMS.*

In Sir William Watson's last volume, the first poem, "The Superhuman Antagonists," so o'ertops and outsoars its companions, that, on its merits, the book must stand or fall. Its *motif* is simple and ordinary. Ahriman, the Founder of Evil, and Ormazd, the Spirit of Good (two gods from the Pantheon of the Zend-Avesta), meet on an "interstellar road," and Ahriman proposes to Ormazd that they should divide the Universe between them, in order that each, in his own kingdom, may have undisputed sway—"perfect puissance, never threatened might." The plan seems to have its advantages, but before accepting it, Ormazd resolves to find out how the tide of battle between Good and Evil has been flowing, and finding that Evil is ebbing, he declines Ahriman's specious proposal.

That is all; yet simple and ordinary though the *motif* be, it obviously offers ample scope for personal creative imagination. A Meredith, a Browning, a Kipling, a Chesterton, a Masfield, could all clothe such big, bare bones with the flesh of a giant; all of them could make great poetry out of such a theme; yet the poems would be all unlike each other, and equally unlike the great poem Sir William has achieved. A theme of this character is more than a clothes-horse; it is a skeleton requiring not only flesh and blood, and a coat, but also a personal soul.

The poet himself declares that between the "Prince's Quest" and the "Superhuman Antagonist" forty years have drawn almost as severe a line as the line Ahriman desired to draw between Good and Evil. "The two poems," he declares, "are as little related as any two products of the same hand and brain can be." We do not agree. Differences in style of diction and in style of thought there undoubtedly are, but we think that any critic with an acute and sensitive critical faculty, meeting both poems unsigned, and in separate covers, would at once surmise that they were products of the same hand and brain, and should bear the same signature. And that is a compliment, for a great poet never needs "to supplant a derelict self of yester-year"; a certain amount of continuity in method and spirit is characteristic of all great artists, whatever their medium may be. The difference between "The Prince's Quest" and "The Superhuman Antagonists" is the difference between Paracelsus and Sordello—between youth and manhood—between the hand and brain of an adolescent and the hand and brain of an adult. Both poems are plainly the offspring of William Watson, though forty years have given his last work a maturity, an epical largeness, a concentration, that his earliest work lacked. He has become more eclectic, less exuberant, more dignified, less decorative, more ethical, less æsthetic, more sculptural, less picturesque; but nevertheless, I see no great gulf between his first work and his last. The Sir William Watson of 1919 still continues and includes the William Watson of 1879.

Through these forty years Sir William Watson has consistently maintained the highest standards of art. In his loyalty to high ideals of workmanship he has never wavered. Realising that poetry is the art of metrical expression, and is as much wordcraft as drawing is linecraft, or painting colourcraft, he has worked, "with no light and careless ministry," patiently and punctiliously in the spirit of an artist, until, as an artist, he has to compete perhaps with no living poet save himself. Yet, competing with himself, we think that, as a work of art, "The Superhuman Antagonists" is a masterpiece, even among his own masterpieces.

* "The Superhuman Antagonists, and Other Poems." By Sir William Watson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Critics have suggested that the "Antagonists" are "too proud and imperturbable and still"; but they are gods not men. An Ahriman or an Ormazd does not tear a passion to tatters; he scabbards his sword till it is time to slay; and the leisurely, sonorous roll of the lines precisely suits the immortal, implacable, unhurrying hostility of souls mighty enough to master or mask their own most turbulent emotions. The hates are scabbarded, but we know that giant hands fumble at their great hilts. It is not a battle between angry men; it is a battle between gods; it is a battle between Good and Evil; and *mise-en-scène*, diction and metaphor are all in keeping with such a Titanic combat. For such a situation not excitement but tension, not red flame but white heat are requisite.

Watsonian lines abound:

"And everywhere in our domains immense
Is balanced Might but grandiose impotence."

"And thine own puissance an arrested tide
Standing magnificently petrified."

"He swept through utter calms that well might be
Likened to the immense serenity
And infinite composure of the dead:
Kingdoms that Silence hath inherited
From Silence."

Not unjustly, indeed, may we describe the diction of the poem as the poet describes the oratory of Vayu:

"Reverberant, vibrant, nor less broad and deep
Than the sea's utterance round the cloven steep
Was his rich-billowing voice, each cadence grave
Being like the lapse of a sonorous wave
When it withdraws down a resounding shore."

The other long poems of the volume, "Americans Hail" and "The Unreconciled," are also written in the grand style, and also contain fine sonorous lines; but both seem to me to lack spontaneity, and to be little more than imitation—colourable imitation of William Watson. Such lines indeed as the following do not seem even colourable imitation:

"And then the paying of the arrears of doom
Vouched in remorseless audit."

"Defraud the world that looked to you and us
As guardians of its inward patrimony
And co-trustees of its estate of freedom."

There speaks Watson the accountant, and Watson the solicitor, rather than Watson the poet.

"The Unreconciled" is an appeal to the Sister Isle "whom we have wedded, but have never won." It is undoubtedly powerful, noble, and sincere; but still it gives the impression of being derivative and imitative rather than spontaneous; and the grand manner at times approaches grand mannerism. Lines like these:

"And rouse from counterfeit sleep their fell vendetta, and so
Return to the naked hate they were born in long ago,
Resume the wrangle of ages, resume the dear dispute,
The controversy eternal that bears but death for fruit"—

seem to me rather a rhetorical *tour de force*, than a spontaneous expression of poetic emotion. But I see the Irish Question from another point of view, and that may possibly pervert my judgment.

The briefer pieces at the end of the volume have charm and beauty, but I do not think that any one of them reaches the level of Watson's best lyrics—such lyrics as "Night," "Leavetaking," "The Ode in May."

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

THE NEW CONRAD.*

There is little in Mr. Conrad's stories of that simplicity and directness of thought and speech that are commonly taken as characteristic of the sailorman; for all the years he spent aboard ship, most of his novels could not be described as tales of the sea, though the sea has its place in most of them; but they are such tales as could have been written only by one who had been much of a wanderer and had forgathered in strange places with strange, unconventional people.

He has laid it down in his "Reminiscences" that "imagination, not invention, is the supreme master of art as of life," and that "an imaginative and exact rendering of authentic memories may serve worthily that spirit of piety towards all things human which sanctions the conception of a writer of tales and the emotions of a man reviewing his own experiences." And how much of authentic memory and personal experience enters into "The Arrow of Gold" none but himself can say. For here he follows a favourite device of telling his story, not in the first person, but through the medium of one of its characters, and the emotions as well as the experiences are presented as those of Monsieur George, who had for so long cut himself adrift from his early life and all that belonged to it that his family and friends had given him up for lost; and in his later years he writes the record of his wanderings in response to an appeal from his old sweetheart. "I know

where life has brought you," she writes. "You certainly selected your own road. But to us, left behind, it always looked as if you had struck out into a pathless desert."

The story is not, however, a straightforward reprint of Monsieur George's chronicle; it is a single episode selected from the recollections in his pile of manuscript, a gathering together of those passages from it that reveal the share he had in the abortive rising of Don Carlos de Bourbon, the Royal Pretender to the throne of Spain, and the rising is only of importance in so far as it concerns his relations with the fascinating Dona Rita, who uses her wealth in the Pretender's cause and her beauty to win adherents to it. Dona Rita is the eternal woman, seeming to stand aloof, mysterious, unapproachable, but at heart as essentially feminine in all her instincts, vanities, motives and lack of motive as any woman of them all; withal she is such a one as a man meets not more than once in a lifetime. By turns cold and passionate, alluring and repellent, subtle and simple, cruel and kind, she plays with her lovers, bends them to her will, and sends them

* "The Arrow of Gold." By Joseph Conrad. 7s. net. Fisher Unwin.)

to serve Don Carlos not for love of him but for love of her; yet there is more of caprice than enthusiasm in her own loyalty to the Pretender.

The story hovers, at times, on the verge of tragedy, but is handled with such irony and quiet humour that it remains a romantic comedy, with Dona Rita at the heart of it to give a touch of mystery and gallantry to its adventure and a glamour of passion and intrigue and disillusion to the romance of it all. Mr. Conrad's leisurely, discursive, apparently casual manner of developing his narrative may

seem to have something in common with the easygoing yarning of the sailor, but he is always the conscious artist and his most casual-seeming divagation is nicely calculated with an eye to its effectiveness in the full scheme of his story. In his admirable study of "The Advance of the English Novel," which has just been published by Mr. Murray, Professor Phelps says Conrad is "the psychologist of sailors; a kind of union of Richardson and Smollett"; but he is also a subtler psychologist than Richardson of men and women who have never been to sea; he has a dynamic imagination and writes with a sense of the beauty and magic of language that rank him above both Smollett and Richardson as an imaginative genius and one of the great masters of English prose.

THE MOCKER.*

It is not possible to gauge precisely the effect on Voltaire of his residence in England. That it was great, all

his future life sufficiently demonstrates; that he was aware of it, is perfectly plain from his letters, especially those to English people or on English subjects; that he occasionally was alarmed and resentful about it is shown, I think, by his indignant and rather frightened avowals that, after all, Shakespeare "had an untutored nature," and had "neither regularity, nor propriety, nor art." It is thus a man turns against temptations which his judgment only beats off at the expense of his heart. For nothing will make me believe that Voltaire, who knew and said that Wortley Montagu wrote finer letters than did de Sevigne, did not also know that Shakespeare was Europe's incomparable master of dramatic art. It is likely enough that the Gothic in Shakespeare puzzled and repelled him, as did the Gothic in nature—he laments that Rousseau should visit the bleak rocks of Derbyshire instead of the warm banks of the Thames; and it is true that in his letter to Walpole he insists that Molière and Regnard are greater comedians than Aristophanes, and commits himself to the astonishing judgment that "all

* "Voltaire in His Letters." By S. G. Tallentyre. 12s. net. (Murray.)



Joseph Conrad.

Drawn by Laurence Stone.

the Greek tragedies seem to me the work of schoolboys as compared with the sublime scenes of Corneille and the perfect tragedies of Racine." In all this, however, Voltaire is really judging his authors by a standard that no longer has any value to us—the artificial standard of Boileau. He could produce, no doubt, reasons for his opinion; but they are reasons which would not occur to him if his mind had not been previously biased by a theory of art which did not embrace the Gothic or the romantic.

Yet in soul Voltaire was incurably romantic; and he caught it, I think, while he was in England. His personal relationships, with Madame de Châtelet, with Delphine, with Frederic of Prussia, all betray the romantic; most of all those noble quarrels in which he upheld the cause of Calas, of the Sirvens, and of the Chevalier de la Barre, he was the real knight-errant of romance. Himself, he was in a dim way aware of this. Writing to M. Damilaville, he declares: "I have only done in the fearful cases of the Calas and the Sirvens what all men do: I have followed my bent. A philosopher's is not to pity the unhappy—it is to be of use to them." "I did it because I liked it"—that is Voltaire's cry, and that he tries to dignify it with the word philosophy, is it not the simple generous motive which stirred St. Louis of France, or Francis of Assisi, or Elizabeth Fry?

Readers of an older generation may look askance to see those great names coupled with Voltaire's. And indeed Voltaire was no saint. Yet it is Blake who said of him—Blake who hated what he wrongly believed to be Voltaire's philosophy—that those sin most who deny the Holy Spirit in Voltaire. How the tradition of Voltaire's exceeding wickedness—ugly stories of a death in fantastic agony—came to be so persistent I have never been able to discover. There is hardly a pious book of the early Victorian period which does not choose Voltaire as the very symbol of infidelity. It is true he wrote one vile book, "*La Pucelle*," and a good many indiscreet ones; but he was never infidel, he was not a notorious evil liver, and he had a love for truth and a passion for justice unequalled in his day or since. The tradition of Voltaire has ceased. Men no longer think of him as a man who combined the worst faults of Peter of Arezzo with the capital sin of Judas Iscariot; but too much stress is still laid on his mocking, impertinent wit, his gay sallies at things respectable and pompous. S. G. Tallentyre's admirable book should alter that. She has selected her letters with skill, and translated them with an ease which makes reading the book as pleasant as reading Voltaire's French. Certain things still remain mysterious. We shall never know now why Frederic the Great was fascinated by Voltaire, or why Voltaire, once at Potsdam, behaved so badly. Possibly the explanation of the last is simple. Caprice was Voltaire's delight. The formal, regular, admirable Prussian Court etiquette was a target for his destructive wit. One will always be sorry that his humour did not stop on this side of what plain men might call forgery; but after all, at Berlin no doubt there were moments when a Frenchman of Voltaire's spirit would do anything to break the monotony. And one must not forget that he regained and kept Frederic's respect. Long after his departure he wrote to him affectionately; and Frederic's desperate efforts to prevent him leaving are some evidence of the value he attached to his companionship. Still it was an odd friendship, and I cannot help believing that Voltaire would have been happier had he sooner found his refuge in the Swiss Republic. Not the least notable of the letters in this book are those Voltaire wrote in Paris on his visit there in his eighty-fourth year. How many English people, who think vaguely of him as a cynical old mocker, have read that epistle to the Abbé Gautier:

"I shall say to you exactly what I said when I gave my blessing to the grandson of the wise and famous Franklin, the most honoured of American citizens: I spoke only these words, *God and Liberty*. All present were greatly moved. I flatter myself that you share these aspirations."

Three months later Voltaire died: can it be denied that

he had made it far easier for those who love liberty to believe in God, and more difficult for all who worship God not to pursue liberty? Voltaire was the Erasmus of the revolution, as Rousseau was its Luther: had the world only had the wisdom to know their true leaders, the revolution might have accomplished more both for France and for Europe.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

SECRET SCIENCES.*

Students of secret sciences and occult philosophies have always been suspect to the profane. They are treated by the vulgar with an open derision, tempered by a certain fear. The general public occupies, undoubtedly, a position of great natural strength. Such scholars considered the concourse of the stars, but could certify neither the order of events nor the number of their days, for such things are not written in Nature, but in the Superior Tables of Predestination. They believed the mystery was revealed enabling them to transmute the baser metals into gold; yet they obtained nothing by it but diseases and poverty, for in old age—"greybeards of an evil time"—they fell to clipping and counterfeiting of coin. They sought for that tincture and universal medicine which would enable the body to defy Death and Age, and they died in early manhood. Men, such as these, pursued a magical tradition extremely baffling and obscure. The doctrine was very difficult, even for the initiated, but to the indifferent it was nothing but a derision and a snare. Interests and preoccupations such as these are common enough in all ages. To-day the most essentially poetic of living writers is largely concerned with similar matters; whilst in the seventeenth century Thomas Vaughan devoted his life to, and precipitated his death by, the same abstruse studies and esoteric alchemical experiments.

Mr. A. E. Waite has collected all the known facts of Thomas Vaughan's short life in a careful biographical preface. Vaughan was born in a farmhouse at Llansaintffraid, Brecknockshire, in the year 1661, the place of his birth enabling him later to excuse his lack of "pant and trim of rhetoric, because English is a language the author was not born to." So might Mr. Joseph Conrad offer ironic apologies for artlessness of diction, and with equal reason. The Hermetic philosopher was the twin brother of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, and, as Mr. Waite points out with truth, they belonged to one another in the spirit as well as in the blood, for after his own manner Thomas was also a poet, whilst Henry was drawn into occult paths as a translator, and indeed otherwise, as a record of his repentance testifies. Educated at Jesus College, Oxford, Thomas took Holy Orders, and became the priest of his native parish. He lived—like his great contemporary, Sir Thomas Browne, whom it seems to the present reviewer reasonable to remember in this connection—through the troublous period of the Commonwealth, and was ousted from his living by the Propagators of the Gospel in Wales, for drunkenness, swearing, incontinency, and carrying arms for the king. Charity induces one to trust that the charge is overcoloured, but moderation of speech, at least, was certainly not a characteristic of our philosopher. Vaughan sought the repose of Oxford to continue his studies. Protected by powerful patronage he lived safely to the Restoration, and at the time of the Plague took up his residence with the rector of Albury, at whose house he was killed on February 27th, 1665, by an explosion, whilst conducting some chemical experiments.

Mr. Waite has brought together the eight tracts on which Thomas Vaughan's fame must depend, together with certain excursions in Latin and English verse, but has omitted sundry abusive polemical writings, which would not increase our esteem for their author. Besides the biographical preface to which attention has been

* "*The Works of Thomas Vaughan (Eugenius Philalethes)*." Edited, annotated and introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. 21s. (Theosophical Publishing House.)

THE PELMAN'S PROGRESS

By MAX PEMBERTON.

IT is more than twelve months since the Editor of one of our great magazines invited me to investigate the claims of Pelmanism and to write for him my candid opinion upon the subject. I can pay no more emphatic tribute to the system than to say that I have been studying it off and on ever since, and have quite recently re-read the course from beginning to end.

Let me say at once that I found the fascination of Pelmanism no less sure in the twelfth month than in the first. Some of my friends refer lightly to it as one of my hobbies, and in some sense it may be so. There are years in every life when a man or woman determines to add some study to the burden of the daily life and believes confidently that this study will mature. In one case, it is the sudden determination to learn Italian or Spanish; in another it may be a violent desire to develop musical gifts hitherto unsuspected. A third student may suddenly buy all the books he can upon art or old furniture and endeavour to constitute himself a critic. Unfortunately these wild attempts rarely lead to much. I know a number of men who began Italian and Spanish and hardly got further than *accidente* and *bueno*, while the student of pictures or old furniture frequently completes his studies by the purchase of an imposture foisted upon him by a cunning dealer. In few of these cases is there the will power necessary to the satisfactory pursuit of the hobby, nor does it help the man of muddle age to remind himself that Cato learned Greek at eighty.

In the case of Pelmanism, few of these failures are to be recorded. I know a number of men who took up the "little grey books" indolently, believing that perhaps there was something in them, but half-assured that they themselves would never get it out. In nearly all these cases the ultimate record is one of perseverance. The students tell the same story and tell it very willingly. They read the first book and wondered upon concluding it whether there really was anything to be learned from it. It had not made any particular appeal to them. They put it down believing they would soon forget it, but they found themselves, nevertheless, thinking of it in odd intervals of leisure; debating the suggestions of mental inefficiency it had conveyed to them, and ultimately re-reading it with a keener interest. In the end the thing took a firm grip of them. They sat down to answer the examination papers, and having done that, they were anxious to secure the second volume. As the study progressed, the hold of it upon their minds was almost that of an exciting romance. The revelation of each succeeding book were eagerly awaited; there was the sure conviction now that Pelmanism was a vital thing which must mean much to them.

This, I say, is a common experience, and it has been my own. I wondered sometimes at the beginning if Pelmanism had really had anything to teach a man who had lived for fifty years. I have come to the conclusion since that not only has it a great deal to teach him, but that even at his age it may largely influence his habits of work and thought. In my own case its benefits can be defined without difficulty and certainly have a bearing upon my profession. Let me give one instance of this which I consider illuminating.

Two or three years ago I was complaining to my friends that as time went on I had not a difficulty in finding ideas but in holding them. A plot would flash upon me in train or cab, and I would congratulate myself that I had an idea of worth. Yet all too frequently I discovered upon returning to my own study that the idea had escaped me altogether, and that no effort of the mind could recall it. This difficulty has almost disappeared since I studied Pelmanism. I find it relatively easy so to focus the mind upon the idea that it is readily recalled upon my return to the house. The circumstances of it are noted carefully at the time. I try to remember what led up to it; just where I was when it came to me, and what was the central fact of it. Even a word will now recall the whole thing

to me, and this word is repeated again and again before I let the idea go. No doubt it would be in a way simpler to carry a pencil and a notebook and to record these suggestions at the moment the brain conceives them; but I have found that there are many occasions upon which it is almost impossible to produce the paper and pencil in question without the risk of becoming conspicuous; and even such a note as could be written, say, in a cab, will not present an idea as vividly as the mental index when emphatically directed.

But not only is there this recollection of primary ideas, but there is a newer power of their development. Many, no doubt, would consider it a ridiculous employment for a man of fifty years of age to be learning lists of words like any schoolboy and to be repeating them at odd moments. But the relation of idea as set out in these lists is of the greatest service, I find, in the exploitation of plot, especially in what we may call the correlations of our story. Thus a man may make a kind of genealogy of his ideas, shewing how one development of the plot leads to another; how it is possible to carry the story hither and thither without losing the thread of it; how to build it up and to give it the substance so necessary to success. In this matter I owe more to Pelmanism than I can say; and I am strongly of the opinion that every young author would benefit greatly by a pursuit of the particular trend of ideas developed in the fourth, fifth and sixth volumes of the little grey books.

There is another point, and it is this—we people who try to deal with things of the imagination are too often purely introspective. We are apt to seek our ideas wholly from the mind—from the world which does not exist rather than from that which is round about us. People have told me again and again that they have passed me in the street, where I was evidently unaware of their presence—indeed of anything that was happening in that particular locality. The charge is true, and would be true, I suppose, of many who write fiction. A man lives for a little while in a kingdom of the mind's creation. He follows the careers of those who never were born and dwells in houses which never were built. And while we may admit that it is well that he should do so, and that many a great dreamer has dreamed dreams which are immortal, at the same time it is impossible to forget that this is an age of realities and that the actual may be better than the imagined thing. I am quite sure that too many literary people keep their eyes closed as they go through the world, and neglect the aid of that observation upon which Pelmanism so properly insists. There is, we have been told, something to be learned in the meanest street of the meanest city, and it would be an unobservant fellow who could walk abroad in London for an hour and discover nothing to give him thought. Upon this Pelmanism properly insists, to the great advantage of its students. I find them quickly delighting in the new scenes they have discovered, and speaking of them with the enthusiasm almost boyish.

For these and many other reasons I remain of the opinion that Pelmanism is one of the most significant movements of the day.

MAX PEMBERTON.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE BOOKMAN who applies either in person or by post card (or letter) to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; Temple Building, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban; Chowpatti, Sea Face, Bombay.

drawn, Mr. Waite contributes a long and luminous Introduction, and has edited the whole packed volume with remarkable learning and patient care. These eight tracts exhibit the very form and pressure of their writer's mind, and show very distinctly the mingled yarn of which his thought was composed. They are concerned with such elusive and recondite subjects as the fellowship of the Rosicrucians, and with that magical tradition which may be traced back to those magicians who stood before Pharaoh at the time of the exodus from Egypt. Their author was a practical alchemist on the material side, despite apparent denial, and despite a deliberate vagueness of phrase permitting him to refer his investigations to some spiritual alchemy. He claims to have been instructed in the secret circumstances of the First Matter, from which all things were derived, and even, after long labours, to have seen, handled and tasted it. This does not sound very "popular pie," except, perhaps, for the impassioned student of occult philosophy. Vaughan, however, was mystic as well as Hermetical philosopher. He speculates on such matters as the Divine Immanence, and the nature and properties of the soul. On few subjects is the essayist more stimulating than on this "mystic citizen of the eternal kingdom." It is needless to say that he is a Neo-Platonist of the most stark and uncompromising order, as becomes the twin brother of Henry Vaughan. Indeed it is of the haunting poetry of that Silurist, and of the divine *Intimations of Immortality* of our supreme modern poet that we are reminded in reading his prose "Discourse of the Nature of Man."

It is not, however, Henry Vaughan or Wordsworth whom we recall most frequently in reading these tracts, but rather Sir Thomas Browne. The beloved physician lived much at the same time as Thomas Vaughan, and it seems natural that the younger writer should have known of his great contemporary. The two authors were absorbed in similar studies and speculations, for Browne, too, was a mystic, and was concerned about a traditional magic, not learned immediately from the Devil, but at second hand from his scholars. Episodes, such as Moses and the Golden Calf, intrigued them equally. Although not a perfect master of prose, Vaughan was an excellent writer. The cadence and structure of his sentences seem to derive from Browne, whilst such a phrase as "the poppy of oblivion" is culled from a well-known garden. Not the least merit of the book under notice is the comparison it affords with the work of the author of the "*Religio Medici*."

EUGENE MASON.

A TALE OF TRANSITIONAL INDIA.*

Never before has so faithful, so vivid a picture of the workings of transition in the innermost Indian life been painted by anyone as in this book. Dr. Tagore—for of his own free will he is Sir Rabindranath no longer—is a true artist who is not deterred by any consideration—patriotic or personal—from laying bare what would appear to a smaller man as a family skeleton that ought to be kept hidden from gaze of the outside world.

The scene of the novel is laid in rural Bengal, in the time of Lord Curzon's viceroyalty. Bengal has been ordered to be partitioned into Bengal proper and Eastern Bengal and Assam, as the Governor-General and his advisers considered it too large and too populous to administer efficiently as a single province. Leaders of Bengal opinion, however, interpret that move as an action directed against the growing national consciousness in that part of India. They beseech, they threaten the Viceroy, and when he refuses to yield, and Bengal is actually divided, a great wave of agitation sweeps from Calcutta, inundating the districts. To call English attention to their grievances, a boycott of British goods is declared, and every effort is made to get Bengalis to forswear wearing Manchester goods, and using other articles of British make. The novel

* "*The Home and the World*." By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Translated from the Bengali by Surendranath Tagore and Translation revised by the Author. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

is woven out of incidents that arise from that boycott in particular and the political ferment in general.

Bimala, the heroine of the story, is married to Nikhil, a wealthy landowner who, as is common in Bengal, is styled a Raja though he does not possess nor exercise any ruling powers. Upon his bounty lives Sandip—a subtle thinker and a man of magnetic personality, who has constituted himself as the apostle of boycott. By little and little he wins Bimala, brought up behind the purdah and emancipated with great difficulty by her progressive husband, until she has come to believe in such doctrines as burning other people's goods as a patriotic act, and even stealing her sister-in-law's money from her husband's safe to finance the movement that through arson, sinking of boats, and even murder, will, she is assured, usher in a new era for India. Nikhil, the husband, is an Indian of the old type, who does not believe in the Jesuitical formula that the end justifies the means. He refuses to compel the tenants that he holds in the hollow of his hand to burn foreign goods that they have in stock or to evict them or forcibly burn their belongings if they refuse to do so, though his fellow-landed-magnates, and even schoolboys, do not hesitate to brand him as a traitor who expects to rise in the estimation of the British officials, who would no doubt reward his staunchness by bestowing a foreign title upon him.

Rabindranath depicts, in his inimitable style, the struggle between Nikhil and Sandip, and its reaction upon Bimala's mind. As can be imagined, we get a story athrob with human passion—the best story, I am inclined to think, that we have had from this author. But better than the story, better even than the glimpse into the inmost life of Bengal of our day, we get an exposition of idealism—an essay couched in noble, dignified, poetic language—an essay written in the nature of a warning to Indians to pause before they have gone too far on the road of false patriotism, to turn back and save themselves from perdition ere it is too late. It is a book to be read and pondered, both by Indians and non-Indians alike.

It is for the best that Rabindranath has chosen this theme and treated it in this manner; for in doing so he has revealed to the Western reader the process of change from the old to the new which, but for him, would have remained a sealed book; while to the Indian he has succeeded in presenting a picture that will compel him to reconsider his position lest, in the name of modernisation, he may barter his precious heritage for a mess of nasty pottage.

I very much doubt that even Rabindranath could have achieved in English so naked, so unashamed a delineation of transitional Indian life. Not that I fear that his English is not adequate to develop the theme. I am afraid, however, that any Indian, in making such an attempt through a foreign tongue, would have felt more or less self-conscious. As it is, the merit of the present work is its utter absence of self-consciousness.

Speaking generally, the translator has done his work—extremely difficult work—remarkably well, though I fear that at times his English is not adequate to the task. In my judgment he ought to have contributed a prefatory note that would have explained to the reader unfamiliar with Indian events the inception of the boycott movement that provided Rabindranath with the opportunity to call attention to the tendencies that, if not arrested, may make India lose her soul.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF AN EDUCATION.*

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hardly attended with success—to a countryside where he is more at home and of which he is able to make us feel the charm. "Storm in a Teacup," though slight, is certainly one of his most successful stories. The picture of the paper mill and the paper makers, of the placid waters of the Dart, trees to the water's edge, villages nestling among plum and apple orchards is one the reader will welcome. One listens with pleasure to the slow voices uttering the ancient wisdom of unlettered folk; and the descriptions have a note of distinction which stamps them on the memory. "A man stood on the crown of a limestone quarry, where it bit into the slope of a green hill." "The hamlet lay in a dingle between the breasts of the red earth." "At water's brink, above Stoke Gabriel's little pier and gleam of white and rose-washed cots, black swine were rooting for acorns." Altogether a charming study!

"The Hidden Valley" is a long, deftly woven story of familiar pattern. At times, particularly in the first chapters, it is rather wordy, but as the tale proceeds the interest deepens until at the end the reader is sorry to say good-bye to characters who, if met at a tea party, might have seemed rather dull, but who in the book are interesting because of a greater knowledge of their inner lives. The story is concerned with the four lovers and the husband Philip Antrobus—who was no lover—of Sheila Travers, a pleasant average young woman. After making the usual muddle of her life Sheila wins to an assured happiness. In places the book rises above its pleasant level of unsensational well-written fiction, as for instance in such remarks as "Life at its best is a struggle towards attainment. We never arrive. Not to those heights that live in our dreams."

In "The Revolt of Youth" Mrs. Hobson has given us a sincere picture of a certain phase of life. Louie Swan, the futile daughter of a futile father, goes on the stage, fails in the part of Ophelia, and, returning to the distant relatives with whom she had been previously living, marries their only son. The theme of the book has little to do with the story, being the awakening of her womanhood in Louie, and the title is a misnomer, for the book is a study of unrest rather than of actual revolt and ends conventionally. Mrs. Hobson makes some arresting remarks. "... people as they passed. It was all so curious and interesting—the different things in their lives that nobody knew anything about but themselves; the things they thought they were going to do, that they wanted to do. And sometimes I pictured God looking at them from a distance, smiling, with His head a little on one side." But she also talks of "murky recollections" and "sordid facts of life," and one is a little sorry that this should be her point of view, also that an author who writes so well should be obsessed by what is only a part, when she might be looking at the whole.

"Handley's Corner," being an unpretentious farce suitable for holiday reading on a hot afternoon, was published at the right time of year. A dip into its unexciting pages, a nap, and it is tea-time. The assurance in the dedication that no real persons are described is unnecessary—as reality is out of place in farce and the characters of "Handley's Corner" are never at any time flesh-and-blood people.

"Bait" is a brisk business-like story about vulgar folks. The slang of to-day is given with some care, but less attention has been paid to the English. Such a simple act as tea-drinking is described as "pouring the fluid into the saucer and drinking from that receptacle," and we are told that "Tanner had a lot of history, but he was reticent of talking about it." The characters are the stock puppets of fiction. We have the sentimental hero who is too nice to put any questions to his mother as to his father. "She, splendid, brave little soul should never learn from him that he gave his father a thought!" The mother who, for the purposes of the story, has, though she is a farmer's daughter, never learnt to read or write, and the horrible heroine who is only too anxious to prostitute herself in order that a worthless brother may escape the punishment that is his due. A mechanical, indifferently written book.

But these five stories are alike in one, perhaps trifling, particular—they are badly proofed. Have the old printers

who attended to our spelling and bullied us in the matter of punctuation, died, and are these things matters of little moment to the young men now home from the war, or what is the reason of this falling off?

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

THE REALIST AND THE SYNDICALIST.*

Anyone who wishes to gather something of the origin and of the character of the latest attack on the authority of the State, the attack made by Syndicalism in one direction and by Guild Socialism in another, an attack based on a general tendency to anti-intellectualism and the New Realism, should read and compare the account given of it in Mr. Scott's vigorous treatise, and the vivacious examination of the theory of the State contained in Mr. Joad's collection of "Essays." Both Mr. Scott and Mr. Joad are, of course, very much concerned with the respective philosophies of Mr. Bertrand Russell and of M. Henri Bergson, the former decrying them as an idealist must, the latter adopting such a sympathetic attitude towards them as becomes the champion of the New Realism. As an analysis of the philosophic basis of Syndicalism, and as an indictment of it as a rival to the existing State, Mr. Scott's book, with its denunciation of the doctrine of the incalculable human will, is a most stimulating and indeed an irrefutable study in the correlation of contemporary social tendencies. Where it goes wrong, or rather, where it halts, is in its magnification of the importance of the State, in the inability of its author to see that, so far as can be foreseen, the State is not destined to be the ultimate social group. Industrialism, with its federated boards of international workers, may cut right across it. The League of Nations may, for all practicable purposes, destroy all States by erecting on their ruins an all-powerful World or Super-State. And in the event of religion becoming again a really vital force in the world, it is conceivable that men and women may even elect to group themselves according to the theology they profess. In any case the belief in the State as having claims on its members distinct from and superior to the claims of the community, the belief in the State absolutist in authority, sacrosanct in principle and paramount in regard, is possibly one of these creeds which humanity may be persuaded to discard. In his essay entitled "Common Sense and the Theory of the State," Mr. Joad, realist and pluralist, has some very piquant things to say on this subject. But when he remarks that "the origin of the State's claims upon the individual is founded on a topographical accident," i.e., on the accident of the individual having been born in one country rather than in another, he is begging the question in the most fallacious fashion. The real claim of the British State on British individuals consists ultimately not in the fact that they are born in British territory, but that they are born of British blood.

DEEP WATERS.†

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his style. Like Dickens he has had many imitators, but none of them has imitated him with any success. His tales are a blend of comedy and farce, but however farcical they may be in incident, his dramatis personæ, with all their oddities, eccentricities, absurdities, quaintnesses, are faithfully realistic and never go beyond the actual vagaries of human character. You may find the Night Watchman in the flesh on more than one Thames wharf; and if you are familiar with the life of the waterside you will have met men who remind you curiously of Sam Small, Ginger Dick, Peter Russet, and other such Jacobean creations. No living humorist has told more good stories than Mr. Jacobs; none has made more new additions to that world of the imagination which is inhabited by fictitious men and women who seem too real never to have been so. There are at least three tales in "Deep Waters"—two of the Night Watchman's, "Paying Off" and "Shareholders," and that of the troublesome conversion of Mr. Billing the fighting man, "The Convert"—which Mr. Jacobs himself has never surpassed, either for whimsicality of idea or for the humorous art in the telling. To outline them would be to give no adequate idea of them; they depend so much for their effectiveness on droll turns of expression, the humour of dialogue and elusive suggestion. It is enough that a spirit of irresistible laughter is incarnate in the book, and that, apart from the slight sketch of "The Winter Offensive"—one might confidently rest on almost any one of its contents the claim that as a story writer pure and simple Mr. Jacobs is still our greatest living humorist.

EXCHANGE PROFESSORS.*

That extinct ogre, Dr. Münsterberg, showed the German's usual gratitude for all the kindness he received at Harvard, by saying that America would never appreciate first-class scholarship until the pupils were paid more for learning than the lecturers were for teaching. One hardly likes to conjecture where that learned Boche is now, but wherever he is, it must pain him horribly to find that the first great lesson Europe and America have taught each other is the hopeless barbarism of Germany. Music has been with her a camouflage, science a weapon, diplomacy a gas barrage, and propaganda an utter failure to persuade anybody about anything. Having undertaken to beat the Hun at everything, we have beaten him hollow in his favourite system of exchange professors, and of all the articulate and gifted men we have sent across to the west, none seemed to absorb its spirit so truly as Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Those of us who knew him may have surprised less fortunate folk who didn't by the extent to which we voiced our expectations of what he might accomplish, but I do not know that anyone went so far as to see in him a historian of the States. This will show how far even misprised prophecy can fall short of the facts, for in its grasp of a crowded and eventful century, in the compression of vast and complex material, and in the ease and cogency of its reasoning, this book may stand as a masterpiece. It assembles America's development into ten or eleven chapters which, like the arches of a great viaduct, rise and carry their burden easily, without concealment or disfigurement or effort.

Above all, the book is free from that nauseous grandiloquence which Goldwin Smith found in all the American histories up to his time, Bancroft included. Its analysis of Lincoln's motives is the core of a penetrating appreciation, and indeed the portraiture throughout of men like Washington, Jefferson, Calhoun; Lee, Aaron Burr, Hamilton, Henry Clay and the odious Sumner, is sound and discerning. The author might have stamped a word or two of well-earned infamy on Nicholas Biddle, the first great trust conspirator who tried to corrupt the young

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Republic for greed and then tried to ruin it for spite; but he does justice to the sturdy figure of Andrew Jackson who conquered this pioneer "boss" by dint of courage and transparency of motive. In this the great Democrat gave an example to his successor of our own day, but it is not so generally known that he was the first of the American Presidents to brave the odium of his own supporters by effecting a dignified reconciliation with England, the nation with whom, as he said in no empty words, "alike distinguished in peace and war, we may look forward to years of peaceful, honourable, and elevated competition." This deserves to be remembered of Jackson when realms of screeching chauvinism are forgotten, and Mr. Chesterton fitly concludes the episode by reminding us it was the truculent "Pam" who answered him gracefully and well by testifying to the fair and admirable treatment this country had received at Jackson's hands from the first. These are things that needed saying afresh, and Mr. Chesterton has said them well. His style, calmly argued and delightfully lucid, survives even the comparison imposed by the introduction his brother supplies. It is grave and affectionate and sincere, as every "*ave, frater, atque vale*" ought to be, and it lays a noble wreath upon the soldier-grave of a man who had more of the heroic in him than he cared to let other men discover.

Professor McLaughlin of Chicago has been lecturing over here on the growth of Anglo American feeling, and now that five of his addresses are collected, they show what a wealth of historical research he has fused into the service of true patriotism and humanity. Like Colonel Palmer's war pictures of the American forces in France, it recognises how inevitable America's entry was, no less than the issue, and the ultimate victory for humanity. On the basis of such clear thinking and forthright speaking as these books contain, we cannot fear for the future.

J. P. C.

Novel Notes.

SONIA MARRIED. By Stephen McKenna. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

In "Sonia Married" Mr. McKenna has made a benevolent but somewhat garrulous busybody—who, with three other men form a sort of chorus—the mouthpiece of his story. The old gentleman describes Sonia as without very much depth of character. She is indeed a society butterfly who to the amazement of family and friends has married a man who is not only blind, poor and illegitimate, but in every other way unsuitable. After a few weeks of married life he leaves her to take up a post as master at a school. It is not very clear why he does this, for public schoolmasters are badly paid and his salary will not go far towards paying for the hospitality, pearls and ermine coats in which his wife is described as indulging. His reasons for leaving her seem no more adequate to Sonia than they do to the reader. She is hurt at what seem to her coldness and detachment; she is also jealous of his secretary, a young woman with a past. The result is what might be expected. Sonia, left to her own devices, drifts into undesirable flirtations, eventually leaving her home with the villain of the story. Grayle, the man with whom she has fled, discovers, however, that her presence in his house is likely to have an adverse effect on his political career, and Sonia is thrown on her own resources. Her rescue—by the chorus, her return to her husband's roof and the birth of Grayle's child follow. The scene of the story is England during the latter part of the war and a careful account is given of its condition, of the fall of the Asquith Government and of the various political situations arising therefrom. In parts the book is long-winded, but the incongruous presence of the chorus on all sorts of inappropriate occasions—such as keeping Sonia company just before the birth of her child—gives it a touch of comic relief which is welcome.

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Of humour which is charming and whimsical, the pretty little cockney "Blinder" of Mr. Burgin's new novel proves an unending source. Her love affairs embroider the more serious romance of her adorable mistress, Beryl Dennison. Beryl, courageously sacrificing herself to her egotistical father, faces the peril of London air-raids, until the little household is borne away to the safety of the countryside by Dennison's old friend, Sir Hilary Penderell. But the countryside holds more than safety for Beryl; it holds a wounded hero whom she nurses back to health, and a hypocritical stockbroker, who, under her magic influence, gives up his wealth to secure her happiness. The story is told vivaciously in Mr. Burgin's usual light vein, the plot evolving cleverly through a series of engrossing incidents that are edged by turns with humour, sentiment and pathos. A thoroughly enjoyable romance.

THE LEOPARD'S LEAP. By "Boxwallah." 6s. net. (Melrose.)

This novel of English life in Burma reveals more knowledge of the East than of the art of fiction. For the author has been content with the familiar plot of matrimonial entanglement and the flirtations and disloyalties apparently inseparable from tales of the hills. Without literary skill of unusual quality such a story is apt to pall, and the emotions depicted seem too trivial and ill-founded to merit the name of passion. The dramatic personae of this tale are familiar enough—officers, judges, civilians, either unhappily married or with a weakness for devoting their superfluous leisure to admiring somebody else's wife. Thus Captain Tracy Tomson, for no very obvious reason, neglects his wife Hilda, and falls deeply in love with Helen Whitham, the young wife of a middle-aged judge. Passion ultimately triumphs over loyalty, but the author sternly refuses the easy way of the happy ending. A dangerous spot on a hill-pass, known as the Leopard's Leap, affords Hilda a "way out," and a few weeks later her conscience-smitten husband is overtaken by destiny in the same place.

THE BARBER OF PUTNEY. By J. B. Morton. 7s. (Allan.)

Tim Hendrick, the barber, goes to the war, and though he does not give his experiences personally, this account of the happenings of those years is certainly given by one who was there. Where a number of men are gathered together jokes are inevitable, but facetiousness is not the dominant note—we have instead a simply told presentation of life in the ranks at the front. The three outstanding figures are Tim, who gets to hate it all bitterly in nervous disgust at its horrors, and yet who never fails; Curley, who can sleep anywhere and whose advice is, "Don't never think, keep doing something. When you 'aven't a job, sleep. If you can't sleep, get a job," and O'Hanlon, a poet who joined as a private—men so different and so alike in essentials. The incidents are such as the public have heard of from time to time, but told more intimately. Given as a narrative stretching over a long period—from the gates of adventure, where so many young men made their start—through the Somme battles and down to the armistice, it forms an impressive picture of the light-heartedness, courage and fearful experiences of the men. This is a book not only to read but to keep as a reminder for future years.

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return of the bag, and presently Valentine was asked to call at the house of another lady who demanded his intentions towards the mysterious and very attractive young woman who acted as her secretary. From all this it will be gathered that there is plenty of complexity in this story. All the characters are on the rush all the time, and all are on false scents. But although the reader may well feel that the play is often not worth the candle, he is not likely to anticipate the correct solution of the tangle. For Mr. Cobb, it need not be said, is an old hand at the game, and can tell a story excellently well. The characters are the veriest puppets, but there are amusing situations and some admirable comedy.

JOHN DENE OF TORONTO. By Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net. (Jenkins)

In an interval between the third "Bindle" book and a fourth, which is under way, Mr. Jenkins has written "John Dene of Toronto," which he rightly describes as "a Comedy of Whitehall"—but it is a sensational comedy, and both the comedy and the sensation are the real things. John Dene is a confident, aggressive Canadian, and he arrives in England during the worst days of the war with an infallible recipe for sinking the German U-boats. He has invented a special vessel for their destruction, and to enable it to work while submerged has fitted it with a special light—another discovery of his—that can pierce the density of water and illuminate its darkness for a long distance. Filled with patriotic ardour, he wants to present his invention to the nation, but will not give away his secret, and stipulates that he himself shall be in charge of the boat, as no one else, without his knowledge of its mechanism, can work it. Being a determined as well as a quaint person, John shocks the complacency of the official Dillies and Dalties and secures the chance he wanted to carry out his designs. But before he is ready to leave London the Germans get wind of his doings and their intricate network of spies begins to close round him. He scorns everything English as inevitably old-fashioned, and is chagrined that it is the British Secret Service which knows all his own movements and saves him more than once from the wiles of his enemies; but at length he is kidnapped under the eyes of his charming secretary, Dorothy West, and all Scotland Yard's frantic efforts failing, a reward of £20,000 is offered in vain for news of him. Nevertheless, reports are presently coming in of the sinking of U-boats in large numbers off Denmark, and the British Government is as much mystified as the German, till—but it is an excellent mystery and not to be given away by a reviewer. It is so ingeniously contrived and kept that the reader has no suspicion that there is a mystery till the time comes for the *dénouement*. A capital story, lightly and crisply written, with plenty of sparkle in its dialogue, it handles an exciting theme and its attendant love interest smartly and with an abounding sense of humour. John Dene ought to rival Bindle in popularity, and probably will.

THE BEACH OF DREAMS. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

An uninhabited island forms a fascinating background for adventure, as imagination can do with it what it will; but Mr. de Vere Stacpoole has in Kerguelin, on the edge of the Antarctic circle, an island in itself terrible enough for all needs; a dreary, savage place of towering rocks, deadly bogs filling the hollows in their surfaces; its shore the nursery of sea elephants and penguins. Upon this shore are cast Cleo de Bronsart, dainty, high-born and rich, and two rough sailors, the only survivors from the wreck of a prince's princely yacht. On Kerguelin, that elemental place, Cleo realises how elemental she is herself under her veneer, and what an addition to a strong will and a high spirit is a long sharp knife in times of trouble. The old conventions of rank and fashion fall away from her never to return after Raft, another castaway sailor, finds her in time to save her from destruction and nurse her back to health. The author's lively and vivid descriptions

of the different aspects of that wild land and of the way in which Cleo battles against all odds, together make a stirring story which will be welcomed by a host of readers.

DEMOCRACY. By Shaw Desmond. 6s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Democracy" is apparently a first novel, and as is generally the case is more a promise than a performance. A novel is a large piece of work; it fills over three hundred pages, and to keep on a high level of excellence throughout needs a sustained effort of which not many people are capable, and that more particularly when the writer is ambitious and deals with large subjects in a large way. To present such a subject as Democracy in an interesting manner is so difficult that few would care to tackle it in a work of fiction, and if we say that it needed more literary craft than Mr. Desmond has as yet acquired, we are only saying that he has attempted something great—all honour to him—but has not quite carried it to a successful issue. The chapters which follow on the opening four are the best in the book. They make you realise what Mr. Desmond can do, and although the interest flags in the latter half and you toil through stretches of desert sand, you feel you have made the one important discovery—your author has power and he can write. We shall look forward to the book Mr. Desmond will give us when the wine of his spirit is more mature.

MR. MISFORTUNE. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. net. (Collins.)

Miss Marjorie Bowen makes a picturesque character of Charles Edward Stewart, the Young Pretender, or Mr. Misfortunate—as he was styled by the Whigs of his time. The little known adventures of the Prince after the disaster of the '45 Scottish Expedition—adventures which led to the downfall of his cause—are recounted with unflinching skill and charm. The prologue contains some fine bits of descriptive writing, and the reader quickly finds himself immersed in the proper atmosphere for appreciating the events that follow. There are many exciting and thrilling scenes in Prince Charlie's life, but ever is misfortune at his heels, until at length he is, as he says himself, "Like a homeless dog on whom every door is shut!—forced to skulk in holes and corners." The Prince's charm of manner, and his bravado, are well brought out in the story; but neither charm nor bravado, nor the pluck of his adherents, nor the admiration and sympathy of Court ladies could avert his fate. It is a story full of colour and movement, that holds the interest throughout.

THE STERNDALLES OF STERNDALE HOUSE. By Mrs. M. H. Spielmann. 7s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is good reason why this novel concludes with a genealogical table, and had it been more complete, the gratitude of its readers would have been sensibly increased. For it must be confessed that Mrs. Spielmann has woven so many threads into the story that it is not easy to disentangle the complexity, more especially as the story is wide in its sweep and covers three generations of a family's history. The best work in the book is given to the drawing of the first generation, Mrs. Sterndale and her two sons. The mother favours the worthless son, Steven, a heartless spendthrift and moral weakling, who brings ruin into more than one woman's life. Too late Mrs. Sterndale comes to understand the nobility and sacrifice of David Sterndale under whose sheltering roof she died with his brother's name on her lips. The Sterndales had fallen upon evil days, and the shabby gentility of the home and the bickering and cross-purposes of the mother and two sons are described with real power. The later life of David Sterndale is but an interlude to the story which passes on to the fortunes of his only child, Doris, who finds happiness in her second marriage with one who proved to be her cousin and a son of the heartless Steven. This is a pleasant story on old-fashioned lines, and for that very reason it will commend itself to many.

THE HERMIT OF FAR END. By Margaret Pedler. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A dramatic novel that will appeal to all lovers of romance. A sure factor in any engrossing story is a mystery man on whose past a shadow has fallen, rendering him an Ishmael among his own race. Such a man is Garth Trent, nobly paying the penalty of another's weakness, living in a solitary old house on a bleak headland, cut off from the world. Yet even there love finds him out and restores him to happiness at last. The war plays a vital part in "The Hermit of Far End"; it skilfully reproduces the atmosphere of the last five years, the suspense by day, the horror of night, although all this merely forms the background of Sara Tennant's troubled love affair. Sara has been brought up to despise cowardice above all things, but is forced to believe that the man she loves is a coward. The plot is strong; the action is swift and grips the interest. This is certainly one of the best stories we have read in its kind.

THE GODS DECIDE. By Richard Bagot. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

This is a long and very careful study of political conditions in Italy during the war, woven into a story of absorbing interest. The Conte di San Fedele had married a wealthy woman of South American origin, but her fortune was lost in a financial crisis. This misfortune, together with her childless marriage and her realisation of her social inferiority, aroused the worst side of her character, and her jealousy was ill-concealed when her husband's wealthy and beautiful cousin, Vittoria Graziani, came to live with them as a ward. When the war broke out the sympathies of the family were sharply divided; the Conte and his cousin were staunchly for the Allies, while his wife sided eagerly with the Vatican and pro-German party. The local agent for the Germans was the Commendatore Azzini, whose cunning soon led him to prey on the jealousy and cupidity of the Contesse. The wiles and stratagems of the Commendatore, whose lonely villa became the centre of a vastly successful system of wireless telegraphy, are described in a thrilling manner, as is the manner of his discomfiture and defeat at the hands of a shrewd sailor-boy from the Italian Navy. The Commendatore made his escape; his dupe, the Contesse, found hers by means of an overdose of the drug to which she had long been a victim. After much good service and sacrifice in the war, the Conte and Vittoria had their due reward. The book well merits careful attention. Much knowledge and good workmanship have gone to its making, and the result is an historical romance of very high quality. On Italy's attitude to the war we have encountered no such enlightening book.

The Bookman's Table.

THINGS BIG AND LITTLE. By Gilbert Thomas. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Things Big and Little" is a collection of delightful essays and sketches which deal with all manner of things from "Minor Inconveniences" to "Ilonds." Now an "Ilond" is a piece of land (preferably, though not of necessity, surrounded by water) where everything is arranged and everything happens just as you wish it to be arranged and to happen." An Ilond, in a word, is Utopia. In Mr. Thomas's "Ilond" there is a Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, but there are no bishops or clergy, and cathedrals are used for "spontaneous worship." The Houses of Parliament are preserved by Mr. Thomas as "an interesting relic," but he has no Bank of England on his chart. Neither has he a Stepney, Whitechapel or Bow; in their place are green fields and pleasant little houses. Over the district known "on contemporary maps as Woolwich" he inscribes on his imaginary map

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of his imaginary Ilond: "Here, once upon a time, stood a big arsenal, where men wrought with great machines to make other machines to kill other men." Of many cities, of Fellowship, of Capital and Labour and divers problems Mr. Thomas speaks in describing his Ilond. "Very foolish dreaming," he calls it himself; but really it is only sheer common sense; he makes one realise that it is we who are awake in this far from Ilondian world who are the foolish ones. But, as we know, there are many "foolish dreams" of the past that have now become accomplished facts, and who can say but what Mr. Thomas's "Ilond" may not one day materialise from the realm of dreams? The essays on "Silence," "On Finishing a Book" and on "The Journey Home" make very entertaining reading; and what Mr. Thomas has to say about "Minor Inconveniences" should fill with delight the editor of a certain well-known boys' magazine. "A Danger to the State" is a vivid little sketch in which the author's tolerance is wrapped like a cloak around the interesting figure of "Evan Lloyd." It is a true story that he claims to tell. Lloyd is a man who, having a commission in the Territorials, in 1914, suddenly does a strange and courageous thing. What this thing is we must leave the reader to discover (it is only fair to the author), and content ourselves by quoting the last paragraph of this admirably told sketch. "I have not written this to defend Lloyd," writes Mr. Thomas. "Such a man neither asks, nor needs, any defence. I could not for myself accept all his ideas, and to many people, I know, they will savour of madness. But, of course, to most of us the prophets have always been mad. Nor (as I have said) do I blame the authorities for their action against him. A man like Lloyd is, clearly, a danger to the State. One can only wonder what kind of State it is to which one who will give up everything for the Kingdom of God can be a danger." We would urge those who have not yet made acquaintance with Mr. Thomas's work to do so as soon as possible. He is a writer that one cannot afford to overlook.

JOHN AYSCOUGH'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER.
 Edited with an Introduction by Frank Bickerstaffe-Drew.
 10s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Professionally Monsignor Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew is Senior Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Forces. In the world of letters he has written a number of novels under the name of "John Ayscough"; though it can hardly be said that his books have attained that celebrity which his brother priests, Dr. William Barry and the late Monsignor Hugh Benson, have won for *their* essays in fiction. The volume before us consists in a series of letters written by Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew on active service during the years 1914, 1915 and 1916 and addressed to his beloved mother, Mrs. Bickerstaffe, from whom the writer had scarcely been separated a day for thirty years. Designed to entertain an old lady, whose tenure of life was very precarious and was, in fact, cut short by the enforced isolation from her son, these letters are of course cheerful in tone, heightening the humours and minimising the danger and discomfort of war, relating interesting stories of the distinguished personages with whom the chaplain came into contact, and encouraging his correspondent to be with him in spirit by embarking in the same course of reading. "The Newcomes," "David Copperfield," "Richard Feverel" and "Can You Forgive Her?" are among the famous novels which come under review; and though "John Ayscough" can hardly be called a born critic, he discusses these works, as he discusses Lord Lyons's "Memoirs" or Cobbett's "Rural Rides," with an agreeable absence of pedantry or of prejudice, and with a knack of getting the ear of his readers. The anecdotes, too, which he has to tell his mother, are most of them uncommonly good. We particularly like that story of the doubled-edged compliment paid by an orderly to the H.A.C. "Ah, in that regiment even the 'orses are baronets!"

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FOUR-FIFTY MILES TO FREEDOM.

By CAPTAIN M. A. B. JOHNSTON, R.G.A., and CAPTAIN K. D. YEARSLEY, R.E. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood)

From August 7th, 1918, when these eight British officers escaped from the Prisoners-of-War Camp at Yosgad, in Asia Minor, till September 12th, when they arrived at Cyprus, is the period of the journey, and an excellent map enables the reader to make out the trail. The story of the march is told quite simply. Its hardships are not exaggerated, its difficulties not unduly stressed. Yet it was inevitable that the hardships of such a progress—scarcity of water in especial—should be great, and the difficulties overcome were often tremendous. For a prisoner to get clear away at the outset means a vast amount of patience and forethought, and disappointments were plentiful before Captain Johnston and his comrades, aided by the friends they left behind them, went out into the night and saw the Turkish commandment no more. At the very end, when they had reached the coast, there was a weary time of waiting in concealment before the empty motorboat was available for their departure. The ingenuity displayed in avoiding capture, in adapting clothes, and in cookery, is only matched by the courage and daring of the gallant fugitives. The book ends on a characteristic note of thanksgiving for the "Divine intervention which brought us through."

GARDEN FIRST IN LAND DEVELOPMENT.

By WILLIAM WEBB, F.S.I. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

This book, written in 1916, describes the construction of the Garden First Estate, "which lies rather between the suburban and the completely rustic," and "while embracing the convenience and luxury of present-day civilisation, retains some of those elements of rural life that constitute its attraction." The geographical situation is not exactly stated, but we gather that the position is within a reasonable distance of London, so that the inhabitants, prosperous business or professional men, after their daily work in the City, may enjoy at night the due refreshment of beautiful surroundings. The author has taken great pains to explain the whole scheme of this development in town planning. He deals in detail with the hedges and trees to be planted, the gardens to be laid out, the roads to be constructed, and the materials to be employed in house-building. In the chapter on finance and law the information and advice

given on the initial steps of laying out an estate on the lines suggested are particularly useful, and all who are interested in town planning would do well to consult Mr. Webb's book. A large number of collotype illustrations add to the utility of the work. The author is not proposing any solution of the housing problem for the working classes but is content to suggest better housing conditions for those who can afford to pay the necessary price.

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE WORKERS.

10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

This "Enquiry by the St. Philip's Settlement Education and Economics Research Society into the adequacy of the



From Four Hundred and Fifty Miles to Freedom
(Blackwood).

LIFE IN THE RAVINE.
Sketched to Author's description by Hal Kay.

adult manual workers for the discharge of their responsibilities as heads of households, producers, and citizens," comes from the Y.M.C.A. Settlement at Sheffield. It was initiated in 1916 by five persons "desirous of a revolutionary reconstruction of society," and wisely anxious for an "impregnable basis of statistical fact" as the beginning of such reconstruction. Clergymen, school teachers, shop assistants, housewives and men and women of other and various occupations have all helped in the good work, and the result is a volume within its limited area as thorough in its information and as scientific and reliable in its expression as Charles Booth's survey of London poverty. The Sheffield inquirers are inspired by the belief that reconstruction is education, meaning by education "the spiritualisation of the community." They are convinced that not the material but the spiritual side of poverty needs attention, and that without neglecting the building up of the bodies of people, we must "simultaneously refine their natures." Philanthropy alone, they tell us, will not suffice unless it is accompanied by self-sacrifice. The value of this piece of historical work done by the Sheffield settlement is very great. It provides knowledge badly needed by legislators and administrators, and should be studied by all engaged on social reconstruction.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1919

TRAINING THE AIRMEN.

By CECIL ROBERTS. With 8 Illustrations and a Foreword by Lord Weir. 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

THE KINGDOM OF THE AIR.

By EDGAR C. MIDDLETON. With 6 Illustrations and an Introductory Poem by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, C.S.I. 6s. net. (Burrow.)

THE WAY TO FLY.

By "AVION." With 8 Plates and 63 Diagrams. 3s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

A good deal has been written—mostly in impressionistic newspaper articles—about the psychology of "airmen," by which the writers always mean aeroplane pilots. To be pedantic, "airmen" are the mechanics of the Royal Air Force—people who very seldom fly. But that is neither here nor there; save for its unfortunate relationship with the title of Mr. Cecil Roberts's very likeable and well-meaning little book, which has nothing to do with the training of the only people who are officially entitled to call themselves airmen. Everybody will understand that he means pilots and observers—which is good enough. But I am afraid that most of the people are wrong who have written about us (I was an aeroplane pilot myself). They have seen us looming dimly—as it were—behind a glamour of novelty. Now, a fog not only blurs the sight; it also magnifies. And the result has been that any funny little idiosyncrasies any of us may have possessed have acquired a tremendous—and unwarranted—importance. Lots of these little personal ways have been exaggerated into the tremendously significant actions of a new, and possibly semi-divine, type. Mr. Roberts, I am sorry to say, commits this error. So long as his airmen are mere flight-cadets in training on the ground he feels at home among them, and writes very well about them and their way of life. But when they take to the air they very quickly pass beyond his comprehension. You see, he feels sure that there must be an Air Type, and that the Air Type is Jolly Fine—and he begins, from an incorrect starting-point of view, to dissect us. He takes Captain Ball as a typical "airman." Now Captain Ball's life is an example to us all, and is already one of the most

glorious traditions of the Royal Air Force (which had to make its traditions on the spot, as it were). But he was not typical. He was a brilliant exception—so exceptional that he got the V.C.

So, I am afraid that to my way of thinking, Mr. Roberts's book rather misses the mark when the writer is dealing with our psychology. After all, is there an Air Type? I am a little doubtful about it. The virtues which Mr. Roberts and many other writers so belaud and, in my opinion, magnify, are surely no more than those of the English public school in a new setting. And, honestly, we don't quite like this sort of thing. We don't mind being thought heroic—perhaps—but we are not "abnormal"; really we are not. We are very ordinary people, with no particular eccentricities. Mr. Edgar C. Middleton, in "The Kingdom of the Air," sees this, and his estimate of necessary flying characteristics is a fairly correct one. But he too is inclined to make the pilot rather an unusual

person, not in mental, but in physical, attainments. Enormous strength is not needed in the pilot even of a so-called "giant" aeroplane, not, provided that you do not intend to go very high, is any amazing degree of physical fitness required. Mr. Middleton, who probably knows better, is so unfortunate as to give the impression that they are necessary. For the rest, his book is a sort of general survey of the work done by aircraft during the war and of their possibilities and probable uses in peace. Of its two divisions the latter is the better. It shows sound sense and a very just appreciation of difficulties.

"Avion" doesn't worry himself about the Air Type. His book is severely practical, and, although I agree with his warning that you cannot learn to fly by a book, I believe that "The Way to Fly" will teach as nearly as any book

can. It is really a remarkable performance on the part of "Avion," who sets before his readers not only mere descriptions of the way to use their hands and feet while in the air, but a lot of most useful information on engines, rigging, map-reading, and aerial navigation. Perhaps he might have been a little more expansive about side-slipping, especially in its relation to forced landings, when such information is useful. But this is the only weak point that I can see in a well-illustrated book that deserves to become a classic in its particular line. The increase of knowledge may add to it, but it can never be superseded, for its basic principles are sound and true.

L. T. S.



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THE CROWD AT KING'S CROSS.
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TEMPORARY CRUSADERS.

By CECIL SOMMERS. 6s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Sommers's new book will not disappoint the high expectations awakened by his excellent "Temporary Heroes." For here again in this diary, 'written from day to day, in many queer places, at many peculiar times, of actual happenings,' we meet with the same agreeable qualities of keen humour and observation and the same proofs of the merry heart that goes all the way. The little book is full of the restraint that is the valued characteristic of the best books about the war, but it has also positive literary qualities of a very high order. It is full of admirable pen pictures and conveys a very marked unity of impression. Almost at random we choose an account of a court-martial as an example of Mr. Sommers's engaging method. "To-day I took part in a court-martial which would have given points to any farce yet staged. A wretched member of the Egyptian Labour Corps was charged with having in his possession several ounces of hashish, a deadly crime, and in addition a few little knick-knacks in the shape of Government spirit-levels and planes. Amongst the exhibits were a lady's reticule, seven packs of playing cards, twelve tins of tobacco, a dozen lead pencils, one embroidered waistcoat, and sixty-five packets of Epsom salts. Quite a connoisseur. . . . The first witness was a genial old fellow of some sixty summers. He was chiefly concerned in explaining to us at some length that the Egyptian was not invariably honest. We made a note of this, and carried on. The escort was a very old corporal of the R.E., with long drooping moustache, hollow cheeks, a loosely flapping uniform, and legs

so formed that it was impossible to say whether he was standing at attention or at ease."

SOPHIA MATILDA PALMER, COMTESSE DE FRANQUEVILLE, 1852-1915.

By HER SISTER, LADY LAURA RIDDING. With 5 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Murray.)

Lady Laura Ridding's memoir of her sister admirably presents a vivid picture of a most lovable and unselfish personality, and of a life spent in the oftentimes difficult exercise of a natural philanthropy. The Comtesse de Franqueville may not have been a great public figure, but among her circle of friends—a wide and distinguished circle—her influence was great. She is described by a French priest who knew her during the last years of her life as "venerated in the deepest manner by the whole neighbourhood, possessed by a passion

for duty, afire with interest in the spiritual work of the parish, sustained by admirable faith and generous love, which sent its beams far and wide." He added that she claimed to be "vraiment Catholique. . . . Si, de droit, elle était hors de *corps* de l'Eglise, de fait, par ses vertus, elle appartenait sûrement à son *âme*." The biography, which has a strong Church interest, deserves to be read not only for the worthiness of its subject but for the dignified charm of its composition.

YASHKA.

By MARIA BOTCHKAREVA. (Constable.)

The contents of this fascinating volume—the autobiography of the founder and leader of the famous Russian women's Battalion of Death—were dictated by the author and recorded in English by Isaac Don Levine, who is to be congratulated on the excellence of the writing and on the skill with which he has fulfilled the twofold rôle of translator and editor. It is difficult to say what portion of the



From Sophia Matilda Palmer, Comtesse de Franqueville,
which has just been published by Mr. John Murray.

CHATEAU DE LA MUETTE
AT PASSY.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1919

narrative is most interesting, the engrossing earlier chapters of Yashka's girlhood and womanhood or her amazing adventures as a Russian Joan of Arc. Yashka (the soldiers' name for their companion) belonged to the poorest peasant class, and only a woman of extraordinary grit and endurance could have survived the hardships and cruelty of her childhood and married life. It was real patriotism that drove her to enlist, for which special permission was granted by the Tsar. Yashka very soon established her position among her fellow-soldiers and her distinguished bravery silenced all jesting criticism. When the Revolution came, she founded the battalion of her own sex, few of whom survived their first acquaintance with real war. Yashka became suspect to the Bolshevik leaders and her escape to America is not the least exciting part of the book. The volume throws a flood of light on recent Russian history and on the personalities of its most famous and most infamous leaders.

THE SILENCE OF COLONEL BRAMBLE.

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated from the French. 5s. net. (Lane.)

Fashion in the covering of books with pictorial wrappers is sometimes misleading, as in the case of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble." Glancing at the cover one reader put the volume aside as a "war novel." He took it up again, minus the cleverly designed wrapper, and discovered the book to be a work of peculiar charm and attraction, a tender, intimate, witty presentation of a small group of British officers with their French interpreter companion. The colonel, the major, the doctor, the padre, and Aurelle, these are the principal people whose talk we listen to as it is rendered by a French writer who must have learnt to know the British with quite unusual thoroughness. It is indeed by the ready ease of the writer in the presentation of his work that the French quality is noticeable, rather than by anything in the point of view; it suggests indeed such intimacy of understanding as is rare indeed. The good stories easily and naturally introduced into the talk of the delightful five who mess together, and listen afterwards to the colonel's gramophone, give a curious air of reality to the group so cleverly vignettised against the lurid background of the war. How the padre shot his lion is a delicious yarn, and thoroughly characteristic is the author's close to the chapter of which that yarn is a part: "Aurelle, rather dazed, fuddled with the Indian sun and the scent of wild animals, at last realised that this world is a great park laid out by a gardener god for the gentlemen of the United Kingdoms." Not since Max O'Rell was among us has there



MR. WARWICK DEEPING, whose new novel, "Second Youth," will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell.



From Edward Wyndham Tennant, By his mother, Pamela Glenconner (John Lane). A second edition is now in the press.

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT.

been such lovingly humorous presentation of British character by a French pen.

SAPPER DOROTHY LAWRENCE: THE ONLY ENGLISH WOMAN SOLDIER;

Late Royal Engineers, 51st Division, 179th Tunnelling Company, B.E.F. 5s. net. (Lane.)

Adventures are to the adventurous, and "Sapper Dorothy Lawrence" succeeded in obtaining her fair share of them after having resolved to get to the front in France, disguised as a Tommy. That her narrative is a true one is attested by a letter written by one of the author's "Sapper" chums. It is a sufficiently remarkable narrative too, telling how, with the collusion of certain individuals whom she somewhat grandiosely refers to as "units" of her "army," the author succeeded for a brief time in France, in the latter half of 1915, as a soldier, and even in getting in that guise to the fighting front. The strange thing is that the author should have found so many people to further her in her escapade, up to the point

when confession as to her sex led to her arrest. Miss Lawrence is unduly severe on the sergeant who caused her arrest, but it would assuredly have been a grave breach of his duty had he not done so.



MR. LOUIS CALVERT,

whose "Problems of the Actor," with Introduction by H. B. Irving, Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing.

TEN YEARS NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER.

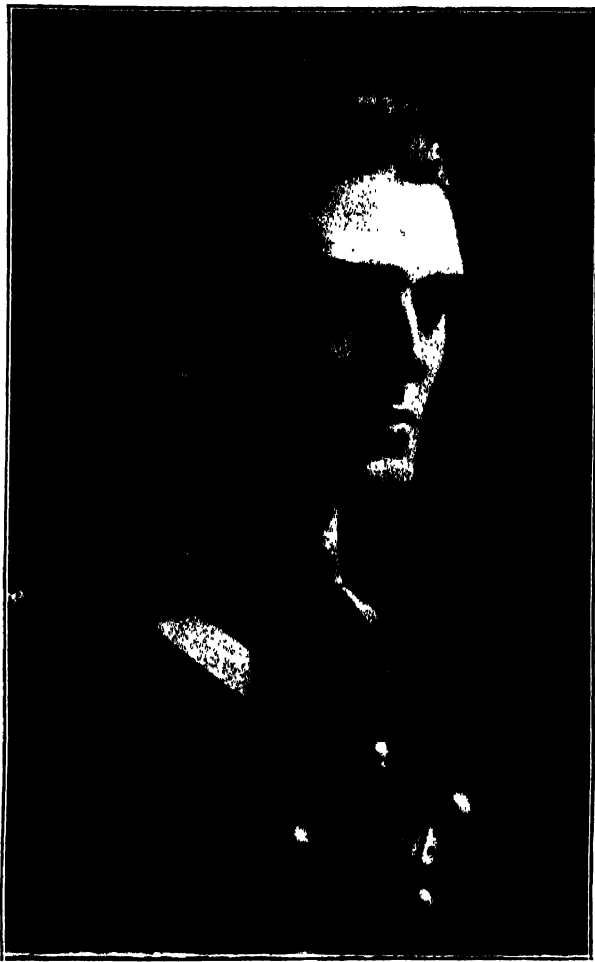
By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.
128. net. (Hodder &
Stoughton.)

In this admirably racy and readable volume Mr. Maurice Francis Egan gives an account of the ten recent and critical years which he spent as American Minister to Denmark. Representing the Government of the United States at Copenhagen—"the whispering gallery of Europe"—Mr. Egan was naturally brought into close touch not only with the Royal Household and the Diplomatic Corps, but also with every wandering celebrity who made a passing call at the Danish capital. The result is a graphic and animated picture of upper-class life at Copenhagen, and a number of excellent stories of well-known men and women who from time to time were domiciled there. What, however, Mr. Egan has more especially set himself to depict in his book—and what he shows most convincingly—is the systematic fashion in which German Kultur was preached in the three Scandinavian kingdoms, among the stubborn, democratic Norwegians, among the chivalrous and aristocratic Swedes and among the cynical, disillusioned and pleasure-loving Danes. Judging from his own experience Mr. Egan supports the current view that the Lutheran parsons and the university professors were among the most ardent propagandists of Pan-Germanism; and as illustrating the naïve insolence of the average German soldier and diplomat he tells how at dinner once a distinguished German official calmly suggested to him that he was in the secret pay of Russia.

**LIFE IN THE
OPEN.**

By DUGALD SEMPLE.
2s. net. (Bell.)

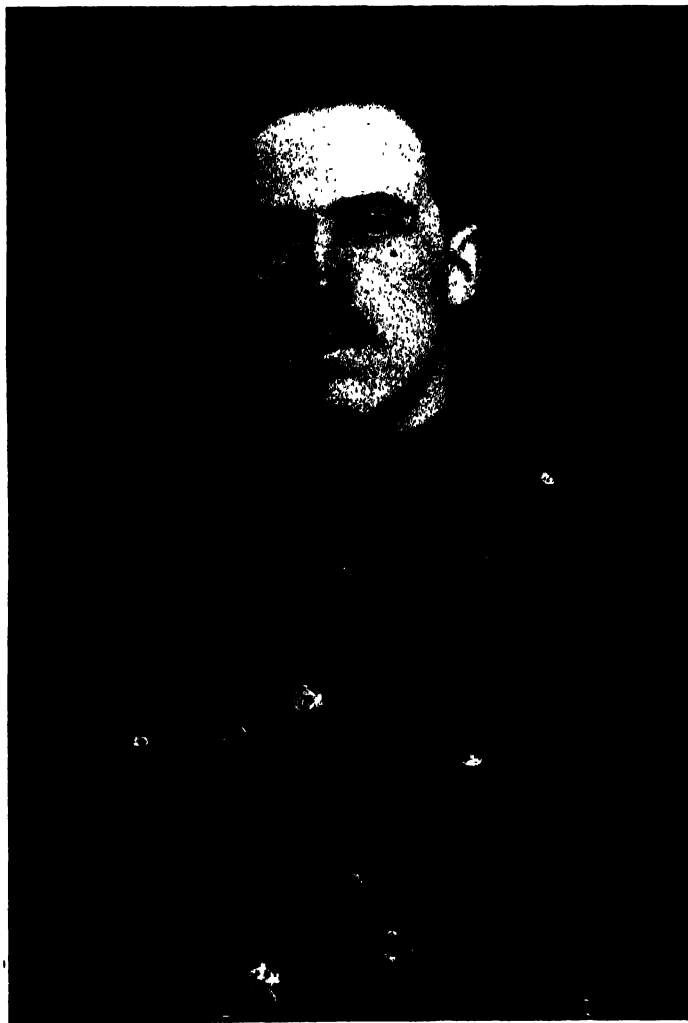
All disciples of the open air hail with delight a book by Mr. Dugald Semple, and may be sure of finding in it inspiration and sound advice. This handy little volume contains a series of racy, cheering articles that make one yearn for the hills and fields and a life lived under the open sky. Mr. Semple is, and



LIEUTENANT H. L. SIMPSON.

whose striking book of last month

"Moods and Tenses," was published by E. J. Erskine Macdonald.



MR. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

Author of "The Young Physician," to be published on October 2nd by Collins.

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always has been, a splendid advocate for his creed, and has many enthusiastic followers. His gospel is the gospel of simplicity, and he preaches health and freedom. Although, as he points out, "We must never lose sight of our social obligations. The victims of city life need our help in a thousand different ways. But on the other hand, it is our duty to live as near to our ideal as we possibly can, whilst at the same time acting in co-operation with others." He has done this himself, testing all manner of methods of living the simple life. In his present publication he has much to tell us of the joys of camping, of living in a caravan, of existence in a colony, and many other things besides; his articles are illustrated with excellent photographs. Nature lovers will hardly need to be recommended to buy a book by one who is well known to be so ardently, and so practically, one of them.

NOTES OF A CAMP-FOLLOWER ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

By E. W. HORNUNG.
6s. net. (Constable.)

The author of "Raffles" helped in the war by doing good service with the Y.M.C.A. in France, and in these reminiscences he has set down some account of the men he met and ministered to. Pathos and humour, sympathetic observation, and an obviously genuine liking for the company of the Y.M.C.A. hut make the book singularly attractive, and the many who valued the comforts and decencies provided by the Y.M.C.A. and are now out of the army will read it with interest. Others may also read it if they desire reassurance that the Y.M.C.A. deserves all the praise bestowed upon it. Mr. Hornung tells of his arrival at the hut, of Christmas up the line, and of that excellent institution, the library hut, and of the favourite books, and variety of choice. He should destroy the notion that the British Army consisted of a mythical "Tommy," that is of a class of persons all similarly minded. He found, what everybody might know, that in the British

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Army were men of utterly different tastes, opinions, and occupations, and that every novelist of repute, classical or merely popular, had his (or her) followers. Incidentally Mr. Hornung has a very sensible word on the current, but appalling, everyday language amongst soldiers. The excellent padres too often preached about rough language as a mortal sin. To Mr. Hornung "Taste is the bed-rock of this matter, and what is harmless at one's own fireside might well empty a public hall and put the police in possession"; and he adds, "the primary offence is against manners not morals, and public opinion, not pulpit admonition, is the thing to put it down."

HIGHGATE VILLAGE.

By WALTER K. JEALOUS
Illustrated. 6s. net.
(London: Baines & Scarsbrook.)

Highgate is rich not only in those old or beautiful survivals of architecture and custom that delight the antiquarian, but in literary and artistic associations that perhaps appeal more strongly to the average man. Andrew Marvell had a cottage there; and there are still the houses that were once the homes of Coleridge, of Leigh Hunt, of Dr. Sacheverell; an inn that was frequented by George Morland. The story of Whittington, too, is inseparable from the story of Highgate, and many another famous in later days has left some memory in the place. Of these, and the intimate past and present life of Highgate Village Mr. Jealous gossips from fullness of knowledge and very pleasantly. His book—which is at once a guide-book and a history—is excellently illustrated with old prints, portraits, and sketches by various artists. One, a drawing of the club room at "The Flask," is by Charles Robinson; another is by W. H. J. Boot; there is a drawing of George Du Maurier by himself; and twelve admirable, delicately finished sketches by Frederick Adcock of Cromwell House, Coleridge's house, the Church, the High Street, and other historic buildings or delightfully picturesque parts of the district.

COCKTAILS.

By LIEUTENANT C. PATRICK THOMPSON. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

"Cocktails" is a collection of air stories from the columns of *Flying*, the well-known aeronautical paper. Twenty-five liberal measure—of these excellent little tales and sketches are printed here, ranging the gamut of the emotions experienced by the average flying officer during the war, together with a few dealing with hardly more peaceful aspects of love. You are switched from deepest tragedy to farce as quickly as you pass from one story to another. There is, indeed, no lack of versatility in the volume;

moreover, Mr. Thompson can both tell a good story tersely and write well. At its best, his work is vivid and moving, but one warning should be given to prospective readers—of whom the book deserves many. These sketches do not necessarily represent war conditions of flying in so far as material things are concerned. Undoubtedly the average flying man's criticism of several of the tales would be that they are impossible—that such things didn't happen. Well, perhaps they didn't. But they make good reading, and they are correct to a degree in their psychology.

Which, after all, is the main thing.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING.

By THOMAS RUSSELL.
10s. 6d. net.
(Putnam's.)

Mr. Thomas Russell's book is a collection of six lectures delivered to students at the London School of Economics and Political Science, and, as its author is President of the Incorporated Society of Advertisement Consultants, it presents, no doubt, the last word upon the subject with which it deals. The reader will probably take that for granted. But what will be of equal interest to him is that he will find that the book makes admirable reading. The subject—a much wider and more "human" one than would generally be believed—is treated at once interestingly and with humour, and the psychology of commercial advertising is wonderfully well presented by the

author. Why is it, for instance, that Sunny Jim has disappeared from the hoardings while Johnny Walker and the Kodak girl remain? Mr. Russell will tell you. Again, you make ask yourself whether advertising is a career which you—or your son—would care to take up? Mr. Russell will tell you about that also, and with a good deal of enthusiasm. In fact, a very jolly, interesting, and useful book on a subject which might easily have been made dryasdust.

THE MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY.

By A. W. MARCHMONT. 6s net. (Ward, Lock.)

The rescue during the war of an English girl from Berlin by a young officer who is forced to impersonate a German spy is the absorbing theme of Mr. Marchmont's latest story. While crossing from Harwich to Rotterdam, the officer's boat is mined, and being the only survivor he is mistaken for Johann Lassen, a passenger *en route* for Berlin to join the secret service. To carry through the impersonation he feigns loss of memory—hence the title. Told in the author's liveliest manner, the story is brimful of breathless situations, tight corners, and hairbreadth escapes, and keeps the reader engrossed from first to last.



Coleridge's House
THE GROVE
Fred Adcock

From Highgate Village,
By Walter K. Jealous
(Baines & Scarsbrook).

THE BETTER YARN.

Being Some Chronicles of the Merrythought Club.

Retold by ARTHUR GREENING. With Character Sketches by CLIVE GARDINER, and a Frontispiece, etc., by ALBERT LOCK. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Mr. Greening pleads by way of excuse for his book—though no excuse for it is needed—that there is a shortage of humour, and this has moved him to help the world to a little laughter. He has gone delving into all sorts of little known or forgotten treasures of amusing yarns, and has made the oldest of them new again by retelling them in his own way, though not in his own person. You are first introduced to a group of characters, quaint rural personages, a commercial traveller, a soldier, a sailor, and others who meet from time to time in the parlour of



"Gargo"

From *The Better Yarn*
By ARTHUR GREENING.
(Jarrolds).

the "Merrythought," a cosy, haunted wayside inn on the outskirts of a village, and when they meet they exchange tales and anecdotes, and at night, when they are gone home and the inn closed, a company of jolly old monks come from a ruined monastery near by and take their places by the hospitable hearth and while away the night by swapping stories with which they used to set the table in a roar in the days before their solid flesh had melted. The result is a delightful variety of witty and humorous tales by all sorts of people—tales of the land and sea, of the town and country, of many ages and many countries. A capital book for the after-dinner speaker to steal from, and for any reader to take with him to shorten a railway journey, or to read in the garden or by the fireside or anywhere at any time when he feels that a course of hearty laughter would do him good.

FABLES OF EVERYDAY FOLK.

By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB. 4s. (Gay & Hancock)

Another book from the skillful and witty author of "What Eve Said" which should appeal to all lovers of "something fresh" in the way of books is "Fables of Everyday Folks." The fables are all short and to the point—decidedly to the point—and cover a wide range of subjects as the following titles suggest: "The Man with a



From *Fables of Everyday Folks*
(Gay & Hancock).

"DO RIGHT AND FEAR NO
MAN—DON'T WRITE AND
FEAR NO WOMAN."

Grievance," "The Play-going Joy-Killer," "The Perpetual Prude," "The Man with the 'Company' Smile," "The Woman Who Lived on Yesterday," and "The Man Who Wrote Letters"—a fable whose moral is, "Do right and fear no man. Don't write and fear no woman." The book is daintily illustrated by Ruby Lind who also illustrated "What Eve Said."

WHAT EVE SAID.

By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB. 4s. 6d. (Gay & Hancock.)

"What Eve Said" is a delightful and witty book of epigrams. A book that one may open at random and be sure of finding something good—no matter what page it



From *What Eve Said*
(Gay & Hancock).

"IN DOUBLE HARNESS, WHEN 'NERVES'
COME IN AT THE DOOR, HAPPINESS
FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW."

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happens to be. Here are some of Eve's sayings concerning Ladies and Gentlemen :

"A lady is one who always gives the benefit of the doubt."
"A lady is one who turns a deaf ear to gossip."
"A lady is one who finds wisdom in her washerwoman as well as her woman chum."
"A gentleman is one who does not try to prove it."
"A gentleman is a man 'higher up' who is big enough to grasp the hand of the man 'lower down.'"
"A gentleman is one who excuses every one but himself."

Some of Eve's Old Maxims for New are worth noting :

"Love to man is but a thing to start—'tis woman's whole persistence."
"When experience comes in the door, illusion flies out of the window."
"Where there's a will there's the devil to pay."

It is altogether a most entertaining book. Just the thing for "odd-moment" reading.

LOST ISLAND.

By H. P. HOLT and R. H. BARBOUR. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

It was the tale of an ancient mariner, as he slapped paint on the side of his ship, that fired Dave Hallard to answer the call of the sea. But the boy came of old sailor stock, and sooner or later every Hallard felt and succumbed to the prompting. Dave's interest in the mariner's story of a lost treasure ship was quickened by his ambition to restore his father's decayed fortune, and presently he cut his schooldays short and embarked on the *Kingfisher* as cook's boy. He was spared none of the hardships of the old tramp schooners, and a bullying first officer did his best to cure him of his illusions. But Dave Hallard had plenty of inherited grit, and in due time he heard further tidings of the old sailor's lost treasure ship. Dave and his



From *Lost Island*
(Harrap).

"YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT LUCK'S
COMING YOUR WAY WHEN YOU'RE
A SAILOR."

friend, Tempest, were able to interest others in the search, who gave them assistance in the enterprise. It proved an exciting quest, and the villain, Flagg, all but won the prize. The wreck itself yielded nothing, but a great storm revealed a buried hut on the shore, beneath the floor of which lay the long-lost chest of platinum. So Dave realised all his ambitions while yet in his teens. This is a capital boy's book, full of exciting adventure. It is published in a most attractive style and is well illustrated.

STONE WALLS.

By [CECILIA HILL. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This is a novel full of good writing and cleverly suggested atmosphere. Some of the characters are stagey and reminiscent, and the plot ends rather unconvincingly, but there remains much to stamp this book as one of unusual merit, and the reader's attention is gripped from the start. It tells the story of the lonely childhood of Petra Penrose whose life is grey like the atmosphere that broods over the only landscape she knew—the reaches of the Essex marshes. Beyond servants her only companionship was with her prosaic and domineering brother, and later with Leonard Brook, the clever undergraduate, whom she grew to worship with all her childish strength. Her mother returned from India with a hateful stepfather, who set himself the task of training the child not to follow the footsteps of her talented and bohemian father. Thus the child's inherited genius for music was mercilessly repressed and her later teens were spent in benumbing apathy. Leonard Brook, after long wandering in search of a career, returned to his native village, and discovered that Petra's womanhood was even more strange and alluring than her childhood. So he proves a redoubtable champion against the wicked stepfather, and the author assures us that he even succeeded in awakening Petra's heart from its torpor.



From *The Old Gray Homestead*
By Francis Parkinson Keyes.
(Hodder & Stoughton).

WRAPPER DESIGN.



From Wyndham's Partner,
by Harold Bindloss
(Ward, Lock).

"THE TABLE TILTED AND THE
MEDICINE CHEST SLIPPED
OFF."

WYNDHAM'S PARTNER.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Plots, gloom, sickness and mystery are plentiful in this novel, and Bob Marston, the strong and upright Englishman who was Wyndham's partner, detested such things. Perhaps if Mabel had not kept him waiting so long, for she would not agree to marriage while her widowed mother was alive, Bob would never have been moved to go voyaging to tropical swamps and lagoons with Harry Wyndham, even though Harry was engaged to Flora who was Mabel's dearest friend. Still Bob's scrupulous honesty and straightforward principles are the making of the story, and but for his partner's stand for right there is no telling to what lengths Harry might not have gone. Would he, adventurous spirit that he was, have dropped out, as Uncle Rupert dropped out, and settled down as a savage chieftain? Who can say?—anything is possible in the Caribbean Islands and the dusky villages of Central Africa when an experienced novelist is at work. Certainly Bob by putting some of his superfluous capital into Wyndham's had a strong position in the business, and it was nice of Uncle Rupert after all the trouble he had given, to save his nephew and Bob from embarrassment by disappearing into space before they reached Kingston. A capital romance, well written and thoroughly readable throughout.

"LIMPY."

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON. 6s. net. (Jarrolds)

"Limpy" has been selling enormously in America and deserves the same success on this side of the Atlantic. It is the story of a little cripple boy who feels himself neglected and shut out from the joys of life—one of those delicious child-studies which always find a corner in the heart of the reading public. How, in spite of his deformity, he

obtains happiness and brings it to others, is the theme of Mr. Johnston's book. Limpy's pathetic tale is told with touches of real humour and genuine feeling. Jonas Tucker, who lost a leg in the battle of Gettysburg and is able to sympathise with Limpy's lameness and loneliness, is a lovable character and teaches Limpy the mysterious art of seeing people's souls. The little fellow does many surprising and wonderful things and his history touches and keeps one interested until the marvellous operation that makes him like other boys at last. His first letter after his discovery that he will be able to run and walk and play discloses the martial spirit that all through has made him fight against the cruel disadvantages of his infirmity. Limpy is a character that will live, he is charming, pitiful, quaint and altogether out of the common.

THE SKELETON MAN.

By BERTRAM MUNN. 1s. net. (Angolds.)

A clever and satirical piece of work is Mr. Munn's short but piquant novel, "The Skeleton Man." The story is set in the year 1950, and deals with a startling scientific discovery that is used to bring about the drastic suppression of many abuses and creates a panic in London. Commencing with the sudden, unaccountable disappearance of flappers' pigtaails in the London streets, it soon results in the wholesale destruction of individuals and throws the populace into a ferment of terror. The book must be read for its originality and caustic humour to be appreciated. The theme is delightfully new and carried out with excellent effect. It is certainly, as it claims to be, "a novel with a punch in it" and hits out straight from the shoulder at a good many people and things who and which are in great disfavour with the public of our own day.



From The World of Wonderful Reality,

WRAPPER DESIGN.

the new novel by E. Temple Thurston, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.



From *Carrion Island*,
By Draycot Dell
(Jarrolds).

CARRION ISLAND.

By DRAYCOT M. DELL. 7s. net. (Jarrolds.)

Mr. Dell has written a stirring novel of the old romantic days of pirates and buccaneers. The first section of it relates the adventures on the high seas of John Scarlett; his meeting with pirates and his capture by them, and of his many escapes from death. But love and happiness come to him even in the wild haunts of lawless men, and years later his son, finding an old tattered log book, reads for himself the amazing story. The story so begun is continued in a second part which narrates the exciting events

that drive this same son on to Carrion Island, of the fortunes that befall him there—no less harrowing than those that befell his father—and how he clears up the mystery that had shrouded his boyhood. It is a rattling good yarn, full of thrills, brisk in action, and told in a virile, spirited manner.

UP, THE REBELS.

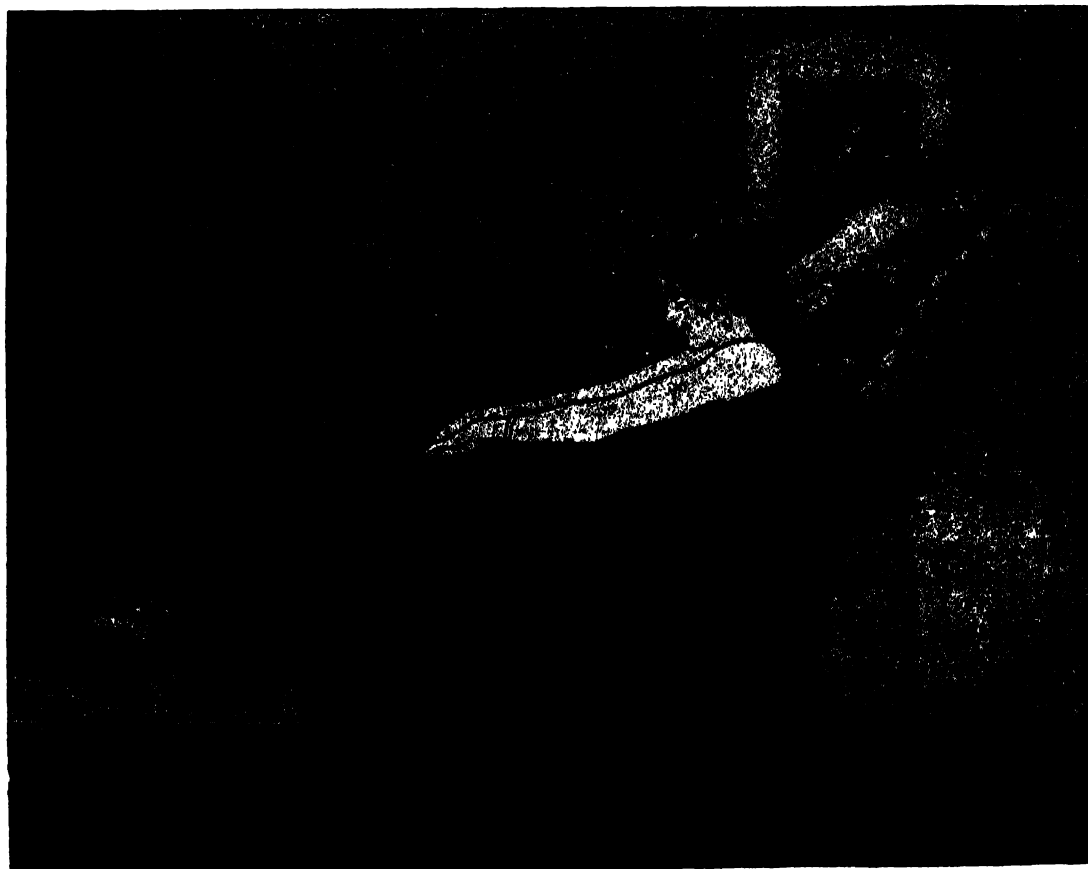
By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM 7s. net. (Methuen.)

With a touch of whimsical humour (and, surely, with a bull lurking round the corner) the author of this volume dedicates his story "To any friends I have left in Ireland after the publication of this book."

We were long since told by Samuel Butler the First of the fate likely to overtake those who in quarrels interpose; the author of *Hudibras* wrote, however, before the coming of the novelists, and the novelist is somewhat of a privileged person. Yet it may well be that George A. Birmingham's pleasantly rendered chapter from recent Irish history will annoy both sides, the supporters of the Government and the would-be makers of an "Irish Republic"; and that in spite of his genial humour. The leading types of the two sides, the governmental official and the sentimental dreamers, are well chosen in father and stepdaughter. Sir Ulick Conolly, regarded by his sister, the devotee of hunting, as the personification of Irish misgovernment, is really a charming, easygoing person, who apparently sees nothing incongruous in having a lady typewriter who is an ardent Sinn Féiner—that she is a good typewriter is the important thing; that she sends copies of important (and other) documents to her friends in the rebel camp does not seem to matter. Of course the most dramatic episodes turn on this very point, for the young lady—who had by the way greatly intrigued Sir Ulick's nephew—secures one letter on the subject of Irish conscription, and interprets an insignificant correspondent's suggestion as a Government resolve. Thus it is that Mona Conolly and her queer colleagues set up the Irish Republic in the little town of Dunally, and for a few hours are allowed to believe that they are making history. It is perhaps inevitable that a story dealing with such a theme as that of "Up, the Rebels" should break off inconclusively, but romantic readers will feel that they ought to have been given something of a hint as to what followed the well-engineered collapse of the Rebel Republic of Dunally.



MISS MAY EDGINTON,
author of "The Man who Broke the Rule," which Messrs. Cassell are to publish.



From *Woman*, by Starr Wood (Angolds).

AT HOME.

THE WICKED MARQUIS.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is some excellent comedy in this novel, and the dialogue and plot never fail in vivacity and interest. In fact the book is full of admirable dramatic quality, and if the characters suggest the stage rather than real life, Mr. Oppenheim gives them a fine air of reality, and the reader is entertained from the sprightly opening until the curtain falls. In days gone by, for saving the life of the head of the house, Richard Vont, a gamekeeper, had been granted in deed of gift a cottage adjoining the mansion. The present Marquis, the wicked one of our story, had run away with the daughter of the gamekeeper's successor and heir, and he now had the mortification of beholding from his windows the cottage wherein Richard Vont called down imprecations on the head of his daughter's seducer. Marcia Hannaway, as the daughter now called herself, had become



From *Tales from Hoffmann*
(Jarrolds).

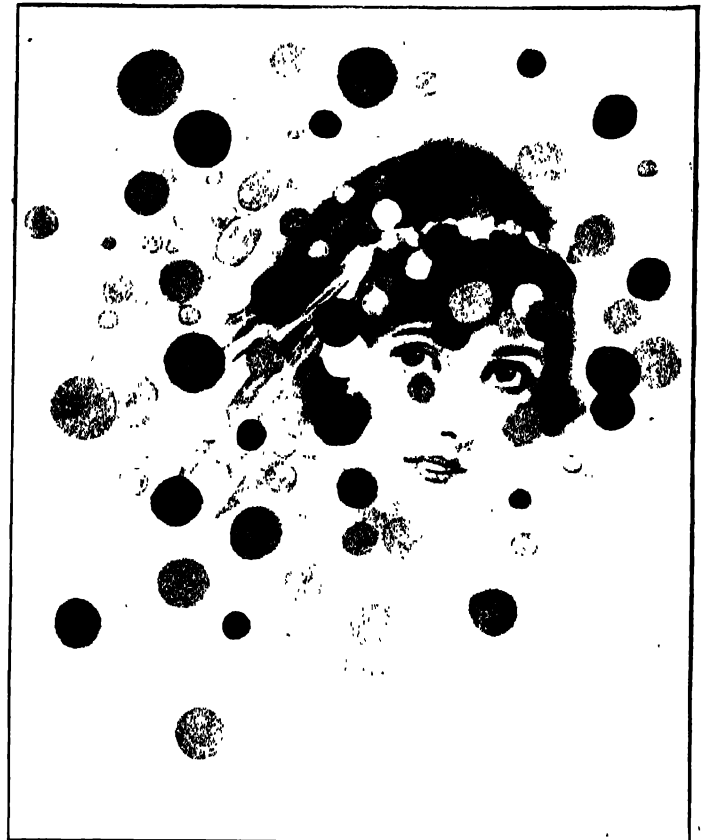
WRAPPER DESIGN.

a distinguished novelist, thanks to the travel and education which she owed to her loyal protector, and at the time of this story she was torn between love of her publisher and her gratitude to her elderly lover. Vont's nephew, a self-made millionaire, wormed himself into the Marquis's confidence with a view to ruining him by way of revenging his uncle; but instead of achieving that, he made the Marquis's fortune and married his daughter. It is a capitably contrived plot, with much good talk and many excellently drawn characters.

WANDERINGS IN ITALY.

By GABRIEL FAURE. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

M. Faure's "*Heures d'Italie*," an English translation of which is given in the volume before us, is a sort of exalted guide-book to the choicest beauties of nature and of art which are to be found in the Italian peninsula. It is a book indeed in which the distinguished French author essays to do for many Italian cities and districts what Mr. E. V. Lucas has done for Florence, the difference being that the Gaul is much more poetical and much less topographical than the Englishman. M. Faure is poetical in three very different but connected ways. In the first place his thought is eminently mystical and exalted. Secondly his prose style is very eloquent and rhythmical. And, thirdly,



From *Desperate Marriage*

WRAPPER DESIGN.

A new story by Marjory Royce which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

his illustrations and quotations are taken abundantly from many of the greatest singers of all time, ranging from Petrarch, Tasso and Dante to Goethe, Chateaubriand and Shelley. Perhaps the most delightful result of M. Faure's wanderings in Piedmont, Emilia, Umbria and Venetia is the admirably fresh and suggestive criticism which he gives of some of the Italian "primitives." Luni, Varallo, Ferrari, and Moretto have never found a more sympathetic appreciator.



From *The Mystery of the Heart*,

By Ottwell Binns
(Ward, Lock).

"HER EYES WERE ON THE
DOORWAY, FILLED WITH
MINGLED HORROR AND
FEAR."



MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH
whose latest novel, "Tamarisk Town" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number.



MR. H. H. BASHFORD,
whose new novel, "The Plain Girl's Tale," is being published by Collins. Mr. Bashford has not been writing novels during the war. His best known book is "The Corner of Harley Street."

THE IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN IN ANGLO-SAXON TIMES;

The Cultus of St. Peter and St. Paul, and Other Addresses.

By the Right Rev. G. F. BROWNE, D.D. 7s. 6d. net. (S.P.C.K.)

In his new volume of "Studies in Church History" Bishop Browne deals with five varied subjects which will appeal to various readers. The opening address, that on "The Importance of Women in Anglo-Saxon Times," is perhaps the least attractive in that it is the sketchiest, and deals with a theme that is more restricted than its title alone might suggest, that of the importance of women as centres of church and educative influence in Anglo-Saxon times. His second subject, "The Cultus of St. Peter, and



From Prisoners of the Red Desert,

By Captain R. S. Gwatkin-Williams,

with Introduction by the Duke of Westminster, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth has in the press.

CAPTAIN R. S. GWATKIN-WILLIAMS, C.M.G., R.N.

In a costume he wore while a prisoner with the Senoussi.

St. Paul," is extremely interesting as showing how the two apostles were closely twinned in early times, and in its presentation of an accumulation of evidence against the claim that St. Peter is to be regarded as the "Primary Patron" of England. Interesting too is the account which Bishop Browne gives of "The Early Connection Between the Churches of Britain and Ireland," and of "The See of Crediton, 9th June, 1909," an address given on the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the See of Exeter. The volume, which closes with a pleasant and informing essay on the life, work and character of Erasmus, is one that may be commended to the notice of all readers who can appreciate scholarly work presented in a thoroughly engaging and lucid manner.

BIRDLAND'S LITTLE PEOPLE.

By OLIVER G. PIKE. 4s. 6d. net. (Religious Tract Society.)

All young people who are fond of birds should ask for this book for their next birthday present—or Christmas present, if Christmas comes first. It is a fascinating book—all the stories in it being first-hand studies, which are illustrated with photographs taken by the author. "I want you to look upon the country as a big and wonderful book," says Mr. Pike in his short foreword. "Each day turn over one page—and you can go on turning all your life—and you will find on the page that follows a more beautiful picture and a more wonderful story than any you saw before." To those who so far are *not* interested in birds we would say, "Read this book." It will open a new and enchanting world to them.

HINDUSTANI LYRICS.

Rendered from the Urdu by INAYAT KHAN and JESSIE DUNCAN WESTBROOK. 2s. 6d. (London: Sufi Publishing Society.)

Lovers of poetry cannot be sufficiently grateful to Mrs. Westbrook and her collaborator, Mr. Inayat Khan, for making available to English readers some of the choicest specimens of verse, composed comparatively recently by representative Indian poets. They employed, as their instrument of expression, Urdu—a language that took its birth in the cantonments of the great Moguls. Combining, as it does, Perso-Arabic elements with Sanskrit and its derivatives, it is at once elegant and expressive. The names of these Urdu poets are household words wherever that language is spoken—and it is spoken by millions upon millions of Indians, not all of whom are confined to upper India. The selection of the songs is extremely happy: collectively they reflect the great variety and richness, the fine delicacy and nobility of feeling, of Urdu poetry. Born in Scotland, of Scottish parentage, Mrs. Westbrook possesses a wonderful faculty for appreciating Indian thought and feeling, and her art possesses the depth necessary for the reproduction of those minor notes that give tone to Urdu verse. I can select but one example to show how faithfully and how artistically she has done her work:

"The high ambition of the drop of rain
Is to be merged in the unfettered sea;
My sorrow when it passed all bounds of pain,
Changing, became itself the remedy.

"Behold how great is my humility!
Under your cruel yoke I suffered sore;
Now I no longer feel thy tyranny
I hunger for the pain that then I bore.



From Hindustani Lyrics
(Sufi Publishing Society).

ZAJAR.

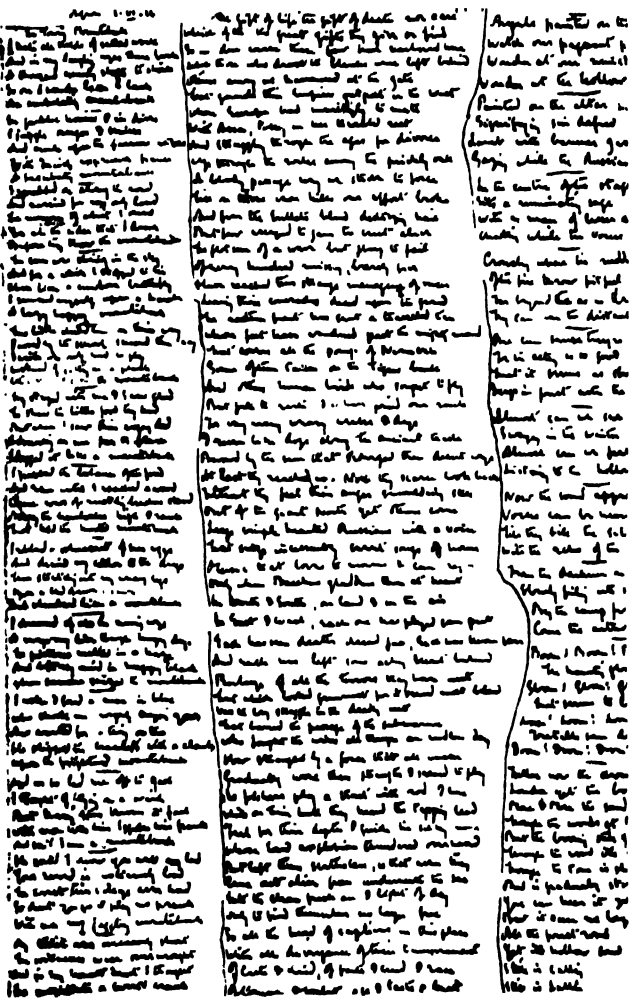
"Why did the fragrance of the flowers outflow
If not to breathe with benediction sweet
Across her path? Why did the soft wind blow
If not to kiss the ground before her feet?"

We must note that frequently the Urdu poets employ human passion to express divine love. Instances of this subtle imagery occur again and again in the book. The value of the volume is greatly enhanced by the foreword explaining the origin of the Urdu language, the modes of the poets, and biographical notes of those whose work has been included.

BANKED FIRES.

By E. W. SAVI. 7s. net. (Putnams.)

This is a good story of Anglo-Indian life, including many of the figures familiar in novels dealing with the great Eastern Empire. The reliant, straightforward English girl, the foolish wife, married too young, whose beauty in no way compensates for her selfishness, and the harpy woman, Mrs. Fox, who though married devours young men, are among them. As for the men, there are of course the fond and foolish husband, the strong man (in the person of Dr. Dalton), and the nice young men who hover, innocently at first, around the web spun by Mrs. Fox. Given these human materials almost anything could be done with them, and Miss Savi has made a thoroughly good, interesting and amusing story. Joyce Meredith, putting her child first and her husband nowhere, and patting the doctor's hand in her gratitude, or holding the lapels of his coat, is perhaps a little too extreme in her innocence, and Honor Bright somewhat extreme in her goodness. Jack Darling, too, was nothing if not extreme when he slipped overboard purposely to make his sweetheart believe he was drowning, and so forgive him his past history; but they all claim the reader's interested attention and help in the weaving of a capital story.



From Poems in Captivity
By John Still
(John Lane).

FACSIMILE OF PART OF MS.

The whole MS. was written in a Turkish prison on ten sheets of notepaper and concealed in a hollow walking-stick.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1919

OLD SPORT.

By GEORGE GOODCHILD
and MAJOR MAURICE
MOTTRAM. 7s. 6d. net.
(Jarrolds.)

"Old Sport" will appeal to as wide a public and deserves to be as popular as that other famous horse story, "Black Beauty." It is told with poignant sympathy and a vivid realisation of a sensitive animal's understanding. "Old Sport" describes his barren, hungry days of infancy, when he finds himself owned by a man who is struggling to wrest a living from the soil, and is fighting the ever-menacing shadow of failure. Semi-starved like his horses, the shadow envelops him at last, and "Old Sport" is torn from his old associations and sold. Fate brings him in course of time to a comfortable home where he shares the fears and joys of the Beecroft family, but finally he is caught up in the whirlwind of war, and carried off to France to play his part in the great drama. Eventually he meets young Beecroft again, and when both are wounded and invalided home, Beecroft buys him back from the Government and he returns once more to his old stable and a life of happiness. The story is an excellent one of its kind, written in a direct, unpretentious style and held together by a slight, but none the less engrossing, love interest. Dedicated to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, "whose work among the wounded and sick horses in the war zone can never be sufficiently appreciated," the book has much emotional charm and will be welcomed by all who can enjoy a good story, and especially by all lovers of horses.

THE WINE OF ASTONISH- MENT.

By MARY HAS-
TINGS BRADLEY.
6s. 6d. net.
(Appleton.)

Jimmy Clark, the son of a Chicago school-master, resolved to see life, and with some boy companions he paid a visit to one of the notorious haunts of the city. He escaped



From *The Glorious Thing*,
By Christine Orr
(Hodder & Stoughton).

WRAPPER DESIGN

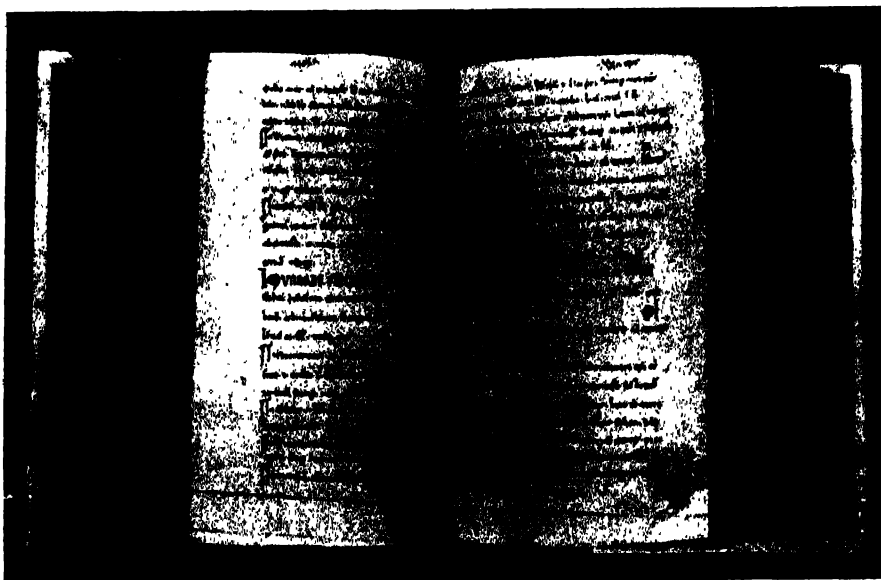
unharmd and disillusioned, but he had been seen entering, and in time to come the knowledge was used by an unscrupulous rival to break off his engagement to Evelyn Day. The successful rival, Christopher Stanley, is a somewhat inhuman person, who consents to a marriage in name only with the high-spirited Evelyn, who finds him a sorry contrast with her former boy-lover. The years drift by and Clark finds forgetfulness in successful work, but Evelyn chafes at her intolerable compact. At length she resolves to be a true wife to Stanley, who falls dead on the very threshold of his happiness. The way seems clear at last for the sundered lovers, but Evelyn can no longer face comparative poverty, and Clark refuses to live on the fortune of his dead rival. The way out is provided by the war. Clark goes to France and is wounded, and during an air raid in Paris he again meets his old sweetheart. They have both learned much of life and the way out to happiness presents no further difficulties.

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS IN LITTLE BRIT.

By W. HODGSON BURNET. 2s. 6d. net. (Westall)

The parliamentary system and politics in general lend themselves admirably to the good-humoured satire in which Mr. Hodgson Burnet indulges. He uses the bladder rather than the knife, and even those against whom his criticism is directed will laugh at their own expense. His Gullible, during the war period, arrives in the

House of Commons, and wakes from a brief nap to find himself bound with red tape. He makes the acquaintance of sundry ministers and members, has shrewd "digs" at most of them; makes pointed comments on Government ale, flappers, R.P., flag-selling, jazzing, and other matters of to-day and yesterday. A very entertaining little volume, cleverly illustrated by Mr. Thomas Henry.



From *Unknown London*,

by W. S. Bell, which Mr. John Lane is publishing this month.

DOMESDAY BOOK.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

No. 338. Vol. LVII.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The December BOOKMAN, a Special Christmas Number, will contain a series of beautifully reproduced presentation plate portraits in chalk of H. G. Wells, Stephen McKenna, Frank Swinnerton, John Drinkwater, Patrick MacGill, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Viola Meynell and Daisy Ashford. Special sittings have been given for these, and they have been drawn exclusively for THE BOOKMAN by Robert J. Swan. In addition to all our usual monthly features, the Christmas Number will contain many other presentation plates in colour and black-and-white, and four large Illustrated Supplements dealing with the new books of the season. The literary contents will include articles on "The Younger Novelists," by R. Ellis Roberts; "The Younger Poets," by Wilfrid L. Randall; "Ben Jonson," by George Saintsbury; "The Children's Hour," by Katharine Tynan; "Donne's Prose," by Dr. James Moffatt; "Ruskin in Wigtown"; a Bookman Gallery article on Stacy Aumonier, etc.

Readers are urged to place their orders for the Christmas Number without delay as the edition will be limited, and it cannot be reprinted.

"Children of No Man's Land," a new novel by G. B. Stern, will be published immediately by Messrs. Duckworth.

Two books of very different qualities that will be equally sure of a wide welcome are a collection of new stories by Max Beerbohm, "Seven Men"; and another by the inimitable Mr. Dooley, "On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils." Both are to be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann.

Another book of "Bartimeus's" short stories, "An Awfully Big Adventure," is to be published forthwith by Messrs. Cassell.

Messrs. Cassell are also publishing a new novel by Robert Hichens, "Mrs. Marden"; and a story of rural life, "Sheepskins and Grey Russet," by E. Temple Thurston, with illustrations by Emile Verpilleux.

Messrs. G. Bell & Sons are publishing a volume of "Victorian Recollections" by John Bridges, a brother of the Poet Laureate.

"Saints and Their Stories," written for children by Peggy Webling, and illustrated by F. Cayley Robinson, will be published this month by Messrs. Nisbet. Miss Webling's new novel, "The Scent Shop," is due from Messrs. Hutchinson; and she is publishing as a venture of her own, "Verses to Men," a book for Christmas, with a frontispiece by Leo Bates.



Mr. William Johnston,

whose new novel, "Limpy" (Jarrolds), was reviewed in last month's *BOOKMAN*. Mr. Johnston (left) is chatting with Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks in Chaplin's studio, Hollywood, California.

"Spade Work," Mrs. Henry Dudeney's new novel, which Messrs. Hutchinson have published, is another story of that Sussex life she knows so well and has pictured so vividly in other of her books. Though it begins in the precincts of Westminster Abbey, all the rest of it happens at Angmering, and in and around the old Pigeon House that was once her home.

A new collection of songs of war and miscellaneous verses, "The Guards Came Through, and Other Poems," by Sir A. Conan Doyle will be published this month by Mr. John Murray.

Two important books that Mr. John Lane is publishing are "The Life and Work of John Zof-fany, R.A.," by Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. G. C. Williamson; and "Jacob Epstein and His Work," by Bernard Vandieren.

A new volume of Maeterlinck's essays, "Mountain Paths," translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, will be published this month by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has written a timely book on "Spiritualism: A Personal Experience and a Warning," which the Religious Tract Society is publishing.

"The Twentieth Plane," by Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing, is "a psychic revelation," and contains messages received through an extraordinary Canadian medium from Socrates, Abraham Lincoln, Coleridge, and other great men who have passed over.

Mr. Stanley Paul has added to his cheap reprints Dolf Wyllarde's story of stage life, "The Career of Beauty Darling," and "Jill-All-Alone," by Rita.

A new book by Rita, "The Truth of Spiritualism," will be published this month by Mr. Werner Laurie; who is also publishing "Contact with the Other World: The Latest Evidence as to Communication with the Dead," by James H. Hyslop.

Mr. Arthur E. Baker has prepared "A Concordance to the Poems of Arthur Henry Hallam," which will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews to subscribers at 15s. net. It contains about 8,000 quotations and over 3,000 key-words. The verbal index to Hallam's poetical works has been edited by Richard Le Gallienne.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing a uniform edition of the works of Lord Dunsany, including "Tales of Wonder," "The Book of Wonder," and "The Gods of Pegana," each with illustrations by S. H. Sime; "Unhappy Far-Off Things," and "Fifty-One Tales," with a new portrait of the author.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark announce for this month "A History of the Christian Church," by Professor Williston Walker, D.D.

Messrs. Longmans have almost ready for publication "Mount Music," the last novel of those delightful Irish humorists, E. G. Somerville and Martin



Madame Yukio Ozaki,

who has translated the "Romances of Old Japan," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall have just published.



Photo by Wraith & Bay

Mr. Edgar Wallace.

Ross. They are publishing also "Wanderings and Memories," a narrative of forty-five years of travel in out-of-the-way places among strange people, by S. G. Millais; and "A Naturalist's Sketch-Book," by Archibald Thorburn.

The Rev. W. S. Crockett, minister of Tweedsmuir, whose "Scott Country," "Scott Originals," "Foot-steps of Scott," etc., are known to Scott lovers everywhere, has had in hand for some time a work which, curiously, has never been attempted before, namely, a Bibliography of Sir Walter. This will comprise practically every publication connected with Scott, both in book form and in magazine article. An important feature will be a complete record of the Waverley Manuscripts. All of these Mr. Crockett has been able to trace, and he will furnish also an account of the foreign translations of Scott into all European languages and many Eastern tongues as well, including Chinese and Japanese. The work promises to be one of the fullest Bibliographies in existence, and throws much new light on the popularity of Scott. Only a limited number will be printed.

In her new novel, "Cathy Rossiter," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing, Mrs. Victor Rickard writes of the world as it has become since the war ended. Her heroine, whole-hearted, impulsive, the friend of everybody in trouble,

marries a man who will, she believes, be in sympathy with her altruistic ideals and she hopes that under her inspiration he will do big things in the service of mankind. But his friends think her socialistic principles and behaviour will ruin his chances and prove a barrier to his career, and they influence him against her with disastrous results. It is a strong story, essentially modern in spirit, and, incidentally, Mrs. Rickard's exposure of the laxity of our lunacy laws seems likely to cause something of a sensation.

Mr. Edgar Wallace, whose new novel, "The Green Rust," Messrs. Ward, Lock are publishing, has found opportunities during a very busy journalistic career to write a goodly number of novels, the most successful of which has been "The Four Just Men," of which over six hundred thousand copies have been sold. He began writing while he was private in the R.A.M.C. in South Africa. Leaving the Army, he was appointed war correspondent for Reuter, and afterwards for the *Daily Mail*, for which paper he secured a sensational news "scoop," the news of the signing of the peace between the Boers and Britain being sent through to London three days before it was officially announced. Mr. Wallace has written many adventure stories, the most popular of which have been his West African sketches. He founded and edited the *Rand Daily Mail*, now one of the leading newspapers in the

**Mrs. Victor Rickard.**

Antipodes; coming home, he edited in succession the *Evening News*, the *Evening Times*, and several weeklies; at present he is editing *Town Topics*, though most of his time is occupied in writing novels and short stories for the English and American magazines.

The first three books of the newest of London publishers, Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson, will be "The Evolution of an Intellectual," by John Middleton Murry, an intimate study of the effects of the great war on a typical modern mind; "Wordsworth: An Anthology," with a prefatory note by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson; and a selection of the "Poems and Sonnets" of Edmond G. A. Holmes. These will be ready this month. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is publishing early next year "In Quest of an Ideal: An Autobiography," by Edmond G. A. Holmes—a brief story of the inner life of the author.

Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing "The Cruise of the Scandal," a new series of short stories by Victor Bridges, two of whose novels, "The Man from Nowhere" and "Mr. Lyndon at Liberty," are now running successfully at the cinema theatres. The film rights of his last novel, "The Lady from Long Acre," which Messrs. Mills & Boon now issue in a cheap edition, have just been purchased by the Anita Stuart Co., of New York.

A book-lover's arm-chair book of essays, "The Book-Hunter at Home," by P. B. M. Allan, will be published this month by Messrs. Philip Allan & Co.

Mr. Herbert Trench, whose play, "Napoleon," has been very successfully produced by the Stage Society, is a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and, like another poet, Matthew Arnold, was for many years at the Board of Education. He is an Irishman from the South, and his first long poem told the immortal story of the love and death of Deidre. This was followed by "The Queen of Gothland," which mirrors the tragedy of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. With "Apollo and the Seaman," published in 1907, he established his position among modern poets. Josef Holbrooke set this poem to music and the "Illuminated Symphony" was a performance which was stormily praised and blamed by the critics. Though his drama, "Napoleon," is a story of the great Emperor, many of its passages

have a curious applicability to the late war. The Oxford Press now publishes a cheap edition of it, at 2s. 6d.

"Bristol Potteries: Being an Account of the Old Potters and Potteries of Bristol and Brislington," by W. J. Pountney, will be published this month by Messrs. Arrowsmith.

Mr. G. E. Raine, Chairman of the Policy Committee of the People's League, has written a timely study of "The Nationalisation Peril," which will be published this week by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

"The Turning Point," by Edward Lewis, a new novel whose scenes are laid in the Midlands and in London, will be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low.

Mr. John Murray has in the press "Homing with the Birds," a new story of nature lore by Gene Stratton Porter.

A story of modern journalistic life, "Prestige," by J. A. T. Lloyd, will be published immediately by Mr. Stanley Paul.

It is six years since Mr. H. H. Bashford's last novel made its appearance. He has written another, "A Plain Girl's Tale," which Messrs. Collins are about to publish—the story of a girl sprung from the artisan class, and of present-day society, as seen through her eyes.

Among the new novels Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in the next few weeks are "Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant," a romance of married life, by Gilbert Frankau, and "The Little Soul," by Elinor Mordaunt, a realistic character story with an English setting.

A revised and much enlarged edition of "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock, with additional portraits will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton before the end of November.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a volume of "Persian Tales," translated from the original Kermani and Bakhtiari by D. L. R. Lorimer and E. O. Lorimer. It will be illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Hilda Roberts.

THE READER.

MARY ANN EVANS AND GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1919).

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

IT is said that when Robert Browning married Elizabeth Barrett a wag exclaimed wittily, if profanely, "Now these are not two Incomprehensibles, but one Incomprehensible." If we may make a further selection of the language prescribed by statute for the brightening of the Greater Festivals, we should say of the remarkable woman who married Mr. Cross and did not marry Mr. Lewes, that she represented an astonishing union of two Comprehensibles into one Incomprehensible. Thus: Miss Mary Ann Evans is easily comprehensible; George Eliot is also comprehensible, though a little less easily, for creative power is more puzzling to understand than acquisitive power; the really incomprehensible fact is the union of Mary Ann Evans and George Eliot in the same person. It is almost as staggering as if Miss Peggy Webling should turn out to be Mr. Sidney Webb.

The difficulty of the combination extends all through the piece. If you turn to the official biography you find the life of Mary Ann Evans, not the life of George Eliot. If you turn to the letters and journals, you find the letters and journals of Mary Ann Evans, not the letters and journals of George Eliot. Such personalia as are available relate solely to Miss Evans; and the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons spent by visitors at St. John's Wood or elsewhere were certainly not spent with George Eliot. In short, we are inclined to say that Miss Evans gets in the way of George Eliot a great deal too much. The lofty young critic of to-day who declares that he can't stand George Eliot will, on examination, prove to be in a state of annoyance with Miss Evans. I think we ought to devote a little space to this intrusive lady and her kind.

Sir Henry Newbolt, in a recent utterance that revealed him to a serious and astonished audience as a delightfully humorous after-dinner speaker, bewailed the unpopularity of the intelligentsia. We know more than other people, he remarked with feeling, and if we know more than other people, why then should they not respect us? And he went on to suggest that this undoubted dislike arose from the fact that the intelligentsia are learned in a way in which ordinary persons know they are not

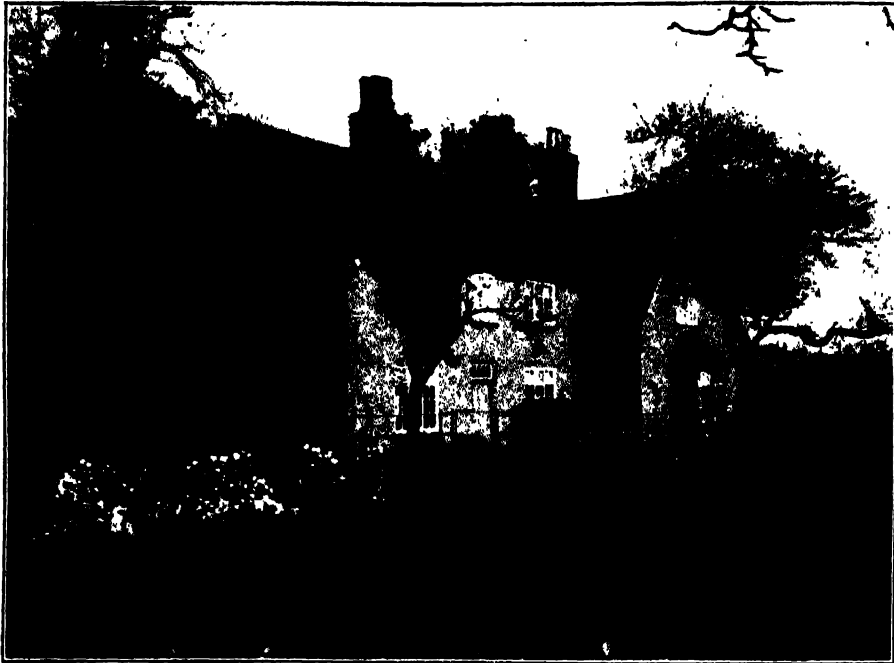
learned, and suspect they are despised for not being learned. Walter Bagehot was expressing the same idea when he said that Gibbon hastily left Lausanne in 1792 because he had arrived at the conclusion that he was the sort of person the populace always kill. I believe the reason is a very simple one—almost a very healthy one. The populace dislike the intelligentsia because they feel that the intelligentsia are not intelligent. Let me give a couple of examples. The other day a superior weekly review committed the assertion that Thackeray was a greater writer than Dickens because he had been to a public school and could quote Horace "in the original." Some time before this, a distinguished professor had proclaimed, with a finality prohibitive of contradiction, that translation and retranslation from and into Latin was "undoubtedly the surest (if not the only) way to master English writing." Now that is the sort of thing the intelligentsia say; and it is simply not intelligent. Utterances like these have done far more to bring discredit upon a classical education than all the frontal attacks by devotees of science and other deadly forms of useful knowledge; and utterances like these are constantly emitted by the superior lips of the intelligentsia.

Well, Miss Mary Ann Evans was a conspicuous member of this irritating class. For her time and station she was almost painfully learned. She was born, as we all know, on November 22nd, 1819, in the Warwickshire Midlands, where her father was a land agent. For twenty years she lived among the rural aborigines, George Eliot silently observing, Mary Ann Evans assiduously studying. Her acquisitions were numerous and paralytically thorough. German, French, Italian, and the classics were attacked, not in the genteel ladylike fashion that provided what Mrs. General would call a surface, but in the almost menacingly complete way that provided what the modern High School mistress would call a foundation. Always serious, she was necessarily thrown by the nature of her surroundings into deep and deeper communion with herself, and, as often happens with such characters, her spiritual combats were many



George Eliot.

Replica by M. d'Albert Duraud of a portrait painted by him at Geneva in 1849.

**South Farm, Nuneaton.**

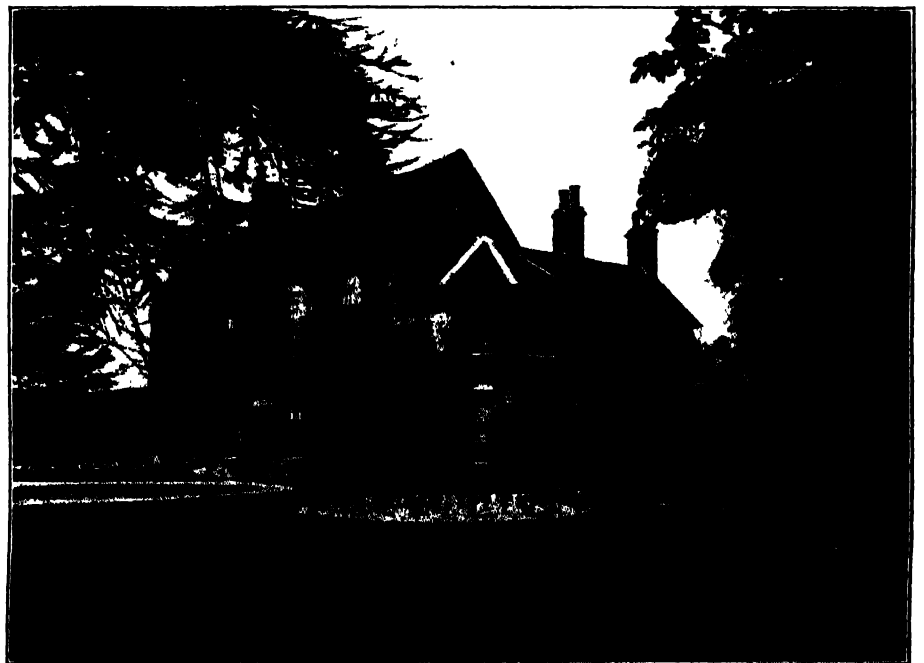
George Eliot's birthplace, November 22, 1819.

and their issues various. It seems almost inevitable that persons who are to display decided views of faith or morals should begin by being something decidedly different. Saints have begun as rakes, cardinals as Low Churchmen, agnostics as curates, Tories as Radicals, spiritualists as scientists, and so on. The people whose faith is a matter of routine go placidly on without change. Bishops never undergo conversion to anything unbishoply; though certainly one arch-deacon abandoned his famous functions and transferred himself to a rival persuasion, in which, it is true, he became an archbishop and cardinal to boot, and may have been vouchsafed a beatific vision of that possibility. But at least he took the risk. The learned Miss Evans (who more immediately concerns us) became deeply religious, and, in particular, professed and called herself an evangelical. Now whatever else evangelicals may be, they are usually tenacious, and not unusually aggressive. Miss Evans's evangelicalism, for instance, synchronised with the "Tracts for the Times" and with speculative materialisms about both of which the evangelicals were expressing their dissatisfaction with considerable force. The Tracts did not convert Miss Evans to neo-Catholicism, nor did the materialists make her conspicuously material; and that she remained faithful and evangelical, though so learned, in an age when spiritual edifices were rocking to their foundations, was a fact that caused much content in a wide and respectable circle.

When Miss Evans was about twenty-two, her father, whose housekeeper she had been for some years, moved to Coventry, where, in gratefully urban surroundings, she continued her life of study

and formed several valuable friendships, chiefly with the Brays, a highly cultured group, composed of Charles Bray, author of "The Philosophy of Necessity" and other speculative works, his wife, and his wife's sister, Miss Hennell. She read and digested vast quantities of books, and under the influence of her new friends turned her attention to the more debatable aspects of religion and philosophy. The story runs that the very learned and religious Miss Evans was introduced to the Brays by some one who hoped that the spectacle of so much faith and learning combined in the person of one young lady might lead them to a reconsideration of their agnosticism; but, as might have been foreseen, the conversion was effected in the other direction, and by 1844 the sometime pillar of

evangelicalism was engaged in completing a translation of Strauss's dreadfully unorthodox "Life of Jesus," which may be read to this day, should any so desire, in the version that is mainly hers. She was then twenty-five, and, if we may venture to say so, in urgent need of some sort of reformation or spiritual reconstruction, for, with all her gifts, she was little more than a very unpleasing specimen of provincial pietism, thinking concerts sinful, novels an invention of the devil, and theatres the ante-chamber of hell. Even the frequent marriages she heard of made her sigh as at a sort of wantoning in sin. Altogether she offered an excellent and repellent example of the strange paradox that compels very religious people of a certain type to affirm their faith by an attitude of chronic and irritable denial. In her own case the expiation was complete. The contemner of concerts became a devotee of music—almost her only tolerable verses being a reminiscence of

**Griff House, Nuneaton.**

George Eliot was taken here when four months old, March, 1820, and here she spent the first twenty-one years of her life.



N. P. G., London.

**Robert Evans,
George Eliot's father.**

From a water colour by Mrs. Charles Bray, 1842.

the Monday Pops. The despiser of novels became the leading woman novelist of her time. The scorner of connubial happiness lived to enjoy that happiness without the respectable sanction of a ceremony.

In 1840, after the death of her father, Miss Evans went abroad with the Brays, and soon after her return in the following year, was invited by Chapman (who had published the "Life of Jesus") to assist in editing *The Westminster Review*, the organ of all the isms—at were not theological. Presently she was established *chez* Chapman in the Strand, and meeting the Martineaus, Herbert Spencer, George Henry Lewes and the other oppressively clever people who made the *Westminster*, if not, like good champagne, very sparkling, then at least, like good champagne, very dry. One of these, however, must be exempted from the general desiccation. George Henry Lewes was so far not dull that many earnest people (including Miss Evans) thought him frivolous. He was the grandson of the original Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer"; and though he had sunk to compiling a "History of Philosophy" (which is still the most readable thing of its kind) his heart was in the theatre, to which he had contributed not only plays

but his bodily presence; for in Manchester he had appeared as Shylock to the disgusted Bassanio of Barry Sullivan, and as Don Gomez de la Vega in his own tragedy, "The Noble Heart." Further, between 1850-1854 he contributed to the *Leader* a series of gay and pungent dramatic criticisms signed "Vivian," combining gravity of matter with levity of manner in a way that we have come to consider the peculiar property of Mr. Bernard Shaw. When it is added that he was one of the ugliest men in London, it will be seen that he offered a sum of attractions irresistible to our former evangelical. He was married, but had for some time been separated from an impossible wife. In 1853 Miss Evans confessed to Miss Hennell that Lewes had won her liking in spite of herself; in 1854 they went to Germany together and began the irregular union that ended only with the death of Lewes in 1878. Him, too, had fate marked down for expiatory sacrifice. Not long before, in the early fifties, he had written a mock serious attack on "Writing Women," urging them to burn their pens and buy wool. "Arm-chairs are to be made, waistcoats to be embroidered." For the rest of his life he was to be the protector of the chief "writing woman" of the time, if, indeed, he may not be called her creator. Two years after their union, "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton" was begun at the suggestion of Lewes. It was published in *Blackwood* for January and February, 1857, and George Eliot suddenly appeared before an admiring public.

Miss Evans was thirty-seven when George Eliot was born. That she should have been born at all in such circumstances is astonishing; that she should have been born, Minerva-like, in full panoply, is almost miraculous. In the first story an experienced reader can point to occasional traces of awkwardness in the abrupt transitions from one set of circumstances to another, indicating a technique not yet perfect; but



Photo by W. H. F. Taylor, Cleary, Reigate.

George Eliot's School.

George Eliot first went to school at the house on the right. The gate just opposite, on the left, leads to Graft House where she lived.

otherwise the touch of the master is much surer in this first performance than in the last. Technically there is simply no fault at all in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," the second of the "Scenes." It is George Eliot's one perfect story capable of improvement neither by addition nor subtraction. Before the end of the year "Janet's Repentance" appeared, and her first book, unattractively entitled "Scenes of Clerical Life," was complete. Dickens at once spotted the author as a woman. In 1859, when "Adam Bede" was published, George Eliot not merely scored a popular success, but took her place in the front rank of contemporary writers. Had Lewes any share in this remarkable manifestation?

His acquirements were many, his experience wide, his mind supple. He had written plays, criticisms, and even novels. Was he the George and she the Eliot of a concealed collaboration? I think almost certainly not. The matter, for sure, is all hers. The stories are heavy with the "argillaceous earth" of the Midlands. Adam Bede is George Eliot's father, so is Caleb Garth, so is Mr. Tulliver. "The Mill on the Floss" (her third book) is largely autobiographical. The grown-up Maggie may be disappointing, but there are few children in fiction

more appealing than the "little wench" with her brown skin and rebellious black hair, wildly passionate, overflowing with love and the desire for love, the puzzle of her wondering and placid mother, the delight of her sturdy and headstrong father. The life of the children Tom and Maggie Tulliver is the life of the children Isaac and Mary Evans, with this important difference, that Mary went on gaining an ever stronger hold on life and its meaning, while Maggie sped stormily hither and thither, shattering herself at every turn, till the waters

of the Floss closed at last over a shipwrecked life. Lewes had nothing to do with all that! What he may have contributed is the guiding hand of sane criticism, for his critical powers were of a vastly higher order than the creative power that produced his novels and plays; and certainly he contributed the rounding, the sweetening, the enhancing of personal life which Mary Evans needed for harmonious development. He was what chemists call a "catalyst": he did not combine, he enabled. The puzzle is how the heavy rustic humour came. They were both intensely intellectual; and mere intellect cannot create. What is wanted (says Bagehot) is to be able to



Photo by Will F. Taylor, Cleurs, Reigate.

Arbury Mill.

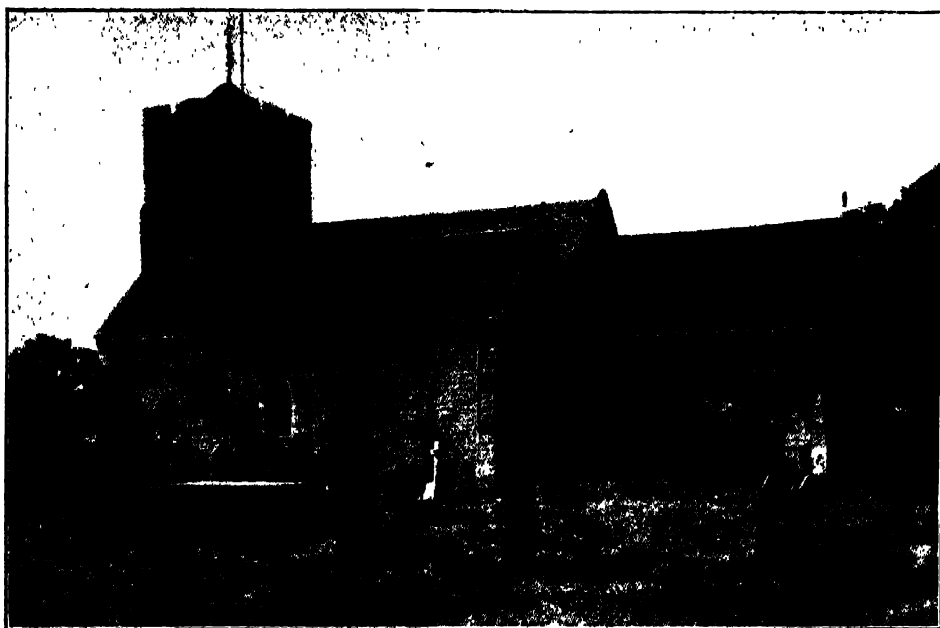
This mill, which is not now in use, is close to George Eliot's early home and is said to be the original of the "Mill on the Floss."



Photo by Will F. Taylor, Cleurs, Reigate.

Wirksworth,

the "Stonyfield" of "Adam Bede." George Eliot stayed at the house with the blind—the shop at that time being kept by relatives of hers.



Chilvers Coton Church.

**"Shepperton" in
"Scenes of Clerical
Life."**

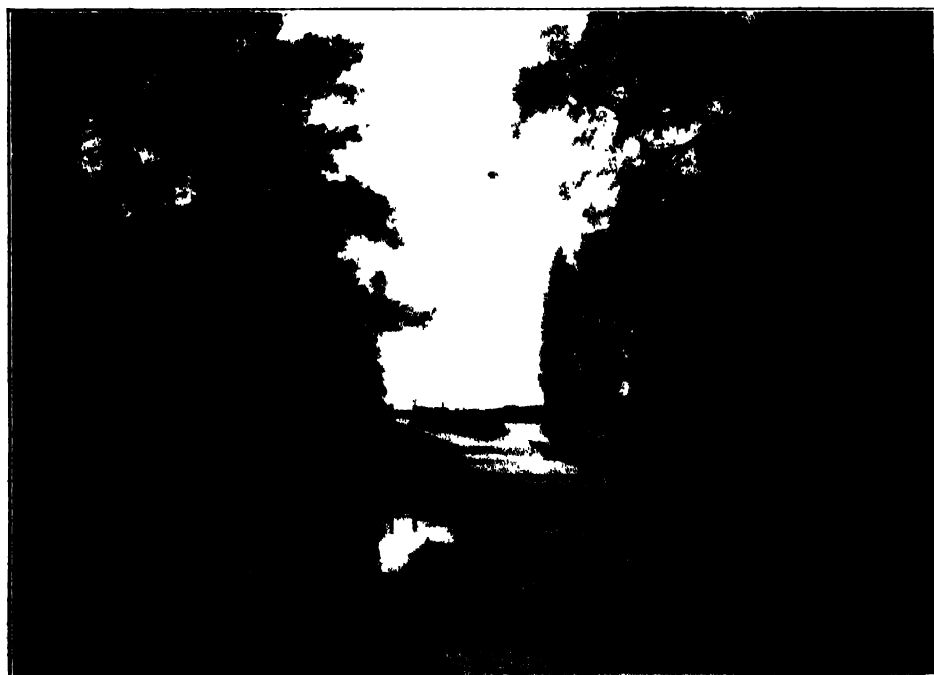
Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate.

Ellastone, near Ashbourne.

**The "Hayslope" of
"Adam Bede."
The Newdigate Arms
("Donnithorne Arms")
opposite which Dinah
Morris preached on the
Green.**



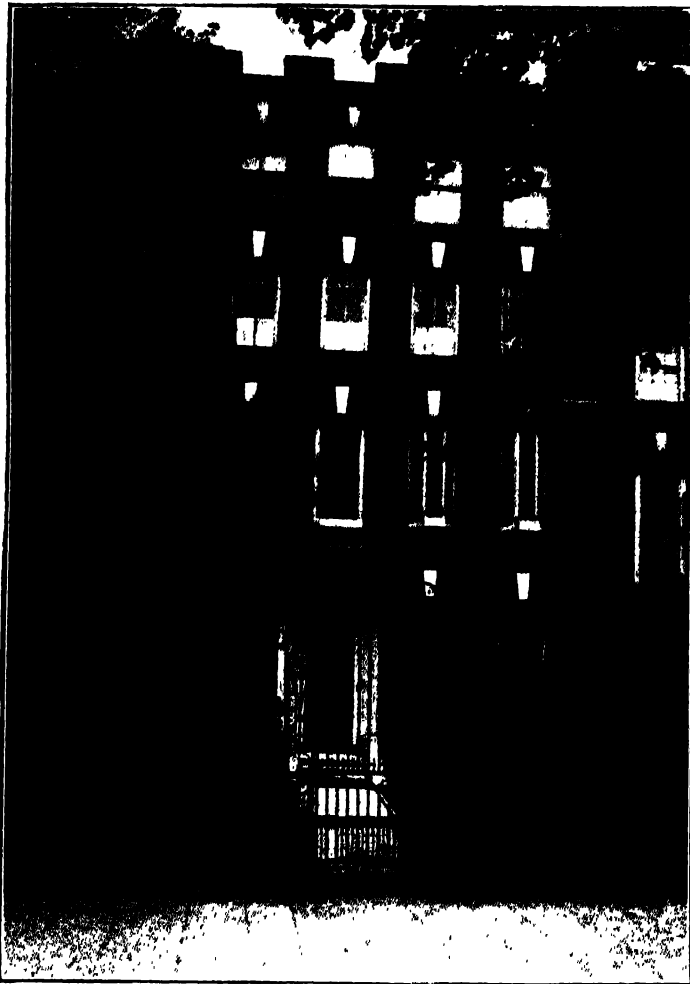
Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate



**Griff Hollow, near
Nuneaton.**

**Described as "Red Deeps"
in "The Mill on the
Floss."
Here Maggie Tulliver
met Philip.**

Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate.

**Park Side, Richmond**

George Eliot home from September 1855, to January, 1858. Here she wrote "Clerical" and "Adam Bede."

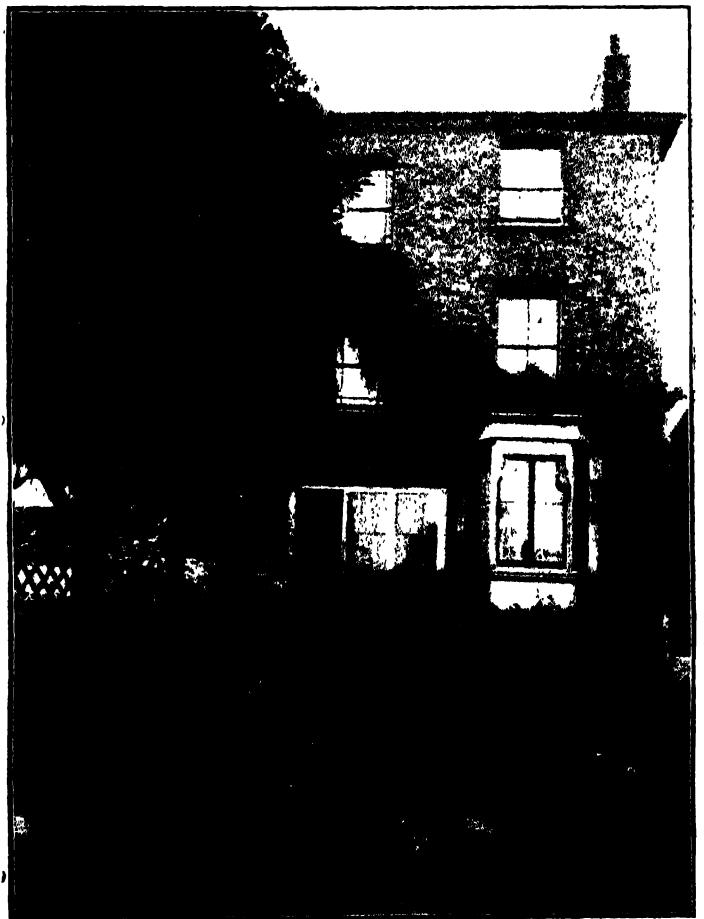
appreciate mere clay; which mere mind never can. That George Eliot could appreciate mere clay is evident in her Mrs. Glegg, Mrs. Pullett, and Mrs. Poyser, in the precious vignette of the hapless Moss's farm, and in that ever delightful piece of futility, Squire Brooke. By the veracious accounts of all eye and ear witnesses, Miss Evans (or Mrs. Lewes as we ought now to call her) was utterly, hopelessly destitute of all humour; and yet she could impersonate the novelist who was able to create the almost Dickensian Mrs. Poyser! There is no puzzle like it in literature.

"The Mill on the Floss" had appeared in 1860, and "Silas Marner" (an enduring invention) in 1861. From this onwards it is possible (or we are perhaps over fanciful) to detect increasing intrusions of the learned Miss Evans into the work of George Eliot. Of "Romola" (1863) Henry James says something to the effect that if you could imagine a very artistic German producing a very artistic story it would be very like "Romola." Most of it is mere *tableau vivant*. Tito and Baldassare are the only vital creatures in it, and not enough is made of them. The Bardi household is a piece of still life and the Savonarola good conscientious history. As a novel of Italy it is not to be compared with "John Inglesant," which, we believe, was written (by an amazing feat) without any actual acquaintance with Italian life. After "Romola" we come to more debatable land. "Felix Holt" has now little more than historical interest as a picture of the last coaching days. "Middlemarch," which personally I find as attractive as any, loses its way and its shape, and is saved from

disaster by its rich subsidiary characters. "Daniel Deronda" is almost as long and much more immaterial. It ought to be strong, and isn't; its dramatic scenes have an air of being played behind thick curtains that intercept all the force and passion. I cannot help feeling that "Daniel Deronda" was written in part by the intellect of Mary Evans. It is the last expiring effort of George Eliot's life.

Two other activities remain to be mentioned—the poems and the essays. The poems are well-intentioned pieces of rhythmical prose with almost as little poetry as it is possible for things in poems' clothing to have. The Browningsque "Stradivarius" is perhaps the only one that shows a tendency to come alive; but people who are convinced that what sounds nicely moral must be good art will, I suppose, always go on transcribing "The Choir Invisible" into other people's albums in the belief that it is poetry. The "Theophrastus Such" essays are a curiosity of literature. They are, as readers know, an impersonation, i.e., essays written by a supposed character. They were published when Lewes was dead, when George Eliot too was dead, and Mary Evans alone survived. They seem to me exactly the sort of thing that would be written by a very intellectual person trying conscientiously to create something. They represent the efforts of Mary Evans to remember George Eliot and call her back to life.

Upon the once hotly debated question of the "irregular union" (which is really no business of mine, or of yours, or of anybody else's) I want to say just one thing. This excellent country has its defects; and one of its Victorian defects was a demand for Respectability—at what cost

**Holly Lodge, Wandsworth.**

George Eliot's residence from February, 1858, to March, 1859. Here she wrote "The Mill on the Floss." The sun dial was placed there by her and the vine planted by her own hands.

let the lovers of Dickens and Thackeray confess. The "irregular union" had therefore to be made tolerable by the most rigid respectability. Not only had the so-called Mrs. Lewes to be ultra-respectable herself, the creative George Eliot (who alone concerns us now) could never dare to venture freely into any region of her art that might be denounced as tainted by her own irregularity. Com-

pare, for instance, the Hall Farm dairy where Mrs. Poyser ruled and Hetty Sorrel worked, with Crick's dairy at Talbothays where poor Tess was employed. The two pictures are immensely interesting as pictures of rural life at different periods, but there is this great gulf between the methods of the artists: Hardy could let himself go, George Eliot dared not. Hardy could boldly call Tess "a pure woman" and indict the Immortals on her behalf, even though (melodramatically, I think) he sent her to the gallows. George Eliot herself had to join in the hunt against Hetty and hound her to utter reprobation, even though she (just as melodramatically) reprieves her on the very eve of execution. Hardy is a free man; George Eliot was a woman forbid.

But her own time not only found no fault with her conventional attitude, but assessed what might be called her cosmic value at an absurdly high figure. Thus writes, for instance, the most hugely learned person of his day:

"In problems of life and thought, which baffled Shakespeare disgracefully, her touch was unfailing. No writer ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold, but disinterested and impartially observant sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival."

If we may venture to affront the august and aristocratic shade of Lord Acton with an ugly and revolutionary word, we should like to call that a typical utterance of the intelligentsia. It is so expensively and elaborately

*From George Eliot (otherwise Poyser) to
her dear Husband,
this thirteenth year of their united life,
in which the accepting sense of her
own imperfection has the consolation of
their deepening love
August 11 1866.*

George Eliot's autograph dedication to George H. Lewes in MS. of "Felix Holt."

Bequeathed by her to the British Museum.

who have asserted their idol's mastery of so many arts and sciences that sceptics have rebelled, and denied that anyone under the rank of a Lord Chancellor could know so much. Lord Acton suffered from a tendency of his time to attach too much importance to the learned Miss Evans. "Look at George Eliot," people whispered in awe, "she knows as much about politics as Gladstone, as much about philosophy as Spencer, as much about pictures as Ruskin, as much about music as Joachim, and she can say nothing fluently in five languages. Isn't she wonderful? So much greater than a mere Dickens, you know, who used to work in a blacking factory, or some dreadfully low place like that." And when her learning perished with her, she seemed so much less great than people had said, that presently other people began to say that she wasn't great at all, that only two or three of her stories were worth anything, and that even in these she had shirked rather than faced the issues she had raised. There is some truth in the charge; but it is not all of the truth. With the essential quality of George Eliot the learned Miss Evans had nothing to do; and that essential quality is a portion of the creative spirit that makes men as gods. Under her touch the fading hues of life in the rural shires of England re-kindled into a vivid picture of our fathers and their homes in the days before the railways and the towns came to change it all for ever. In her tales she makes alive the farms and halls that Constable had painted and the yeomen and yokels that Morland had drawn. She is the prose poet of John Bull's mother island.

unintelligent. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, would Sophocles or Cervantes have been thereby improved? Great learning and wide culture may make a good historian—though Lord Acton himself signally illustrates the danger of excess—but all the wisdom of all the ages will not make a poet. We have suffered from that kind of criticism at the hands of Shakespeare enthusiasts,

GEORGE ELIOT AND THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

By ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT.

"EACH man," wrote Myers in his great work on "Human Personality," "is at once profoundly unitary and almost infinitely composite." This complexity is never more realised than when we come to study the personal equation of any literary artist.

In George Eliot's nature there were triple elements,

each clearly marked and distinctive. One may regard them as secondary personalities, and note the part played by these, separately and collectively, in shaping her work.

These elements were: (a) the Puritan self; (b) the Passionate self; (c) the Analytical self. Each element

affected her art ; though, undoubtedly, sometimes one, sometimes another came uppermost in her stories. Yet George Eliot was neither the one nor the other, but a blend of all three.

The Puritan Self.—Both by heritage and upbringing, George Eliot was lapped round in the impressionable years of youth by Puritan tradition. And although other elements in her nature modified its influence, yet the Puritan self persisted to the end. It may be seen in the structure of her stories—there is not one that fails to raise some big ethical problem. It may be traced in her treatment of sexual issues—which for all her wide tolerance was always that of the moralist. It may be felt in the austere melancholy which pervades her work. To her as to Carlyle, "Life is no May Day ; it is a battle and a march." Carlyle cast away his Calvinism, but he could never exorcise the underlying Puritanism. George Eliot rejected her Evangelical faith, but the Puritan spirit that animated it lingered to the close of her life. Right living, in the old Hebraic sense, is the key-note of her work ; and to her as to Matthew Arnold—"Conduct was three-fourths of Life."

The Passionate Self.—But along with the Puritan self there was a Passionate self. Let us recall the full-blooded, ardent young woman with the beautiful voice, who first tasted the sweets of independence in Mr. Chapman's boarding house in the Strand ; a girl avid of new sensations, vibrating to the spell of the arts (she was a fine musician) ; vital to the finger tips, in love with life no less than with learning. One, like her own Maggie, who was "never satisfied with a *little* of anything." It was assuredly not the Puritan self who chose George Henry Lewes as a mate. In her attitude towards Lewes, the passionate woman is for ever peeping out. She loved him with a fierce jealousy and could hardly bear for him to be out of her sight. In her attitude to her friends, the passionate woman may still

be seen. She gave prodigally of her abounding sympathy, and it was characteristic of her that she could never believe her friends would continue to love her when they were separated.

Who but a passionate woman could have written thus :

"A passionate woman's love is always overwhelmed by fear."—(*Amos Barton.*)

"When Death the Great Reconciler has come it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."—(*Adam Bede.*)

"A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts."—(*Felix Holt.*)

"What loneliness is more lonely than distrust."—(*Middlemarch.*)

And that little gem of dialogue between Fred Vincey and Mary Garth :

"Fred : Women don't love men for their goodness.

"Mary : Perhaps not. But if they love them they never think them bad."

The Analytical Self.—This again was as truly a part of her as her emotional attachment to concrete life and her preoccupation with ethical values. This is the George Eliot who rejected her early beliefs, translated Strauss, wrote ironical *critiques* for the *Westminster Review*. This is the George Eliot who took nothing for granted and brought alike the problems of the schools and the characters of men and women before the bar of her keen, alert intellect.

How far was this strain in her nature responsible for her remarkable power of psychological insight ?

Broadly speaking, the gift of characterisation is intuitive, not ratiocinative. But given the instinct, a particular type of intellect can work upon it with peculiar relish. Instinct gives the portrait painter the power of seizing upon likenesses ; but there still remains the matter of draughtsmanship in evolving the finished picture. And just as draughtsmanship is more in evidence in some portraits than in others, so the analytical mind finds a particular scope in humorous delineation.

Humour is at bottom an imaginative quality, quite independent of culture. An unlettered rustic may possess it ; and you may search for it vainly in a learned professor. It is as elemental and instinctive as the power of clairvoyance.

There is, however, one kind of humour which is associated with a bright mentality. This is the humour that is usually called wit. It is the laughter of the mind rather than the laughter of the imagination ; a laughter which is critical and corrective rather than whimsical and ebullient. Of such a kind was George Eliot's humour. And we may be grateful that the world of humour is wide enough to

Brookbank, Shottermill, near Haslemere.

George Eliot and George H. Lewes stayed here in 1871. In a letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor (June 6, 1871) she writes : "Ever since the first day of May we have been living in this queer cottage, which belongs to Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of the Gilchrist who wrote the life of William Blake, the artist."

hold such varieties as the glorious imbecility of Mrs. Nickleby and the gnomic wisdom of Mrs. Poyser.

Apart from characterisation, however, the analytical self in George Eliot is responsible for delicious flashes like :

"There are answers which in turning away wrath only send it to the other end of the room." "Animals are such agreeable friends; they ask no questions, they pass no criticism." "I don't translate my own conveniences into other people's duties."

Regarding all these elements in George Eliot's nature, one must stress the passionate strain as the most important inspiration in her art; and it is unfortunate that there were three circumstances that conspired to cramp free expression in this direction. In the first place, there was the early step as regards Lewes. There was nothing outrageous about the break with convention here. To connect any moral audacity with George Eliot is laughable; and one could well understand Mrs. Carlyle's scornful comment when first she met her: "*She an improper female!*"

But though this break with convention may seem very trifling to the modern mind, it carried with it certain implications which George Eliot resented bitterly and did her best to remove. Whenever, therefore, she had to deal with particular phases of passion she moved rather fearfully, and circumspectly, afraid lest she might give fresh colour to the implications that some people had read into her earlier union with Lewes. In the second place, quite apart from her conduct, she was naturally highly sensitive to the opinion of others. The analytical self was a woman of vigorous, independent mind, but the passionate self had a curiously *dependent* femininity. And although she sturdily upheld the wisdom of the step she had taken, it affected powerfully her attitude as a writer towards the elemental emotions.

In the third place, Lewes, with the best intention but with regrettable results, played upon this characteristic fearfulness of George Eliot's. He did admirably in stimulating her literary faculty, yet anything but admirably by trying to transform her into a drawing-room Sibyl. She began to feel that she carried the moral responsibilities of all her countrymen upon her shoulders and this intensified a self-consciousness which, in a less sheltered *milieu*, might have been healthily blunted.

To illustrate this point, take the story of Maggie Tulliver. None but a deeply emotional and sensitive woman could have given us that unforgettable picture of Maggie's childhood—the lovable, warm-hearted, impulsive girl, with her attractive indiscretions and lovable vagaries. It is written with that fine insight into temperament and that vital sympathy which puts us in mind of David Copperfield and Jane Eyre. Here is something more than a mere study. It is a piece of self-portraiture. Some critics have found fault with



North Bank, St. John's Wood.

George Eliot's residence from November, 1864, till after Lewes's death in 1871. Here and during intervals abroad were written "*Felix Holt*," "*The Spanish Gypsy*," "*Middlemarch*," and "*Daniel Deronda*."

the Stephen Guest love affair, on the grounds that a girl of Maggie's character could never have fallen in love with so commonplace a young man. But that is exactly what she would have done. There is no fitter tribute to George Eliot's insight into passion than Maggie's infatuation for this agreeable mannered nonentity. The tragic struggle in the girl's heart between loyalty to her cousin and a love for Stephen, that would leap all barriers, is powerfully drawn: alas that it should be marred by the intrusion of the over-anxious moralist. Maggie's actions are natural enough, but her talk to Stephen, though it would have come excellently from the lady at Regent's Park, called upon to advise some young tempestuous soul, does not come naturally from Maggie's lips. The passion of Stephen and Maggie should have swept along with the inevitable rush of the tide. Then could have come the misgivings, the bitter regrets and the tragic close. For a tragic close of some kind was as inevitable for Maggie as it was for Mr. Hardy's Eustacia Vye.

But all qualifications notwithstanding, the story of Maggie Tulliver is a story that only a deeply passionate woman could have written. Very different in its way, yet equally the work of one who felt deeply and strongly, is the story of Gwendolen Harleth in "*Daniel Deronda*."

But just as the Puritan self monopolises too much of the "limelight" in "*The Mill on the Floss*," so the analytical self obtrudes far too often in "*Daniel Deronda*," until it chills the vitality of the book. The novel in which all three selves work the most harmoniously is "*Middlemarch*." That is her masterpiece. It may lack something of the freshness and charm that endear us to "*Adam Bede*," "*The Mill on the Floss*" and "*Silas Marner*"; but in wealth of characterisation and subtle insight, in deft mingling of humour and pathos, it is unequalled. Indeed "*Middlemarch*" is one of the great novels in English literature.



Photo by Will F. Taylor, Cleurs, Reigate.

The Heights, Witley, Surrey.

From George Eliot's journal, 1876.—"Dec. 11. We have just bought a house in Surrey, and think of it as making a serious change in our life, namely, that we shall finally settle there and give up town." And she wrote to Miss Sara Hennell, Nov. 16, 1877, that she had enjoyed more health there than she had known for several years, and "Imagine me playing at lawn tennis by the hour together."

adroitly so that when he left her he realised with shame how he was spoiling his gifts. From that time he was completely changed and became a big force in letters. In later life he never tired of telling how George Eliot had brought out the best that was in him.

In another case a young school-master of great promise went to see her. He was a man of almost impenetrable reserve and pride, and his career was likely to suffer on that account. But (as he told me in later years), "I had not been speaking to her for more than a few minutes when I found I was unbosoming myself to her freely. I was amazed; for never had I spoken so freely to my oldest friends, and here was a woman who was almost a stranger to me. But her personal magnetism was such that she seemed to draw out with the greatest ease all one's confidences. And I told her my troubles and perplexities and

And if the younger generation can take no pleasure in it—so much the worse for the younger generation!

This brings me to the most distinctive quality in her fiction, just as it is her most distinctive trait as a woman. Even the casual reader cannot have failed to notice the broad catholicity of her sympathies. In this respect she is unique among women novelists. Despite her learning and her culture, to which men like Lord Acton and Viscount Morley have given eloquent testimony, she knew how powerless is the part that wisdom plays in the big crises of life, and in the deepest experiences of the human heart.

"More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us." "Very little achievement is required in order to pity another man's shortcomings." "Those who trust us educate us."

Sayings such as these—and there are many more—are the expression not merely of a gracious and tender nature, but of a cool, deliberate judgment, and a fine moral tact. The Puritan, the Passionate and the Analytical selves are all speaking—a trinity in unity. All sympathy is good; but a discerning sympathy is the gift of the gods.

Here are one or two illustrations drawn from the direct testimony of those who knew her:

A clever young writer came to her thinking to win her approbation by displaying his intellectual fireworks. But she detected behind all his noisy assertion a real and genuine love of what was great in poetic art; so quietly ignoring the alarms and excursions, she drew him out

found in her a wisdom and a sympathy I have never met with in any other friend."

Many women have told the same story. It might be a shy young girl whom George Eliot set at her ease at some social function by giving her self-confidence; or it might be some storm-tossed woman to whom she proved the sanest of advisers—one who can at once soothe and strengthen.

It was characteristic of her that when she made that elaborate study of Rosamund Vinckley in "Middlemarch," the pretty, attractive, shallow Rosamund, she should have got to know a number of Rosamunds in real life, fearing lest she might be carried away by her dislike and impatience of the *genus*, and have failed to do justice to some possible redeeming traits in the actual living representatives.

The result is a vital portrait; wonderful in its fidelity, yet neither a satire, nor a caricature; always an actuality, a flesh and blood creation.

"Men are queer animals," wrote Huxley in one of his idiosyncratic letters. "A mixture of horse nervousness, of ass stubbornness, and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like an apple in the posset." And in this capacity for detecting the "bobbing" angel, George Eliot was even more successful than the great-hearted scientist. She was a novelist of vigorous mentality. That in itself is no small thing. But she was more than that. The woman who could write "The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second something to reverence," had the root of the matter in her.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

NOTE.—As THE BOOKMAN Christmas Number goes to press in the first week of November, the time for sending in for the Competitions announced below is extended to December 14th, and results will be given in our January Number.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief motto, original or selected, for the New Year.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Mary C. Mair, of Howcroft, Sandy Lane, Guildford, and Enid M. Norman, of 33, Queen's Road, Weston super-Mare, for the following:

DEAD LOVE.

We met again. . . . Your eyes avoided mine,
Fearing, perhaps, the memory of the Past,
The flame of Passion, canker of Regret,
Resentment—and Indifference at last.

'Tis strange to think that you no longer care
Whether I come or go, or live or die,
For I have somehow lost the subtle charm
That held you captive in the days gone by.

I often think of how I sat alone
That evening in the firelight, when you came
To kiss my lips, with Passion in your eyes
And there was born in me an answering flame.

A flame that brightly burned then flickered, died,
Leaving behind the memory of a kiss,
A look, a smile. . . . To-day, in your blue eyes,
I saw the shamed remembrance of all this.

MARY C. MAIR.

FISHERMAN'S NIGHT SONG.

When all the gulls come flyin' home by the light of the
sinkin' sun,
An' the moon goes climbin' from the bay, an' the long
day's work is done,
I feel I haven't words to tell the happiness in me,
I jest stand there a-thankin' God, the God Who made
the sea.

Then Jane comes runnin' through the dusk, an' slips her
hand in mine,

I guess it's Love's own glory-light that sets her eyes ashine;
When I'm so rough an' she's so sweet, you'd wonder it
could be,
An' yet I know she's thankin' God, the God Who gave her me.

So there we stays, all quiet an' still, there's jest no need
to speak,

Then up against my worn old sleeve she lays her pretty cheek.
I stoops down low to kiss her face, for, bless her, she's so
small,

An' my heart sings out, "Thank God for her, the dearest
gift of all!"

ENID M. NORMAN.

We also select for printing:

SORROW.

Sorrow's footfall makes no sound
In my heart.

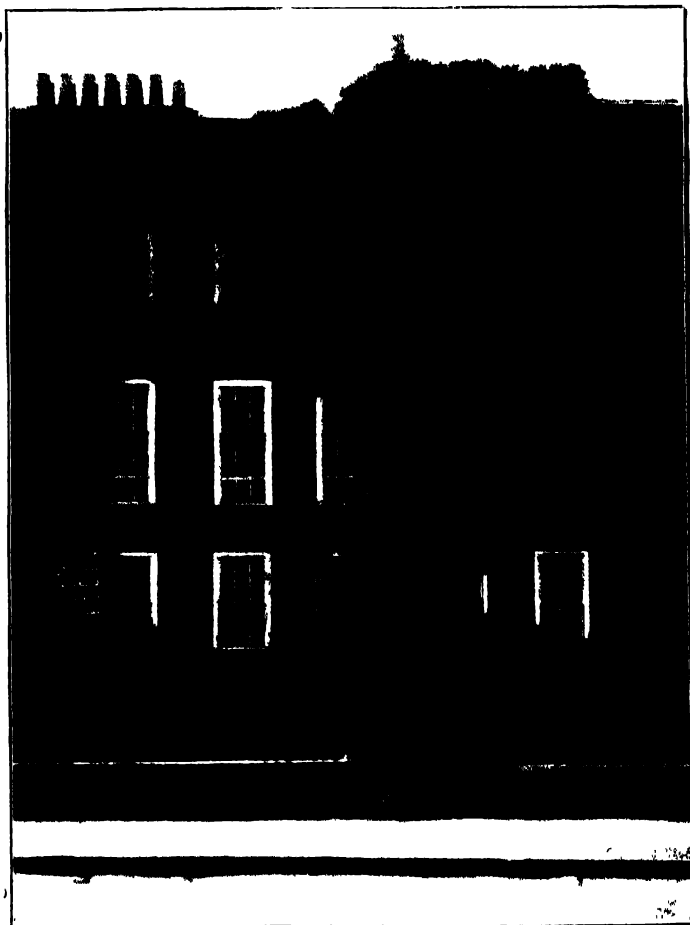
Robed as in twilight, with one star.

The gift of grief, burning her breast.

She walks on joy's once holy ground;

And in her eyes glad memories are—

Laughter and mirth and you whom life loved best.



4, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

where George Eliot died, December, 1880. The house was taken by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross, when she married, May 6, 1880.

Sorrow's presence does not fade
From my heart.

Time builds for her a lovely shrine
That she, with unrevealed hands
Tends faithfully. And when dismayed
I come, she lifts brave eyes to mine;
And when I pass forgetting—understands.

(Cyril G. Taylor, 35, Castle Street, Edinburgh.)

From the very large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation the sixty written by Helen Mitcham (Tufnell Park), Vivien Ford (Bristol), E. A. Q. (Eastbourne), Olive Searle (Lincoln), Violet D. Chapman (Paris), A. D. H. Allan (Wimborne), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield), H. Scott Frayn (Timperley), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Leslie Comber (Crouch End), "Thistle" (Hampton Hill), Lucy Malleon (London, W.), E. A. S. (South Chingford), Margaret A. Fountain (Wimbledon), D. F. Larkin (Newhaven), Edgar Bailey (Tingley), Margaret Anderson (Darrington), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby), E. M. Frost (Middlesbrough), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), F. Ethel Scarborough (London, W.), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), Charles Davies (Winnipeg), Irene E. Osborne (Honor Oak), M. Warner (Brettenham Park), Vivienne Dayrell (High Salvington), Cyril Bertram (Winchester), William N. Carter (Hindley), Dora A. Pattinson (Northallerton), M. B. (Calne), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), V. E. Dismore (Southend), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Lieutenant G. N. Goodwin (Lahore), Barbe H. Annand (Uddingston), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), N. Harley (Herne Bay), Benjamin C. Clough (London, W.C.), Audrey Haggard (London, N.W.), Mrs. Arthur Hughes (Beckenham), Winifred Tasker (Ilandudno), Gina Pennant (London, S.W.), Hylda M. Wearn (Lindfield), Alec G. Churcher (South Hampstead), Edith F. Hammond (Ruthin), L. H. Garro-Jones (Milford Haven), Yvonne Creswell (Plympton), Florence Beazley (Montreal), M. Kidd (Birkenhead), Lucy H. Carlisle (Henley), Anna Bruce Warren (Sydenham), Marie Emilie Gilchrist (Ohio), M. E. R. (Wadebridge), Edith Allan (Ilandaff), V. D. Adlard (Balham), Mary Kent (London, N.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mabel Wallwyn Shephard, of Dunmow, St. Leonards, East Sheen, Surrey, for the following:

THE CASE FOR THE CROWN. BY FRED. M. WHITE.
(Ward, Lock.)

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun."
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, Act IV.

We also select for printing:

THE EYES OF UNDERSTANDING. BY C. R. MILTON.
(Melrose.)

"I blush to say I've winked at him,
And he has winked at me."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

(Enid Liddell, Shirenewton Hall, Chepstow.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD.
BY HENRI FABRE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Will you walk into my parlour?"
Said the Spider to the Fly."

Nursery Rhyme.

(W. Arthur Cooper, Bootham School, York; Winifred Bates, General Boys' School, Bridport; and M. C. Barnard, 20, Elsham Road, W.14.)

EDWARD JERNINGHAM AND HIS FRIENDS.
EDITED BY LEWIS BETTANY. (Chatto & Windus.)

"... Did nothing in particular. . ."
SIR W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe*.

(Sergeant S. Elliott Napier, A.I.F., Cedar Bank,
Diamond Terrace, Greenwich.)

THE CASE FOR THE CROWN. BY FRED. M. WHITE.
(Ward, Lock.)

"... The old three-cornered hat."
O. W. HOLMES, *The Last Leaf*.

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF A DREAM.

By F. W. BAIN. (Methuen)

"Imaginary pots of ale."

JOHN PHILIPS, *The Splendid Shilling*.

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

SAINTS AND THEIR STORIES. BY PEGGY WERLING.
(Nisbet.)

"I cannot tell how the truth may be."

SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind Institution,
S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

III.—(1) THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best account of "How I Celebrated Peace" is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

HOW I CELEBRATED PEACE.

Peace celebrations, in the popular sense of the phrase, were not for me, for the bare idea of waving flags and lifting up my voice in raucous jubilation, repelled. The sound of loved voices, long since silent, rang in my ears, and the clasp of lifeless hands withheld me. With a battle-stained copy of "In Memoriam" and a well-worn briar, both links with Flanders and Mesopotamia, I left in the morning of our official Peace Day for my favourite haunt, a beautiful spot in the Kentish Weald. There, in silent solitude, until the sun set in riotous glory, I remained with my saddened thoughts. In a retrospective ramble, I dwelt upon war's horrors, and the heroes who became my friends for a brief span, ere Death claimed them. And as I returned beneath the stars, an incessant doubt obtruded: "Will future Britain justify their noble sacrifice?"—Ah, I wonder!

We select for special commendation the six essays by S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), "Rahere" (Surbiton), Vera K. Nation (Louth), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), William I. Jenkin (Camborne), Molly A. Snell (Accrington).

III.—(2) THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best essay recommending any character in fiction as an ideal husband or wife, and why, is awarded to D. L. Cole, of Doyer House, Pontrilas, for the following:

AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

Ideal husbands seem hard to find—even in books! I think the thing chiefly to be guarded against in marriage is boredom—monotony—so I would recommend Sidney Trefusis in Bernard Shaw's novel, "The Unsocial Socialist." Sidney Trefusis would be an ideal "pal" to a wife blessed with character and not too much sentiment. He is amusing, has a really passionate desire to right the social wrongs of the world, and is afraid of no one's opinion. Of course he is a flirt, but ideal need not mean perfection. He is also an adept at hiding his feelings: this might at first cause the wife stabs of jealousy and fear, but would also put her on her mettle and prevent the marriage drifting into dull, prosaic content. In fact I recommend Sidney Trefusis as an ideal husband because marriage with him would mean progress instead of stagnation.

We select for special commendation the six essays by Arthur Davidson (Bagshot), Mrs. Grace G. Webb (Southam), Lilian Watt (Walsall), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), M. I. Machar (Castle Eden), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to E. K. Nugent, of 187, Elm Park Mansions, London, S.W.10, for the following:

THE POOR RELATIONS. BY COMPTON MACKENZIE.
(Martin Secker.)

Mr. Mackenzie sounds, in the "Poor Relations," a note more cheerful than he has struck for some time past; and the idiosyncracies of John Touchwood's family are a welcome relief from the surfeit of Sylvian adventures with which we have lately been dosed. The "relations" are

undoubtedly true to life in that, while a never ceasing financial embarrassment to the one successful member of the family, they afford endless amusement to those whose pockets are not vulnerable. Indeed, before the appearance on the scene of his lady secretary, we feel that John himself would have had his dull days without them.

We also select for printing :

THE QUERRILS. By STACY AUMONIER.
(Methuen.)

A house with a nice self-complacent life where the perfume of lavender mingles with the sense of a well-ordered universe ; such is the house of the Querrils. But the sky darkens, a fierce nor'wester blows in the windows of this house of ease, and the inmates wake out of their dream of gentility to see how fiercely flows the tide of human life. Even under the well-clothed breast lurks something of the brute and the coward. After the storm, the chastened and humbled house of the Querrils proceed to the task of reconstruction.

(C. Smith, 404, Leeds Road, Nelson, Lancashire.)

WAKE UP, CANADA! By CHARLES W. PETERSON.
(Macmillan.)

A searching inquiry into the cause of industrial and social unrest in Canada is made in this book. The author is honest in his endeavour to get down to rock-bottom facts. He deals with problems peculiar to Canada. Among those problems are bilingualism and immigration. Like her neighbour to the south, Canada is becoming a melting-pot for the assimilation of many races. The book will appeal not only to Canadians but to all who realise that Canada is an integral part of the British Empire. Written in a terse, newsy style, "Wake Up, Canada!" is eminently readable.

(Elizabeth West, 13, Nepean Street, Ottawa,
Ontario.)

We select for special commendation the twelve reviews by E. M. Frost (Middlesbrough), Francis J. Kelly (Dublin), Francis M. Noel Tall (Harrogate), Eileen H. Bradbury (Sheffield), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Amy H. Mahoney (Darlington), Doris M. Wade (Southport), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), J. S. Budd (Reigate), William Sinclair (Birmingham).



George Eliot's grave, at Highgate.

next to the grave of George Henry Lewes. On the granite obelisk are inscribed her own lines

"Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence"

On a flat marble stone beside it is engraved "Eliza Stuart (née Fraser), Lathrop, Roxburghshire, whom for 84 years George Eliot called by the sweet name of daughter."

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to K. Fisher, Winterton, Doncaster.

SHAKESPEARE AND THOSE ABOUT HIM.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THERE is only one thing to say against Messrs. Gosse and Wise's collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's smaller prologues on "those about Shakespeare." It consists of the old "Chapman" volume, which, those who possess, or for many years possessed it may be surprised to hear, has been out of print for a quarter of a century: and of eight smaller papers, some reprinted from old periodicals and some taken direct from MSS. But though we are given the still not very precise indication that the opening essay on Marlowe was "the last thing the author wrote in prose" and the date of the "Chapman," not even the original appearances of the "old periodicals" or their names can be found, nor is so much as a guess at the dates of the other MS. portions supplied. Now this is not to be dismissed as merely a question for peddling

librarians or bibliographers. It is, if not of the very first interest, not far below such to purely literary critics: for the progress of critical opinion in the individual, its circumstances, and so forth, are of great influence on its value and on the understanding of it. The deficiency is too common in English editions of "collected works" and it has been more than once noticed and censured. But one certainly did not expect an instance of it from the alliance of such a practised man of letters as Mr. Gosse and such an expert bibliographer as Mr. Wise.

There needs no further looking at the mouth of the gift-horse. If the book had given us nothing but the restoration to accessibility of the "Chapman," it would have deserved hearty welcome and thanks. One reader, who had practically all Mr. Swinburne's critical work on his shelves, used to take this down almost oftener than any other volume as an early and capital example of refreshing merits and amusing faults.

* "Contemporaries of Shakespeare." By A. C. Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and T. J. Wise. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann).—"The Problem of Hamlet." By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson. 5s net. (Allen & Unwin.)

For Mr. Swinburne can never have irritated—if they had any sense—even those whom he attacked; you felt delight in the delight which the dealer of the swashing blow himself evidently felt in dealing it. Equally charming was the ease with which the critic could be “drawn”: and the “thwack-thwack-thirlery-bouncing” of his cudgel-play when he *was* drawn. Still, exhilarating and recreative as this was, had there been nothing else it might have been staled; but always there was the chance of some fine appreciation; some gorgeous piece of rhetorical prose in which the rhetoric was almost poetry; some evidence of that real and wide literary knowledge which, alas! is by no means always to be found in discussions of our great literary masters. Nor are the smaller pieces, printed or reprinted round this larger one, less welcome. The first—in another sense, as mentioned above, the last—is on the critic’s ever-beloved Marlowe. Somebody some day might make a little “luxury edition” of “*In the Bay*” with, clustered round it, all the other passages, prose and verse, which Mr. Swinburne devoted to the master of the mighty line. But this piece is indeed thoroughly characteristic. The hapless literary historian has been, unavoidably, in the habit of mentioning Marlowe as one of a group. He has also, if he was worth his salt, pointed out that Marlowe was very much the greatest of that group. But Mr. Swinburne fulminates and cascades against any association whatever. Marlowe is to be “he-by-himself-he,” and nobody shall be mentioned in the same breath, or in any reasonable or unreasonable number of breaths with him. Greene, Lodge, Nash, Kyd—he is exceptionally and rather unintelligibly savage on Peele, one supposes because of the Queen Eleanor libel—were no doubt very good people in other ways—one certainly thinks that some testimonials to them might be extracted from Mr. Swinburne himself. But where are they when Marlowe is concerned? And so he goes on—exuberant on the joint plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; very strenuously and perhaps rather excessively admiring as to Massinger; pleasantly appreciative of Day and Davenport, of Nabbes and Brome; and finishes up with a rather surprisingly *unenthusiastic* paper on Shirley. Now of the last of “the giant race” it may certainly be said that he, like some other giants, is a little shaky in the legs and feet; that he often “do not over-stimulate,” and so forth. But in this paper there is an evident touch of prejudice, whence arising who shall say? Still it does not even spoil the paper: and most certainly it is not out of place in a fascinating volume, which shows, as all its writer’s critical work showed, that if “*Women beware women*” is too often sadly true, “*Poets beware poets*” is sometimes comfortably false.

There is of course a striking—and one may add without injustice to either side an amusing—contrast between these flamboyant discourses of the dead poet-critic and Mr. Robertson’s discussion of the most discussed play of the most discussed author of all time. The essay, which is not a long one (between eighty and ninety pages) is intended to be, in company with some already published things by the same writer, part of a larger work on “*The Canon of Shakespeare*” generally: and its wrapper informs us that it “applies scientific critical principles” and shows that “all the

leading theories miss their aim.” Now there are those (some of them perhaps not entirely unacquainted with the history of criticism itself) who would rather like to see these “scientific principles” somewhat definitely stated: but few who possess that acquaintance will deny that it is a common if not a scientific principle that all or most previous theorists have missed their aim. And it is not least because of this that “criticism of criticism” has acquired such a bad name.

However, it is unnecessary to labour this point. People will doubtless discuss Hamlet’s character to the end of time: and if—each at the end of his own time or all at the end of Time generally—they meet with Shakespeare, they will most certainly not get any solution of their doubts from *him*. Some of them will be—shall we say wise or unenterprising or pusillanimous? enough not to expect any. It is just possible that “the divine Williams” might say, “What I have given I have given; only your own interpretation of it can be of any value to you.” Mr. Robertson’s interpretation may be put, we hope, not unfairly as follows: Hamlet ought not to be considered as a real man at all. The play is not reality but a play; it was, as can be proved or almost proved, made up of certain materials given to, not by, the final author. He was only concerned to bring them in so that they should make an effective dramatic entertainment: and they do. Perhaps there is “an ultimate æsthetic miscarriage,” but that only shows that even Shakespeare “cannot to entire satisfaction make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.”

The worst, of course, of this sort of thing is that many of us cannot by any possibility accept Mr. Robertson’s major. We do not find in “*Hamlet*” an ultimate æsthetic miscarriage; on the contrary we find a marvellous æsthetic success. We do not care whether Shakespeare made the silk purse out of his own head or out of a sow’s ear; we say that it, most satisfactorily, is a silk purse. And this is by no means because we are mere Shakespearean “know-nothings” or idolaters. We can see plenty of things which, considered in isolation, might be called faults. We can see whole plays—not merely the earliest—in which we do not think Shakespeare up to his own best level. But we do not want to get rid of anything in “*Hamlet*” the play: and we take it solid. Nor do some of us think that, allowing for the impossibility of thoroughly explaining *any* human soul, more explanation of Hamlet the man is wanted than the old and sufficient one of springs of action too much enfeebled by an overcast of thought, though this be occasionally varied by somewhat elaborate design and even precipitate action itself.

So we must merely agree to differ with Mr. Robertson in general; but perhaps we may indicate some little weaknesses of his argument in detail—again not unfairly. In the section on “*The Pre-Shakespearean Play*” there are frequent relapses—if indeed the whole be not a relapse—into the Fleayian fallacy of “spotting” this and that passage as not Shakespeare’s but somebody else’s. There is only one sound principle on this matter. There are things that only Shakespeare could have written; it is very doubtful whether there is anything—bad, good, or indifferent—that he could not. Again, how marvellous is the argument that as Kyd wrote or took part in two “*Jerónimos*” he most likely wrote or took



part in two "Hamlets"! Dryden, shall we say, wrote two parts of "The Conquest of Granada," therefore he probably wrote both "Love's Last Shift" and "The Relapse," which, be it remembered, appeared in his lifetime? Again: "Kyd certainly introduced the madness and suicide of Ophelia." *Certainly!* When Maurice Morgann said, "For what is Falstaff, what Lear, what Hamlet or Othello but different modifications of Shakespeare's thought," he surely did not mean anything like what Mr. Robertson means when he says that Shakespeare "imported a temporary pessimism of his own" into "Hamlet"? This is another of the besetting fallacies of Shakespearean criticism. Of course the characters, great or small, are "modifications of Shakespeare's thought" in one sense, that is to say creatures of his mind. He has thought of them; thought them in fact. But to hold that Shakespeare was not only amorous when he conceived the part of Romeo, but bibulous and boastful when he gave us Falstaff, murderous at the time of "Macbeth," jealous with Othello,

ill-treated by Susanna and Judith when writing "Lear," and hesitating and pessimistic almost throughout "Hamlet," is surely a childish fashion of grappling with the marvels of artistic creation.

Therefore, if such are the results of the application of scientific critical principles, one may not too petulantly say, "I'll none of them." The purest and most arbitrary impressionism; the spirit of "J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset," is more likely to achieve a satisfactory appreciation. Not, of course, that the devotees of the extremest Unity are not entitled from their point of view to call "Hamlet" a patchwork or a mosaic, compared not merely with a Greek tragedy but with "Othello" or even "Lear." But happier and perhaps wiser are those who can see the beauty of both kinds, and who can envisage the play as the setting in mosaic (if anybody chooses) of a great central figure, vignettted rather than rigidly outlined by the streamings and arabesques of the mosaic itself.

New Books.

THE LAST OF THE VICTORIANS.*

It is getting on for thirty years ago since Mr. Shaw divided pioneers into two great classes—the pioneer of one class "declares that it is wrong to do something that no one has hitherto seen any harm in," and the pioneer of the other class "declares that it is right to do something hitherto regarded as infamous." Like all classifications, this of Mr. Shaw's has its disadvantages. Parricide, deliberate cruelty to children, wearing made-up ties, welshing, are offences which no amount of pioneer work will make popular in the circles where they are condemned; nor will many of us agree with Mr. Shaw that Shelley's view of incest is now a commonplace and ceases to shock. However it fails in details, Mr. Shaw's classification has this value: it states emphatically the great distinction between the prophets and the law-makers. The prophets have always affirmed, encouraged, proclaimed: the law-makers forbid, restrain and denounce. And the active good in the world is done by the prophets: for "the strength of sin is the law." So whenever one meets a man who professes to lead, one has to ask that question—is he constructive, is he a proclaimer of new truth? It does not matter at all, in spite of Mr. Shaw, whether the truth he proclaims is new or not. Novelty is only a by-product of ignorance. What matters is whether he belongs to the world of freedom where "Thou shalt" is the slogan, or to the world of law where "Thou shalt not" is the shibboleth. It is a test to which we must bring all our teachers. Most of them, you will find, belong to both schools—they may be children of grace, but they bear the marks of their schoolmaster's, the law's, early discipline; at times a great soul, Francis of Assisi, Socrates, Goethe, Blake, Browning, Ibsen, will be free or almost free from any touch of the law; but generally all pioneers have their own prejudices, and at certain periods even the boldest and truest seem bound by the fetters of false convention. Such a time was the Victorian age. I have no sympathy with those who sneer at, or with the fashion which discredits the great men of that time: but surely never was an age when even the rebels bore more clearly the marks of bondage. The very defiance of that age has something proper about it; Burton and Butler have nothing of the freedom which marked the adventurer or the sceptic of

the Renaissance; the very Catholics are Protestant, the Protestants are agnostic; and the philosophers cloak their love of wisdom with their respect for propriety. The whole atmosphere is alien to us; it seems, that great period, more distant than the peace of the Augustans or the riot of the Elizabethans; and we are always misunderstanding its more typical prophets, poets or artists because we do not allow for the atmosphere they breathe.

Especially has Mr. Shaw been misunderstood. It is partly a question of date. His most popular works only just belong to the Victorian age, and his amazing vitality has been mistaken for youthfulness. That he is a Victorian in spirit he would be the first to admit. His Puritanism, his literary tastes, his æsthetic insensibility, his real uneasiness at the idea or the fact of passion, his obstinate common sense, his sturdy contempt for medical science, his engrossing interest in political life, his zest for interference, his glowing anger at injustice—no, that last is not Victorian, that most generous spirit is as personal to him as it was to Voltaire—but the rest are all qualities which mark him as the contemporary of Mill and Bagehot, of Butler and Tennyson and Gilbert, rather than of the later artists and thinkers with whom the reaction came.

As he gets older, Mr. Shaw, like most of us, reverts to his youth. This new volume reeks with Victorianism. At its best Mr. Shaw's humour is one of the brightest and most gallant things in our dramatic literature: at its worst it has a mechanical efficiency which would alarm any save the older members of a provincial stock company. I will not dwell on the war-pieces in this book. To see them all solemnly printed, each with its separate little prefatory note, telling us how to take them, is really a painful experience. As I read the following dialogue out of "Augustus Does His Bit," I felt that Mr. Shaw had been a vegetarian and a teetotaler in vain:

THE CLERK: Are you engaged?

AUGUSTUS: What business is that of yours? However, if you will take the trouble to read the society papers for the week, you will see that I am engaged to the Honourable Lucy Popham, youngest daughter of —

THE CLERK: That ain't what I mean. Can you see a female?

AUGUSTUS: Of course I can see a female as easily as a male. Do you suppose I'm blind?

No one could do worse than that, even on a diet of gin and gibles. "O'Flaherty, V.C." in its disagreeable way

* "Heartbreak House and other Plays." By Bernard Shaw. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE "SHORT CUT" TO SUCCESS.

By PELMAN STUDENT R 20330.

I had known G—— almost all my life. We had lived boyhood's light-hearted days in company, and had grown up to manhood together.

Then the war came, and our lives were separated. G—— joined up as a private. Although I knew his capabilities well, I was quite unprepared for his rapid rise from the ranks to a prominent position.

He wrote to me from Egypt in the early days of the great struggle. Already he had gained his commission. His letter was a very striking, very vivid picture of Army life abroad. It set me wondering, did that letter. It was so much fuller, so much more in tune with life itself than its predecessors had been. Also, it contained a curious sentence: "R——, old chap, things out here are rotten and ugly beyond all belief, but I have found the Key to Life."

I did not then understand his phrase, no more than later I understood his rapid promotion. When he was transferred to the Western front, there followed a book of poems that brought him instant literary fame. Those poems surprised me. They were so unlike the G—— I had known.

After a wound had released him from further service, instead of coming back to his old position alongside me in the works, he secured a post of great responsibility. I saw him again then, and envied him his success. He told me the secret of his "key to life." It was Pelmanism.

At first I thought he was joking, for I had never considered Pelmanism seriously. I rather regarded it in the light of a "catch-penny."

But G—— was perfectly serious and full of his subject. He talked Pelmanism to me for some hours. I must admit that when he left me I still remained somewhat suspicious and incredulous of this new movement. Nevertheless, G——'s insistence and enthusiasm had extracted from me a promise to enrol myself as a Pelman student.

I duly enrolled.

The first of the "little grey books" of which I had heard so much came as a great surprise to me. I had expected to find a jumble of meaningless mnemonics, a collection of absurdities such as those I had used in my school days to remember the eccentricities of Latin syntax.

Instead, there was a homely, common-sense talk on the machinery of memory and mentality which brought to the light of my consciousness many things I had never before suspected.

Running through all was a quiet, confident enthusiasm that stimulated my mind to an immeasurable extent. I studied this first book thoroughly, assiduously practised the exercises which it set, and then answered and returned the examination paper. All my doubts were by then laid at rest.

The second of the "little grey books" arrived in due course,

and after studying it I began to realise the significance of G——'s phrase, "The Key to Life."

I had until then been immersed in scientific studies necessary to the proper practice of my profession. Although I had qualified I had not achieved distinction. Often I was painfully aware that my knowledge was something cold and dead within me. There was in it no depth or quality of feeling. Now, as Pelmanism was unfolded to me, I began to LIVE, to feel, and to understand more and more of what lay in my profession, and also outside my profession. This understanding and fullness of life was reflected in a great clarity and depth in my scientific work. Where before I had only seen with the eye, I now both perceived and understood, and with this understanding to aid me, I became able with ease to

analyse or synthesise, to reach down to elementals and to build up new and more complex ideas and schemes.

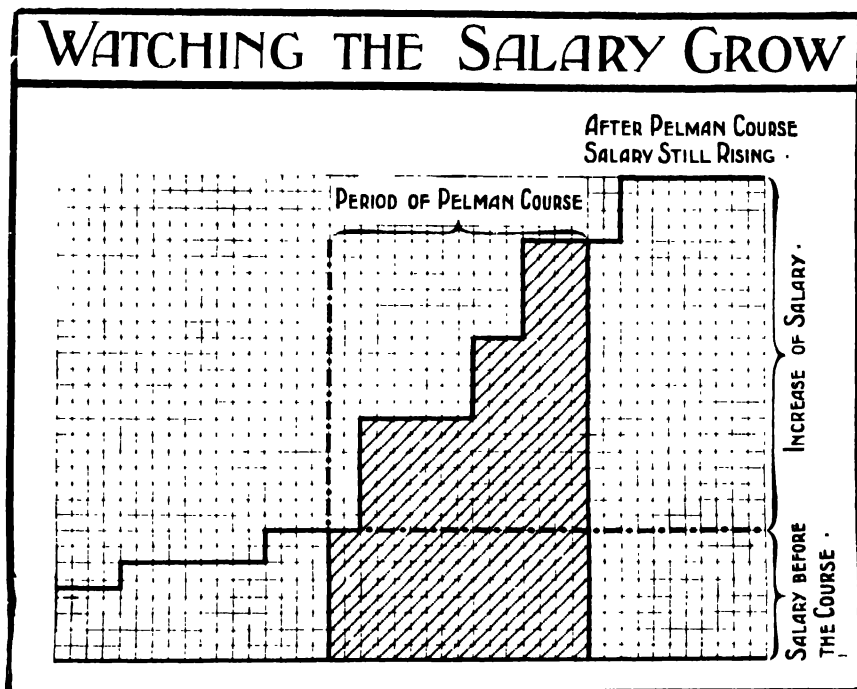
The financial results of this mental activity soon made themselves apparent. In pre-Pelman days I was just an underling. Long before I had completed the course I was promoted to a position of responsibility and trust at the head of other men. Here I found ample scope for my newly-acquired initiative, and I continued the study of Pelmanism with ever-increasing delight and progress.

My salary to-day is nearly three hundred per cent. higher than when I commenced to Pelmanise. I have drawn a graph strictly to scale, showing exactly how Pelmanism accelerated my personal progress. The man who designated Pelmanism "the short cut to success" was assuredly right in his judgment.

Pelmanism taught me to cease drifting and make straight for a definite goal. The financial benefit I derived from the course is clearly shown in the graph on this page; but Pelmanism is much more than financially valuable. Its greatest appeal to me lies in the fact that it illuminates understanding and awakens the slumbering intellect. So for the sake of those whose feet are not yet on the highway to success, I have made of my experience a signpost to the shortest cut to success I know — Pelmanism.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory." A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader who applies to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Write or call to-day.

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The above graph, which was drawn strictly to scale by Student R 20330, the writer of this article, shows exactly how Pelmanism accelerated the progress of his income-earning power. It will be seen that in the period before he took the course the writer's progress, although regular, was slow, and the increases in salary he received were small. Directly he began to follow the course, however, his progress was rapidly speeded up, and within a short period he received three large increases in pay. After completing the course he received another rise, and his salary is now nearly four times as large as it was before he began to Pelmanise. Readers who wish to follow the example of this gentleman should write to-day to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1 (or call personally if possible), for full free particulars of this famous Course.

is a little better : though Mr. Shaw's tendency to copy the least desirable elements of Gilbert's comedy is here again in evidence ; and "Great Catherine" seems to me little better than a lamentable effort, by an inferior disciple, in the cynical historical so engagingly used by Mr. Shaw in his play about Cæsar : that method, by the way, obviously derives from the typical Victorian humour of à Beckett's comic histories. Nothing in this volume deserves serious consideration except the first play, "Heartbreak House." In it Mr. Shaw has attempted what he calls "a fantasia in the Russian manner." No doubt he has been influenced by Tchekov in his idea : but in method the play is far more reminiscent of Strindberg's later dramas than of the Russian. Tchekov is a symbolist, as is Ibsen : Strindberg always had a leaning to the inferior mode of allegory, and "Heartbreak House" is sheer allegory. Its action takes place during the war, and a Zeppelin bomb is used as *diabolus ex machina* to end two undesirable characters and cut short the play. The play is an allegory of a Shaw audience, a caricature of an allegory : but Mr. Shaw is mistaken in thinking that his admirers, or even his detractors, make up the people of England. He makes here the same mistake which, before the war, was made by so many bishops and other ministers of religion : they fancied an interest in their affairs which the ordinary man simply did not possess. Since the war, the parsons have learnt how little the world thinks of organised religion : but Mr. Shaw has not learnt how small a part the intellectuals play in the real life of the nations. This mistake invalidates a great deal of the criticism launched against the army and the public in his preface. I am not saying that it is not a pity there is not a more widespread, a deeper interest in the intellectual movements of to-day : but it is wrong to deduce a general indifference from that ignorance. That is the mistake the Germans made. They believed that the English valued cricket more than liberty, and all the facts were on their side—but the truth was otherwise. Mr. Shaw cannot understand a truth which contradicts the available evidence. Just as he believed the problem of the open window was a real objection to married life, and the noise of children a real objection to family life ; so he believes the English slackness, lack of science, muddle and humbug are fatal objections to national life. No doubt they should be ; but the truth is otherwise. In "Heartbreak House" Mr. Shaw has once more shown his inability to understand people for whom life is more than theories of living, love more than philosophies of loving. The play is full, as is so much of Swift's work, of that impersonal pity which has something inhuman about it, that spiritual condescension which approaches the capital sin of Pride. The casual loves of Hushabye and Lady Utterword, of Elsie and Randall and Mangan have a quality of cynical despair which makes this play one of the least pleasant of Mr. Shaw's "unpleasant" efforts. And this unpleasantness is not redeemed by any great prophetic quality, as are some of the earlier unpleasant plays. As he grows older Mr. Shaw abandons altogether the rôle of the first pioneer, the affirming prophet. The people and the play both scold, and their scolding is grey, unlit by any dignity or hope ; the Zeppelin drops its bombs and kills two people and the two least undesirable characters can only say, "But what a glorious experience ! I hope they'll come again to-morrow night," and Elsie, who has been engaged to one of the murdered men, echoes, radiant at the prospect, "Oh, I hope so." That is neither true nor funny : it is as untrue as Mr. Shaw's statement in the preface that the public was enraged at the sinking of the *Lusitania* because it involved the death of saloon passengers. The war has been too much for Mr. Shaw, as it was too much for anyone who relied too confidently on the Victorian ideal of prosperity, comfort and common sense. They are not bad ideals, but they must never be put forward as the chief ambitions of man, they are only really to be understood and enjoyed by those who deliberately forsake them and seek first the Kingdom of God.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

CRITICAL DIVERSIONS.*

There is often a disarming modesty about Mr. Gosse's titles. "Gossip in a Library" was one of them, suggesting an invitation to literary chat (perhaps even tea) which it would be simply churlish to accept in an argumentative spirit. Then there were "Critical Kit-Kats" and "French Profiles," with their implications that complete treatment of the matter in hand was not to be looked for. And now, most delicately deprecatory of all, "Some Diversions of a Man of Letters." "Diversions"—what is one to do against that ? You cannot heavily contradict an author at his play ; especially when that author has earned his play so well as has Mr. Gosse. It would be as bad as throwing brickbats on to a putting-green just as an overworked cabinet minister was measuring his approach.

And yet—is not Mr. Gosse rather bamboozling us with that modesty of his ? At any rate some of these papers have been delivered as addresses on quite serious occasions, while others made their first appearance between weighty covers of blue and buff ; and, though no doubt Mr. Gosse is privileged to jest, in his decorous way, where lesser fry must keep a solemn face, more than one of them is of serious value. His study of the work of the Warton brothers, for instance, is quite a useful contribution to the history of the origins of the romantic movement, while that of Hardy's lyrical poetry contains some interesting data which are not likely to have appeared elsewhere. Nor is it probable that more satisfyingly intimate portraits will be drawn of Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lord Redesdale or Lord Cromer—three people well worthy of portrayal in Mr. Gosse's well-known manner. And if you *should* want to know about Catharine Trotter, your only hope is in Mr. Gosse.

These essays, however, are well called diversions if it is permissible to use the word to indicate the diversity of their themes. For they stretch from Raleigh (a pleasant paper) down to Mr. Lytton Strachey, who is treated with rather less sympathy, and deal, among others, with Sterne, Edgar Allan Poe (whose second name is spelt with an "e" in the contents list), Bulwer-Lytton, Charlotte Brontë and Disraeli. The paper on the author of "Jane Eyre" is almost too thin for printing ; but those on the two dandy-novelist-politicians, whose ways and works so enlivened that early Victorian age of which Mr. Gosse is the enlightened defender, are full of interest. It is curious, however, that in a rather slighting reference to "Henrietta Temple" no mention is made of the admirable comedy of Lady Bellair and Count Alcibiades de Mirabel, which is just what makes the book still worth reading and talking about.

Almost all Mr. Gosse leaves his critics to do is to point out such minor lapses as these, so we take leave to wonder that so appreciative a student of Hardy should have written that "the destruction of the *Titanic* . . . did not awaken our numerous poets to any really remarkable effort, lyrical or elegiac." Surely "The Convergence of the Twain" is not a poem to be easily forgotten. The dismissal in the same paper ("The Future of English Poetry") of the efforts of that short-lived community, the Abbaye de Creteil, is a little too sweeping : Charles Vildrac, though he may not be a great poet, is a writer of originality and charm, whose "Livre d'Amour" will perhaps be remembered when some louder contemporary voices have been forgotten. This judgment is the more surprising in that Mr. Gosse, though a champion of the Victorians, is very wide awake to talent even in the youngest generation.

In view of the second edition into which one takes it for granted that a book by Mr. Gosse will run, it may be worth while to point out a few slips which the printer has made and the author, with the negligence of a gentleman diverting himself, has passed over. Sully-Prudhomme's "Les Épreuves" was published not in 1886 but in 1866 (p. 7), and James I. came to the throne of England in 1603, not 1602 (p. 19). It must be nearer one hundred

* "Some Diversions of a Man of Letters." By Edmund Gosse. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

and fifty than two hundred and fifty years since the Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch issued the remains of Mrs. Catharine Cockburn (*née* Trotter) in "two thick and singularly unpleasing volumes" (p. 61). On p. 106 Pope appears instead of his antithesis, the author of "Udallum." Something seems to have gone wrong with the last completed sentence on p. 144: to read "end" instead of "tend" is perhaps a plausible emendation. About the last clause in the quotation from Bagehot on p. 205 one is not sure, but it was a pity to drop the "k" from Disraeli's "Revolutionary Epick" (p. 233): the "romantick" termination is so characteristic.

But not to end on a carping note, let us quote a passage which, in its urbane malice, shows how well able Mr. Gosse is to divert his readers as well as himself:

"Although in his attitude to the great Rugby schoolmaster, Mr. Strachey shows more approbation than usual, this portrait has not given universal satisfaction. It has rather surprisingly called forth an indignant protest from Dr. Arnold's grand daughter. Yet such is the perversity of the human mind that the mode in which Mrs. Humphry Ward 'perstrings' the biographer brings us round to that biographer's side. For Mrs. Ward has positively the indiscretion, astounding in a writer of her learning and experience, to demand the exclusion of irony from the legitimate weapons of the literary combatant. This is to stoop to sharing one of the meanest prejudices of the English commonplace mind, which has always resented the use of that delicate and pointed weapon. Moreover, Mrs. Ward does not merely adopt the plebeian attitude, but she delivers herself bound hand and foot to the enemy by declaring the use of irony to be 'unintelligent.' In support of this amazing statement she quotes some wandering phrase of Sainte-Beuve. By the light of recent revelations, whether Sainte-Beuve was ironical or not, he was certainly perfidious. But, to waive that matter, does Mrs. Humphry Ward consider that Swift and Lucian and Machiavelli were, as she puts it, 'doomed to failure' because they used irony as a weapon? Was Heine and is Anatole France conspicuous for want of intelligence? And, after all, ought not Mrs. Ward to remember that if she had a very serious grandfather, she had a still more celebrated uncle, who wrote 'Friendship's Garland.'"

A commentary on the last sentence, by the way, was supplied years ago by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

WALES IN THE WAR.*

Only those who have some knowledge of the history and the tribal traditions of the Welsh people can fully appreciate the real nature of the appeal which the issue involved in the Great War made to the sentiments of this small and intensely democratic nation. Some cynics are already belittling the motives which induced Great Britain to enter the war against Germany. They say that it was not a genuine regard for the freedom of Belgium or of Serbia, nor an honest belief in the right of small nations to determine for themselves their own form of government, but the maintenance of the selfish interests of the British Empire, which swung the forces of Great Britain into the battle-line against Germany. However plausible this cynical criticism may seem when directed against Great Britain as a world-power—I believe it is but the judgment of minds warped by bitterness—it is not even plausible when applied to Wales. Far be it from me to write of my country in a self-righteous strain; to claim for her national characteristics which she does not possess. But if historical experience, extending over many centuries, has any influence on the character of a nation—and it has—the history and traditions of Wales must influence the attitude of her people towards world-problems of government. The history of the Welsh people differs fundamentally from that of the English; and as the Welsh are intensely nation-conscious, they will always be influenced in political and international issues by the lessons of their own history. The traditions of the English are those of an imperialistic race. The traditions of the Welsh are those of a freedom-loving nation struggling

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desperately through the long centuries against defeat and domination. These national traditions give the sons and daughters of Wales a special mission as one of the national partners in the British Empire. Heredity compels them to stand for national freedom and democracy. Throughout his career, Mr. Lloyd-George has typified the characteristics of his people. His attitude during the Boer War was truly Cymric. So was his attitude during the war with Germany. Hatred of alien military domination is inherent in the Welsh. The appeal of the small nations for freedom and self-expression must ever find a response in the hearts of the Cymry. It is an appeal which must make the very soul of the Cymry vibrate with sympathy, for they have uttered it themselves many a time in the course of their history. Without self-righteousness, without boasting, merely by the statement of facts which historical heredity make inevitable, the Welsh may claim that in the part they played in the war against Germany they were not influenced by any sordid ulterior motives of imperialistic aggrandisement or selfishness. It was the welfare of democracy, the ideal of national freedom, that caused them to make the greatest of their national efforts. What Wales did in the great struggle has been admirably told by Mr. Ivor Nicholson, O.B.E., and Mr. Trevor Lloyd-Williams, M.A., in "Wales: Its Part in the War," a well-arranged record of how all the resources of Gallant Little Wales—moral, military and industrial—were mobilised and used in a contest that was in keeping with the ideals which animated the Welsh in their past struggles. The Welsh have yet to make themselves thoroughly understood and known by the people of the sister-nations of Great Britain, for Wales has hitherto lacked literary interpreters. The extent of her contributions towards the common cause in the fight against Germany is not yet fully appreciated. How many realise that the manpower contribution of Wales to the fighting forces of the Empire during the Great War was higher on a percentage of population than that of England or of Scotland? This new book by Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Lloyd-Williams should do much to win for Wales the recognition which is her due.

ELLIS LLOYD.

MR. SWINNERTON'S NEW NOVEL.*

Why do people marry? Or, anyway, why do they marry so unsuitably? That, Mr. Swinnerton might say, is a problem for the sociologist: what he is concerned with is the consequences of unsuitable marriage. For the trouble between Marian and her husband, between Marian and Cherry, between Cherry and Nigel, between Howard and Cherry might all be shown to spring from the original wrong done when Howard and Marian married. It is the fine women who make these mistakes. Marian is a really splendid character. She can never have had anything essential in common with Howard: and marriage is only justified when there is a real communion of the deep and the inner things of life. After years of married life Marian and Howard have—not drifted apart, they have never really been together—discovered the gap between them. Howard pursues his life of business, of sport, and of casual flirtation; and Marian lives solitarily with her ideas, and begins to brood a little on the approach of autumn, of September.

The worst storms are storms on inland lakes. Suddenly the storm blows up for Marian and Howard. She discovers him carrying on an intrigue with a young girl, the daughter of old friends; he pursues it even in their own house, where Cherry is a guest: and then, unexpectedly, unwillingly, Cherry turns to her. And Marian, just, kind and infinitely patient, is herself suddenly caught up in love for a man much her junior.

The situation is not unfamiliar: but Mr. Swinnerton never for a moment allows his treatment of it to become

ordinary: he displays without emphasis, with a sure justice, the contrast between Howard's selfish, greedy affections and Marian's strong, passionate love. Good as is his presentation of the two love affairs, it must yield in excellence to his portrayal of the conflict between Marian and Cherry. It is a little hard to believe in Marian's patience with Cherry as it is hard to see Cherry's charm. Mr. Swinnerton gives an unrelenting picture of the modern girl's hardness, her shallow certainties and ignorant pride: and his competent handling of the less pleasant part of Cherry's character is not balanced by any such clear drawing of her good side. He is, we feel, less interested in Cherry than in Marian. Rarely in modern fiction does one meet a woman presented at once with such love and such wisdom. We get Marian's character not only as it is, but as it seems to Howard and to Cherry and to Nigel—and never do these different aspects contradict each other, never do we think that any is the real Marian except that which Mr. Swinnerton presents as her. Too often in a novel which depends on the play of character, we soon get to think of the principal person not as the author wants us to, but as some of the characters think of him. For instance many readers believe in Becky's view of Amelia rather than in Thackeray's. Well, one always believes in Mr. Swinnerton's view of Marian. He promises nothing he cannot perform: and we are completely satisfied, emotionally as well as intellectually, when he shows her acting as the match-maker between Cherry and Nigel. Nigel himself in his trustfulness, his odd reserve and his occasional impulsive outbursts is a characteristic portrait of the modern youth, full of feeling, but rather lacking in those gifts of character and intellect which mark Marian. "September" is an altogether exceptional novel, to be ranked with the author's "Nocturne."

R. E. R.

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A time like this raises a brisk demand for augurs and other types of soothsayers. We all want to know whither we are tending, so anyone who gives the least indication of power to lift even a corner of the veil is sure of a following. A ready-made welcome thus awaits a series with the attractive title "The Making of the Future." The two editors are recognised as expert seers, prophets, interpreters, so to get an idea of the scope of the whole series we naturally turn to the volume they have themselves contributed. The title they have chosen is "Our Social Inheritance." They accept and elaborate the ordinary psychological meaning attached to this term, and seek to draw from our inheritance as it stands the lesson it ought to convey to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Most of us are held to be blind and deaf, so the work of our two seers is mainly interpretative. Believing that we plain people cannot by ourselves get at the inner meaning of things in general the editors set themselves the task of taking us behind the scenes and letting us see the true inwardness of our present circumstances. They recognise that we are not only blind but perverse; that we do not want to have our eyes opened; that we are willing to take things lazily at their face value. Even "the press," they tell us, "abhors interpretation."

This dislike is not difficult to explain. No one likes the assumption that he cannot understand the meaning of what he sees and hears without the intervention of an interpreter, particularly when that interpreter reads into plain straightforward things mysterious significances that resist clear expression in words. Our two seers have not quite resisted the temptation to become obscurely oracular. They are attracted by the verbal quibbles that pleased the men of the Renaissance, make great play with Eutopia, Outopia, Utopia, and sometimes descend to what can

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claim no higher rank than punning, as witness the reference to Mr. Trotter on p. 119. But, as they say themselves: "People are seldom entirely fools; indeed never"; so we are not surprised to find that even when they are busy reading into things meanings that are not really there, our seers do contrive to stimulate the reader so that he begins to realise that there are in institutions and events latent meanings that had quite escaped him. He may, for example, reject the fanciful interpretation they give of the site and function of the National Liberal Club, and yet feel that the passage from the Liberal standpoint to the Imperial and thence to the Financial represents a process that has a meaning and a lesson for him. The educational correlation of reading to the liberal stage, writing to the imperial, and arithmetic to the financial he will probably regard as less convincing. On the other hand there is sober reasoning about the place of the minimum wage, and about the bankers' mystifications, though it is to be feared that the seers have themselves been infected by this mystification when they write: "The first move to a constructive social finance is thus to change the banking community's habit of mind from kakotopian debt to eutopian credit in thinking about public wealth." Yet so great is the attraction of our seers' method that in spite of ourselves we are taken captive by their suggestion that the source of the banking system is to be found in the working classes, and that the multiplication of Bradburys marks the beginning of the adoption of the cheque system by the wage-earners. The further claim that we are on the verge of a pure credit system from which a gold or other concrete standard may be quite eliminated is still more attractive, so attractive indeed that we must warn ourselves against letting our seductive seers lure us too far from the paths of commonplace safety.

The book does not hover all the time on the breezy heights of prophetic abstraction. Part II. descends to particulars, and taking Westminster as a typical city uses it as an example for the guidance of "disoriented citizens." In the various walks suggested through this city our seers keep up their practice of reading into all they see a meaning that may or may not be there, but that is generally suggestive and always attractive.

Part III. deals with Education, and starting with the statement that many of us have been deprived of our share of the social inheritance, examines possibilities of restoring us to our rights. In this section we feel our feet on firmer ground. Certain of the positions here stated will be hotly contested, but on the whole public opinion will be on the side of the seers. In particular the correlation suggested between instruction and education will be approved, and the regionalisation of the universities will at least get favourable consideration. It is here that we find a connection between this volume and the other volume in the series that we have bracketed with it. Our seers, knowing that they cannot remain on the heights all the time, have selected their collaborators from among practical men whose treatment will not only illustrate but also complement their own. Mr. Fawcett is a specialist in geography, and treats of the potential twelve provinces of England from the purely scientific point of view. There is indeed a striking contrast between the editors' volume and this one. No doubt Mr. Fawcett shows how to carry out the devolution demanded by the seers, but he takes their broad theories for granted, and confines himself strictly and wisely to his business as geographer. Well worthy of attention are his six principles according to which he has set about the division of England into provinces. It is interesting to find that on purely geographical principles Ireland would fall naturally into two provinces, one with Belfast as capital, the other with Dublin—but this in passing. More to our present point is the close connection that can be made out between these two volumes of the series. The social inheritance is from the very nature of the case conditioned by local circumstances, and the urgent problem at the present moment of the world's history is just this correlation of social units with geographical environment. Provincialism is a word up till now in

bad odour, and particularly in the present connection. Our new universities emphatically resent being called provincial, and are rather grateful to Lord Haldane for suggesting the term "civic." Yet our seers actually emphasise the idea of provincialism, though they take advantage of the popularity of the geographical term "regionalism." They see in the university of each of the regions into which they wish to divide England, just that social ganglion that is needed to keep the province in organic touch with the state as a whole. In their own words, the universities "may even hasten the coming of the dawn by preparing the translation of dreams into deed."

JOHN ADAMS.

SCALLYWAG AND PLASTER-CAST.*

New and old, modern and Victorian, come clash against each other through these volumes. The new generation of novelists, represented on this occasion by Mrs. Dawson-Scott, challenges the established ascendancy; and the result of the comparison depends very much on whether you have quite thrown over the old state for the new, or whether you are one to whom the old style still makes its appeal.

Mrs. Dawson-Scott, in her sympathetic study of a scallywag, is more truly modern than the self-styled modernists of the Hectic School. Her analysis of Harry King, who fights resolutely "against the grain" and wins his own peculiar happy ending, is remorseless, yet so genial that, mean and sordid as often he is, for such a forthright person, he yet wins the reader's liking, and that is an achievement. Born within a kindly though narrowly conventional household, he is fighting a lone hand all the while; shocking his prim father with his fondness for fisticuffs and beer, and enjoying the thousand activities due to vigorous masculinity. How so manly a lad as this boxing footballer, who could suffer for the sake of a friend as he did for his schoolmate, Miller, could also be capable of pilfering, and of prying into the honourable secrets of his father's safe, it is difficult to apprehend; for though it takes all kinds of folk to make a world, and there may be a kink in any character, yet that sort of meanness does not accord with this sort of scallywag. We can, however, trust Mrs. Dawson-Scott, whose work is true and conscientious. In her case personality has its effect. Here is the story of a strong man who has adventures of sex. The number of women who lay their hearts at Harry's feet (to speak euphemistically) is considerable and duly catalogued by his unrelenting biographer; yet because Mrs. Dawson-Scott is gentle and genial the record of these experiences does not revolt. How eagerly would one of the Hectic School paint the beastliness, bringing the merely sexual to an undue and, though possibly profitable, still an unpleasant prominence! But not so she. While Harry wins his sexual triumphs and plays his sordid pranks, he manages not to grate on the reader's sensibilities. The book is a tribute to Mrs. Dawson-Scott's workmanship and personality. She cannot be brutal. Even a loathsome disease is painted by her with gentle words and shown curable: while a brace of prizefighters whom Harry takes home, for the conversion of his father, are so idealised that the broken nose of Jerry O'Gorman becomes a kind of stigmata. It is an interesting book, full of human knowledge and yet not the sort, we are convinced, from which Mrs. Dawson-Scott will gain her best laurels.

Passing to "Deadham Hard" takes us back to the atmosphere and more leisurely methods of the days before yesterday. Lucas Malet's novel is solid and stolid; clever, yet a thing of cultured gloom. It is an able, painstaking book, but its people are stock figures, plaster-cast. Yet here is a theme that demands human treatment. When a consul of great heart and reputation is suddenly confronted

* "Against the Grain." By C. A. Dawson-Scott. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Deadham Hard." By Lucas Malet. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

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with his illegitimate son in the neighbourhood of his new settlement, where, too, his fair young daughter is at home, it calls for emotional treatment and gives scope for satirical wit. There is little of those essentials here. The author loads her tale with words and has too little use for the sardonic humour that is her strength. It is possible the book has been spoiled through overcare and overworking; and that Damaris Verity, Sir Charles, her father, Cartaret, the very wooden "Colonel Sahib," rarely mentioned without the advertisement of his blue eyes, with the rest of them, not forgetting Faircloth, the Viking, born—although a love-child—without any sense of humour, are lifeless, gracious shapes because long familiarity has staled them to the author. Written more briefly and with lightness of pen this novel might have been a stimulating joy; but—enough has been said; for it goes against the grain to speak severely of the work of one who over a length of years has deserved well of fiction-readers.

C. F. LAWRENCE.

Novel Notes.

A GREEN OLIVE TREE. By F. T. Wawn. 6s. (Melrose.)

In his new novel, Mr. Wawn has set himself to analyse with no little subtlety the character and temperament of Robin Gilmer, a young medical student who, faced by the call for recruits in the early days of the war, realises, or believes he realises, that he is a coward, and shames himself and his family by holding back and clinging to specious excuses for avoiding enlistment. Neighbours, friends and servants look askance at him; his father is chagrined; the only person who understands and champions him unfailingly is his sister Eva, a girl as delightfully feminine as she is unconventional. The love between these two is finely and delicately portrayed. Eva comes near to making a great sacrifice to avert a menace of exposure and disgrace from her brother, and in the heat of his passionate resolve to save her from this sacrifice he discovers he is not the coward he had thought himself. Mr. Wawn has a gracious style and a quiet sense of humour; in "A Green Olive Tree" he mingles a little melodrama with his plot, but does it skilfully; his characters—especially the women—are drawn ably and with insight, and, as always, his sentimental touches are charming. A book to be read with interest and with pleasure, both for its story and its workmanship.

HIS SECRETARY. By Bernard Gilbert. 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

A wonderfully vivid story of an unconventional Whitehall girl who shares with two other girls, equally "modern," a little flat in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and has the misfortune to fall in love with her chief. Sophie's chief—an unusually clever character study—is, to use her own words, "one Baynes, a horrid Civil Servant. A 'regular,' I mean; we're 'temporaries,' and they're 'permanents,' and they make my blood run cold. I can't grumble really because I've got a nice job as secretary-stenographer to the said Baynes, but I don't like him. He's always courteous, but as fussy as twenty-four old maids. I don't dislike him either, really, though I did at first. But he's so unhuman! Never varies an inch, and his umbrella always carefully folded." Add to this that Baynes is forty-eight years old, and unhappily married to a woman of higher social status than his own, and imagine the conflagration that occurs when Sophie discovers that Baynes is indeed human, human as herself, and stirred by the same devastating passion. The story leads skilfully and inevitably to the emotional climax and leaves the reader busy sorting out his own ideas on the benefits of marriage and respectability.

MA PETTENGILL. By Harry Leon Wilson. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Perhaps some readers of this novel are like the present critic, unaware that the heroine has already appeared in a

previous novel by Mr. Wilson. But she is still overflowing with shrewd observations and a fluent power of story-telling. She is the stout, capable mistress of a ranch, who entertains a visitor with eleven sketches of life, from Chinese servants to cinema artists, from the cynical school teacher, who said that "absolutely nothing in the world could be so repugnant to her as a roomful of the little animals writing on slates with squeaky pencils," to the ranchman trying to knit a sweater for some boy in the trenches. "He held up an unfinished thing before his grieved eyes and devoutly wished it in the place of the punishment of the wicked dead." There is a racy humour in the book that tells. But why will authors put their best chapters out of order? The way to read this book is to take the last chapter first and the first last. Ma Pettengill is never elusive, but in the opening story she is less direct than usual, and readers might be put off if they did not start with delightful tales like "A Love Story" or "One Arrow-head Day," which lie further on.

THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES. By Boyd Cable. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No stories of the war excel in simple realism, in their strong sense of actuality, those that have been written by Boyd Cable. They are alive with such deeds of courage and rugged heroism as fire the quietest imagination, poignant with pathos or tragedy or droll or grim humour, and they have so convincing an air of truth that one reads them feeling they are no fiction but brilliant records of fact. Boyd Cable was himself one of the fighting men; he writes from personal experience, and one takes it that, in the main, his tales are of events and incidents that really happened. "I do not claim to be writing history," he says in a foreword, "but there are many of the tales which will be familiar in substance to the men of 1914 and '15; and I hope they may serve to record some of the feats of the men of the old Regular Army, the spirit in which they went to war, and the undaunted courage and good heart with which they faced incredible hardships and overwhelming odds." This the stories do with a realistic vividness, and descriptive and emotional power that is the more effective for its perfect restraint. Read "Cheers" to be reminded of the fine brotherliness that grew up between officers and men; and such as "The Rearguard," "The Impossible," or "At All Costs" to be thrilled by the stubborn, unbreakable fighting qualities of the Old Contemptibles; and "Long Odds" for a story that epitomises the whole spirit and outlook of those gallant Englishmen who fought and fell on the Great Retreat. This tale of a Canadian, a French Infantryman and a British Tommy who automatically took command and led them in a stubborn but perfectly hopeless defence against an advancing German squadron is surely one of the quaintest, most moving, most thrilling stories of the war, and it is the more thrilling because of the grim, curious touch of humour that enters into it. The Old Contemptibles could have no abler historian than Boyd Cable, and no author could have finer, more glorious themes than they have provided him with. The valour of those Mons men of ours has already passed into a legend, and the legend is justified to the full by this book.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE. By Marian M. Bower and Leon M. Lion. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

The great fault with novels based on plays is their confined orbit of action. The present book is no exception to the rule. It adheres rigidly to the one central incident around which the play revolves—the unauthorised publication of the details of the secret Chinese Loan. The ingredients of the successful play are so diametrically different to those of the novel that one wishes the authors had taken more liberties with their plot and created other subsidiary interests. Despite this they are to be complimented upon an exceedingly good piece of work. The characterisation throughout is well done, achieving a high degree of excellence in the person of Chi Lung, whose quaint Eastern-ness and final magnificent sacrifice are sketched in a manner

that is altogether admirable. The dramatic situations in the play gain, if anything, by their transplantation into the written word, for the authors have the gift of terse dialogue and swift action. As an exposition of Chinese character and emotions, and of the sound philosophy that underlies that placid exterior, this book is probably unsurpassed. Both to those who have seen the play and those who have not it can be unhesitatingly recommended.

The Bookman's Table.

THE GREATER LOVE. By Raymond Heywood. 2s. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. (paper wrapper). (Elkin Mathews.)

This book of verse by a Devonshire soldier poet contains many lyrics that have the poignancy and delicacy of Heine's songs without any touch of Heine's bitterness. "In Rheims Cathedral" may recall Matthew Arnold's unrhymed poems, but there is a childlike simplicity and warmth of faith in its last line not always found in the older poet, though present in "Stagirius" and "Rugby Chapel." The music of Mr. Heywood's "Remembrance" is uplifting in its sweetness, yet never cheap or flimsy. The grief and love enshrined in his verses are always ennobling, always make the reader feel that—to quote his own words—"God is very near," and that the supreme sacrifice of war was made in obedience to a Divine call. One dainty love lyric must be quoted in full

" . . . Dear—
If you should wander down the twilight ways,
When my tired heart is hushed, and I am dead,
Bring flowers to me—Sweet Peas of fairy hue,
And lay them on my bed;
Grave, gentle dames in little purple caps,
Wee babes in palest blue,
Fair maids in gowns of tender pearl and rose
And crimson bonnets too;
Dear—bring me these
At twilight-time, and then perhaps I'll hear
The little faeries dancing on my bed,
I'll dream of you—and feel that you are near—
Because you love Sweet Peas."

HISTORY OF DUMBARTONSHIRE. By John Irving. 15s. (Bennett & Thomas.)

After nearly sixty years a son happily succeeds his father as author of what is practically a new history of his native county. In 1859 Joseph Irving published his monumental work on Dumbartonshire. This has long been out of print, and copies are scarce. The new issue could not be in hands more capable than those of Mr. Irving the younger. With commendable zeal and painstaking thoroughness he has overhauled the original undertaking and added much information unavailable at the earlier date. The story of Dumbarton (more correctly Dunbarton) is in great measure the story of Scotland. So well situated by nature for purposes of defence, the bold bluff on the Clyde which gave the place its name has given birth also to a history as romantic and as chequered as that of the Castle Rock of Edinburgh. Throughout diverse regimes Dumbarton has ever played a conspicuous part. It was first of all the capital of the ancient province of Valentia, when the Romans were lords of the land. Afterwards it became the chief fortress of the British Kingdom of Strathclyde. And all through the period when Scotland was in the making, apart from Edinburgh no place filled so considerable a niche in the fortunes of the nation. Mr. Irving's monograph constitutes a chronicle of every noteworthy event connected with the town and its venerable castle, and the student of local history may congratulate himself that the task of bringing those fascinating records together has fallen to so true and patriotic a son of the old Rock. This, however, is only a first instalment, which will be followed by two further parts, embracing the entire county and its manifold interests.

CINDERELLA IN THE SOUTH. By Arthur Shearly Cripps. 6s. net. (Blackwell: Oxford.)

This is an excellent book, indeed a wonderful book, though on the surface it is all about mission life in Mashona-

land, or here and there in South Africa. Sketches, papers or stories, all detached and yet connected by the bond of the writer's personality—not to speak of Africa's sun, the locale and its atmosphere—it is full of real life and the kind of life which is aware of Almighty God right close on its further side. It seems to me also that He is abiding on the hither side, even if not so clearly. Mr. Cripps, technically speaking, may or may not be an English clergyman—he tells us nothing of his business—but essentially he belongs to a legion of spiritual frontiersmen, of any and all denominations, but so truly catholic that the official distinctions between churches and sects, though they may remain officially speaking, are shining in that unity which comes from the light of the spirit. And this is his notebook, in which he does not tell us but by which we see and know that he has been doing gospel work out there, and has been living the gospel also, carrying the sacrament of a tobacco pipe to all the places of his pilgrimage. I took up the volume expecting folk-lore and some two-hundredth variant of the glass slipper and the maid among the ashes. I lay no claim on my notion why it is called "Cinderella in the South," but the question does not signify. "As Trees Walking," "The Leper Windows" and its sequel—not to speak of other sketches, a baker's dozen and over—have cured my curiosity on a mere problem of title and more than cured my dejection when I found myself far enough from a new field of folk-lore or an old fold revisited. Moreover, it is worth losing a considerable cycle of myth to meet that Bishop in Mashonaland who hoped to see pied African lambs and kids in church yet, a festival of herds on St. Luke's Day and St. John's fires in mission stations about Christmas-time. Though one of those who have no use for South Africa *per se*, I am going to keep this book in a near place by the chimney-corner and call a blessing on its author whenever I take it up. Its proper title is, of course, "Concerning God in Africa."

PULL THE BOBBIN. By Queenie Scott-Hopper. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

Here is a delightful book of child verse. Miss Queenie Scott-Hopper writes with charm and ease; she has a swinging and invigorating way with her, and whether she is telling us about the Railway Tunnel, or Robin Redbreast's Pincushion, or The Rambo and the Flying Man, or any other of the many and varied subjects she touches in "Pull the Bobbin," it is always something fresh and interesting that she has to say. Charming as the verses are, however, most of them betray the Grown-up who is writing about children and who is expressing her own thoughts rather than those of the children in her verses. For instance, no child would think or speak as Harry does in "Harry's Valentine." This is the last verse:

"This lady whom I love the best—
She never hurts you with a jest,
She never scorns Love's clumsiest sign . . .
My Mother is my Valentine."

On the other hand, there are some real child verses like "Very Nearly" and "Blowing Bubbles" which begins:

"A little brown bowl full of soapsuds (don't shake them!)
Three slim white clay pipes (please take care not to break them!)
The oldest of clothes, o'er which nobody troubles,
And into the garden we go to blow bubbles. . ."

The book is beautifully illustrated by Winifred M. Ackroyd. Her colours and decorative schemes are a joy to the eye—exquisite work.

HISTORY OF ZIONISM, 1600-1918. Vol. II. By Nahum Sokolow. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

This second volume of the "History of Zionism" contains the continuation and conclusion of the historical account of the movement up to the outbreak of war in 1914, and also an account of the various developments during the war, and recent activities up to the Peace Conference. M. Stephen Pichon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs for France, contributes a most sympathetic introduction, and in a series of valuable appendices will be

found a large and interesting collection of no less than ninety-one documents, many of them from rare originals, relating to the Jews' aspirations towards their fatherland during the past three centuries. The work deals principally with the history of Zionism in England and France, and of course its culmination is the announcement of the British Government's favourable attitude towards the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. The scope and treatment of this work are exceedingly interesting and effective. M. Sokolow has very wisely refrained from rhetoric or polemics, and contented himself with recording accurately the various phases in the long struggle for Zionism. So much greater is the value of the two volumes.

BIRD BEHAVIOUR. By Frank Finn, F.Z.S. 7s 6d. net. (Hutchinson)

This enchanting volume on birds and bird lore is assured of a hearty welcome for its own sake, and because of its author whose profound knowledge of the subject is universally accepted as an unfailing guide. He begins by deploring the fact that the study of birds is often looked down upon by general zoologists as a trilling pursuit, because birds are of little interest from the point of view of comparative anatomy, but points out that just because the numerous species and families of birds show a very narrow range of differentiation they afford an attractive study. Their habits are of manifold variety and even in the case of the commonest and most familiar species are not by any means fully understood. Indeed sometimes less well understood than those of comparatively inaccessible ones: Mr. Finn points out that through the excellent observations made recently in the Antarctic, "we know more about the mind and life of the Adélie Penguin, one of the remotest birds on the globe, than we do about those of the peacock, the best known by sight and reputation of all birds for a couple of thousand years." Well, Mr. Finn will teach the reader much that he may never have observed or known, and in a most fascinating way, and he will set you agog to observe for yourself.

DRESSING GOWNS AND GLUE. Verses by Captain L. de G. Sieveking, D.S.C. With Illustrations by John Nash Edited by Paul Nash

Both verses and pictures in this quaint and amusing book embody a spirit of fun—rollicking, nonsensical fun, as the title suggests. It is a pity the volume is so slender—even though brevity is the soul of wit; we could have done with more of Captain Sieveking's irresponsible rhymes, and more of John Nash's ludicrous drawings, and more too of Paul Nash's and G. K. Chesterton's and Max Beerbohm's and Cecil Palmer's delightful introductions. With such glowing tributes to writer and artist as Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Beerbohm pour forth, the book can hardly fail to be a success. If sheer novelty and blatant absurdity can win popularity, its future is assured. Captain Sieveking does not appear to have been damped by his experiences in a German prison, and, as Mr. Chesterton suggests, if the reader turns to the page containing the verses entitled, "Charm Against Fright," "he will learn by what process Captain Sieveking was enabled to get the D.S.C." These are the verses, and they give an excellent example of the whimsical humour that characterises the book:

"When I am frightened by bogies or spooks,
Or Things that go flop in the night,
Or Things that start hooting like peacocks and rooks—
Or when I've been reading sensational books
And something goes wrong with the light—
Then I try to keep cool and collected and calm,
To avoid at all costs going mad!
And I find that the use of this family charm,
Is the best antidote to be had:

"By reciting the alphabet backwards
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D. I. C. 1911/1912

The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The eight portraits in chalk which are among our presentation plates this month were specially drawn for THE BOOKMAN, the eight subjects very kindly giving sittings for that purpose. The artist, Mr. Robert J. Swan, is as yet only at the beginning of what promises to be a brilliant career. He was a student at the Royal Academy Schools, where he obtained the medal for figure painting, the Landseer Scholarship, and the British Institution Scholarship in Painting. He has for some while been a regular exhibitor in the Royal Academy, the National Portrait Society's galleries and the International Exhibition, but the portraits in this Number are his first published work.

A new novel by
W. J. Locke, "The

House of Baltazar," will be published in January by Mr. John Lane.

A book to be anticipated with more than ordinary interest is the book of reminiscences that Mrs. Asquith is writing. It will be published next year by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

"The Blower of Bubbles" (Chambers), which we review elsewhere, is a remarkable first book by a Canadian author, Mr. Arthur Beverley Baxter.



Mary A. Ward

Mrs. Humphry Ward,
whose new novel, "Cousin Phillip,"
Messrs. Collins have just published.

He was born in Toronto, and became something of a musical prodigy, travelling about Canada and appearing as an alto soloist in a large choir at the age of ten. When he left school, instead of studying for the law as his parents had meant him to, he secured a position in a broker's office, but was put down from that for erroneously marking up on the wall the wrong Exchange quotations. Then he was placed with a piano company, and filled his leisure by writing and illustrating articles for various small publications. Also, being then nineteen, he wrote a play which was accepted and went into rehearsal but was not produced because the



Photo by E. O. Hoppé

Mr. C. S. Evans,

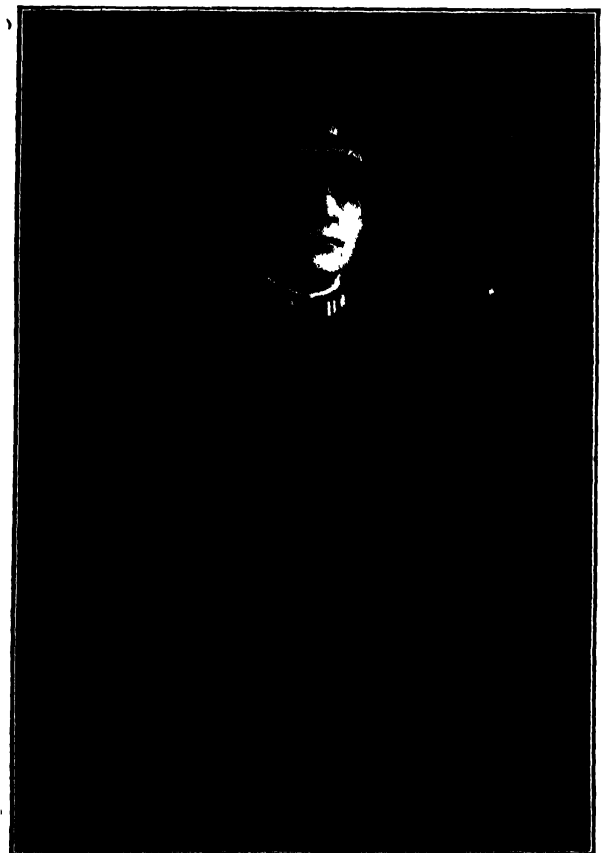
whose retold story of "Cinderella," illustrated by Arthur Rackham, is published by Mr. Heinemann.

producer went bankrupt three days before the opening night. When the war came he crossed the sea as a lieutenant in the 122nd Canadian Infantry Battalion; was afterwards transferred to the Canadian Engineers; saw service in France with the Signals of the First Canadian Division, and was invalided out in July, 1918. His stories have the war for background and atmosphere, but it is not so much the fighting as the human effects of the great upheaval that have appealed to him, its wakening and uplifting influence on national and individual character.

One of the most notable books of American war poems was "The Challenge," by Lieutenant Leonard Van Noppen, which was published here by Mr. Elkin Mathews last year. Its one hundred and twenty-six sonnets have made a large appeal to the public and been crowned with praise by many of our leading poets and critics. They range over many phases of the world-tragedy and are by turns romantic, emotional, ironic and fiercely denunciatory. At the time the book appeared Lieutenant Van Noppen was in London as assistant attaché of the U.S.S. *Melville*, flagship; he subsequently went as assistant Naval attaché to The Hague. Born in North Carolina, his father of old Dutch American descent, his mother of French stock, Lieutenant Van Noppen graduated at the North Carolina University, and was for a while a Professor

at Columbia University. In those early days, over twenty years ago, he made a masterly translation from the Dutch of Von Vondel's epic-drama, "Lucifer," from which Milton drew inspiration for much that is in "Paradise Lost," and its publication gave him at once a distinguished place in American letters. But the scholastic life was not congenial to him, and he presently gave up his professorship, and avows that he is a free lance in literature henceforth. At the end of "The Challenge" there are given some striking fragments from "Armageddon: A Symphonic Drama of Evolution," a poem on which Lieutenant Van Noppen has been engaged at intervals for twenty years past, and being now released from active service he proposes to settle at the Riviera for a year or more and there bring this, his most ambitious work in poetry, to a conclusion.

Mr. C. S. Evans, whose retold story of "Cinderella," illustrated in colour and silhouette by Mr. Arthur Rackham (Heinemann), is one of the most charming of this year's Christmas books for children, has done much admirable work in literary criticism. Also, some few years ago, he published, in "Nash and Others" (Edward Arnold), a series of stories that for their delightful humour and subtle understanding of the character of the human boy were ranked by discerning critics with Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age"; and we understand the book will presently be reissued in a cheap edition.



Lieutenant Leonard van Noppen,
U.S.A.

The death last month of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was received with very widespread regret. She has long been the most popular of American poets, and her books, published over here by Messrs. Gay & Hancock, have almost as large a vogue in this country as in her own. She had great gifts for expressing in fluent and musical verse the natural sentiments and emotions of ordinary humanity and a homely philosophy that average persons could understand and take comfort in. Whatever else may be said of her work, the fact remains that it has certain qualities of sincerity and intelligibility that are absent from a good deal of modern verse that is much more pretentious, less read and will be sooner forgotten.



Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Few women novelists have a lighter touch or a keener sense of humour than Mrs. Horace Tremlett. Her latest novel, "Platonic Peter" (Hutchinson), handles a more serious problem than is usual with her, but a prevailing spirit of humour always keeps it from becoming too serious and makes a pleasant and sparkling social comedy of what might easily have turned out something more sombre. In her time Mrs. Tremlett has travelled much about the world with her husband, who is a mining engineer. She did not begin to write about her experiences till she went to Nigeria; there she wrote "The Tin Gods," and when it appeared the press notices so encouraged her that she went on writing, and has now published six novels. "I admit," she says, "that I do not take writing very seriously. My days are spent in one of the busiest publishing houses in London, and I write at odd moments, in my free evenings and during the blessed hours of



Photo by Florence Cary

Mrs. Horace Tremlett.

Sunday morning. If anybody is a limpet I am, for having become attached to work during the war I intend to stick to it with all the adhesive power at my command--absolutely, there is no fun like it." As for hobbies, she adds, "I have, unfortunately, only one; it is nearly six feet high, but still fluffy, and is a source of joy and terror. I



Miss May Wedderburn Cannan.

whose new book of poems, "The Splendid Days," is published by Mr. Blackwell.

simply can't understand the outcry against a family; motherhood is the only thing that makes life worth living."

Captain Rowlands Coldicott, whose "London Men in Palestine" has just been published by Mr. Edward Arnold, was educated at Durham and Oxford, and is a B.Litt. of both universities. He wrote a good deal of verse that was published in the University magazines, the *Oxford Magazine*, *Isis*, and *Granta*, and was nearly "sent down" from Durham, when an undergraduate, for a satirical comedy against the College authorities. His first book, on Dr. Walcot ("Peter Pindar"), was finished and about to be published when the war stopped it, and it still remains in MS. A few weeks after the war began, he joined the 2/21st Battalion the London Regiment, of which his father was Colonel, and incidentally wrote and assisted with the printing of *The Twoaswere*, a magazine that had some success beyond the battalion. He went to France in 1916, and accompanied the battalion to the Macedonian Front; and, having recovered from the usual fever, was sent to Egypt. He was in command of his company at the taking of Beersheba, and gained the M.C. at the Battle of Sheira. He marched to Jerusalem and was badly wounded in hot fighting on the Mount of Olives, and has told the whole story of that campaign vividly and interestingly, from his personal standpoint, in "London Men in Palestine." Captain Coldicott has a strong realistic touch, a neat hand at anecdote and dialogue, and has interspersed his narrative with some admirable verse. While he was recovering from his wound at Jerusalem he wrote "A Ballad of Jerusalem," and this, and later a detailed account of the taking of Beersheba, appeared in the *Cornhill*. He was transferred to the Western Front in 1918; was appointed Education Officer to the Cavalry in France and moved with them through Belgium. After the Armistice he established an English library for the troops at Spa, personally selecting eighty cases of books in London and conveying them out. "I am full of enthusiasm for Londoners as fighting men," he says, "and would like to lead them again." He confesses also that he hates rules and regulations, loves the open air, and wishes he were living "in the times of Queen Elizabeth," and his book is good reading because that is the breezy, genial, gallant spirit in which it is written.

It is eight years since David Graham Phillips was shot in a New York street by a homicidal maniac, and his last book, "Susan Lenox:



Captain H. Rowlands S. Coldicott.

Her Rise and Fall," only lately published in America, was issued in England a few weeks ago by Messrs. Appleton. Years before he established his position as a novelist he came in touch with the tragic fragment of life which he made the basis of "Susan Lenox." While on a visit to Madison he saw a beautiful girl sitting disconsolate in a farm wagon alongside a country lout she had been forced to marry. She presented, he said, a picture of wistful and appealing loveliness that haunted him ever after. He had started to write "Susan Lenox" nine years before his death. "It was written and rewritten four times," says a friend of his. "When you realise that this novel contains nearly 400,000 words you have some conception of the physical task alone. Many have wondered why its publication was so long delayed. The publisher feared its frankness might imperil his magazine and delayed its serial appearance for nearly four years. When it did come out it lifted the circulation of the periodical to such a degree that for months the issues were sold out a few days after publication."

"Adventures in Marriage," a new book of short stories by Mr. Ward Muir, will be published soon after Christmas by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

Mr. F. J. Randall's humorous novel, "Somebody's Luggage," published some few years ago by Mr. John Lane, has been dramatised in America and, judging by the dramatic fees the author is receiving from it, is having a very successful run.

Messrs. G. Bell & Son have nearly ready for publication a new and revised edition of "Printing: A Practical Treatise on the Art of Typography," by Charles T. Jacobi.

"Linda Condon," by Joseph Hergesheimer, author of "The Black Pennys," will be published by Mr. Heinemann early next year. Mr. Heinemann is publishing also next year "Miser's Money," a new novel by Eden Phillpotts.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS,

November -December, 1919

As announced last month, owing to the early date at which the Christmas BOOKMAN has to go to press, the time for sending in for these Competitions is extended to December 14th, and results will be given in our January Number

- I. --A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.
- II. --A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III. A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief motto, original or selected, for the New Year.
- IV. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V. A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

STACY AUMONIER.

MOST novelists begin their careers in something else, and sooner or later become novelist on an after thought, or by accident. And they owe more to that false start than they always recognise, for it brings them into closer acquaintance with the world of miscellaneous men and women than they would ever have gone if they had been of that type of author who is "all author," and had lived in literary circles and a world of books from the outset. Everybody knows how much Dickens owes to his early experiences in the blacking factory, as a lawyer's clerk and as a working journalist. Smollett had been to sea as a surgeon's mate and unsuccessful ashore as a physician before he found himself as a novelist. Fielding was destined for the law, and had seen much of life and mistaken himself for a dramatist, when

Richardson's "Pamela" provoked him to try his hand at parody and brought him to his true vocation, while Richardson had not known he could write fiction till after he had been for thirty years a printer. Scott, Reade, Stevenson were more or less in the law before they escaped into literature; so, later, were Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope. Hardy was an architect; H. G. Wells was in the drapery business; Trollope and Jacobs in the Post Office; Pett Ridge a railway clerk; Conrad a sailor; Conan Doyle a doctor; Arnold Bennett a lawyer's clerk; Robert Hichens a musician.

So one hopes the more of Stacy Aumonier because he began in the right way. He was not a novelist five years ago, and when he became one, as he says, "he just drifted into literature in the philyndering manner



Photo by Peter Levy.

Mr. Stacy Aumonier.

of the majority of writers." He is of Huguenot descent : his ancestors were silversmiths who came to Spitalfields after the massacre of St. Bartholomew ; and nearly all his relatives have been craftsmen of some sort. But his natural bent was for acting, and before the war he had made a considerable reputation by giving character sketches—impressions of various people he had met in the streets, on buses, tubes and about the countryside. He gave them at many London theatres, in concert halls and at private houses ; they were well received by the press and rapidly growing in favour with the public when the war came and set his gallery of characters tottering and falling. The public, at that time of stress and anxiety, lost interest in them. Moreover he found that certain familiar types which had been thoroughly modern when he first presented them, seemed to grow suddenly old-fashioned ; in a year or two many of them were quite obsolete. Ideals, habits, customs, the whole world was changing rapidly ; Thor was hammering everything into new shapes. Character itself was in the melting-pot, and Mr. Aumonier was soon swept away from whatever of his profession had not been swept away from him and plunged into divers war activities. But there was to be no glory for him. A despised B3 man, he was put to serve for nearly a year in the Army Pay Corps, and then as a chart-maker in the Ministry of National Service.

By then he had already commenced to write, and among his fairly exacting war activities he contrived to snatch odds and ends of leisure time to solace himself with his new-found joy. The first thing he wrote was a short story called "The Friends." It was rather a morbid story about two furniture salesmen who drank themselves to death. He took it to an influential literary agent who read it and said, "My dear boy, this is all very well, but what on earth am I to do with it ? No one will touch such a story as this."

That was a little discouraging ; nevertheless, in due course "The Friends" proved one of the most successful tales Mr. Aumonier has written. It was published in the *English Review* ; in the *Century Magazine*, in New York ; and later in book form with two other of his stories. The press crowned it with praise ; by the votes of the *Boston Transcript* readers it was placed as one of the five best short stories of its year, and a clergyman in Buffalo preached about it. A year later the *Spectator* called attention to it in a two and a half column notice, and described it as one of the best English short stories they had ever read.

In his first novel, "Olga Bardel," Mr. Aumonier dealt with the life of a musician, and as his wife, Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, is a well known pianist, a good many people jumped to the conclusion that she was the original of Olga ; but as a fact the two are not at all alike. He admits that, of course, in portraying the temperament and telling the history of Olga Bardel he was indebted to his wife in many ways, but it was more that she helped him to an intimate appreciation of music and musical life, and the atmosphere of music and musicians which surrounded them in their London home. That musical genius which wholly absorbs its possessor and appears at times so inexplicable and so uncrushable under adverse conditions has always intrigued him ; but he has never founded a character on any definite person. "I cannot

understand anyone doing so," he says. "It seems to me it would knock all the fun of creation out of one's work and be as different, in point of art, as a photograph is from a water-colour drawing."

His second novel, "Just Outside," was again a novel of character. Each of his three novels have been that rather than novels of plot, for when he came to write stories he was only developing another phase of that natural aptitude which led him to impersonate on the stage the people he had met in his everyday experiences. "Just Outside" is the life-story of a temperamental youth, Arthur Gaffyn, who is always just outside the normal conception of a social order. He is one of a great many, and the war has not diminished their number. In his early days Mr. Aumonier was a decorative draughtsman, and this novel offered him an opportunity of painting many impressions of a draughtsman's life, and of the characters and types of the semi-Bohemian worlds of Paris and London at that time.

"The Querrils," his third book, published by Messrs. Methuen a few weeks ago, is a more ambitious effort than either of the other two. Essentially a character novel, it studies the interplay of character in a whole family, and consequently is more impersonal, less autobiographical than its predecessors. The Querrils are the sort of people everybody knows—very charming people, comfortably off, well educated, sentimental, excessively kind and unselfish, with many attractive and lovable traits. Withal, they are self-centred—they live in a world of their own, wrapped up in each other and their family interests. Nothing seems to trouble them, but beneath this placid exterior old currents of individual feeling and tendency are always in movement, and Mr. Aumonier sets himself to trace the surprising results that may accrue from this position of detachment, when its foundations are suddenly undermined by new and drastic circumstances. External dangers may prove illusory ; the dormant internal ones, once roused into action, are irresistible. Outside events intrude forcefully upon their settled complacencies ; they are not prepared for such an intrusion, and the thoughts and habits of a lifetime are broken up and turned into strange channels. The problem of this interference with long established ways and its effect upon mind and character is the main theme of the story.

In addition to his books Mr. Aumonier has written about thirty short stories which have been published both here and in America. The American public and publishers have been particularly appreciative of his work. Most of his fiction has an English setting, but he has travelled a good deal in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Holland, as well as in America and Canada.

Latterly, Mr. Aumonier has been resuming his character sketches on the stage, but you may take it that henceforth he will remain above everything else a novelist. He has made remarkable progress in the three or four years since he began writing ; he has imagination, a sense of style, and subtle skill in characterisation ; and, the first thing needful in the making of a novelist, he knows how to tell a story. Moreover, his manner of telling it is distinctively his own, though he has said, "I owe much to the personal sympathy and encouragement of Mr. John Galsworthy, and not a little to the inspiration of his work."

THE READER.

THE YOUNGER NOVELISTS.

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

I.

WHAT is to happen to the novel? It is a question which has often occurred to me as I have considered the number and the competence of the younger novelists. Many of them are content to be story-tellers. They have not, it appears, much curiosity about the form which they are using, and they prefer to go on producing fiction which does not differ in essentials from the old tales of old bards and *shanachies*. It is true that in the older English novelists we can already perceive the germs of the distinctive varieties of fiction: Richardson, Fielding, Bunyan and Defoe are not more alike or more unlike than James, Kipling, Mark Rutherford and George Moore: but the novel as a separate art-form really begins with Jane Austen—not with Flaubert—and its practitioners are still very few: for to write a novel as Jane Austen wrote one means that the novelist must be as sensitive to his specific forms as the sonnet-writer is to the form of the sonnet, and that sensitiveness is a very unusual quality.

For convenience I shall make a rough division of the younger novelists into five groups—the Romantics, who pursue, with a difference, that tradition to which the story is more important than the characters; the "straight" novelists, mostly followers of Thackeray, of Dickens, of Wells, to whom the novel is an instrument which can be touched to all kinds of ends, and becomes in turn essay, sermon, rhapsody or tract; a group whom I hesitate to dub Realist, who follow Flaubert and George Moore; the definite Innovators, who are more concerned with the form of their art than with anything else, disciples these, of Henry James; and a little band for whom the novel is something fantastic, or satirical, or simply humorous. These divisions are not at all watertight. In particular the line between the second and third is extremely faint. For instance Mr. Beresford sometimes follows Mr. Wells into a country which is hardly the region of the

novel proper at all: and he often writes tales which are excellent examples of the French naturalist school. It has always been a characteristic of English novelists and of the English novel, that not only does an author at times adopt what seems quite a new style, but also in one work he will exhibit tendencies which are really contradictory and destructive of each other.

II.

Of the romantics Mr. Compton Mackenzie is certainly the most distinguished. Beginning with a *bravura* piece of considerable accomplishment, but not, save in the richness of his brocade, more remarkable than the work of the Castles, he speedily settled down to the composition of resolutely romantic accounts of life. His interest in a dirty pond is purely confined to the glitter made by the scum, if you turn the right light on it: and all his fountains of fancy have coloured lights at the back of them. Life in his books is like life in a great exhibition, and he is the Kiralfy of the younger novelists. If you go to the show in the right mood, everything will amaze, even the joy-wheel. Only once has he tried more considered things, in "Guy and Pauline." It is by far his best book, and its acute

depression is a natural reaction from the glitter of the others. Mr. McKenna is more of a modernist than is Mr. Mackenzie. His early essays in fiction, with their strong recollections of E. F. Benson and Anthony Hope, displayed the talent of a conversationalist rather than the gift of a story-teller. But he is a romantic conversationalist. Life is never as tired as the epigrams about it; and in actual existence even debutantes are sometimes silent, and even undergraduates are dull. Mr. McKenna makes a mistake in his later books of dragging in actuality. He never had Mr. Mackenzie's astonishing virtuosity, his wonderful sense of precision: and his efforts to combine a study of a minx with the great events of Europe is a most lamentable affair. Two pages of "Vanity Fair" after "Sonia Married" should convince the most



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

stubborn admirer of our own age that in some things we are a long way behind Thackeray.

In spite of a tendency to naturalism in method, I must class both Mr. Walpole and Mr. MacGill among the romantics. The latter is more reminiscent of Hugo than of any English novelist; he has much of the French master's hatred of injustice, and much of his habit of shouting the truth at his readers. His work is particularly valuable as giving one an Ireland far removed from the farces of George A. Birmingham or the comedy of Mrs. Conyers or of Somerville and Ross. He is in the true succession of Irish novelists, such as Michael Banim and Will Carleton, and has, like them, a kinship with the peasantry and with the life of the fields. Mr. Walpole, in spite of his excursion into Russia, in spite of "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," is at heart romantic. He is not altogether free from sentimentality: his belief in the Duchess of Wrexhe seems to me like the odd superstition which surrounded Mr. Gladstone. Great as Gladstone was there are people who tell you that he was greatest when he looked at an opponent in anger, that his eyes dilated, and the opponent shrivelled away. Apart from the fact that this was not always true—that Parnell and Chamberlain and Labouchere never wilted before that eagle glance, it is plain that to respect it was gross cowardice: it was to respect not the man, but a physical accident—it was to allow yourself to be bullied. Mr. Walpole allows himself to be bullied. He is over-impressed with the labels of things; he does not like taking life directly, and imaginatively, but desires veils and subterfuges. Every time he is tempted to think of Russia I wish he would say to himself, firmly, *Coelum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt*. That line condemns the romantic heresy which consists in believing that there is something in our human lives more important than the mood of man; that adventure, or courage, or valour, or loving-kindness are other than attributes of the soul, and that knight-errantry is a profession instead of a vocation. There is one author, not perhaps strictly within my purview, who provides an antidote for the heresy—C. E. Lawrence. In all his books, but especially in the last two—"Youth Went Riding" and "Such Stuff as Dreams"—you have that note of imaginative romance which knows how to abandon the picturesque and heroic and makes beauty out of the simple things of everyday, not by altering them or lying about them or by sentimentalising over them, but by seeing the

love in the people, by believing in the Dominical words: "Lift the stone and ye shall find me: Cleave the wood, and there am I."

III.

I do not think Mr. Wells has a greater admirer than myself; but it is impossible not to deplore his influence on the younger men. That there are authors who would never have written fiction at all, others who would have written quite differently, and some who would write much better were it not for Mr. Wells is, I believe, easily demonstrable. Mr. W. L. George, for instance, has none of the specific qualities of a novelist: he is a sociologist, and his one good novel, "The City of Light," is an essay on a very entrancing side of French family life. Mr. Beresford, a born novelist, has gone out of his way to write pseudo-scientific tales; and we owe to Mr. Wells the only bad book the late Stephen Reynolds ever wrote. Mr. St. John Ervine, who started with a novel which showed promise as high as that displayed by any author in my list, and an individual genius of a disciplined kind, has in "Changing Winds" allowed himself to be influenced too much by the later Wells tradition. As for the authors who would never have written at all but for Mr. Wells, let silence surround them. They have their reward.

It is, however, an enormous

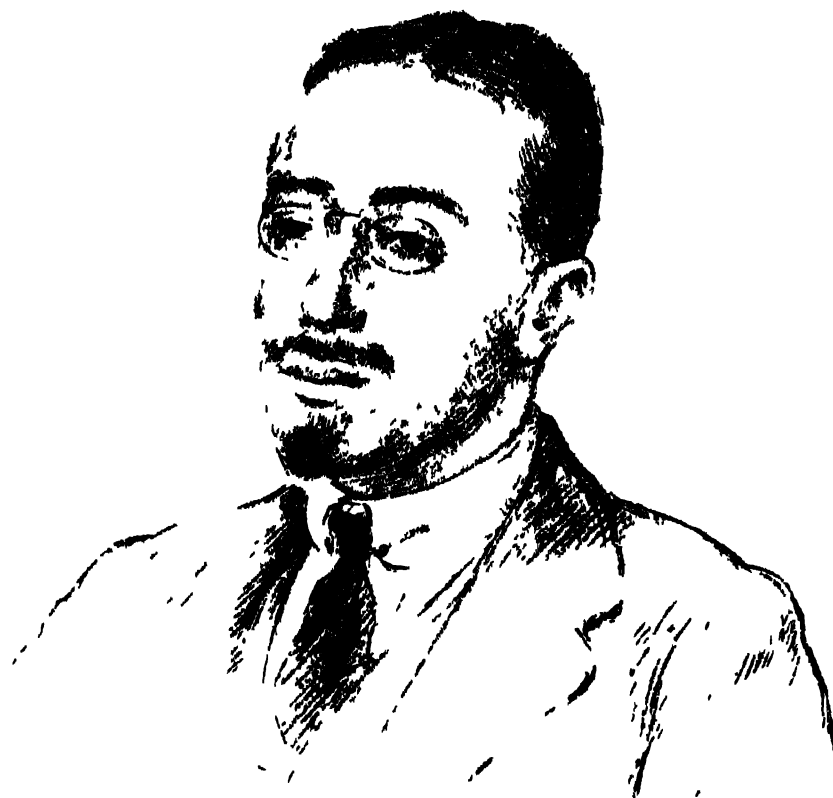
tribute both to Mr. Wells's vitality and his astonishing opportuneness to his age that he should have so many disciples, while Mr. Conrad, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Wharton and Mr. George Moore have so few. Were it not for Mr. Wells, we should not have had as they were written "Old Mole," or "Housemates," "A Lady and Her Husband," or "The Processionals," or "Pantomime," or "Consequences." It is not that any of these books could be mistaken for a novel by Mr. Wells: their authors have too keen individualities for that; but for all of them the writings of Mr. Wells are part of their emotional experience. They have read other novelists, possibly admire other novelists more; but Mr. Wells is life talking to them, and they've had to absorb him, to do something with him, as people must do with any part of their lives, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant.

Of this group the most talented is Mr. Cannan, just as the most competent is Mr. Beresford. Mr. Cannan writes too much, and at times in execrable taste. In his later books he has suppressed the sardonic humour which made "Old Mole" in parts as good reading as



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Hugh Walpole.



Frank Swinerton

R J SWAN, 1919

something by Samuel Butler ; but his novels, especially "Mendel," display a mental ferocity, unamiable, if you like, but of rare quality. He dislikes life and a great many people ; he is emotionally awkward, and has the reticence not of a child, but of a youth who mistakes candour for truth. One is still uncertain whether his work will come to anything, or whether his black humour will destroy him and it : but one can never read him without finding something to hold one's attention and a few passages which open windows to beauty, of an unquiet and anxious kind. Mr. Beresford stands at the other pole. He is almost too self-possessed. He can refine emotion until it becomes a fidget. There is something oddly ecclesiastical in his temperament, something of the hair-splitting that one associates with over-definition. Yet he can portray, as in "House-mates" and "The House in Demetrius Road," passion at white-heat, passion informing the whole life. But I never conquer the sensation that he is a man who has learnt to overcome a stammer ; and so speaks with a precision and a deliberateness which give to his works a certain air of artificiality.

There is a group of younger men - Mr. Ivor Brown, Mr. Bohun Lynch, Mr. Orlo Williams and Mr. John Palmer, Mr. Arnold Lunn and Mr. Alec Waugh, about whose talents judgment must be suspended. I do not feel that any of them, save perhaps Mr. Lynch and Mr. Palmer, are inevitable novelists : that the story is their natural medium. They are all preoccupied with ideas rather than with persons, and have not enough of that stereoscopic sense which is essential to the novelist. It is this sense which made Mr. Ervine's first novel - "Mrs. Martin's Man" - so remarkable. It shared with Miss Rebecca West's "Return of the Soldier" the honour of being a first novel with no touch of obvious



Photo by Lena Connell

Mr. St. John Ervine.

autobiography about it. It displayed a vivid sense of human relationship, a really keen mind and a curiosity which, if rather over intellectual, was still genuine and objective. Nothing is more tiresome than to read novel after novel in which the author's gaze is turned selfwards instead of outwards, in which the world of other people is used but as a background for the author's fancies and imaginations. Yet in "Changing Winds" Mr. Ervine betrayed his preoccupations : and until he has published another novel one must leave him in doubt whether the promise of that first book is to be fulfilled, and whether he will, as that book suggested, take his place among our third group of objective novelists of whom Mr. Frank Swinnerton is definitely chief.

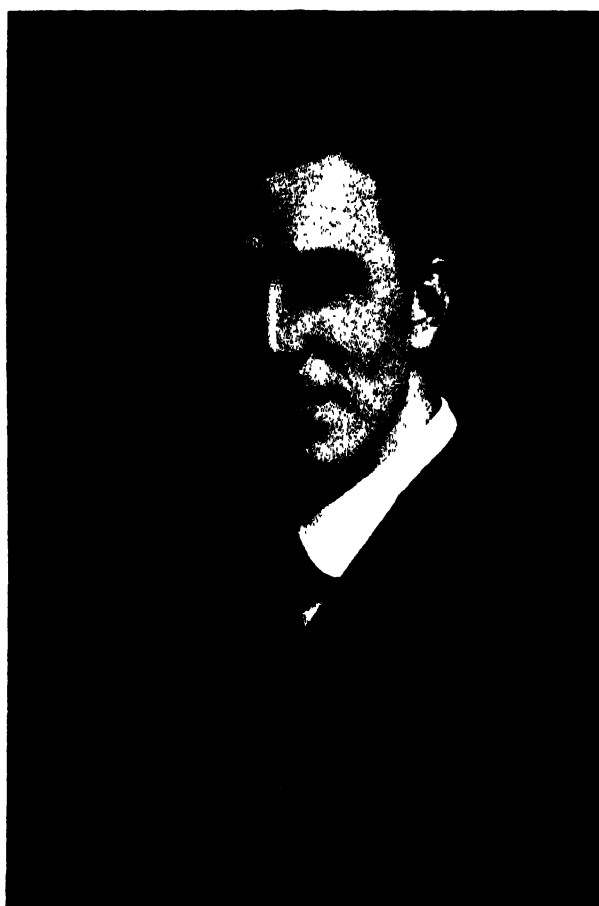
IV.

As I have said, divisions three and four glide into one another. Mr. Beresford belongs to this group by virtue of "God's Counterpoint," just as he belongs to the last group by virtue of the "Jacob Stahl" trilogy. If I may return to Mr. Wells, I should say that the chief difference between, say, Mr. Swinnerton and Mr. Ervine, is that the former has assimilated all of Wells that can be of use to him, while the latter has bolted his Wells whole. It is difficult, indeed, to say what influences have gone to the making of such perfect books as "Nocturne" and "September." The method of Mr. Charles Marriott is as evident in Mr. Swinnerton's work as the method of Mr. E. M. Forster is in Miss Meynell's ; but one is not at all certain whether Mr. Swinnerton would not have discovered the method had Mr. Marriott never written a line. All Mr. Swinnerton's work has a freshness and an individuality which



Mr. W. L. George.

make one exclaim not—"O this is a bit of Gissing—or that's Marriott—or isn't that like Henry James!"—but—"So he does it that way, too." His claim may be pegged out on the same gold-field, but he digs his own ore. As I look through my list of over forty names—and I am ignoring a good many—I realise how rare that is. You have a good deal of nearly first-rate work, and a good deal of second-hand: to find something at once first-rate and first-hand is a pleasure no reviewer can forget. I feel it—though not quite so sharply as about Mr. Swinnerton—about six of my authors: all very different, but all with that strong turn of personality which makes one repeat the old Whitman tag, "Who touches this book touches a man." Miss Kaye-Smith, Mrs. Lynd, Mrs. Woolf, Miss Crosbie, Mr. Macfarlane and Miss Hope Mirrlees—all of



[Photo by Elliott & Fry]

Mr. J. D. Beresford.

these write out of experience and memory, not out of memory and hope: they have pondered rather than wondered, forced themselves to think, not allowed themselves to dream. Of the six Miss Kaye-Smith has written the longest: I hesitated whether I should not put her on a par with Mr. Swinnerton as an original talent; but her debt to Hardy is at times a little evident, and at times she challenges comparison with Mrs. Dudeney. Her talent is best shown in "A Challenge to Sirius" and "Tamarisk Town": in the former the account of the American Civil War is an extraordinary feat of historical reconstruction, and in the latter the picture of Monypenny who slays love for ambition seem to me worthy to be a pendant to Ibsen's portrait of John Gabriel Borkman. Miss Crosbie and Mr. Macfarlane are novelists of "humours"—they either give their people a definite kink or look at them from an odd angle. Their work gives one the pleasure which

is given by a tart apple—a keen, acid tang. Miss Mirrlees has only just published her first novel—"Madeleine." It is a book which puts her immediately among the more important of the younger novelists. Whether as a study of spiritual and mental *malaise* or as a reconstruction of a society so foreign as the Paris of de Scudéry's time, "Madeleine" is a remarkable book. As a first novel it challenges our hope as definitely as did Mrs. Lynd's "The Chorus," that bright-eyed, keen-witted exploration of social inadequacy. Mrs. Woolf, who has just issued her second book, seems with it to be ready to step into that gap which has never been filled since the death of Mrs. Gaskell. "The Voyage Out," her first novel, was one of the most dismal pieces of comedy I have ever read: one had no doubts as to Mrs. Woolf's cleverness, but one wondered to what end she would use it. If "Night and Day" be the answer, it is a very cheerful one. It reminds me again and again of Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers," granted the necessary change in manners and period: Mrs. Woolf has all Mrs. Gaskell's sly, comfortable humour, and also her sedate, leisurely attitude.

Space is forcing me to neglect many novelists who deserve more detailed attention. There is Mr. Brett Young, whose last novel, "The Young Physician," shows him in a transitional mood, but still writing most admirable English; Mrs. Mordaunt, Miss Delafield and Miss Hamilton—three women who have displayed a sense of humour which makes their fiction a lively commentary on modern manners: there is Miss Stern, who reads, I think, better than she writes; and Mr. A. P. Herbert, whose war novel was one of the few genuine studies in soldier psychology. In George Stevenson, who surely must be added to the list of women who have chosen "George" as their pseudonym, we have an author whose careful detail, quiet humour, and air of leisured comment reminds one of Trollope. And with Mr. M. T. H. Sadler, whose sense of construction is so far superior to his sense of character, one passes naturally to the small group for whom construction and innovation, either of method or subject, seems to be more important than either incident or psychology.

V.

I hope no one will think that I believe Mr. Swinnerton or Mr. Beresford, Miss Kaye-Smith or Mr. Brett Young ignore construction. Mr. Swinnerton, I believe, knows as much about the making of a novel as any of the young people in this group; but he is not preoccupied with it. In a story like "Nocturne"—the characters, the incidents, the construction all claim equal admiration: in the authors I am going to consider one's first thought is not with their books as wholes; the craft of construction has been too strong for the art of the book. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Miss Sidgwick, Miss Meynell, Miss Romer Wilson, Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mr. James Joyce and Mr. Wyndham Lewis are all authors whom I would assign to this group. About some I hesitated. Mr. Lawrence belongs to it not so much by virtue of any definite experiments—though he has made innovations in the short story which lies outside the scope of this paper—but by virtue of a certain attitude. His novels are the works not of a man with

a new method, but of a man who is looking for one. He sometimes writes like his imitators, sometimes like a parody, and sometimes with a sultry splendour which makes passages of "The White Peacock" and "Sons and Lovers" magnificently solitary in modern fiction. Mr. Lawrence has published no novel since "The Rainbow," though I believe he has completed at least one: his genius is one which must not be allowed to be silent, and though he may turn for a time to the drama, I believe he will come back to the novel, and give us some book, purged of the folly and offence which spoil so much of his early work. Miss Sidgwick and Miss Meynell provide a remarkable contrast. Miss Sidgwick is, I suppose, the most competent woman novelist of her period. She enjoys her virtuosity so much that she sometimes forgets its object: after all one wants a novel, and Miss Sidgwick is capable of forgetting her story in her excitement at telling it you as clearly as possible. In her latest books I am ashamed to say I find a resemblance to those people who know their anecdotes so well that they cannot believe the point has to be stated: it has been so long a part of their mental make up that they think the audience must know it. Miss Meynell never makes this mistake. She is astonished afresh at each new book of hers, at each new person she meets and introduces to us. She writes emotionally when Miss Sidgwick writes intellectually and though each will use insinuation rather than statement—there is a world of difference between an insinuated syllogism and an insinuated tear. Miss Sidgwick's method is at times obscure, but her thought is clear: Miss Meynell's method is clear, but her thought is confused. Her people move in a world where judgment is thought abrupt and decision rather vulgar, and the lines between "might" and "might not" are fanciful lines. Miss Romer Wilson's "Martin Schuler" is one of the few successful efforts to present a genius. Miss Wilson's method is not unlike that of M. Jules

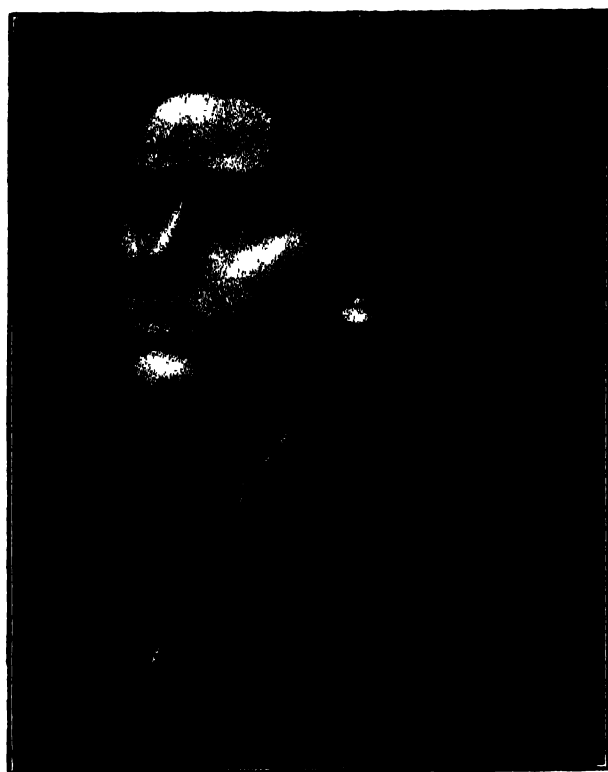


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Miss Rebecca West.

Romaine—true, she could not be called *unanimiste*, but she has that respect for the crowd, for something in the group which feeds and sustains the individual. I believe this theory to be as much of a fallacy as Mr. Hardy's view of fate; but, like that, it can produce fine art, and Miss Wilson is a novelist who may be expected to excel.

I am left with three definite innovators. I am a heretic towards Miss Richardson. I can see the power in her work and recognise her industry, her energy and her astonishing visual sense: but I do not see that she gains anything from the odd, staccato, "direct action" method of "Pointed Roofs" and "The Tunnel." The sense of actuality is no greater than that conveyed by Tolstoy or George Moore or Flaubert: and I believe that most people who admire the books would have admired them had they been written in a more ordinary way. Towards Mr. James Joyce and Mr. Wyndham Lewis I feel differently. Whether you like or dislike "Tarr" and "The Portrait of an Artist," it is impossible to deny that they do produce a new effect in literature—an effect not dissimilar to the effect of some of the new methods in painting. That the method of "Tarr"—with its brutality, its angry scorn—has any future, I should not like to say: but it has a quality as distinct and forcible as the method, now familiar, used by Mr. Kipling in his early short stories.

VI.

There remains a small group of novelists whom I could not include even in these rough-and-ready classifications. Miss Rose Macaulay, it is true, could be adjusted into the second group; but she has a little imp which forbids me from setting her there. That imp, whether it move her to the satire of tears as in "Non-Combatants," or the satire of laughter as in "What Not," makes her one of the fairy-struck group. The most notable of them are Mr. James Stephens and Miss Stella Benson—both changelings, both aware of



Photo by W. G. Parker.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

the tricksiness in human nature. This fairy-trick has nothing in common with Mr. Blackwood's rather solemn pantheism. That it does perhaps derive a little from Mr. E. M. Forster, who wrote the "Celestial Omnibus," may be suspected, but it is more spontaneous than Mr. Forster's humour. Mr. Stephens and Miss Benson welcome a saint or an angel as warmly as an elf, a faun or a fairy: Mr. Forster would always give the angel a brief discourse on the theological position before allowing him to play.

Then quite alone stand two books—"South Wind," by Norman Douglas, and "The Young Visitors," by Daisy Ashford. "South Wind" owes nothing to anyone save, perhaps, Peacock. It is full of that fine paganism which yet has an acid touch to it like the resinous taste in Greek wine: and "The Young Visitors" has taken its place beside that small body of literature which we have so long thought unique, the remains of Marjorie Fleming.

I have deliberately excluded from this survey



Photo by Gyde, Aberystwyth.

Miss R. Macaulay.

writers of the short story, and all American and Colonial authors. To include the latter would have extended the essay far too much, and a proper consideration of the short story can be made more conveniently apart from criticism of the novel. I cannot hope that, even so, this record can be judged complete by every one. Many book-lovers would no doubt include authors that I have not mentioned, and some might wish to omit some of my names. But taking only these authors, the great majority of whom have earned their fame since 1910, no one can fail to be struck by the amazing degree and variety of talent displayed. There may be among them no Conrad, no Hardy, no Wells: but in the works of these forty odd novelists English literature has a body of inspirative work which must make us hopeful for the future. There may reasonably be doubts as to the precise form of the fiction of the future; there can be none that, in these hands, the fiction of the century may be as great and as representative as the fiction of the nineteenth.

THE YOUNGER POETS.

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL.

IN all ages the poet has been the representative of his country's highest level in the sphere of art, for to him is assigned just that crowning gift of vision, that mysterious inward force, and that especially flexible mode of expression, which make not only for beauty but for permanence and universality. Unlike the painter and musician, whose finest revelations may often be incomprehensible to uncultured minds, he has the power of appealing to scholar and clown, and his simplest lyric may ring most clearly with unmistakable truth and passion.

It would be pleasant to consider for a moment a few definitions of poetry placed on record by philosophers, critics, and poets themselves; but my space will not allow digressions. Stammering and unsatisfactory most of them are, of necessity; it is as though one should strive to explain the witchery of a rosy sunset-cloud by talk of suspended moisture and refracted light, or to analyse the thrill of a violin's sweetness by discussing resonance and the properties of stretched strings. There are sounds, sights, feelings which defy definition—and often the poet, intolerant of logic and precision, comes

nearest to capturing them. On these lines a passable aphorism might be framed: Poetry is the endeavour to express in language the inexpressible. For ever doomed therefore to partial failure, in its partial success lies the most entrancing pleasure, since those same sounds, sights and feelings compel us to silence or faltering words at the hours of life that are most terrible, most glorious, most holy.

The "restless analyst," then, is out of place, it seems, in the world of poetry, unless he confines himself to such technical matters as iambs, spondees, trochees, dactyls, caesuras, and the rest of the useful, outlandish crew. Let us agree that the true poem brings its own magic, attests its own confident authority to the title. We give unquestioning homage to the rushing choruses of "Atalanta," to the majestic harmonies of "Lycidas" and "Thyrsis," to the tender music of "Love in the Valley," to the ornate stanzas of "The Hound of Heaven," to a hundred other splendours, content with their stateliness, their luxury of sound, their simplicity, their inevitable rightness. But these are of the past; what of the present?



Shirley Kaye-Smith

R.J. SWAN,

We have been concerned hitherto with the "real right thing," not with correct blank-verse platitudes, or the rhyming efforts of lovers with literary aspirations, sincere though they may be. Respect is always due to sincerity, but the tribute need not take the form of a laurel crown. One critic has said that "Sincerity and Conscience, the two angels that bring to the poet the wonders of the poetic dream, bring him also the deepest, truest delights of form." Very pretty indeed; yet it is possible to be perfectly sincere and conscientious and to have no notion of form; likewise to be sincere, conscientious and true to form, and to write most futile verse. Even a Wordsworth can collapse in unfortunate moments; even Tennyson "waited for the train at Coventry." But let us glance at a few modern poets, bearing in mind the accepted, honoured past. I shall not attempt to answer that dangerous question: When does a poet pass from the younger generation? save to say that age and youth are relative matters, not to be fixed by grey hairs or smooth faces. That acknowledged poet, John Masefield, comes well within the range of my theme, though possibly he looks upon younger poets with the indulgence of maturity. The author of "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Daffodil Fields" and "The Widow in the Bye Street" bore aloft a torch which for a while irradiated him with an exceeding brightness, but which in hours of sober contemplation is seen to burn with a somewhat smoky flame. It may not be undesirable that such work should attain a measure of popularity, for it had impressive, even beautiful, interludes, and the public attention was directed with astonishing persistence towards poetry. So much, then, to the good. The point to be observed (since popularity is no test of value) is that these lengthy narrative-stanzas do not satisfy an urgent requisite: a poem must be the highest form of what it endeavours to express. It will not pass into the sphere of the immortals if its theme could have been better treated in prose; and that is precisely where Masefield failed. These prize-fights, these psychic, sentimental and religious adventures, demanded no rhyme, no adornment of poetic rhythms—they would have been best related in the form of the short story, and as such would be admirably clothed in their finest artistic garment—artistic, yet natural. They were assisted by the ingenious use of contrast. As an ordinary rose exhibited in a coal-shed would appear a bloom of surprising beauty, so the passages of moderate poetic value, placed in close proximity to stanzas of commonplace language, became unnaturally enhanced; therefore in essence the poems are sensational. It takes a very great artist to

raise a rhymed story above the level of mere verse, to intensify it to epic force, and the question whether the work could be accomplished more effectively in prose forms a very fair test. It is impossible to conceive Meredith's "Modern Love" humiliated thus, or Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," or Rossetti's "Jenny"; they are one with their form, and inseparable from it. And so are Masefield's inimitable "Ballads and Poems," a copy of which is among my treasures. Here matter, manner and spirit are a trinity; here are sonnets with lines that haunt the memory, here are tiny lyrics crystal clear without a flaw, and rhythms that "swing" like the soft, stately roll of a ship in a waveless ground-swell. These are the things that "place" John Masefield, not the narrative rhymes by which he leaped to popular acclaim.

The danger of new departures in any sphere of art is that they beget groups of imitators whose members echo, in a descending scale of values, any work that happens to have caught their attention. We see this in the fraternity of "futurists," "cubists," and other later splits from the body poetic, who present to the critical eye little more than an amusing, evanescent aspect of youth with energy to spend—clever youth, that will learn better later on. We demand no slavish obedience to convention, for blind conformity means retrogression and decay; but rebellion that throws aside wisdom laboriously gathered by innumerable predecessors bespeaks a disintegrating tendency. The beginner and the weakling need a "credo!" as an influence making for restraint and stability; to cast it aside as old-fashioned, to pose as prophets of new artistic modes, to shout self-praise—these things that seem to "the less practised eye of sanguine youth" so gloriously independent are signs of weakness, not of strength.

That this contempt for all established ideas has spread to the realm of poesy is not surprising. There have always been and always will be people who, finding themselves incapable of gaining an audience by the legitimate methods of ability and application to universal principles, strive for the fleeting fame that follows eccentricity and extravagance. How lightly is the eternal compact between the poet and high heaven shattered by these rebels! They regard their compositions as "works of art" we have their word for it. "The questions to be asked concerning any work of art," said one famous critic, "are simply these: Is that which is here embodied really permanent, universal and elemental? and is the concrete form embodying it really beautiful—acknowledged as beautiful by the soul



Photo by Sherril Schell.

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

of man in its highest moods? Any other question is an impertinence." Applying such a test, what is left of most of these efforts?

It may be said that such vagaries are negligible, that they have nothing to do with poetry and may be safely ignored. They have, it is true, no lasting value, but they serve as an illustration of the tendency that is creeping insidiously through many branches of art to throw together words, or colours, or sounds in any order or disorder, and to regard the result as mysteriously inspired. This was too freely indulged by the little group whose "Wheels" revolved rather eccentrically a short time ago. From them I should select Osbert Sitwell for special distinction; he is a poet; he is feeling his way to full expression, and his striving for originality is a good sign, though it may be pointed out that to follow the conventions does not necessarily mean tedium or poverty of ideas or lack of beauty. His new volume, "Argonaut and Juggernaut," seems to indicate that the great music of great poetry is coming to him; it is a marked stage on the journey. His mastery of rhymed and unrhymed verse, regular or irregular in construction, is admirable. There is a cynical note in many of the poems, but it is controlled nearly always by (I think)

the spirit of true poetry which prevents extremes and makes for restrained expression even of the most urgent emotions. In the "Second Cycle" of "Wheels," a remarkable poem by Arnold James, entitled "Till the Morn Break," made me wish to read more from the same hand.

Mr. Wilfrid Gibson, whose little volumes won him notice as an exponent of real life—life "down to the bare bones," as the unpleasant phrase goes—sees farther than most of the younger men who try to infuse their own conception of originality into the old and ever-beautiful tradition; yet we read his careful pages with the impression of watching a rather laboriously acted drama. The "realist," if in earnest, if true to his convictions, has to "face the music" almost in a literal sense. He has either to drag the music in, to be a rhyming painter and decorator of his own too severe surfaces, or he must sacrifice so much possible beauty in his desire to "present the facts of life." Now, it is evident that the older, greater poets suffered under no such deadening handicap. They were not principally concerned with the presentation of facts; to them such facts as they might take were but as the chrysalis, from which should rise a new and transformed creation; derived and yet different; soaring, singing, yet within reach of the charmed eye and ear of the beholder. Mr. John Drinkwater knows this, and though his cool,

critical spirit seems to hold him back from highly emotional work, we may be grateful for his gift of restraint—it is too rare nowadays. His best is to be found in "Poems, 1908-1914," selected by the author from his previous books. Some few of the favourites are here slightly retouched, and one of them, "June Dance," is quite changed—which raises the question of the legitimacy of rewriting in after days a poem which presumably recorded a certain mood; down this tempting by-way I must not wander. Since then, Drinkwater has given us "Pawns," three wonderful little "poetic

plays" extraordinary in their mastery of a difficult medium. The curiously-named "X = O: A Night of the Trojan War" brings home to the reader the fact that war between nations is absurd—that soldiers on opposed fronts have no personal quarrel; it is a gleaming little play in which common sense and beauty are most unusually combined. It is impossible to doubt that Mr. Drinkwater will do work that will bring permanent fame within the next few years, if (and I think this is indispensable) he will avoid writing facile rhymes suggested by melodious or personally-loved place-names and will allow, occasionally, the banked-up fire of his poetic passion to burn to white-heat.



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Osbert Sitwell.

Among the war-poets Theodore Maynard—who, if he is not careful, will produce too much and be spoiled by topical sonnets—showed in "Drums of Defeat" how greatly the ballad-spirit appealed to him; and in "Folly," a more recent volume, he has a "Canterbury Tale" that is really Chaucerian, a triumph in its way, imitative though it is compelled to be. And Robert Graves in "Fairies and Fusiliers" is musical and sincere; his work is exceedingly pleasing because of its ease and fine simplicity. In "Twenty-six Poems," Cecil Roberts reaches a high level of music without quite satisfying us as to technique. Gilbert Frankau, whose sense of rhythm was simply tremendous in that *tour-de-force*, "How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla"

—which appeared in a war-collection entitled "The City of Fear"—followed up his deserved success by "The Judgment of Valhalla," and the two books are a striking pair. He looks at war boldly, strips it of the false quantity of "glory" (admitting the glory of thousands of brave and gallant deeds), and with consummate skill gives in rhymed and unrhymed verse the real grisly demon of battle. Nor has Patrick MacGill any illusions in his "Soldier Songs," though, like the others, he grants the necessity of the terrible work once it had begun. His book is a curious mixture of the gently lyrical and the frankly colloquial, the verse that takes you back to the birds and lanes of the Old Country:

"There's a little brown bird in the spinney,
With a little gold cap on his head,"

and the verse that bumps rather uncomfortably:

"We're goin' easy now a bit, all dressed in blighty blue;
We've 'eld the trenches eighteen months and copped
some packets too";

but the fact emerges, slightly though the second style appeals to us, that MacGill is a true poet, knowing well how to manage the technical side of his art and possessing the gift of a kind of stamped and finished clearness that is rare in days of a tendency to woolly impressionism.

Clearness is a notable characteristic of two poets of an earlier school whose work must at least be mentioned here, familiar and established though it is—Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Walter de la Mare. Calm, clear, and accurate as ever, Mr. Binyon allowed more emotion to appear in his recent work than in the finely chiselled and cold verses he used to write; while Mr. de la Mare seems scarcely to change. Always he instils a fairy-like, ethereal charm into his poems, and the two last I have seen, one in the *London Mercury* and one in the *Westminster Gazette*, have the same ascent into a land of faery where children play and grown-up folk only enter by special permission. Mr. de la Mare has the key, and let us thank him takes us in with him whenever he will.

How absolutely modern a man can be without ruining loveliness and insulting the spirit of poesy is shown by two of our younger poets whom I, for one, delight to honour: Mr. J. C. Squire and Mr. Harold Monroe. They both avoid prettiness like the plague; they can both write of ordinary things with transforming gift; and probably neither of them has written a bad poem in his



Photo by L. O. Hoffe

Mr. Harold Monroe.

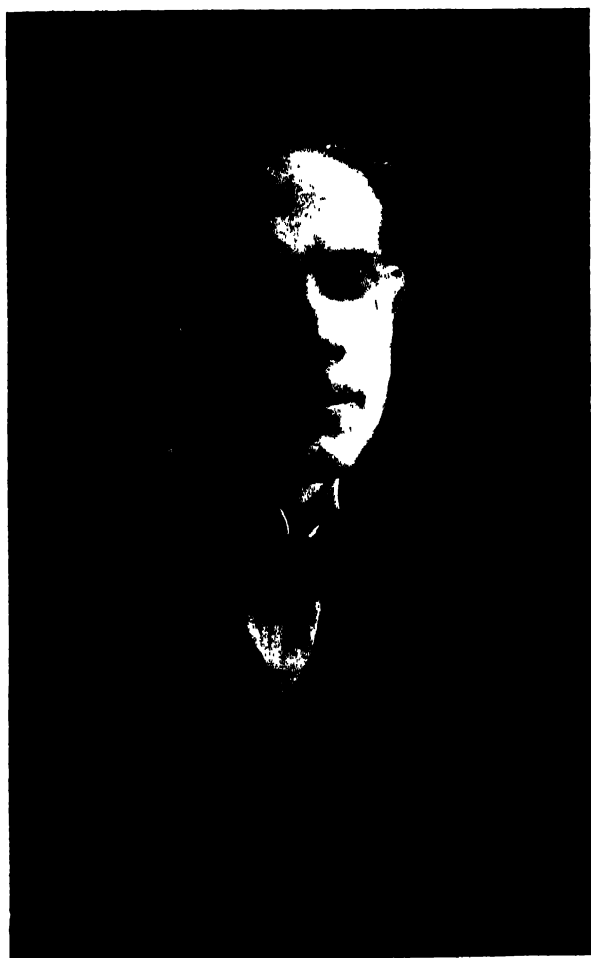
life. As parodist, Mr. Squire can hold his own with Max Beerbohm—what higher praise is possible?—and is not so aloof from our everyday world; but it is as poet that he sets me wondering where he will eventually "land." Half-way up Olympus already, he is still young, thank Heaven. And though I am avoiding the conventional method of quotations as far as may be, I must allow myself the luxury of giving Squire's "Behind the Lines" which, I believe, appeared first in that gallery of the younger poets' work, "To Day":

"The wind of evening cried along the darkened trees,
Along the darkened trees heavy with ancient pain;
Heavy with ancient pain from faded centuries.
From faded centuries? O foolish thought and vain!

"O foolish thought and vain, to think the wind could know,
To think the wind could know the griefs of men who died,
The griefs of men who died and mouldered long ago—
'And mouldered long ago,' the wind of evening cried."

Cleverness and beauty here triumphantly blend, and somehow the thrill comes afresh every time I read this little circle of verse. You will pardon me for profanely exclaiming, "What about 'Wheels' after that?"

In a paper-covered booklet entitled "Twenty-Three New Poems by Contemporary Poets" that recently fluttered from the Poetry Bookshop, Mr. Monroe had a striking irregular exercise called "Underworld," full of thought and idea as his work invariably is; I hope that as time goes on he will not omit the rhythm and music which to me form a great part of poetry, and which our past exemplars did not disdain. Mr. Ralph Hodgson, whose two collections of poetry secure him among the elect, never forgets the old traditions; although his form is inseparable from his vision, he never adventures the outlandish. And he has the most happy gift of humour, which some of our younger poets either do



Mr. Theodore Maynard.

without or torture into grotesques of little value save as curiosities. Separating these last three men from the others, I should say that they possess a gift of irony, variously developed, but not strained in use to scornful or unworthy ends; it is that which gives the point and sting to some of their poems—the best poems, in my judgment, that are being written at this time. The late George Wyndham said: "To be liquid and dynamic, to be a stream, a lovely stream, *and* turn a mill, is the peculiar claim of English verse." He was a great critic, and his words stand: they mean "inspiration."

If we inquire here what is the bearing of the word "inspiration" on the poetic art, it will be seen that this attractive by-lane has come quite naturally into our range of vision, and that it circles back to our road. Poetry is not a product, to be manufactured on certain lines and stocked and sold; that is the commercial aspect proper to the purveyor of verses, although entirely apart from the right of a true poet to be paid. With inspiration, choice of a theme becomes secondary—the sight or thought of the theme gives the impulse; the rock is struck, the waters flow. The poet does not go from object to object, from scene to scene of history, from phase to phase of emotion, constantly asking himself, "What shall I write a poem about?"—though such a process would seem to be the only mode of preparation known to some modern versifiers. He finds, rather, that the theme presses upon him until he must write to ease the burden; and when this urgency plucks at his heart, inspiration has begun. The swift motion thus quietly but definitely imparted is remarkably clear in a small volume of poems published three or four years ago—"To-morrow's Road," by G. M. Hort; a booklet of which, one is glad to know, four or five reviewers discovered the exceptional quality. Not one of the thirteen poems of this tiny collection is negligible. They are restless; they have a defiant ring about them; work of such value will not be lost, and though, as far as I know, this author has published nothing more, that may be a favourable sign.

A sure place among the younger poets was won by Mr. Robert Nichols, whose "Invocation," published in 1915, contained some of the finest sonnets the war has inspired, and whose larger collection of poems, issued last year under the title of "Ardours and Endurances," gave us for second part that beautiful imaginative work, "A Faun's Holiday." Apart from his sonnets, I do not think the war-poems can compare with this for

style and sense of rhythm. In Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's new "War Poems" I find a certain roughness—obviously deliberate, but not necessarily right, and am confirmed in my opinion that the processes of war—the marches, the dressing-stations, the guns—do not generally lend themselves to fine expression. But Mr. Sassoon has powerful stanzas here and there; his "Prelude" and his "Dreamers" are true poetry of war, though of a different stamp from that inspired by the larger, more distant view.

Of a new volume, in the courageous "Adventurers All" series, entitled "Dunch," by Susan Miles, the critic finds himself rather timid. Was it worth while? "Dunch" appears to be a village; the effects of a visit to Dunch appear to be alarming:

"The curate had always much to tell his aunt
For twenty years she had imbibed at nine o'clock each
night
Cocoa and parochial horrors
Thick and well stirred . . ."

Another Dunch reaction is commemorated in lines that do not exactly sing themselves into one's being:

"I do not want to discuss the price of flannelette with
the doctor's wife.
I do not care whether flannelette costs fivepence three-
farthings
Or fivepence halfpenny."

Certainly, I do not; and though there are traces of poetry in "Dunch"—especially when Miss Miles unbends to rhyme—the prose preponderates; smart prose, but—prose.

One other poet, Max Plowman, who has two books to his credit, in an entirely different manner is eager to interpret the art of poetry as something far more than prettily-adorned thought, and must be considered successful, however stringent criticism may be. He is an idealist, believing in love before everything, and his devotion to Blake is obvious. The man who can begin a sonnet thus is worth hearing:

"Stain not thy sword in
melancholy thought;
This world hath other
practice for thine arms."

From his "First Poems" (1913) the sonnet "Joy" may serve better than any summary to illustrate his achievement:

"Power unexpended grows
to bitterness,
And Love subdued will
turn to timorous
shame;
Faith unexpressed is
but an idle name;
Give tears to Sorrow, wouldst
thou sorrow less.
Impulse by action doth itself
confess,



Mr. John Freeman.



R J SWAN, 1919

Nor credulous ears give we
unto the claim
Of such as seek to build an
airy fame
Upon the huge intention they
possess.

"But O, without thine aid,
life-giving Joy,
What seeds of sweet ac-
complishment must die!
The sunless earth, upon
whose breast they lie,
Is but a tomb which doth
their life destroy;
Thou art the radiant power
beneath whose beam
Deeds come to life, and dull
endeavours gleam."

There are flaws here—the repetition of the word "life" in the sestet, and the "But O," for instance; yet the compact thought and fine handling of the sonnet-form is obvious. "The Golden Heresy," since published, is as good. Both these poems

are natural, sincere, and above all *keen*. To rescue this work from the overflowing poetry-shelf in editorial offices was a pleasure, and the silence of these writers is a loss. I do not place them on the peaks; others have done bigger things; but I conceive it as part of my task to indicate, among the many, two or three who, so far, have received scant attention in the authoritative quarters.

It will inevitably be asked by some readers why names have been omitted that might legitimately have come within the scope of this essay. But an essay is not a catalogue; and I have endeavoured to give a representative selection of those whose work is still being done. There are others—John Freeman, Robin Flower, James A. Mackereth, W. H. Davies, Dorothy Margaret Stuart, Muriel Stuart, there are Francis Ledwidge, Rupert Brooke, Edward Tennant, who are gone from us, and



Photo by F. O. Hoppe

Miss Muriel Stuart.

deeps, but continuous—in the end triumphant. At times of national travail a special kind of inspiration is born, of which the true result is seen after the strain has passed. There is reason to believe that the recoil of the energy so recklessly spent in the struggle is producing its effect, that there is a finer awakening in the sphere of the arts, and therefore in the sphere of poetry than has been known for many years. One hundred years ago, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth and Coleridge illumined their torches of thought and beauty, in times of trial; those splendours still gleam upon the shores of this century, and still mean power, romance and inspiration for us. Do they shine with an irrecoverable light? Time will show, we need not lose heart while we have among us so many who are lifting above the crowd the sacred flame; and who, with reverent feet, tread the way to the shrine.

BEN JONSON.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

INDULGENCE in unqualified superlatives has often, and for the most part justly, been rebuked. But if any one were to say that of all English writers of repute Ben Jonson is the most difficult to write about, some of those who know most about the matter would not be the first to protest against the statement. For the difficulties in his case are not only numerous and considerable in themselves, but quite unusually complicated. There is, if not exactly a crowded life history, an abundance of biographical detail—much of it of the anecdotic and legendary character which a writer neglects to the probable disappointment, or tackles to the possible tedium, of his readers. There is a strong and not entirely attractive character. There are a good many real and still more imputed contrasts and

conflicts with other people. There is a very large bulk of work, and this work, though also largely pervaded by common features of handling, is very diverse in departmental character and sometimes apparently, if not really, inconsistent with itself. Lastly there have been endless "fights over the body" of the man and of his work which again, a new advocate or adversary neglects or engages in at almost equal peril. The "Comedy of Humours," the Roman Tragedies, the "Conversations," the "Discoveries," the Masques—every title of these recalls, almost to the least expert of people who know anything about English literature, voices not merely prophesying but actively carrying on war. In fact the whole situation may be sampled and symbolised by the fact that his best known poem—one of his shortest and, according to some, one of his

* "Ben Jonson." By G. Gregory Smith. (Macmillan)

most charming things—has been alternately regarded and praised as such, and set aside as an impudent and tasteless plagiarism.

Nor is it possible for the author of a monograph to lessen these difficulties by boldly neglecting the personality and confining attention to the work. For Ben notoriously put his personality into almost everything—it would hardly be extravagant to drop the “almost”—that he wrote. You may cut down to the lowest notice of the “Poetomachia” (or squabbles of Ben, Marston, Dekker, etc.), which has of late been most tediously overdone. You may confine yourself, as to Shakespeare, to showing that Ben’s “enmity” is simply a myth, and that his actual references make “Bakespearism” another myth. You may dismiss what Drummond said as not evidence: and so forth. But Benjamin Jonson the man *tamen usque recurret*, in prose and verse, in tragedy and comedy and masque, in ode and epigram, in madrigal and in animadversion. And both man and work are of types now mainly obsolete: though the substitution of Science for Learning has generated corresponding ones. To all which may be added that Jonson’s great champion, Gifford, was an exaggerated version of his client in respect of unpopular pugnacity; and that his more recent though less thorough apologist, Mr. Swinburne, complicated his usual excess of expression in this case by some defects, very unusual with him, of positive knowledge.

But Professor Gregory Smith has not been daunted by difficulties; and has certainly produced in this volume the most complete and concentrated exposition of Ben that has ever been put together. He deals in two chapters with the life; in one (under the title of “Literary Conscience”) with Ben’s general character as an author; then, allotting one chapter to each with the Comedies, the Masques, the Tragedies and “The Sad Shepherd”—that exquisite and to some, though not to the wisest, inexplicable “find” of honey in the lion—the Poems, and under the title of “*Spolia Opima*” the criticism, with a final one on Influence. Incidentally, though for the most part without personal singlesticks, he deals also with antecedent criticism so that hardly anything is left out: while (an even more unusual thing in books of critical history) nothing irrelevant is put in. The thing of course is intended, as everything of its kind worth notice must be intended, not as a substitute for reading the original but as a preparation to and companion for such reading. The people who want spirited and florid rhetorical declamations on the general subject—requiring nothing in the reader, and probably based on little in the writer, of actual study of that subject itself—may not like it. In fact it was obviously not written for them. Those who appreciate and who, in this instance, have been waiting for something of its kind, will find what they want. No such good account, in limited but comparatively general space, exists or at least is known to us, of the Masques which are Jonson’s most idiosyncratic work and which ought to be made accessible—in form separate from the rest, but whole of themselves and not mixed with others of the same kind. The mote-like maze of the smaller poems has seldom, if it has ever, been sifted and classified so carefully. The “Comedy of Humours”—a thing much talked about—is here put from a fresh point of

view which, whether one agrees to take it unreservedly or not, supplies a most useful *datum* for final “triangulation.” As to the Tragedies, Mr. Gregory Smith may perhaps seem to some to dwell rather on their accidental than on their essential features—on the external reproach of classicism which he is rightly concerned to mitigate, than on the actual tragic quality. This is perhaps greater both in “Sejanus” and in “Cataline” than has been generally conceded, and the fragment, small as it is, of “The Fall of Mortimer” shows that something greater still might have been added if Fate had been propitious. The “sifting,” as it has been called, of the poems is done in a craftsman-like fashion: and no one of the diligent anatomists who for some years have been so busy in cutting up and carrying off as some one else’s Ben’s curious re-articulations of ancient critical sentences, can complain that he is merely “made fun of” (as has been sometimes, no doubt reprehensibly, done). On the other hand, no reasonable person among the fun-makers can accuse Mr. Gregory Smith of neglecting, or failing to give full value to Dryden’s apology for Ben’s production—an apology, let it be added, which was probably made with much fuller knowledge of the case than most people, till they were helped to it by Professor Schelling and M. Castelain, could boast of.

Yet he has not attempted, and has been wise not to attempt, any “tabloid” and easily quotable estimate of the whole of his subject: even that “influence” with which the last chapter deals being judicially dealt with after the fashion of a summing up, and the actual verdict “left to the jury.” Perhaps a reviewer does not magnify his office intolerably if he considers himself to be a sort of juror for the nonce, and tries to formulate, if only partially, some of the conclusions to which he has been led, partly by his own reading and partly by the evidence here brought together with so much accuracy and dealt with in so impartial a spirit.

It has been said above that it is impossible entirely to dismiss or “mask” Jonson’s personality with the “perfidious” character which he may have inherited from the North, but which certainly does not seem to have been in the least “phlegmatised” by three generations of Southern domicile. It may however be suggested that it is possible to pay too much attention to it. It no doubt affected the manner, the degree, the temperamental quality of his utterances very much; it must have accentuated the expression of the real idiosyncrasy of his genius; but it was not and could not be that idiosyncrasy itself. What that was must be sought elsewhere. And perhaps we may best find the peculiar mixture (people forget sometimes that the very word idiosyncrasy means “mixture”) in Ben’s consummate combination of what may seem to be the parasitic with the really original. Therapeutics tell us that there are drugs which pass through the body apparently unchanged and which yet exercise a powerful reagency on it—a reagency displaying itself in definite modifications of bodily symptoms and functions. Something of the same kind happened with Ben: and it has puzzled his commentators terribly. From one point of view “Drink to me only with thine eyes” is a mere mosaic and even something worse—a putting together not of individually insignificant bits in an original

pattern, but of full-sensed phrases—as if you should make up a new body of whole arms, legs, etc., taken from already existing creatures. Yet to anyone who does not know this, and fortunately to some who do, the poem is as one and indivisible—as true-born and with as separate an existence—as any poem they know. Less successfully, but in the same way, Ben has woven his fragments of Sallust and of Tacitus into tragic screeds which are not mere shoddy, but worthy palls for the Muse if not on the stage, at any rate in the study. And though at the moment it may not be the popular idea with critics, the defence applies with renewed cogency to those “Discoveries” which have been of late so much pulled to pieces. It is of course possible that the author, who never published them, never intended to publish them in their actual form at all; that they were merely half-done work meant for “re-coction,” but unfortunately exposed by chance to the gaze of the very persons to whom half-done work should be taboo. They might be not even this: but a sort of literary “malt”—material to be completely transformed in subsequent process. But there is no need to confess, and avoid in this manner. Not merely in his critical

diatribes on general points, but in the famous and apparently original notices of Bacon and of Shakespeare, Ben undoubtedly did include whole sentences—nay, actual contexts—of Seneca and others. What of it? Seneca and the others were not speaking of Shakespeare and Bacon, any more than Philostratus was thinking of Celia. In each case Ben Jonson, a thorough representative of the age which found the classics most congenial to it, found in these classics phrases and passages which thoroughly expressed what he wanted to say in prose or verse. He took these, combined them more or less afresh, applied them to new subjects and in all the best (which are numerous) cases infused into them, with the usual “God knows *how*” of genius, something that was not there before, that is there now, and that made them what they are. If anybody agrees with Lord Foppington and his preference for “the natural *sprouts* of a man’s own brain” let him. But let him also allow *us* to be quite content, without prejudice to these interesting vegetables, with such things as the “Song to Celia” and the “Character of Shakespeare,” when they present themselves.

THE CHILDREN’S HOUR.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE publishers are as busy as ever this year with Christmas books, and I have under my hand a bundle of books for all ages, from the schoolboy or schoolgirl to the children. There will be plenty of reading this Christmas: and I imagine that the man who has never ceased to be a schoolboy at heart and the woman who has never ceased to be a schoolgirl, will take surreptitious peeps into such a splendid Christmas book for boys as “Herbert Strang’s Annual.”¹ It would not be easy to beat this book for sheer value. There is none of your sprawling type, but close printing, not too close, in two columns to a page, of stories and articles all calculated to interest the boy and the old boy, even the girl and the old girl of these strenuous days. Here are stories of adventure, school stories, stories of fights by land and sea, articles on mountain climbing, railway building, the Channel Tunnel, all sorts of wonderful things, accompanied by a great number of pictures, coloured and uncoloured. The Annual is, in fact, twenty Christmas books bound in one, and lucky the boy who gets it for a Christmas present, and blessed the giver who is wise enough to select it.

“The Wonder Book”² which grows more wonderful with the years, is for the nursery rather than the school-

room, if the nursery does not emancipate itself too early. Here are all the old favourites—Jessie Pope, Agnes Grozier Herbertson, Fay Inchfawn, Isabel Maud Peacocke, and others, who keep the child in their own hearts, so that they know what things delight a child. Then the illustrations are by really good artists, our old and dear friend Louis Wain, Margaret Tarrant, Maud Earl, Charles Robinson, and other famous people. For “The Wonder Book,” like the various Strang annuals, aims at setting the best before the children. I never saw an annual as full of jolly dogs as “The Wonder Book.” In the full use it makes of animals it is English in the most lovable sense of being English.

“Tony o’ Dreams”³ has for its end paper a picture of a knight in full armour riding up to a dark tower, with pixies and fairies and hobgoblins in all the undergrowth. It prepares one for the story which is extremely fanciful and charmingly written. There is no unreality about Tony’s adventures such as often makes the fairy-book unconvincing. The imaginative child will delight in the tale of Tony’s adventures, written and pictured for him by two Nightingales, and that might well be part of Tony’s adventures. The illustrations are as ingenious and as charmingly coloured as the tale itself. I heartily commend it to the buyer of Christmas books.



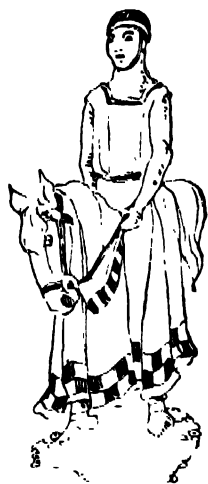
The Grizzly Bear.

From “Nursery Lays of Nursery Days” (Blackwell).

¹ “Herbert Strang’s Annual.” Cloth, 7s. 6d. net; Boards, 6s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

² “The Wonder Book.” 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

³ “Tony o’ Dreams.” By M. Nightingale. 7s. 6d. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)



In "Bridget's Fairies"⁴ Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson has really a quite new idea, for the fairies are no other than the knowledge one acquires and the art one learns to make, from Madam Mathematics to Princess Poetry, and the gifts the fairies give to Bridget are just the joy and delight one wins from learning and making. It is not at all pragmatical and schoolmistressish, as one might suppose: it is charming, sweet, pretty and ingenious. Perhaps the boy who never could do mathematics or the girl who weeps over her geography might find this a wise and illuminating book. It is most beautifully and fancifully illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson, who knows as much of fairies as any man in our day. The book is given to Bridget Diendenné at school in England by her mother in India. It is all most delightful and shows real imagination and love. May many Bridgets be blessed by its receipt this Christmas!

I have always a great admiration for the writers of school stories, who, it seems to me, are set to



From "Singing Games for Children" (Dent).

making bricks without straw, or many bricks with very little straw, and usually do it very well indeed. The new times have not yet invaded the girls' schools, and it is a very restricted field for writing: but in a boy's book there is more room for adventure. In "The Boys of Fellingham School"⁵ there are really thrilling adventures quite beyond the ordinary school life. The discovery of hidden treasure by the schoolboys, the dangers they were in therefrom, the smuggler's cave, the treasure-chest—all the ingredients of the true adventure story are well shaken and intermingled with the excitements of ordinary school life. This will be a very popular book with schoolboys.

To boys of all ages, from eight to eighty, may be commended "Cameron Island,"⁶ a

⁴ "Bridget's Fairies." By Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson. 4s. 6d. net. (R.T.S.)

⁵ "The Boys of Fellingham School." By John G. Rowe. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

⁶ "Cameron Island." By Edwin C. Burritt. 5s. (Oliphants.)

capital book of adventure of the most thrilling kind. We are whirled off to the South Seas and from that point the tale goes with tremendous vigour, incident after incident following in breathless succession. There is a boy in the uniform of an American scout on the first page, and on the second Frank Scott prefixes a remark by the exclamation, "Gee!" Otherwise its American derivation is not stressed, which is quite as it should be, since such a book as "Cameron Island" is for the international boy. The book has some spirited illustrations.

This Christmas will hardly see a more charming book than Mrs. Farjeon's "Singing Games for Children,"⁷ beautifully illustrated by a true artist. Mrs. Farjeon has added to the authentic singing games—to "Green Gravel" and "Round Apple" and "London Bridge has Fallen Down"—do children of these days still play at them?—and her imagination is as the imagination of the old unknown makers. Her rhymes are as fresh and clean and have colours as those which suggest a morning world of dew. There is real

poetry in these delightful songs. the game is not forgotten, and the setting in Mrs. Farjeon's words and Mr. Littlejohns' pictures is as bright as a jewel and as fresh as a flower. One hopes these "singing games" may be adopted in the schools. They would be good for the children's souls and bodies.

"The Misdoings of Micky and Mac"⁸ has an Irish smack about the title, as Miss Peacocke's books have had before now, so that it is rather a shock to find that their real names were Cecil Wellington Willoughby-Brown and Francis Nelson Willoughby-Brown. However that wasn't their fault, and they lived up much better to their familiar names of Micky and Mac. Both were bags of mischief, and so



From "Singing Games for Children" (Dent).



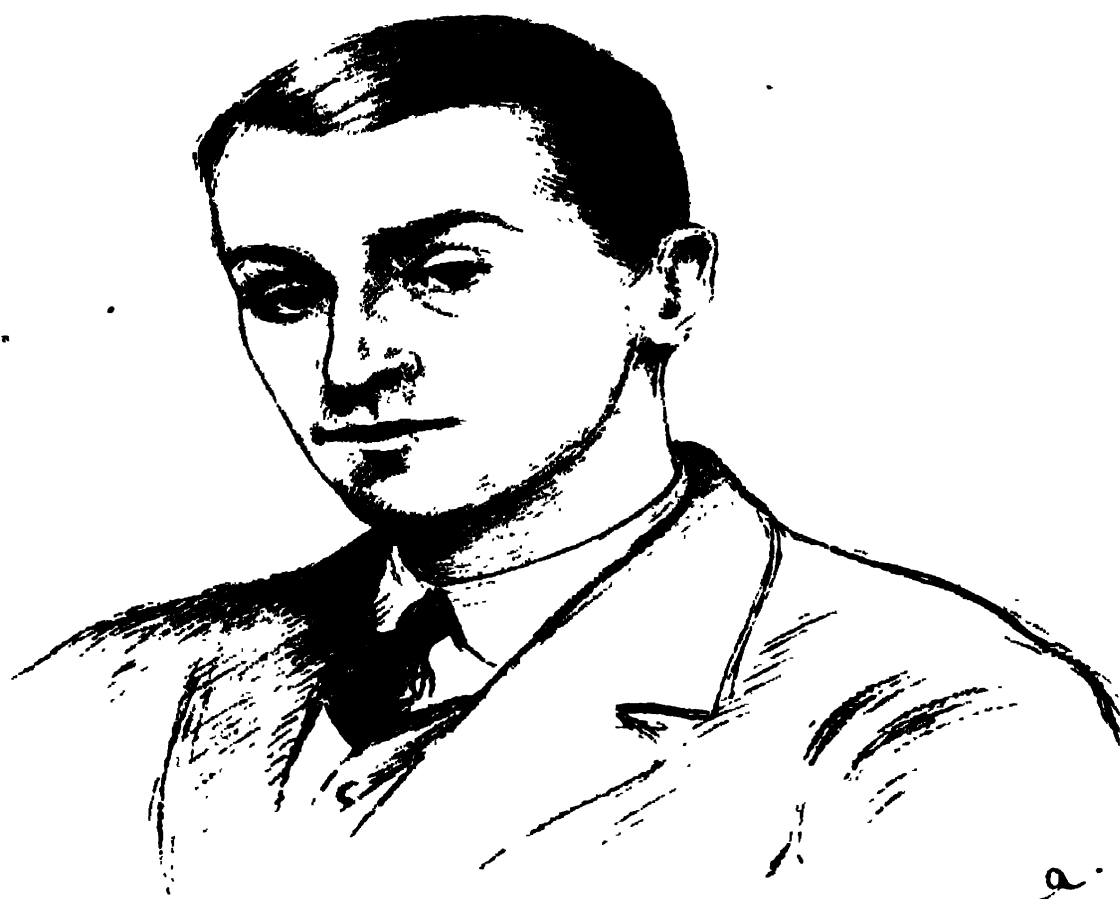
From "Singing Games for Children" (Dent).



From "The Tale of the Trail of a Snail" (Jarrollds).

⁷ "Singing Games for Children." By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by J. Littlejohns, R.B.A. 6s. net. (Dent.)

⁸ "The Misdoings of Micky and Mac." By Isabel M. Peacocke. 3s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock.)



Stephen McKenna.

R.J.SWAN, 1919

well are they rendered that one suspects they are real boys and that their chronicler, who might be a loving aunt, secretly approves and delights in them and their doings. One knows such stumbling-blocks in the way of reproof to children, the one standing by who thoroughly enjoys the prank which is being rebuked, and spoils the whole moral lesson therefor, for there is no deceiving children. Ah! here it is, staring one in the face.

"Mrs. Willoughby-Brown always declared that Dulcie discounted her influence for good over the boys by her unconquerable habit of laughter." Well, Micky and Mac are a very jolly pair and a very good corrective for the blues. The book is not all pranks. They have some really exciting adventures, and there is a certain amount of grown up interest which is skilfully kept in the background. I heartily recommend this gay and cheerful book.

Here again, in "Nursery Lays of Nursery Days," we find the two Sister Nightingales in collaboration. They are true artists. The poems of childhood escape what has haunted writers of such poems for the last two decades, namely the influence of "A Child's Garden of Verses." The unique work of the unique Stevenson has been reproduced in a thousand conscious or unconscious imitations. Here Stevenson's very subjects are treated without a trace of Stevensonian influence. The poems

• "Nursery Lays of Nursery Days" By M. Nightingale 2s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)



The dolls would not be dressed before breakfast.

From "The Wonder Book" (Ward, Lock).

are simple and charming, entirely unadorned and full of tender feeling, not above the head of a child, nor in the manner of a grown-up condescending to a child. Indeed they are what they set out to be, made of the memories of a sensitive child, the very stuff that dreams are made of: and the little illustrative woodcuts have something of Blake about them. Here is one of the poems, not better than another:

THE FIDDLER-MAN.

I'm sure he's old and tired though
no one told me so,
For he walked so very slowly and
his beard was white as snow;
His poor arm shook and trembled
as he worked his fiddle-bow,
I think that when his fiddle played
it only cried, you know.



The Voyage.

From "Tony o' Dreams" (Blackwell).

So I said: 'Are you sorrowful, fiddler-man?
Here's a penny to comfort you if it can.'

"But I didn't speak quite loudly: I think I was afraid

(He didn't hold his hat as though he wanted to be paid)—

But he leaned his bended back against the railings as he played,
And his fiddle went on crying with the music that it made.

So I said: 'Are you lonely, fiddler-man?
I do want to comfort you if I can.'

"But I think he never heard me as he stood there in the rain,

Nor saw the kiss I threw him, nor heard me tap the pane.

He looked so sad and lonely as he hobbled down the lane,

And then he turned the corner, and I won't see him again.

For now that he's gone though I ran and ran,
I never could catch that fiddler-man."

One hopes this charming little book will not be



"Auntie would wrinkle and quiver the end of her nose like a rabbit."

From "The Misdoings of Micky and Mac" (Ward, Lock).

overlooked because of its very modest exterior.

The last two books in the bundle, "The Tale of the Trail of a Snail"¹⁰ and "Mr. Bunnykin's Busy Day"¹¹ belong to the class of book which Miss Beatrix Potter made to be a nursery classic. They are very prettily illustrated in colour, these innocent stories for young children, and the print of one is large and clear enough to set Baby to tracing the letters out for himself.

¹⁰ "The Tale of the Trail of a Snail." By Alan Wright. 3s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

¹¹ "Mr. Bunnykin's Busy Day." By Alan Wright. 3s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

"Why-So Stories." By Edwin Gile Rich. With Frontispiece by M. C. Ford, and Line Illustrations by Charles Copeland. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

"Thinking it Out." A book which investigates in a simple manner some of the everyday physical laws. By Archibald Williams. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Nelson.)

"The Boys' Book of the Open Air." Edited by Eric Wood. With many Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-white. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

"Jean and the Boys." By May Baldwin. Illustrated by Percy Tarrant. (Chambers.)

THE LURE OF THE OCCULT.

BY C. S. EVANS.

IT was probably the cave-man who told the first ghost story, and he almost certainly told it very well, because he believed in it. To him, consciously at war with nature, the presence of an inimical force external to nature seemed an obvious thing, and he evolved his theology from his theories concerning it, just as he evolved his religious ritual from the ceremonies he devised to circumvent or placate it. We men of a later age stand where the cave-man did in our relations to the unknown; the same problems that perplexed him perplex us, except that we recognise in them far greater complications, and are perhaps a little less serious in approaching them. His witch-doctors dwelt remote, clothed in awful mystery, with every appurtenance of terror—skull and bones and snakeskin and filth about them; ours wear top-hats and frock coats and are grocers and other respectable things in the day-time. He worked charms with dried blood and potent herbs; our masters of the occult do conjuring tricks with tumbourines and little tables.

It is, however, to literature that we must turn if we are to realise the essential elements of man's attitude to the unknown. Not merely to the written records

of man's experiences and investigations—not to the journals of psychical research societies, which are, generally speaking, inexpressibly dull, but to those imagined things, those "ghost stories" which now and again capable artists give us, and which we read in the profound hope that they are not true. All such stories, all that count at any rate, concern themselves with terror. Their aim is the *recherche du frisson*, they are the modern counterpart of the ancient witch-doctor's hymn to his spirits; they are the expression of the wild, unreasoning fear that numbs the heart of man when he feels that presently something may spring at him out of the dark.

There are very few ghost stories which possess this authentic thrill, and the fashion of them changes, for we are more sophisticated nowadays than we used to be. Our great grandfathers could extract an enjoyable horror from spirits that walked about in moated granges, satisfactorily clanking chains. All that these simple souls required to make them happy was a headless horror in a dark passage outside a panelled chamber, carrying its eyes in its hand. For such robust susceptibilities Mrs. Radcliffe, the Rev. Charles Maturin,

and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley catered; but to-day our scepticism of anything so concrete as their phantoms destroys our enjoyment; we must needs dignify our tremors by a quasi-scientific explanation. We have classified our ghosts, so that young ladies in drawing-rooms can talk glibly of elementals, poltergeists, etherical projections, Barrovians, Vagrarians, Semi, and all the rest of it, in appropriate jargon.

The shortest and perhaps the most perfect ghost story in the world is told by Dr. M. R. James in his "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary." It is the tale of a woman who was staying in a strange house. She was shown her room; she entered, locked the door, undressed, blew out the candle and got into bed. Then, as she lay there in the dark, came a little, horrible voice from above: "Now we're safely shut in for the night!" . . .

If that story does not produce a thrill, no more sophisticated tale will do so. It is the ghost story reduced to its lowest terms—the essential ghost story, the effect of which is to rouse those unreasoning terrors which lie dormant in all of us, and which wake to life in the presence of the unknown. There are many ways of sounding these depths of terror. The effective ghost story must be mysterious, yet mystery is not enough. One of the most mysterious things in the world is an equilateral triangle, but only the crazed soul of a Futurist artist is likely to be haunted by a thing like that. The effective ghost story must be horrible, yet horror is not enough; there is a certain horror in the thought of a comet plunging for ever into the depths of space, but the tranquil mind is not disturbed thereby. The horror of the occult must be symbolistic, portentous; it must carry with it a sense of loathing and unspeakable obscenity. The sought-for *frisson*, hardly attained, must be a very shudder of the soul, the awful gesture of life threatened by malign and desolating forces.

Masterpieces in this genre are of course very few. One may indeed count them on the fingers of a hand. Some of Edgar Poe's tales ought certainly to be included in any list of the greatest ghost stories, especially "The Fall of the House of Usher," a tale which for sheer concentrated horror is unequalled in literature. The opening passages of that wonderful tale strike upon the consciousness like a knell. Material things dissolve, and one steps across the borderland. Place should be given also to the one or two somewhat more complex and ambitious studies made by Bulwer Lytton, particularly in "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story," but like most of his other work, Lytton's tales of the supernatural are more than a little exotic, and we of the present age may be forgiven if we regard them as somewhat pretentious. It is however the modern writer who has excelled pre-eminently in the tale of the occult. Dr. M. R. James's "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary," two volumes of which were published by Mr. Edward Arnold five or six years ago, contain some of the eeriest tales ever written. You may sup full of horrors if you sup with Dr. James. He never bothers with the dreary scientific kind of tale, but is frankly at home with mediæval superstitions and black magic; his properties are familiar spirits, anthropophagous, with clutching hairy paws, and spiders—especially spiders. A cold

shiver runs down the spine even when one thinks in retrospect of that horrible old gentleman of his whose face was a mass of cobwebs.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood has written a great many stories of the occult, but few of them can be classed in the first rank of ghost stories. He began well with "The Whisperer, and Other Tales," but some of his later books read like extracts from the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society. He peers forward amiably into the unknown, blinking benevolently, and tightly clutching a volume of Bergson.

Very different, and far finer from an artistic point of view, are the stories of Mr. Arthur Machen, collected in the volume called "The House of Souls" (published by Grant Richards some years ago, but now, I believe, out of print). Nor must Mr. Oliver Onions's "Widder-shins" (Martin Secker) be forgotten, and those masterpieces of Rudyard Kipling's, scattered about in various volumes—"The Mark of the Beast," "They" and "The Brushwood Boy." In a place very little after these I would put three books by William Hope Hodgson, whose pen, alas, is laid down for ever; "The House on the Borderland," "The Ghost Pirates" and "The Boats of the Glen Carrig."

And so we come, by devious degrees, to the supreme masterpiece of all the literature of the supernatural, the story called "The Turn of the Screw," which you shall find in the volume by Henry James entitled "The Two Magics." Fastidious artist as he was, Henry James approached even a *conte* of the horrible with delicacy. He knew that the crowning horror of horrible things is achieved when they are placed in close juxtaposition with the commonplace, and he knew, too, that the sense of horror is best awakened and maintained by means of a subjective study. "The Turn of the Screw" may be described as the story of the corruption of the souls of two children by malign influences exercised through the spirits of the dead, but it is something far more than this. The significance of it glows and fades, changing with the mood, so that, on a second or third reading one wonders whether it is intended as a ghost story at all—whether it is not rather a profound study of the effect of fear upon a delicate and sensitive nature. One may never know why the boy Miles left his bed at night to stare in horrible entrancement at that figure on the lawn, or whether the ghost of Peter Quint really walked to work evil. One is not sure whether the girl Flora held fearful communings in the wood with the spirit of the governess, dead and for ever damned, or whether the whole thing was not merely the overstrained imagination of the narrator. In either case, the sense of horror is insistent, and in some obscure way the author has managed to hint at a significance which is revolting and obscene.

Outside art, there is another kind of writing of the occult which has become increasingly common in recent years—the record of so-called personal experience in the realm of the unknown. This branch of literature has a jargon of its own. People do not die, they "pass over," and their spirits hold a sort of telephonic communication with the living through the agency of "mediums," and with the help of a whole paraphernalia of apparatus—cabinets and tambourines and ouija boards and planchette. Of all branches of literature

there is none that is less calculated to appeal to the imagination than this. It is associated with material accessories which are almost symbolically unbeautiful—oilcloth, and the smell of paraffin oil, cheap American organs and concertinas, stout and stupid middle-aged women, Americans with names like Hiram K. Brown, squalor, and confusion, and untidiness of mind. Everybody has seen the kind of book I mean, with the portrait of the "subject" in the front looking like the lady who proclaims from the back page of the newspaper, "I had bad legs and dropsical swellings, but Billions' Pills cured me!" In the face of this feeble nonsense the strongest souls turn sceptic, and beside it the witchcraft of ancient days seems a dignified and even a worthy belief.

I have said enough about books on the occult to render the detailed reviewing of the newest batch of them unnecessary. "Patience Worth, a Psychic Mystery,"¹ by Caspar Yost, comes to us from America and is one of those so-called authentic documents. The less one says about it the better, except that judging from the specimens of Patience Worth's literary exercises, as communicated to the medium and duly recorded, the lady would have done better to have rested mute and inglorious on the "other side." Patience Worth speaks in a kind of debased Wardour Street English which must be distressing to those of her spirit-companions whose souls are still sensitive to the beauties of language.

¹ "Patience Worth: A Psychic Study." By Caspar S. Yost. 7s. 6d. net. (Skeffington.)

"The Ghost World,"² by J. Wickwar, is a collection of anecdotes of the occult. Violet Tweedale's "Ghosts I Have Seen"³ is a volume of literary tittle-tattle with an occult bias. The author is a daughter of one of the Chambers of Edinburgh, and she has much that is interesting to say, but ghosts must by this time be three-a-penny in her household. The only thrill I got from the book was produced by the two awful eyes on Mr. Jenkins's very effective cover. But perhaps the author did not write the book with the object of pleasing epicures in sensation.

"The Eternal Question,"⁴ by Allan Clarke, is obviously a sincere outpouring from the heart of a man who has suffered the grief of a great loss; it would be indecent to be flippant about it. And "Voices from the Void,"⁵ by Hester Travers Smith, is void of any convincing voices.

I cannot like these books, but Mr. Edward Arnold has promised us a new volume of the "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary," and already I feel the pleasant shivers running down my spine. . . . There was that horrible creature that moved across the picture to the windows of the house. . . . I shall turn on all the lights before I go to bed.

² "The Ghost World." By J. W. Wickwar. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

³ "Ghosts I Have Seen." By Violet Tweedale. 7s. 6d. net. (Jenkins.)

⁴ "The Eternal Question." By Allan Clarke. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

⁵ "Voices from the Void." By Hester Travers Smith. 3s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

RUSKIN AT WIGTOWN.

BY DRUMCOLIN.

I AM an enthusiastic lover of Ruskin; my admiration is from the heart as well as from the head, and yet it is a sane admiration; I am carried away, not by everything he says, but by the broad, grand principles of what he *means*. In this, his centenary year, we are being lectured about him, and things are being written of him, as never before. I have heard and have read. But why, always, so much insistence on such details as the "not-less-than ten-year-old-wine" of the St. George's Guild or the anti-railway bias? To the Ruskin student these are matters of curiosity and *relative* interest, never obscuring the true greatness of the man; to the casual listener or reader—to the possible disciple of Ruskin, the time or space (ever with a running accompaniment of cheap witticisms!) given to these "peculiarities" often proves a stumbling-block; oftener, perhaps, a barrier. We want the "man-in-the-street" to be led to Ruskin. But the same man likes his railways—he has grown up amongst them. It will take considerably longer than the whole duration of a lecture to persuade *him* that there was a man who *hated* railways and that that man was one of the Great Ones of the World. Ignore these small things therefore, or at least treat them as they ought to be treated, and lead your listener straight to the noble ideas of this other "golden-hearted man."

You can get very near to the heart of your author by getting into his "Country"—visiting the scenes he

loved. I have always felt this, and, when I could, acted on it. So, a spell of leave in 1917 took me on a cycle tour from the East Coast of England to the West of Scotland, through Galloway. I expressly made a detour to include Wigtown.

In "Præterita" Ruskin pays a splendid compliment to the "rural towns of South Scotland":

"There was greater refinement in them," he says, "and more honourable pride than probably at that time [1850–1860 roughly] in any other district in Europe; a certain pathetic melody and power of tradition consecrating nearly every scene with some past light, either of heroism or religion."

Ruskin's connection with the towns of South Scotland, and with Wigtown especially, is to be gathered both from "Dilecta" and "Præterita." His grandmother, Catherine Tweddale, was a descendant of the Adairs of Gennoch and the Agnews of Lochnaw, hereditary Sheriffs of Wigtownshire. This Catherine Tweddale's niece, also Catherine Tweddale, married George Agnew, hereditary Sheriff-Clerk of Wigtown, and their daughter was Joan, afterwards Mrs. Arthur Severn—the "Joanie" who grew up in the "pretty old house at Wigtown" and whose gentle care cheered the author's last days. In a note, Ruskin says this "pretty old house" is

"now pulled down and the site taken for the new county buildings. The house as it once stood is to be seen in the



Viola Mannell

R.J. SWAN,

centre of the woodcut at page 6 of Gordon Fraser's 'Guide,' with the Stewartry hills in the distance. I have seldom seen a truer rendering of the look of an old Scottish town."

This last remark was enough to give me an uncontrollable desire to possess a copy of that Guide if I could. So a wet September evening saw me, tired by a head-wind but buoyed up with the hope of "treasure-trove," push slowly round by the foot of the Martyrs' Monument hill and on into the ancient burgh of Wigtown.

I made straight for the Post Office, having arranged that my letters were to be addressed there; but, alas! no letters—only my weekly paper: had expected word from home and was disappointed. Now, the Post Office was one of the post-office-cum-chemist's-cum-stationer's type; and the man who runs that type is usually a man worth knowing and knows something worth saying about the district he does business in. I must, of course, have some picture post cards, and, during the selective search, I casually asked if he had ever heard of Gordon Fraser's "Guide to Wigtown" never for a moment anticipating that here, right away, I had stumbled on the one man in all Wigtown who *had* every reason to know about the "Guide." "Certainly, he knew the 'Guide,' aye, and Gordon Fraser too; for hadn't he served his apprenticeship with him, and hadn't he taken over his premises when he retired?" (I had forgotten about post cards now, and was truly "hanging" on his words—"I'm properly in luck this time," I was thinking.) "Yes, and in one of the store-rooms taken over he had found *piles* of the Guide." (Feel my eyes must be glinting with greed here—picture myself already with a dozen "Guides" for careful distribution amongst enthusiastic friends!) "Since then had been giving them away to anyone interested, and they were all gone now and out of print (visible drop in thermometer!)—except one copy he had just recently presented to the town Library for fear trace of it should be *entirely* lost." Despondently: "Hadn't he any *at all* left? Was he *sure* there wasn't *one* still left in the shop?" "Thought there *might* still be one; would search." A few tense moments for me, and, at last! he discovers one with the identical woodcut referred to by Ruskin, and with it a piece of Gordon Fraser's business note-paper headed by the same woodcut. "I could have the note-paper if I cared, but he wouldn't like to part with the 'Guide.'" Nonplussed again! it was the woodcut in the "Guide" I wanted—the actual reproduction which Ruskin mentioned and praised; and though I was of course greatly

interested in the reproduction on the notepaper, yet *that* was not *the* one. I thanked him for the piece of notepaper but pressed for the "Guide" itself, explaining the reason of my great interest (wondering the while if I were politic in telling what might make him stick all the more closely to it!) I would give him what he cared to ask for it. My evident interest and anxiety moved him at last. "Ah, well," he said, "you can have it—especially as one copy [the Library one] at any rate is sure to be preserved, and, after all, you are so interested in it that it will mean much more to you than it would to me. No! won't take anything for it—take it and the note-paper, and welcome!" *Elated* is a mild term to express how I felt. I insisted, though, on his accepting a nominal amount so as to clinch the bargain. "To keep you from asking me to hand it back again," I said, half-jestingly. I hurried away to the hotel with my prize. It was my first real experience of that feeling book-lovers must have when they happen on a rare and much sought after first edition, and next morning I descended on my benefactor's shop, and in sheer exuberance bought photos, more post cards, a "Guide to Wigtownshire," stamps and toothpowder! I learned from him then that the woodcut was the work of one Andrew Furlow. There were not, as far as he knew, any extant copies of other works by Furlow, who, with his family, had left Wigtown. He was unable to tell me *when* he left or *where* he went to, and I did not pursue the inquiry elsewhere.

I had stopped overnight at the Galloway Arms Hotel—the second of the two high buildings seen on the right-hand side of the woodcut, and one of the old-time coaching places. Forty pairs of horses were kept there at one time, and four coaches left each day.

Ruskin must have heard of the banishment of the Wigtown Crows from their haunts in the old trees of Wigtown Square. I wonder what he thought of it? Gordon Fraser didn't miss the opportunity, and the amusing episode is given in rime in his "History of the Wigtown Crows." Mine host of the Galloway Arms told me that that year (1917), for the first time since their expulsion thirty-seven and a half years ago, a pair of "corbies" came and built in the old trees!

The "past light of religion" which consecrates Wigtown is thus referred to by Ruskin:

"... In the Churchyard ... close to the old Agnew burying-ground (where most of Joanie's family are laid) are the graves of Margaret MacLachlan and Margaret Wilson, over which in rhythm is recorded on little square tombstones the story of their martyrdom."



Wigtown.

From an old woodcut in "Fraser's Penny Guide to Wigtown and Neighbourhood."

Interesting as the tombstones are, I was much more interested in the stakes still pointed out as those to which the two heroines were tied—and I stood for a time by that to which the young girl, Margaret Wilson, was bound, and tried to picture the scene on that fateful day. As the waters rose she sang a psalm, but I would fain imagine her gaining strength of spirit from the broad mass and mist-wreathed crest of Cairnsmore opposite, under the impulse of those grand words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

And the district you look out upon from this side of Wigtown Bay is, on the best authority, a wonderful one. First, a glimpse of the Solway sands, the impressions of which, to Ruskin, "are a part of the greatest teaching that I ever received during the joy of youth"; while, for Turner, "they became the most pathetic that formed his character in the prime of life, and the five *Liber Studiorum* subjects, 'Solway Moss,' 'Peat Bog, Scot-

land,' 'The Falls of Clyde,' 'Ben Arthur,' and 'Dumblane Abbey,' remain more complete expressions of his intellect, and more noble monuments of his art, than all his mightiest after work." Then Carlyle (who, by the way, had once been a guest of Joanie's grandfather in Wigtown) was especially impressed by the shores seen in part across the bay—he told Queen Victoria "he believed there was no finer or more beautiful drive in her kingdom than the one round the shore of the Stewartry, by Gatehouse of Fleet." And finally, when, in 1883, Ruskin revisited Tweedside and "the Solway Shores from Dumfries to Wigtown," it seemed to him "that this space of low mountain-ground, with the eternal sublimity of its rocky seashores, of its stormy seas and dangerous sands; its strange and mighty crags . . . and its pathless moorlands, haunted by the driving cloud, had been of more import in the true world's history than all the lovely countries of the South, except only Palestine."

New Books.

BIRDS AND A LOVER.*

Mr. Hudson's "Birds in a Village" appeared as long ago as 1893; and, as happens so often to good books in these short times, it fell out of print. That is by way of being fortunate for us, as the inevitable reissue has given the author an opportunity of adding some new matter in his best vein. Thus, there is a whole new section called "Birds in a Cornish Village," the six papers of which are sure of welcome from all good Hudsonians.

If a ukase were issued confining Mr. Hudson to merely one realm of natural life (Heaven forbid such an abbreviation of our joy!) most of his admirers would decide that birdland must be that limited monarchy. About birds he is always at his best. In the new chapters we find him at Lelant, unwell, but cheerful, and, as usual, looking about for anything the local birds might have to say. What a pleasure it must be to have this gift of communion with nature! Mr. Hudson found curlews at Lelant, and they comforted him. All I could ever find at Lelant was golfers, and they annoyed me. I refrain from recording my own emotions; but I give instead (what indeed is more to the point) the emotions of Mr. Hudson upon the bird-haunted Hayle estuary:

"The river or estuary, in sight of the doors and windows of the village, was haunted every day by numbers of gulls and curlews. These last numbered about one hundred and fifty birds, and were always there except at full tide, when they would fly away to the fields and moors. Of all my bird neighbours I think that these gave me most pleasure, especially at night, when lying awake I would listen by the hour to the perpetual curlew conversations going on in the dark—an endless series of clear modulated notes and trills, with a beautiful expression of wildness and freedom, a reminder of lonely sea shores and mountains and moorlands in the north country. What wonder that Stevenson, sick in his tropical island—sick for his cold grey home so many thousands of miles away, wished once more to hear the whaup crying over the graves of his forefathers, and to hear no more at all!"

One of Mr. Hudson's most attractive chapters is the story of a jackdaw, reproduced as it was told to him in the shrewd and humorous vernacular of a boy belonging to the working-classes. I want to quote it, but dare not; for the main difficulty in writing about Mr. Hudson is to refrain from transcribing all of the many paragraphs one marks as one reads. Instead I will remind him that in his reference to the legendary contest of song between

a minstrel and a nightingale he missets the name of Crashaw, whose "Muses's Duel" is possibly the finest version of Strada's ubiquitous poem. Mr. Hudson calls this "perhaps the finest bird poem in our language." Perhaps it is; and we will hush at once the objectors who want to quote Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth against us, by reminding them that "To a Skylark" and the "Ode to a Nightingale" are, in a sense, not "bird" poems at all, but records of the poets' emotions at the songs of the birds they chanced to hear. In other words, they are "subjective"; Crashaw's poem is objective.

Upon the subject of caged birds Mr. Hudson of course is thoroughly sound. He is not a sentimentalist. He shoots birds, he eats birds; he even recommends us to take our guns out against the wood-pigeon, first because it is horribly destructive, and next because it is highly palatable; but to cage a lark, to cage a thrush! . . . is there a cruelty quite like it?

"A robin redbreast in a cage,
Puts all heaven in a rage."

Thus sang Blake, and sang not in vain; for such lines as those and such protests as Mr. Hudson's do gradually have an effect. The sight of these wild aerial creatures pent in their few inches of wire prison is less common than it was, even in my memory.

Mr. Hudson's charming pages are illustrated by Mr. Detmold's delicate and precise drawings in colour. Mr. Detmold, as we know, has not studied the Japanese in vain. We look forward to seeing the set of his nature pictures promised by Messrs. Dent. Writer and illustrator are perhaps not ideally mated, as Mr. Hudson is as natural and easy in manner as Mr. Detmold is sedulously fanciful; however, the whole volume is excellently produced and will delight every one that is fortunate enough to possess it.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

"FOUL-WEATHER JACK."*

Byron had a grandsire who sailed and fought in such a perpetual atmosphere of storm and conflict that his crews all dubbed him "Foul-weather Jack." One is loath to reduce a tolerable enthymeme into a flat and uninspiring

* "Birds in Town and Village." By W. H. Hudson. With Pictures in Colour by E. J. Detmold. 10s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

* "Memories." By Admiral-of-the-Fleet Lord Fisher. £1 1s. net. (Hodder.)

syllogism, but there are parallels with Admiral Byron somewhere, and Lord Fisher will appreciate them. So must every one who reads this gusty book. Of late these crowding memoirs of our warriors, dry and wet, have lost much of their virtue by prior promulgation in the daily papers, and though they afford us a kind of relief from the dust and fume of the leader columns, they drag each other down to the controversial arena and, as Wendell Holmes said, you can hardly enter a dispute without descending to the level of your adversary. Heat, in consequence, takes on the look of hatred, and admissions furnish awkward headlines. To read the extracts which have appeared of late from this quaint autobiography of Lord Fisher's, you might imagine he had turned to Hyde Park oratory or electioneering, and although the public may be grateful for this daily reminder of his picturesque and breezy style, it did more or less injustice to his case. What seemed noisy and jerky and ill-advised, works out to more natural advantage in a book which we all knew would be characteristic or it would be nothing. The author confesses readily enough that it has been dictated rather than written, and robust dictation is the *Erebus* vein that suits him best. Moreover, he describes it as a "conversation book, not a classic," and here again we cannot help but profoundly agree. Yet there is conversation and conversation. One has even heard of railway men chatting by means of fog-signals, and at the game of detonation Lord Fisher wins. We also remember a famous remark of Lord Justice Hannen's to an apologetic witness when he said there were not many men who would care to cross swords with Mr. Gladstone. Lord Fisher is a man with an anecdotal mind, and again he will comprehend the rough idea. In these pages he certainly has the talk all his own way and, thank goodness, the talk is not all politics.

Samuel Pepys in his "Memoires of the Royal Navie" rejoices at the outset that when he entered office as Secretary to the Admiralty by letters patent, the fleet had been lately overhauled by Parliament. A deal of water has flowed under Westminster Bridge since then. It is the tussle between service men and civilians which made the marrow of Lord Heresford's recollections a few years ago, and it is never far from the present author's mind. If he finds it hard to suffer politicians gladly, they seem to have laboured under equal disadvantage in their dealings with him; and if he is rough on some of his colleagues, there are many whom he mentions with unbounded praise. Anyhow, so long as free speech is the motto of this bull-dog race, we must let men like the author be metaphoric and outspoken or they must perish.

If there is anybody to "sack," it is certainly not Lord Fisher. It is safe to say that when the flight of time has banished all the problems here discussed in his more serious chapters, the book will survive as the frank expression of an amazing sample of the British seaman. It affords the best stories we know of King Edward, and it presents a long gallery of notables in just the attitudes to suit—King Alfonso popping chocolate into the author's mouth, and clasping him with an effusive cry of "My darling!"; Moltke calmly reading Miss Braddon in the original; the ex-Kaiser venting his baffled wrath at our Navy; a Russian princess learning to waltz with Lord Fisher for tutor; Lord Rothschild offering him a big commercial appointment; Lord Kelvin listening with patience to a middy's views on science; Sir Hiram Maxim burying himself into an orange so that he emerged like a case of jaundice; W. T. Stead hanging on to an out-thrust pole from a porthole so as to capture a newspaper "scoop"; Gladstone prophesying that science one day will read from the walls whatever has been said inside them; and more astonishing than all, Lord Fisher himself attending a Peace Conference! The more exalted personage we are promised in a chapter heading eludes us, and we can only conjecture that he fell under the blue pencil; at any rate more than one disappointed reader will scrawl at the end of the book—"Puzzle: Find the Pope!"

One good story shows the author's powers as a raconteur. It tells of a man on a non-stop train across America who

got it halted for no apparent right, and the railway director aboard was angry to see a lady get off. He tackled the presumptuous man later and said, "What excuse have you got? I wouldn't have done it for my own wife!" The answer he got from the delinquent was "No more would I." But this is only one of a string of amusing narratives, either of fact or fancy, and the yarns Lord Fisher tells of the service help to explain why he rose in it. Throughout, he remains a bustling, inventive, impulsive personality, illogical to a fault, exclamatory always, tactful sometimes, and dogged to the death. Only one man seems ever to have tamed him—and that was King Edward—but even he lost patience on occasion; and to do him justice, Lord Fisher is never above telling a story against himself. We are left with the indelible impression of an artless, engaging, and self-revealing book if ever there was one.

J. P. COLLINS.

NEW NOVELS.*

"My Antonia" is a narrative-study, plain, direct, more subtle in its simplicity than one realises at first touch, of western prairie life in the differing phases that centre round the pioneer farm, the evolving town, and the still newer university. Its broad-flowing prairie atmosphere is peculiarly alive; its scenes are painted by a *plein-air* artist who has felt the beauty of the red grass, the "golden ribbons" of sunflowers, the white and gold cotton-woods; the spite of the snowstorm, "simply spilled out of heaven, like thousands of feather-beds being emptied"; the prairie spring, "the throbs of it, the light restlessness, the vital essence of it everywhere; in the sky, in the swift clouds, in the pale sunshine, and in the warm, high wind."

Against this background move and develop the lives of Jim Burden, the young autobiographer, Bohemian Antonia herself, the firmly drawn central figure, and their group of friends, Scandinavian, Russian and American. The author's rigid abstinence from high colour and over-emphasis lends strong actuality to the happenings; her aim, well achieved, is not to thrill or startle, but calmly and quietly to convince. Perhaps the stage is a thought overcrowded, yet each character is conscientiously, if somewhat briefly, sketched in. The Shimerda group stands out well, the ingenuous Lena Lingard negative, simple, cleverly projected in half-tones—is a notable success. The few emotional scenes, such as the Russian Pavel's wolf-story and Mrs. Steavens's acceptance of Antonia's pathetic mishap, show power. The book will be found highly informing to those who may wish to learn the true inwardness of existence on the Nebraska prairies.

Miss Peterson opens her story, "The Sword-Points of Love," on a note of lightness and frivolity, of a heartless girl's cruelty to a lover. It seems that the elfin, faun-faced Mavis, her heroine, is too trivial, too little of a real human entity to evolve more than a trickle of interest. But ere long the little creature, half forced into marriage by a rough planter from the wilds of Uganda, begins to pluck lightly at your sympathy. Before they reach their home she has taken a firmer hold by blazing out fiercely against her captor's brutality, and from that moment onwards you follow her suffering course with poignant interest and compassion. Brooding about the house and plantation is an atmosphere not merely of squalor, but of cruelty and terror. The husband develops from a merely roughish, into a sheerly intolerable brute. The wretchedness of the lonely girl, shut up in the wilderness with this ruffian, forced to witness savage floggings of the natives, to hold back her hatred in the interest of her unborn son, creates a situation of great emotional poignancy. The "Uganda-rotted" tyrant is alive and actual enough to stir one's feelings acutely. One longs for his death, and

* "My Antonia." By Willa S. Cather. (William Heinemann.)—"The Sword-Points of Love." By Margaret Peterson. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Desire and Delight." By F. E. Penny. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Many There Be." By O. H. Sherrard. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

when it comes—but (not to give away the story) enough that it is a well-managed, effective climax. A conventional happy ending to the drama would have been out of the picture, that given by the author is psychologically right and satisfying.

In 'Desire and Delight' Mrs Penny gives us at once a fascinating tale and a series of sumptuous Indian pictures. As a rule an Arabian Nights setting to a story involves some overstraining of the plausibilities—but when, as here, its scene is the palace of an ancient and noble Mohammedan family—the traditional habit of darksome intrigue, picturesque romance rings true and fairly captures the imagination. Planted in this milieu a charming English girl of the V.A.D. estranged from her husband through no real fault on either side, plays out a triumphant part. Nurse Mary, in charge of Captain Gabriel-u-deen, the real Shahzade, the headship of whose family has been usurped by an elder brother, Michael Sahib, the usurper backed by his wife and swarming harem, plots hard and riskily to keep Gabriel from the arms of his young bride. Espionage, intrigues and adventures, the affair of the man-eating tiger and the 'Mahratta claws' being especially effective. Immesh Gabriel and his nurse protectors, 'Nurse Mary' (rightly Rosemary Lenthorpe) pits her woman's wit and courage against the cunning of the harem gang, playing upon their superstition she poses as a White Witch, the Annah of the Droog and finally beats them at their own game. Behind this thrilling romantic drama runs the subtitle of her restoration to the high-minded Colonel Lenthorpe. The light comedy of Jimmy Dumbarton's love affair with Nurse Ida Frome makes a pleasant foil to the more serious main thesis of a vivid and stirring novel.

The scene of 'Many There Be' is laid largely at Rochester, the leading figures in the earlier stages of the story being a devoted couple, Major Fitzstartin and his beautiful wife. The latter has a mystery in her past which a villainous Jew, Haggenhop, and his tool, Snuffling, hope to exploit. The wife dies pathetically after giving birth to a daughter, Lena, who develops into a pretty and pleasing heroine beloved by the over-modest but likeable youth Arthur Meggs. Arthur going up to town in search of a career comes into contact with a humorous but parasitic uncle, Jasper Jickling, genial old maids, socialistic landlords, and others of whom character studies are given. Later the scene shifts to the Utopia designed and run by Mr Gumthwack. Here motor-car and other adventures and complications ensue involving the introduction of another character who, telling his story in full, discloses the secret of Mrs Fitzstartin's mystery. The Haggenhop-Snuffling affair is further developed and comes to a dramatic climax in a murder scene. Lena eventually falls to the stronger, more effective lover and the conclusion is in the main idyllic and happy. Perhaps the most sympathetic characters in the book are those of young Arthur, his sensible and lovable mother Mrs Meggs and the tender-hearted old Jobbins, who loses a beloved wife and is deserted by a beloved but worthless son.

HAROLD VAITINGS

MEN AND MANNER IN PARLIAMENT.*

This book appeared in 1874, anonymously, and previously in serial form in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, where it entertained and instructed no less a figure than Dr Woodrow Wilson, who was then studying at Princeton University. So indebted was the future President of the United States to Sir Henry Lucy that he describes him still as 'one of my instructors'. With such a benediction, it behoves us to examine this resurrected volume with some reverence. It is a graphic picture of the Parliament of 1874, when Disraeli was 'in,' and Gladstone was 'out' after six years of office. Gladstone had decided to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country for a new lease of

life for the Liberal party. He was trounced at the election, and Disraeli returned to power with a thumping majority. Gladstone, in a well-known letter to Lord Granville, announced his intention of retiring from the leadership of the Liberal party, saying that he could not contemplate any unlimited extension of active political service. No one, least of all Mr Gladstone himself, foresaw then that he was destined to hold the premiership three more times. When Sir Henry Lucy wrote these journalistic sketches, the Liberal party was in the doldrums, the leadership of the opposition was in commission, as Disraeli said, and no one knew from day to day who would act as its spokesman.

'The new session' (1874), wrote Sir Wilfred Lawson in his diary, was interesting. The two most exciting matters with which it dealt were alterations in the Laws of the Established Liquor Trade and of the Established Church—a Spiritual and Spirituous Session it might be called. He referred also to 'the almost holy calm' which prevailed in Parliament now that the Conservatives had it all their own way. On this background of holy calm Sir Henry Lucy, in 1874, drew his character studies of the politicians who bulked large in the public eye of the day. All are gone, the old familiar faces, bewails the author. To this generation, however, the bitter truth is that most of the figures who strutted about on the stage in the Parliament of 1874 are either entirely unknown or merely politely remembered. It is not acceptable yet to admit that you have never heard of Gladstone and Disraeli, but who is fearful of confessing ignorance of poor Mr Cross, Home Secretary in Disraeli's cabinet? Here is a delightful picture of him, and one that seems so very familiar to us drawn by our author.

'Mr Cross speaking has not improved in point of style since he found a seat on the Treasury Bench. A tendency to prolixity has developed itself in an alarming manner: the right hon. gentleman evidently thinking that it is incumbent upon a Home Secretary to expand into a speech what a private member might have said in a sentence. This is possibly owing to the temporary existence of the intense delight which a good plain man experiences in finding himself suddenly and unexpectedly in the position of Her Majesty's Chief Secretary of State for the Home Department.'

And yet Mr Cross achieved fame in his day, for, according to Sir Wilfred Lawson (a mine of interesting information on these bygone times), he became the theme of a popular chorus:

'For he's a jolly good fellow
Whatever the Radicals think
For he's shortened the hours of labour
And lengthened the hours of drink.'

Sir Henry Lucy writes somewhere in this book that it is much more true that every member of Parliament has hid away in his desk the portfolio of the premier, than that every soldier carries in his knapsack the baton of a field-marshal. It is even truer, perhaps, in spite of all cheap sneers at the 'talking-shop,' that every ambitious young man (or young woman, presumably) figuring in school and university debating societies, local councils, trade unions, and what not, dreams of that intoxicating day when his name is placed at the top of the poll, and his exhausted body on the burly shoulders of his triumphant supporters. Who has not looked down from the fastness of the Strangers' Gallery, and beheld the strange spectacle below, without sharing Mr Lloyd George's reported feelings in early life, and dreamed of dominating that assembly? Sir Henry Lucy brings all that scene to the fireside, and we find ourselves murmuring:

'Say, shall my little harque attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?'

Although this book has seen the light of day before, and deals with a not particularly vital session of Parliament, there is much that is extremely entertaining in it. Politicians, whether inside the House or out of it, should ponder deeply over it. They may learn wisdom, at least, from the faithful portrayal of others' errors. Parties with overpowering majorities should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest two pages in particular!

* 'Men and Manner in Parliament' By Sir Henry Lucy. 10s 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin)

IVOR NICHOLSON.



R.J.SWAN,

LIZA LEHMANN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

"The Life of Liza Lehmann" written by herself depicts the distinguished musical composer as she must have been known to her intimates—it is gracious, kindly, sympathetic and modest in tone, and it is marked by a welcome sense of fun and of humour. Most pleasant feature of all it is reticent. Conceived originally as we may imagine as a memoir of her career put together for the benefit of her two dearly-loved sons, one of whom unfortunately fell in the war, it is planned on a lightning scale, running to less than 230 pages, and while it contains many amusing anecdotes of celebrities dead and alive, it is marked by a rare tact and taste when it refers to the author's friends and relatives. By which we mean that in cases in which the public has no right to look for confidences from Liza Lehmann they are wisely denied. Here can be found no 'chatter about Shelley,' no frank and breezy domestic revelations *à la* Samuel Butler. These exclusions, however, have the merit of being natural rather than deliberate; they are the involuntary effect of and tribute to good breeding. For on all fitting occasion the autobiographer is almost rapt in the simplicity in which she tells her story and in the friendly fashion in which she takes her audience into her confidence. Grim laughter on the maternal side of Robert Chamber of Edinburgh, Liza Lehmann received her early education at a day school kept by two sisters of John Ruskin. Her first singing lessons were given her by Melusine Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) whom she describes as a stern and unrelenting Puritan and who pulled by a story told of her and of her Italian page. "You see that boy? I am trying to conquer myself, try to *l'a* with him. But he is a *Roman Catholic*," seems to have received a double dose of early Victorian intolerance. For nine years Liza Lehmann was a singer. Clara Schumann helped to train her voice. Verhulst entertained her at supper at Cuno. Rubinstein asked her to sing for him, but Lehmann neglected to make a similar request to him in return, what ever in the English mind a fault which her victim has avenged by telling how one morning at breakfast this very Iconoclast personage "piled up a whole tin of sardines and drank the oil at a draught." Nor did the

English miss at her first visit to the Bayreuth Festival conceive a much higher opinion of a greater German composer. Some quality inherent in Wagner music—I am not sure that I should call it wrong in describing it as an overwhelming sensuality—leave me, however much I may have been carried away at the moment, with a sense of mental nausea. In 1889 Liza Lehmann married Mr. Herbert Bedford, now Captain Bedford RNVR, and "abandoned the concert platform without a sigh of regret. But she was not destined to abandon the music; she loved so much. For her husband like herself (We were fortunate in having every taste in common) was devoted to music and to painting. As regards composition, she confesses, "I have certainly learnt as much, if not more from him than from any other source." He it was who suggested to her that she should set the stanza of the *Rubaiyat* to music, hence the origin of "In a Persian Garden," and quaintly enough it was her brother-in-law Mr. Edward Heron Allen who, having become a Persian scholar, made those literal translations of Omar which have demonstrated so clearly how much more faithful a version of his great original the English poet has fashioned than the earlier admirers of the *Rubaiyat* had deemed possible. (That delightful volume of Mr. Allen's, chastely bound in white and gold, must be getting rather rare nowadays.) We should like to dwell on what Liza Lehmann says about the circumstances of the composition of "The Daisy Chain" and of the "Nonsense Songs," and of how her two light operas, "Sergeant Brue" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," came into being. We should like to quote from the press notices she received when she was touring America with a concert party which



Liza Lehmann, 1913.

From THE LIFE OF LIZA LEHMANN (Fisher Unwin)

sing her own compositions. We should like to put on record her tribute of affection to that shrewdest, proudest and most beautiful of animals, the Persian cat. But we have already overstepped the limits of the space allotted to us, and we can only recommend our readers in such a price as may still be at our disposal by no means to overlook this delightful record of a musician who was at once a great artist and a charming woman.

J. WIS. BIRIANA

LOVE AND POLITICS.*

With all the skill of a practised hand, the author of many well-versed romances has in this story set a thoroughly interesting tale against the political background of those days in which the Corn Laws were repealed under the threatening spectre of famine. Though he has evidently studied his period with close care and interest, he has never allowed merely temporary details to interfere with the broader human aspects of his story, which is mainly concerned with one young woman, her kin and her loves.

It was certainly by a curious route that Mary Audley reached the charming Gatehouse attached to the derelict Great House, and the care of her uncle. That uncle John Audley was obsessed by the idea that he was the genuine Lord Audley, though the courts wanting documentary evidence of a certain tradition on which his claim was based, had decided against him. It had been a chance meeting with Lord Audley in Paris that brought Mary to her uncle's house, and she not unnaturally takes a warm interest in the young man who has been the means of removing her from the position of governess to the peace and comfort of the Gatehouse. That warm interest grows, and as Lord Audley has been struck from the first the sentimental reader sees as he thinks the end in the beginning. But he reckons without Mr. Peter Basset. And here it may be said that readers may well feel something of a grudge against the novelist for introducing us to Mr. Peter Basset in circumstances so unfavourable to his making a good impression. It is true that we are given early indications that there is to be something of rivalry

* "The Life of Liza Lehmann" By Herself 10s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)

* "The Great House" By Stanley J. Weyman 7s. net. (Murray)

between the taciturn and sombre Peter and the glib and debonair Lord Audley, but the chances in such rivalry seem small, for some strange reason, to the man who is first brought on the scene only to be hurried off under the threat of *mal de mer*!

Lord Audley, whose title to the title has been vindicated in the courts, is unfortunately not possessed of means in accordance with his position. His needs point to marriage with an heiress, but there is ever in the back of his mind the feeling that that missing link of evidence may be discovered which will hand the title over to John Audley. Should such an untoward event occur Mary would be the next heir. Thus it is that he comes to be engaged to that charming damsel more from the conscious dictates of policy on his side and the mistaken sense of gratitude on hers, than from real love. Public affairs come to take a more prominent part in the romance towards the close; when events were moving to that change of policy on the part of Sir Robert Peel which set the whole world agog; and public affairs have something of a clarifying effect upon the characters of some of the small group of people in whose inter-relations Mr. Weyman has got our interests closely absorbed. The Riddsley election is, it may confidently be asserted, a notable addition to the series of elections described in fiction, and will bear comparison with any for vigour and verisimilitude as well as for the important part which it plays in the development of the heroine's romance. The election is the testing time of the rivals.

It is a good story, well told, and with some very clever characterisation, more particularly perhaps in those subsidiary characters whose reality goes so far to give actuality to a romance.

WALTER JERROLD.

JOYCE KILMERS POEMS.

Joyce Kilmer was a journalist as well as a poet; but he was a poet turned journalist, consequently you seldom find the journalist in his poetry, but often find the poet in his journalism. He was a mystic with a sense of humour; a practical man of affairs with the truest passion for romance; he reconciled a keen business instinct with an exquisite feeling for beauty, and so far subdued his surroundings, instead of being subdued by them, that he could draw his highest inspiration from the simplest or commonest things in the everyday life that he knew, find all the magic of earth in his own door-yard, and all heaven in a New York by-way.

Born in New Jersey, in 1880, he was married and had one son when he threw up school teaching and went to New York to enter upon a journalistic career. He started with no privileges; nobody paved the way for him; he had nothing to rely upon but his own ability and industry and, happily, he had enough of both to carry him through. Any opening that offered he was ready to fill, and so in succession became editor of a journal devoted to horses, of which he knew nothing; salesman in Scribner's book store; assistant editor of a standard dictionary, and then literary editor of *The Churchman*. Meanwhile he had been contributing verse and prose to a good many papers, and before long his reviews had become a popular feature in two or three of the weeklies and monthlies, and he had earned a considerable reputation as a poet and essayist of real charm and distinction.

These two volumes of his poems, essays and letters* are prefaced with a very admirable Memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday, one of Kilmer's journalistic colleagues and most intimate friends. It is admirable alike as a biography, as a frank, revealing character-study and as a discriminating criticism of Kilmer's work. Mr. Holliday is right in saying it is the felicity of his pages that they cannot be dull, or sad; for Kilmer was too intensely alive,

too intensely human, and too full of the joy of life for anything written of him not to be interesting and not to be vital with something of his own buoyant, radiant personality. His days of struggle behind him, he emerged in 1913 as what he called "a hard newspaper man," and was a highly successful special writer for the *New York Sunday Times*, and in great demand as a lecturer and reader of his own poems, when America declared war on Germany, and he at once threw up everything to enlist. He went to France as a private in the 165th U.S.A. Infantry; was presently made a sergeant; and on the 30th July last year was killed in action near Ourcq.

One thing that I find very attractive in him is that "the better poet Kilmer became the less like a poet he acted"; he had no showy eccentricities, no picturesque pose; no effeminate self-indulgences. He was essentially a masculine, business person, with a wife and family to support, and he shouldered his responsibilities cheerfully and capably. From his poems you may gather that to his thinking the poet should be not less but more of a man than others, and he puts the fineness and robust healthfulness of that philosophy into his scathing lines "To Certain Poets":

"... You little poets mincing there
With women's hearts and women's hair!

"How sick Dan Chaucer's ghost must be
To hear you lisp of 'Poesie'!

"This thing alone you have achieved:
Because of you, it is believed

"That all who earn their bread by rhyme
Are like yourselves, exuding slime.

"Take up your needles, drop your pen,
And leave the poet's craft to men!"

The same good scorn is in his stanzas "To a Young Poet Who Killed Himself"; but though this fiercely satirical note is characteristic of him, it is not his chief characteristic. It is not so entirely like himself as are the delightful playfulness and tenderness in his verses about children; the charm of fancy and feeling in his love lyrics, "For Aline"; or the whimsical pathos of such poems as "Servant Girl and Grocer's Boy" and "Delicatessen." Widely different as they are in theme, his poems are bound each to each by the sensitive love of humanity, the quiet beauty of imagination and emotion, the gracious, forceful personality that run through them all, and from the haunting music of his song of the road, "Roofs," the wistfulness of "War-time Christmas," the deep poignancy of "Rouge Bouquet" and "Prayer of a Soldier in France," two of the few poems he wrote on active service, I still come back to "Delicatessen" as not the best but perhaps the most peculiarly characteristic thing he ever wrote. It merely pictures an ordinary delicatessen store and the worried little man who serves his meats, fruits, spices, pickles, olives, tea to all comers, and it finds a heart of poetry in these unideal surroundings where the shopman's soul is confined by his counters:

"Yet—in a room above the store
There is a woman—and a child
Pattered just now across the floor;
The shopman looked at him and smiled.

"For once he thrilled with high romance
And tuned to love his eager voice.
Like any cavalier of France
He wooed the maiden of his choice. . . .

"And when the long day's work is done
(How slow the leaden minutes ran!)
Home, with his wife and little son,
He is no huckster, but a man! . . .

"He decks his window artfully,
He haggles over paltry sums.
In this strange field his war must be
And by such blows his triumph comes.

"What if no trumpet sounds to call
His armed legions to his side?
What if to no ancestral hall
He comes in all a victor's pride?

* "Joyce Kilmer." Edited by Robert Cortes Holliday. Vol. I.: "Memoir and Poems." Vol. II.: "Prose Works." 12s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The scene shall never fit the deed.
Grotesquely wonders come to pass.
The fool shall mount an Arab steed
And Jesus ride upon an ass.

"This man has home and child and wife
And battle set for every day.
This man has God and love and life;
These stand, all else shall pass away.

"O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Whose mother was a village maid,
Shall we, Thy children, blow our breath
In scorn on any humble trade?

"Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes, that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendour of humanity."

I cannot improve on Father Daly's description of Kilmer's verse as "simple and direct, yet not without subtle magic," it "seems artlessly naive, yet it possesses deep undercurrents of masculine and forceful thought; it is ethical in its seriousness, and yet as playful and light-hearted as sunlight and shadows under summer oaks," nor on what Cecil Chesterton, who knew him, has said of Kilmer himself: "He was the kind of man who would have disliked and despised the sort of self-analysis in which some poets have delighted. Behind a breezy and boyish sort of vanity—the healthy kind of vanity that is pleased when it pleases others—he had humility and simplicity in his soul. That is why his mysticism never plunged into morbidity, as Poe's did, but set itself to scale the skies."

A. D.

AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD.*

Mr. Macdonald's reminiscences tempt one to challenge the old Greek saying, "Call no man happy till he is dead." He is living still, unweakened by anything more serious than the moral obliquities of his poultry, and for years he seems to have enjoyed

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

A charming atmosphere fills these pages of reminiscences, extending over seventy years. They do not breathe any resentful spirit or any interest in controversies, such as that over Hugh Price Hughes, in which the author's feelings must have been stirred. Mr. Macdonald remembers what is pleasant to remember, not ignoring the troubles and trials, but dwelling on the brighter side as a rule.

This is the tale of a Wesleyan Methodist, who has been successively minister, professor of theology, secretary to the Missionary Society, and President of the Conference. The curious thing is that he had no special training for the ministry. He was studying at Owens College, Manchester, when as a lad of twenty he was unexpectedly recommended as a candidate for the ministry. It was a surprise to his father, who presided over the meeting of Circuit, and to himself. But it was one of these sudden turns which prove providential. He read widely in literature and theology, to make up for his lack of special education. And family connexions brought him into touch with circles of stimulus. One sister married Burne Jones, another Poynter, the late President of the Academy, a third Mr. Alfred Baldwin, M.P., and a fourth an Anglo-Indian, John Lockwood Kipling. "It was after a day that a number of us spent together at Rudyard Lake," he writes of this sister, "that they became engaged." All this tells its own tale. These gifted women and their new interests evidently meant an education itself for Mr. Macdonald. There is no self-praise in this book, and the author is finely scrupulous about trading upon his distinguished relatives. But we see his own career opening up steadily and honourably; we infer that he had gifts of tact and patience, breadth of mind, and the power for getting on

with people of most kinds. Also, he has had a rare capacity for friendship. "As regards both disposition towards friendship and opportunities of cultivating it, I reckon myself fortunate," he remarks, and then adds the interesting fact, "During a great part of my life many of my closest friendships were with persons older than myself."

Mr. Macdonald discusses the effect of the itinerant system of the ministry upon family life. He thinks that it prevents any strong local attachments, but on the other hand that it tends to drive a family back upon itself. He has also some shrewd reflections upon the difficulties of church union, which are unwritten, yet none the less real. His book contains passages of this kind that come with weight from a man of his long experience.

He also enlivens his pages with humorous tales and pleasant recollections. One of his bright little sisters came down to breakfast one day rather irritable, and explained her mood by declaring, "Oh, I have had a bad dream! I dreamt that I was Antichrist, and had my ears boxed with sheet-lightning for my impudence." Another story may be quoted, in conclusion. After preaching at St. Louis, the author was at breakfast in his hotel, when a negro waiter whispered in his ear,

"I heard you preach last night, sah, very good sermon, sah; I couldn't have preached dat sermon if I'd stopped on my knees till de day of doom, sah."

"Possibly not," said I, "but I have no doubt you can do many things that I cannot do."

"Yes, sah, I can, sah," was his quick reply. "I can stand at de door ob de dining room when de gentlemen come in to dinner, and take der hats, fifty hundred ob dem, and when dey go out agun I gib every gentleman his own hat, make no mistake, sah."

"Well," said I, "I could not do that."

"No, sah, you couldn't," he said proudly, and yet kindly that I might not feel discouraged, "you couldn't."

"How do you manage it?" said I.

"*Imagination, sah!*" was his reply. "I look at de empty hats when I've put dem on de shelf till I see de faces come under 'em."

We should like to have heard more about A. J. Scott, the brilliant man who flits through the pages of biographies about the middle of last century, the friend of Irving, the man who never fulfilled all the promise and hopes that attached to his career. He had ceased to be head of Owens College when Mr. Macdonald entered, but he was still teaching. Mr. Macdonald speaks of his extraordinary influence over the students. But he remains enigmatic.

Mr. Macdonald has been a bookman all his life, and it is not inappropriate here to cite his plea for literary criticism.

"There are those, I am aware, who hardly consider it a respectable department of literature. 'Read books,' they say, 'the great books, especially, but don't read books about books.' If that means anything it means read Shakespeare, but don't read Coleridge and Hazlitt on Shakespeare, or Dr. Furnivall, or Sidney Lee, or Swinburne, or Dowden, or Professor Raleigh. That is, accept no help from those whose genius, learning, and long devotion to the study of Shakespeare fit them to be the guides of those who would travel in his realms of gold."

JAMES MOFFATT.

WAR MEMORIES, 1914-1918.*

For some time to come our leisure will be fully occupied if we are to read all the various works by the leading actors, soldiers and politicians, of the world war. Ludendorff's was the first to be published by one of our former enemies, and Von Tirpitz has followed "close upon." The next to appear are Count Czerny's and Von Bethmann-Hollweg's, each at one time Chancellor of his country. More doubtless will follow. Ludendorff's justification for the part his country took in beginning the war is that it was imposed upon Germany as a defensive war against the Entente. Evidence is against such a plea; whether Russia, France and England were in any way—even in the least degree—contributory, will be for the future judicially to decide. Here and there in the book its author throws some interesting sidelights on the character of the Kaiser, and one can

* "As a Tale That Is Told: Recollections of Many Years." By Frederic W. Macdonald. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

* "My War Memories, 1914-1918." By General Ludendorff. 34s. net. (Hutchinson.)

but conjecture what would have been his attitude to the war if he had not been so completely under the domination of his military advisers. The following extract suggests much thought :

"There were many things which formed a barrier between me and His Majesty; our characters were too different. He was my Imperial Master, and I served him and my country in his person, with the most loyal devotion. . . [he] loved his soldiers, desired only the best for his country and people, and whose whole inmost nature was averse to war—a man whose nature was typical of the German of post-Bismarckian times. The monarch on whom such enormous responsibility lay did not, like his Imperial grandfather, find men like Roon and Bismarck, who were resolved in times of stress to demand from the country everything needed for the prosecution of the war. That was what proved fatal to the Emperor and the country in this war."

This view would seem to refer, not to the Kaiser's attitude before the war, but to his lack of action, when the war was going against Germany, in not compelling the nation to a more mighty effort. Infinitely more could have been done, so Ludendorff thought, by the people if only they were directed by the proper persons. It is not difficult to assume who they were in whom such powers were centred. He was persistently urging the Chancellor that more and still more should be done to avert disaster. But the people were getting tired, disappointed and disillusioned. They had been promised an early end of hostilities, of course in their favour, and at the beginning of the war they believed it, so ingrained in them was their confidence in the strength and perfection of their mighty army. The scheme for the defeat of their enemies seemed to promise success. France was to be first conquered before Russia was ready, and to ensure it their guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium was to be ignored. Then, having accomplished their task in the West, they were to turn on Russia. But Belgium, unfortunately for their best-laid plans, upset their calculations, and much precious time was lost in overcoming that little nation. Then, when effort after effort was ineffectual, the poor deluded German people were fed on promises which never or seldom became facts. "If it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." That seemed a poor consolation when their hopes had been raised to such a pitch of expectation. Ludendorff's plaint was that the people could, should and ought to be made to do more. It was reported that he was desirous of becoming a dictator, but this he denied. There is no doubt if he had been withdrawn from his military duties at the front, and sent to Berlin, many things would have altered. His forceful personality would have made itself felt there as it did in the field.

In August, 1916, after the Russian success against Austria and the first British and French offensive, Hindenburg, who had up to that date been Commander-in-Chief in the East with Ludendorff as his Chief of Staff, was appointed Chief of the Staff of the Field Army, and the latter Second Chief. This change of command was introduced in order that the war might be won. Ludendorff was undoubtedly the more able soldier, and it is to his credit that he did everything possible to win the war for his country. Full of boundless energy, conscious of the tremendous responsibility placed on his shoulders and of the confidence of the nation and army in his skill, he worked zealously and ceaselessly for the defeat of his opponents. And he believed or deluded himself into believing in the justice of his cause. His fall was due to his having signed along with Hindenburg an order to the army urging further resistance after the government had decided to enter into armistice negotiations. This order was not issued to the troops, but its contents leaked out. It seems strange that Hindenburg should not have been made to share in his fall, for the latter was the first to sign the order, and Ludendorff's signature was appended through a misapprehension. But apparently Hindenburg was not so unpopular with the civil authorities as was Ludendorff. Ludendorff's work is the most important work on the war which has yet appeared, and is of considerable historical value. It is engrossingly interesting,

well written and supplied with a series of large folding maps and sketch maps in the text, all of which are really useful. The only drawback to them is that they (the folding maps) are not detached, as they should have been, and placed in a pocket at the end of the work, otherwise it means in order to follow the battles easily that they have to be cut out.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

CHRIST, ST. FRANCIS AND TO-DAY.*

The main thesis of Mr. Coulton's new and at least ingenious work is that if all Franciscan documents written within twenty years of the death of St. Francis of Assisi were out of existence and memory, and were those remaining as few and rare as early Christian memorials, any attempt to infer the founder's intention from the direction in which the Order was tending at the close of its first century would misread the whole position. At that period the Franciscans were collecting great libraries, had captured the universities and were building noble churches, which things were in opposition to the design of St. Francis. On the basis of this analogy, Mr. Coulton inquires what support there is for assuming that the state of the Christian Church in A.D. 90 and after was that which Christ had prescribed. The general tenor of His teaching "and His attitude towards formalities of every kind" preclude any idea of sympathy with elaborate organisation. The presumption is that He did not institute the Catholic Church "even in that rudimentary form which we find in St. Ignatius—and still less the Church of mediæval development." In particular, the claims concerning the hierarchy and apostolic succession are "pious opinions," historically unprovable. The desirable thing and the plea here advanced is to leave these questions open, with all those that are like them, and find a common basis for Christian unity, it being obvious that matters of debate which have reached no settlement in 1900 years cannot be vitally essential. The motto is therefore "sink the differences" and make a fresh start. There are thousands to whom it will seem good counsel, whether practicable or not, but it is well to recognise where it may lead us. Mr. Coulton describes a Christian as one "who in his degree is a follower of Christ"—the possible degrees being infinite, and all doctrinal matters concerning the nature of Christ being obviously left open. He may be the Son of God, consubstantial with the Father and the Second Person of a Holy, Blessed and Undivided Trinity; a man of divine election in whom dwelt the Spirit of God; an historical personality or a great symbol of the way of the soul in God: I am a Christian, whichever of these alternatives I am able to take and prepared to follow. In other words, it is given to every man according as his mind shall choose: there is no rule of teaching, and the faith once delivered to the saints goes back to their keeping, having ceased to be of use among us. Any evidence from physical miracles has of course passed into the limbus; there remains only "the moral miracle" of Christianity. My point is that Mr. Coulton may be right *ex hypothesi*, even if his Franciscan parallel is a little too plausible not to conceal a trap; but if he be, it is vital to realise where we are. We are left with a so-called moral miracle, like a stone offered for bread. I am a Christian because the life and doctrine of Christ stand for the path which I must follow if I would take back my soul to God. I am not a Christian because Christianity embodies a collection of precepts which teach men how to be morally good: the world is full of these precepts, but no moral considerations have ever saved the world. We may sink the differences and the doctrines; we may find a common basis apart from doctrines and may think to carry on somehow; but if we are honest to ourselves and to others, we shall recognise that we are taking the closing in that rite of the Christian centuries which has been called the Christian Dispensation.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Christ, St. Francis and To-day." By E. G. Coulton, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)



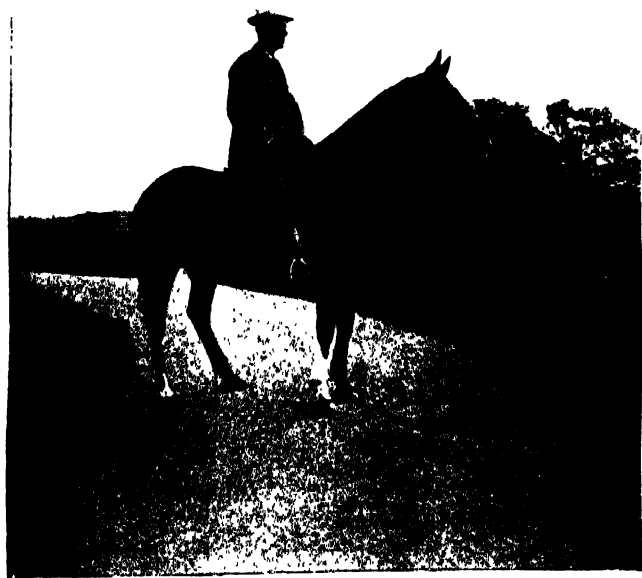
Robert MacLennan

R.J. SWAN, 1919.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S SAINT.*

Mr. Galsworthy in his latest work, a novel of the war years, gives us an up-to-date picture of age aghast before the opinions and conduct of the children it has brought into the world. For the victim of such an experience, by no means uncommon nowadays, he chooses a clergyman, and presents him with a friendly, almost an affectionate sympathy. He makes him, indeed, a saint, though with the saint's asceticism, the saint's blindness to what is under his nose, the saint's inclination to be hortatory and even sometimes harsh of judgment. There is only one thing lacking for his title to be fully deserved. When the vicar's faith is attacked—as in our times and especially during the war, how could it escape being?—he is a very poor hand at stating its case. Now your conventional parson might, nay often did, find himself at a loss under the challenge, "Why does a good God permit universal carnage?" But your saint, however modern, is of a different make. He will boldly avow, "I know in Whom I have trusted"; he, like Paul the Apostle, will have some contact with the unseen, some vision of his Master, though others may call it hallucination, on which to rest his confidence. But for Edward Pierson his religion is a drug and argument is tiring and confusing. Such a man stands no chance against his two girls when, as would so many young things of to-day, they refuse to take the word of authority and claim to think for themselves. Moreover, faced with a war in which youth had to pay the heaviest price in risk and sacrifice, and young womanhood was threatened with either the hauling of all its legitimate expectations of joy and mating or else the prospect of premature widowhood, they had no taste for platitudes, and platitudes were all this gentle but obstinate priest, their father, had to offer. Their response to his tenders of hackneyed consolation differed with their fortunes. Gratian, already wedded and able to ward off death from her doctor-husband, was content with informing him that she did not believe in a future life, and could not pray. But the apple of his eye, the more passionate Noel, horrified him one day with the announcement that she was about to become an unmarried mother. The fanatic in him, of course, opposes secrecy, expects penitence and open acknowledgment, with the result that scandal is soon agog in his parish, and he has to resign his living. Both girls feel, not without reason, that they have pulled him down, but the tragedy of his career does not alter their beliefs or non-beliefs, and he it is who at the close of the tale is left unhappy.

* "Saint's Progress." By John Galsworthy (Heinemann.)



Mr. John Galsworthy.

From a snapshot.

One's first instinct on turning the last page of the book is to protest against its main situation. Whether war-babies were a rare or a frequent development of the abnormal conditions from which we have emerged, they did not come from the class to which Mr. Galsworthy's Noel belonged. Girls of her class, no doubt, rushed into love on the briefest acquaintance and snatched at the cup of pleasure and experience with a certain desperation. There was no time to waste. But though their ears were on the alert for the sudden call that might come from France, they did not give themselves to lovers they might never see again, regardless of convention. They made sure of what happiness was possible by a more common-sense form of rashness—by an immediate plunge into matrimony. And that is how Noel would have acted and thereby saved the saint of the novel many a qualm. But too much can be made of this flaw in the book, the more so as Noel, apart from her one wild lapse, is quite true to type—the normal sheltered type of girlhood. And the rest of Mr. Galsworthy's characters are alive enough, normal enough. Who has not met such a medical man as Gratian's husband who thinks this particular world has no particular importance and will become again the nebula out of which it was formed, and by friction with other nebulae will reform into a fresh shape, and so on *ad infinitum*? Who does not know a painter of the Belgian Lavendie's sort with his view that the universe is a limitless artist always trying to make a masterpiece, and generally failing? Who has not met a Captain Fort to whom creation stands for a long fight, a sum of conquests or defeats, and, for the matter of that, how far from rare is a Leila Pierson, the amorist, who takes advantage of such a fighter's chivalry! But the mere fact that so many of these characters can be expressed in terms of their talk opens our eyes to a peculiarity of their presentment. They are real enough but they are more or less type portraits—the man of science, the artist, the man of action, the charmer, and really Mr. Galsworthy is more interested in their ideas than in their actions. He is out not so much for telling a story as for making a survey, he wants to show us not an individual adventure, but the attitude of the whole of us, the community, as summed up in certain well-defined types, under war conditions, what we thought and felt, where we fell short, how the war caught us unawares in our creeds, our charity, our individualism—youth of course pointing the moral and bowling us out. So it is that in a single chapter he sets up medico, artist, fighter, to air their views about the universe, with youth present but indifferent, wrapt up in its own sorrows. That is a clever chapter, but it points to the weakness of the author's art. There are times when his humanitarianism, his concern for the common weal, his preoccupation with "sociology" and with abstract thought distract him from the more essential business of a novelist. And then the critic, with not a fraction of his brains or of his heart, can pick holes in his work as I have done, without perhaps feeling, as I do, unhappy over the job, however certain that what he urges has some justification.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE CASE AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.*

It is not surprising that, in these days, there should have been a very large increase in the number of those who believe in Spiritualism. During the Great Plague, wizards, diviners, fortune-tellers sprang up all over London, and the credulous flocked to consult them. The shadow of death was over the city:

"The air was filled with farewells of the dying
And mourning for the dead,"

and broken and bewildered by their dire experiences, people were eager to trust in those who were able, or professed to be able, to give them warnings, counsel, or

* "The Case Against Spiritualism." By Jane T. Stoddart. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

any hope from the unseen world into which so many of their friends had gone. And nowadays, when thousands have had their nearest and dearest suddenly taken from them in the war, there has been a natural, human longing to believe in the power of any wonder-worker who claims that he can call their spirits back from the beyond and place them, once again, in communion with them.

Usually the opponents of Spiritualism deny all its evidence and put its phenomena down to delusion or deliberate trickery. Miss Stoddart does not adopt that easy way of disposing of the subject. She has studied the history and records of Spiritualism carefully and impartially, and among much that is suspect, much that is demonstrably fraudulent, she recognises that some of its manifestations are genuine, but shows of what little value are all messages received through trance or other mediums, even when they are or may be authentically occult, how uncertain it is that they are from the spirit the inquirer thinks he is consulting, and the mental disaster that often results from pursuing experiments that the great teachers of Christianity, knowing how perilous they are, have forbidden. There is no ridicule of the follies of the séance; Miss Stoddart writes earnestly and forcefully, not as a partisan, but as an honest seeker after truth. She writes with the authority of one who has studied these matters deeply and reverently, and supports her conclusions by quoting chapter and verse, quoting them on occasion from leading thinkers in the ranks of the spiritualists themselves.

The book is at once a revelation and a warning, and should be read by all, for it throws light on those eternal mysteries in which all are concerned. Its conclusions are well considered and clear, and it says courageously many things that, particularly just now, needed to be said.

S. I.

THOMSON OF DUDDINGSTON.*

This stately volume—consisting of 568 pages—must surely contain all that can be known and all that can be said about the celebrated Scottish landscape painter, John Thomson of Duddingston. Mr. Napier has spared neither time nor labour upon a work not only eminently congenial to himself, but also of deep and abiding interest to every student of art, and to every Scot proud of the traditions of his race. It will be impossible for any future writer to furnish a more comprehensive or systematised account of Thomson. John Thomson's place in art may still be open to criticism, but it is difficult to see what more can be said than has been said, and so admirably, by his latest biographer. Mr. Napier has given years to his subject. He has written with his life's blood, as one happens to know, and what reader but must acknowledge that the final word on Thomson has been spoken? The author, it may be remarked, carries on an art business in Edinburgh. Scores of Thomson's pictures have passed through his hands. He possesses a choice little collection of his own: and he is familiar with the whereabouts and condition of practically every canvas which has come from the Duddingston brush. Hence the mass of information packed into these instructive and fascinating pages. Hence, too, the loving manner in which the task has been essayed. Yet it was no task in the ordinary sense. Only a Thomson enthusiast—one who was a really sympathetic student and interpreter of the Thomson spirit—could have produced this arresting and masterly monograph. It must revive interest in the Genius of Duddingston, and in the annals of art it should make Thomson's place more secure if indeed such security were needed.

A native of the Burns Country, son of the manse of Dailly, and himself sometime incumbent of that parish, John Thomson spent the major portion of his life as minister of Duddingston, within sight, if not wholly "within a mile of Edinburgh toon." Duddingston was then an ideal

spot for the cultivation of art, and the place has been the making of several artistic reputations. It was at Dailly, however, that Thomson learned his early limning. When he "stepped westward" and found himself under the spell of Arthur's Seat, and the shining, glorious line of the Forth, and with one of the most charming lochans in Scotland lying in front of his manse windows, it is easy to understand the artistic development of the man, and the persistent eagerness with which he manipulated his palette, evoking his numerous surprising and delectable counterfeits of Nature in every one of her moods, the most august, the most serene.

There are those who assign Thomson a somewhat ordinary niche in the temple of Art. He was a parson, and it has been argued that his devotion to art was only a secondary affair, implying therefore that his artistic work also was in its nature only secondary. Such a conclusion is unwarranted: it is puerile and absurd—the offspring of prejudice and of crass unwillingness to discern those lofty intellectual and spiritual qualities inherent in one who would always be more a painter than a preacher. Accidentally, if one may say so, Thomson entered the service of the Church. He was born within a manse, but he was born an artist. And though art was not banned in the Scottish manses, it was not encouraged to any extent. Those were the days when landscape painting was in its infancy—the days, too, when whoever sought to cultivate art for its own sake, or even for filthy lucre's sake, was set, not seldom, in the category of the aimless, the lazy, the good-for-nothing. Thus young Thomson's professional career was a direct result of the parental predilection. He desired to handle the palette: his father led him the way of the pulpit. Destined to blossom into one of the greatest landscapists of his time, John Thomson's life was diverted into a different channel from that towards which his thoughts had long wandered. A not altogether uncongenial channel, notwithstanding! And it was one which nowise weakened the consciousness of unrecognised powers within him, or afterwards subtracted from the splendour of a genius which asserted itself so quickly and conspicuously. The truth is that, instead of his being an "amateur artist" because he chanced to affix the title of Reverend to his name, Thomson's work carries with it overwhelming proof of his devotion to art, and of the fact that in his own soul he gave precedence to art simply because he could not help it. He was driven to the study of Nature by the intense witchery and delight with which all natural scenes and objects made appeal to him. Nevertheless, those were merely in the case of Thomson, as they must be in the case of every true painter, experiences of something surpassingly higher, since the ultimate of art is ever a spiritual conception rather than a materialistic and sensuous one. Perhaps after all, then, Thomson's calling as a divine operated not only on his enjoyment of the natural world around him, but also on that remarkably living technique reflected in all his finest work. It inspired him in a double sense, impelling him, as Mr. Napier points out, to put into his art his own soul, his own personality, and, not least, his own Scottish heart.

It was a very happy life which Thomson lived under the shadow of those great crags rising up on the one side of his home, with the romantic little loch on the other. He had many friends—the best that Scotland—that Britain—could send to his hospitable door. Hither came Walter Scott, poetical fame at his heels. "The Lay" had just been published, and the whole country was in raptures. In the manse garden Scott wrote a fragment of "The Heart of Midlothian." The tree where he sat stood till very recently. Scott was a member of his friend's Kirk Session, a commissioner to the Presbytery and Synod, and right nobly supported Thomson in all his pious endeavours and artistic ambitions. The Great Unknown, we may be certain, was long the Well Known to the worthy pastor of Duddingston. No Scottish manse boasted so many literary, and artistic, and legal associations as Thomson's manse did. So near the capital,

* "John Thomson of Duddingston, Landscape Painter: His Life and Work, etc." By Robert W. Napier, F.R.S.A. 21 full-page illustrations. 31s. 6d. net. (Oliver & Boyd.)

Thomson was always sure of guests. He was not always "at home" however. While some had come from Edinburgh it was found that he had just gone to Edinburgh. And it was occasionally a curious reflection that none ever encountered the minister upon the road at a period when access to Duddingston was possible only by way of the Canongate and Holyrood. But Edinburgh turned out to be a newly-erected Curling House at the foot of his garden, and used frequently as a studio. "Edinburgh" was thus employed as a subterfuge for driving away undesirables, never for repelling men like William Clerk of Eldin, or Adam Fergusson, or Professor Liston, or Dr. Macknight of St. Giles, or Christopher North, or Sir David Brewster, or James Hogg, or Thomson's own excellent elder brother Thomas, the foremost antiquarian lawyer of his day—and a host besides of the country's wisest and wittiest.

So John Thomson went on with his painting and making his friendly conquests:

"He pictured the stern ocean-battered Scottish coasts, their beetling cliffs dominated by the ruins of feudal castles; the lonely inland keeps of his native country; enhancing their romantic glamour and pictorial significance. He painted the sombre hills and melancholy moors and mosses of the South and the dark forests and rugged grandeur of the North in their varying aspects of weather and season. He travelled also beyond the limits of his native land and found subjects for his brush in England, Wales and Ireland."

And his name abides, and will abide. This patriotic and learned treatise—so full of philosophic insight and exposition, and practical good sense, with its wealth of delightful illustration, its careful and minute descriptions of the artist's work, its abundant references, its copious indexes, and throughout all, its undissembling reverence and affection for one who was a singularly "kindly Scot"—a great, good man, make it without question one of the most accomplished and finished books of the year.

W. S. CROCKETT.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

Mrs. Webster's essay is a very slight contribution to a very great subject. The work is not uninteresting for all its superficiality, and it is a rather favourable example of the college theme such as the more rising intellectuals of the German universities used to attract, or hope to attract notice by. The points which Mrs. Webster wishes to make are two, that the French Revolution was engineered by dynastic intriguers, and that the control of the machine once set in motion passed into the hands of subversives, men of a purely destructive type. A good many citations support each thesis, but the immense driving power of perhaps the most colossal single movement in history is entirely unaccounted for by anything in the essay. Perhaps the most interesting section of the book is the part devoted to showing that Robespierre and others deliberately favoured civil war because they thought the country was greatly over-populated. The opinions expressed by contemporary economists were certainly very curious, and Frenchmen, apart from politics, appear to have often despaired of the fertility of France. The quotations from writers of the period with respect to Marat are strangely unanimous in representing him as a monster, and his influence over the populace seems incredible. The sketch of St. Just is not without insight, but he was an ardent constructive, and his suggested "Institutions" might well have been studied by our authoress, as she would have been thereby forced to consider how his unity of aim with the "destructive" Robespierre could have come about. The attempt to draw a parallel between the worst of the French revolutionaries and the modern Bolsheviks was perhaps to be expected; it is of course a failure, the atmosphere being wholly different. Mrs. Webster is on surer ground when essaying to appraise the results of the Revolution,

* "The French Revolution: A Study in Democracy." By Nesta H. Webster. 21s. net. (Constable.)

and in accepting the judgment of M. Louis Madelon that the peasant alone gained by it. "He alone is happy." Subsequent authors are quoted, including Lord Ernle, to show that "the peasant has lost his happiness, and has become little more than the serf of the money lender," but the late Minister of Agriculture wrote this as long ago as 1880 and since then, determined statesmen, prominently the really great Melne, have taken rural economics in hand, and by a vast network of agricultural banks State-guaranteed, made the small cultivator once more independent.

C. KAINS-JACKSON.

IN THE CAGE AND ON THE BOUGH.

"Peace, cynicke, see what yonder doth approach"
—seven singers, and the first of them a poet, who sang because he was a captive. The Turk got possession of the body of Mr. John Still and controlled it for three years, but he was blessed by the divine instinct of art, and the melancholy of separation from wife and child, the ghastly sense of devoured time, evoked for him a Muse. Is this a wonder to me? No, I knew a more extraordinary case. I knew the late poet-musician, Reginald Statham, and he told me how, while incarcerated under the law of England, he composed an entire volume of poetry. He had no notepaper as had Mr. Still; he had a wall to scratch on, his indomitable artistry and a memory which received his thoughts as copper receives an etcher's design. Instead of a hollow stick, such as that in which Mr. Still deposited his verses, Statham had only his brain; but it was enough, he published the fruits of his spiritual industry by the enterprise of Messrs. Longman. The prison, however, is not the main fact about prison-poetry; the main fact is thought plus art, and one gladly admits that Mr. Still is a poet of considerable worth. He is uncommonly lyrical; and he is no slave to that dire mood in which William Morris's prisoner sang:

"Still strain the banner-poles
Through the wind's song,
Westward the banner rolls
Over my wrong."

No, Mr. Still is rich in interesting subject matter external to himself, though he chafes and thinks of wife and child. As 'Arry would say, "E knows a thung or two," and tells the town of Angora that

"When all the hills that gird in round are crowned with
gleaming snow,
When gorgeous colours wrap the sky in splendid robes that
glow,
You lie in quiet hypocrisy, hiding the deeds you know."

There is Suvla Bay in Mr. Still's poems; there is President Wilson and a realism which allows one to feel that he reports as well as poetises. His "Loris" that "catches sleeping bulbs by the head" deserves one of Mr. Chesterton's magnificent laughs. But let that pass, for there is so much besides irony in Mr. Still's ample volume that one reader will look to it for wisdom, another for melody, a third for story. "I failed to find the path I sought because the path was not in me": that confession surely is touched by, if not completely inspired by, true wisdom. And there is beautiful melody in his song of fairies who gather jewels "and fling a few into a poor princess's dream." As for Mr. Still's Oriental legends, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has not held me firmer by the spell of poetic romance. If the Turk, in spite of his ugly trick of kissing his scimitar in view of captive Britons, was the cause of Mr. Still's leisure for productivity, he deserves a bookman's "thank you," if the poet will excuse it.

I do not know if Helen Granville Barker is young or old, male or female (for the late Fiona Macleod and Mr. Laurence Housman have made me sceptical of the physiology suggested by title-pages), but I do know that "Songs in

1 "Poems in Captivity." By John Still. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

*Cities and Gardens** is a charming volume reflective of a rare personality and distinguished by uncommon mastery of metre. I will never quarrel with any writer of *vers libres* whose experiments result in stanzas as musical as this:

"When I was a little sober child
Sitting quiet, in a sheltered corner,
I heard someone calling;
Then there came a sound of racing footsteps
And a wild sweet face
Looked in upon me.
I saw eyes of wonder,
Lips of magic,
And was frightened in my quiet corner
(Frightened—but enchanted).
'Tell your name to me,' at last I whispered;
'Have you come to be a playmate?'"

Our poet possesses that rare instrument—an ear for quantity, and a happy faculty for uttering a fine line, so that she might if she pleased write a book of poems consisting solely of poems in solitary lines. For instance, her "Snow in May" begins thus:

"I have vanquished the law of hours
And broken the bars of Spring.
White I came to the whiter flowers."

"Whiter flowers" is a daring disparagement of snow, but "oh my!" (as my friend Mr. Shiel exclaims in one of his poems) how a critic would exhibit his prosaicism if he were to protest against it. Here, then, we have a book of real poetry. An impetuous, passionate soul vibrates in it, but the poet's hand has been disciplined by a fastidious demand for beautiful sound, and the result is success.

The interest of the best epics of war and chivalry inevitably survives the ordeal of workmanlike translation, for the image comes through without a serious flaw; and here the sound is of secondary importance. For this reason Pope's "Iliad" is readable, though the musician raves at his resolute indifference to Greek harmony. It necessarily follows, then, that an archaic French poem like the "Chanson de Roland" is a very fit subject for a translator who feels zest in valour, the pathos of estranged heroes, the extremes of baseness and of love. Mrs. Uloth³ has skilfully translated and abridged this thrilling poem so rich in the rhetoric of action, and her simple but not feeble verse should be read with pleasure by many boys and by the numerous girls who like to have at hand miraculous examples of knighthood for the confounding of those who tease and woo them. Mr. Littlejohns' frontispiece is an admirable vision of a dreadful triumph.

The charm of Irish "po-uts" has not, unfortunately, settled the Irish question, but it has made all lovers of poetry feel at one time or another that there isn't an Irish question at all, but an Ireland where a noisy sham life of rhetoric and varnished shillelaghs coexists with a real life of fairies, love, melancholy, fiddling and pretty drolleries. Two things are certain: the characteristic Irish smile is lovely and the grace of naturalness belongs to the best Irish verse. That Mr. Doak⁴ is not unworthy to be counted among good Irish poets is evident in this little poem, so quietly, perfectly humorous:

"One shoulder up, the other down,
His hat upon a broomstick crown,
I saw a ragged scarecrow stand,
Guarding the sown and sunlit land.

"Awhile I stood, and not a crow
Near the rich furrows dared to go;
But when I turned away, why then
They fell to work like husbandmen."

The war fortunately has not rubbed Irishisms out of Mr. Doak's vocabulary, for in a pathetic tribute to "Johnny Durney" he says:

"Maybe a grand man fired the shot—
He laid a grander low,"

* "Songs in Cities and Gardens." By Helen Granville Barker. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

³ "The Legend of Roncevaux." Adapted from "La Chanson de Roland." By Susanna H. Uloth. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

⁴ "The Three-Rock Road." By H. L. Doak. 2s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Very far from conventional diatribes against the "blond beast" is such writing, but it is not unacceptable now that hatred should be scabbarded with the sword. One of Mr. Doak's best poems is "The Golden Grain" where, by the Merchant's Quay, he, merry as birds picking up grains of foreign wheat, regales himself with "a foreign thought or two." May his commonplace reader do likewise.

A fine nature able to express emotion very well, though rather meagrely supplied with spiritual information, attracts and awakens the sympathy of Mr. Hilton Young's⁵ present critic. Mr. Young was on the *Iron Duke* during the war. "A smile for hate!" sings he:

"Seek hate where hearts are festering with fear;
The winds and waves have cleansed us from it here."

The technique of Mr. Young's sea life is the inspiration of a clever descriptive poem called "In a Turret." A bitter ballad illustrative of the luck of the slacker has a taking simplicity quite Hardy-esque, and when Mr. Young thinks of dead comrades he utters a couplet not easily forgotten:

"'Dear land of noonday light,' we said before;
But now 'dear land of ghosts'—for evermore."

I am glad to say that a myriad experiences of the wisdom of distinguishing between a new thing and a thing done by a new man have failed to atrophy the nerve of curiosity which tingles when a stranger's work is before me. The new Sussex poet, Mr. Whiting,⁶ earns at least a small excitement in one's approach to him if only by his conception of an atheist whose prayer and praise

"Are tickling rods
To awaken the gods
At one of their thousand feasts."

A short poem, "Love and the Beggar," shows a keen perception of the majesty inherent in love:

"I would beg of some one
A deep enfolding cloak
To muffle my face, and run
From thy silent master-stroke."

Mr. Whiting has still to learn that feeble thought is a hapless learner on any wings; but his merits entitle him to some attention.

Though I am not psychically fitted to go through life behind a banner inscribed "Self-Denial," I admire the best poetry of Christian idealism—Crashaw's for instance; and in reading Mr. Hall's lucid and melodious verses⁷ I feel that he is worthy of bookcase contact with Crashaw. He rouses and kindles faith in the divine endeavour of altruism to realise the dream of flame and glorious light that drowns and pines in people who have no mighty genius to establish their individuality on the rock:

"Fire brings no loss
Save of all dress
And every bond.
Strip, thou shalt show
In fiercest glow
True Diamond!"

That is the language of a confident Messenger, and when the poet asks us, "Were you ever where the flowers spring from?" "Were you ever where the thrushes learn their music?" "Did your freed soul ever wander into love's domain," he stings and thrills the torpid idealism of the Mixed Man. It would be certainly silly to read Donne's religious poetry and ignore Mr. Hall's; it would suggest the snobbery of Fossilism, i.e., Academies.

W. H. CHESSON.

⁵ "A Muse at Sea." By E. Hilton Young. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

⁶ "Cometh the Song." By W. G. S. Whiting. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

⁷ "The Heart of a Mystic." By W. Robert Hall. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)



*From a painting by John Thomson.
From "Thomson of Duddingston"
By Robert W. Napier, F.R.S.A.
(Oliver & Boyd).*

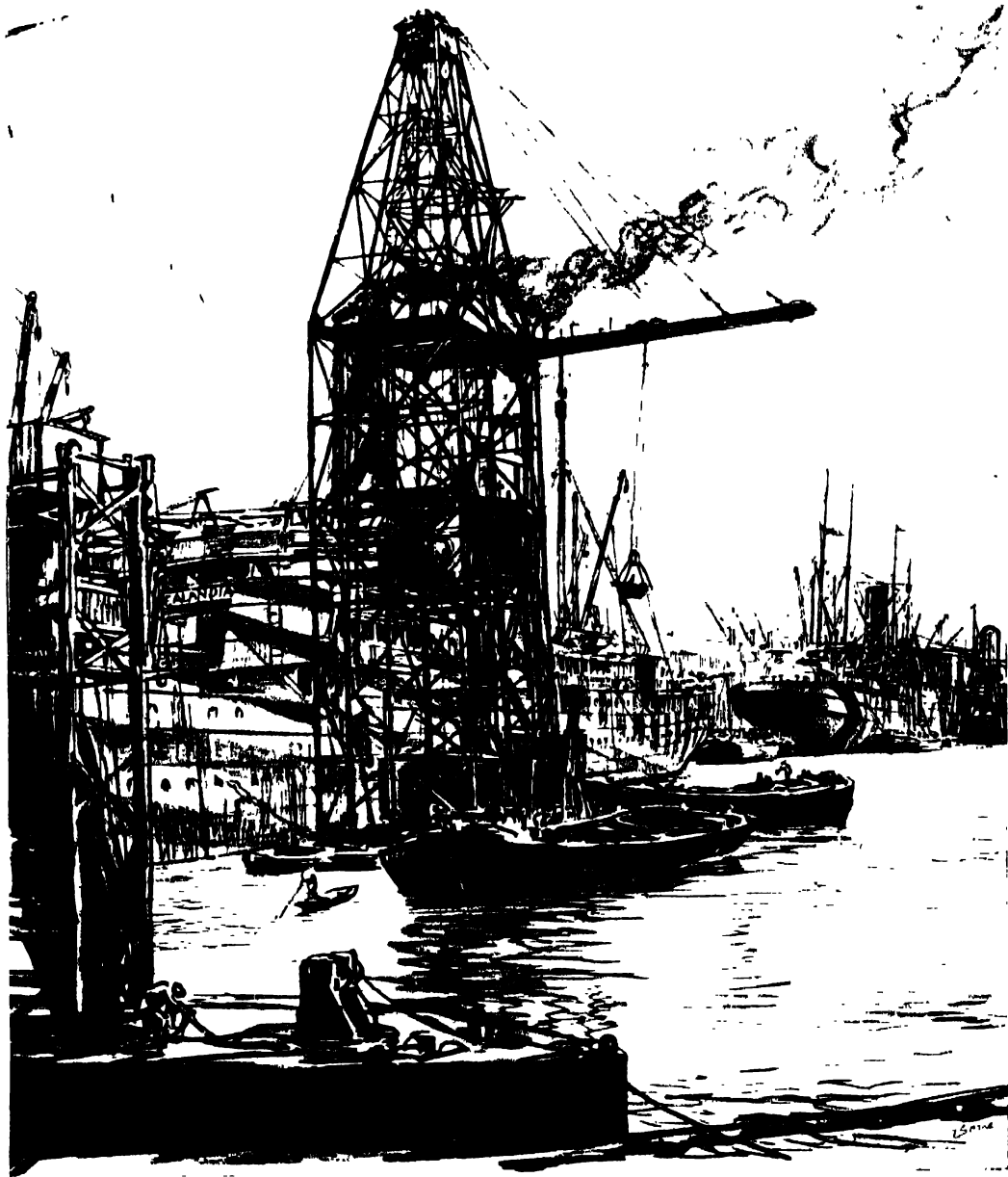
NEWARK CASTLE.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1919.



"LION" LEADING THE BATTLE CRUISERS.

From "Men, Sea Fights and Ships,"
By W. L. Wyler, R.A.
With explanatory and descriptive text
By C. Owen and W. D. Kitchin
Gossett,



*From "Merchantmen-at-Arms"
Written by David Bone,
Illustrated by Muirhead Bone
(Chatto & Windus).*

GIANT CRANE.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1919.



Photo by G. W. King, New York.

ALEXANDER BLACK,
Author of "The Great Desire
(Hodder & Stoughton).

YORKSHIRE FOLK SONGS.

A delightful personality, lately lost to English literature and many friends, is represented in the two little volumes published by Mr Elkin Mathews. Professor Moorman, at Leeds, founded a true folk-cult, and his work will yet be known better than it is. In 'Songs of the Ridings' he offered poems that might be read in the cottage and recited or sung at social gatherings of the people. In 'Plays of the Ridings' his aim was to quicken interest in dramatic art in Yorkshire and help in the establishment of folk festivals of song and dance and drama. It is useless to cry 'Back to the land' and merely undertake to make things easy for farmers unless there be something also done to make life on the land worth living. That was Fred Moorman's creed of public spirit and common sense. He points out in a preface:

The harvest is almost the only thing that supports the farm life that provides comfort, high health, and a cultural bonus. Most of his other tasks are ghastly. In the hills we find a lonelier figure than the ploughman, his furrow the shepherd on the fells, moor or thorn, when in his boy's dream the adders dry by the fabled light of the lantern in the hour that holds in winter dawn. It is a life of rather than bitter weather or long hours that find content in the country man and drives him to the town.

So Moorman spent ten years or more in a roving study of the countryman's mentality and speech in the three Ridings of his adopted county and in giving him acceptable songs and plays.

In a university man this mission was singular. The conventional aim is to educate the manual worker to appreciate what is best in standard English literature. It sets a taboo on dialect. All very well and fine, but it also ignores the fact that our great poets depict a world which is only to a very small extent that of the manual worker. What does he care or what can he ever care for Spenser's purpose, for fiction a gentleman or a noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline, or for Pope's toy "shepherds"? Even the key George Crabbe writes in a three-decker pulpit and calls his unpretentious plain house a cot. And Wordsworth, a desolate-minded man. Many's the time I've seen him taking his family out in a string," the speaker is an old Cumberland miller, as reported by Canon Rawnsley, and never given the dearest bit of notice to come standing by his side and stopping behind a-gapin, with his jaws working the whole time, never no crackin' we can nor no pleasure in em. Our splendid literature in fact is coteric. But look back to the period that scholars deem it darkest, the fifteenth century! Minstrels chanted the terse popular ballads everywhere, and the trade guilds entertained themselves with 'miracle plays'. The folk song sang from heart to heart. It is plain that for the people the Renaissance was as great a loss as for the scholar and courtier it was a gain, and only educated people have shared the scholar's and courtier's inheritance. What is the remedy? Must not song and drama take up the life of the people again in their own tongue? Who can doubt that Burns and Edwin Waugh and Joseph Skipsy and William Barnes and Maura O'Neill were in the right line?

Moorman argued and worked for Yorkshire in this way, first making a collection of dialect poems from 1673 to 1915 and then, in the two present volumes, supplementing them. He could not sound the highest lyric note, but it is an immediate result of his crusade that others begin to pipe it softly. In these volumes let us be duly thankful for the prefaces, alive with rational and noble feeling. The high lyric note comes less consciously, and I think he would himself have touched it if he had not been quite so full of crusading purpose.

"It's hard when fowks can't find their work
Where they've been bred an' born
When I were young I awlous thowt
I'd bide 'mong t' roots an' corn

* 'Songs of the Ridings.' By F. W. Moorman 3s net (Elkin Mathews.)—"Plays of the Ridings." By F. W. Moorman 3s 6d net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Leet Livvy" By J. S. Fletcher 2s 6d net (Stidwick & Jackson)



Photo by Ill. L. L.

The late
Professor F. W. Moorman.

But I've bin fiddlin' with a fawn
So here's my bit o' yarn
Eric Hull an' Hudders an' Hell
Good Lord deliver me!

But now when all w' children's fledged (fledged)
To t' country we've come back
There's fetti mule o' heathery moor
Twix u' an' t' culpit luck
An' when I sit cwa't f' me at meet
I laugh an' heut w' glee
Eric Budderth Leeds an' Huddersfel
Eric Hull an' Hudders an' Hell
I good Lord's delivered me!

That is not a characteristic sample for it gives no hint of his tenderness, humour and sense of the romantic, which lift some other pieces to a much higher level and make me wish to quote them. But it shows the force of his arm. And the plays? I could not overpraise their raciness and truth of character, nor can I doubt that one of them,

Potter Thompson, founded on a Richmond legend of King Arthur and his knights is a masterpiece. In this there is not only great humour in the potters' talk playing upon events in 1430 with the homeliest shrewdness, but much blank verse of noble import yet all within the true scope of a folk drama, so that one predicts for it a lasting popularity in the shire of broad acres and a wider fame.

The Ewe Lamb, too a farce based upon the nativity scene in the Wakefield mystery plays, is immensely diverting, and should serve as a model, for it was meant not to refurbish antiquarian fun, but to show how in country places where there are no stage properties fun may be made of life as men know it daily. Thus the author practised as well as preached a return to the folk, and his last word about it was this which will not be disputed: "Modern democracy cannot do without art and poetry, nor can art and poetry do without democracy."

"Leet Livvy," Mr J. S. Fletcher's narrative poem, was privately printed and is now with brighter prospects given publicity. It is the most important thing of the kind that has appeared in this "vernacular," which is no longer properly to be called such, but stands confessed as the true parent stock. For dramatic monologue Moorman says he went to Browning, Mr Fletcher seems to have gone to Tennyson. In a measure and manner recalling "The

"Northern Farmer" he has told a poignant tale, a love tragedy with unexpected turns and the right grim ending, and put it in the mouth of the village sexton, very fitly. Yet I mislike the spelling. It is teased with meticulous phonetics, in Tennyson's way. No one attempts that treatment of Scotch, and it does not help the reader.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

FIVE IN HAND.*

The writer of the stories "The Second Wife" and "His Family" is a man who dreams fair dreams and puts them into his books. Some time ago Mr. H. G. Wells in writing "The Undying Fire" set forth the thoughts which lie behind the fantasies which we know as novels, the thoughts which perhaps all novelists have—the new silk which waits to be woven into their prayer rugs! We feel without any doubt that from such thoughts came "The Second Wife," and the character of Roger Gale in "His Family."

Mr. Poole is an agreeable and earnest writer. "The Second Wife" is a study of a young girl who, on marrying her late sister's husband, decides to exchange that sister's pleasure-loving and worldly set for one of greater intelligence. As the poor child has no particular gift is indeed a homely, domestic little person—she finds this difficult of accomplishment, and you are left feeling that even if she seems to realise her ambition she can never, in the way of intimacy, get beyond the outer rooms.

"His Family," a more mellow book, is the story of a middle-aged widower and his three daughters. The lives of these young women develop in accordance with their characters, the book ending with the death of the father. The book is pleasantly written, but unfortunately it lacks the element of surprise. You read on, knowing what will happen, and for many people that means that they do not read on.

"The Taming of Nan" opens with a fine piece of psychology in the person of the shrew whose irritation could be worked off only by physical mastery and who, if beaten whenever the tides of temper rose, would have been a happy, perhaps even an amiable, woman. The description of the fight between Nan and Will Cherry is excellent; indeed the whole story is written with a passion which ever and anon crystallises into a compelling beauty of phrase. Miss Holdsworth's craftsmanship has improved since she wrote "Helen of Four Gates," but she still—like most beginners—finds it difficult to realise that action should result from character, and also that character must develop on the lines natural to it. That Nan, the hooligan, the irreconcilable Stone Age woman, hopelessly slatternly and dirty, should after twenty years' matrimony have turned into a house-angel is impossible to believe. As to her sentimental feeling for little Rob after she has let her own five sons die of neglect, a neglect for which she has never known regret or sorrow, this is a Nan grown senile and absurd. One word more. Whereas the book opened with Nan as the central figure, about half-way through the interest shifts from Nan to Polly. The fact is that, in spite of its warmth, strength and beauty, the story is a little disappointing, for it lacks the slow concentrated building up which results in drama. More, a great deal more, might have been made of Nan and of her relations with Cherry, while Polly should have been kept in the background and used only to heighten the drama of her elders' lives.

The cover of "A Pair of Idols" raises a hope of eastern warmth and magic which is doomed to disappointment; but the author makes up for the sins of his publisher by plunging us at once into a world of happy-go-lucky

adventure. Though the story contains, as a sort of core, the two Burmese idols of the wrapper, the scene is laid in Ireland, and the book was written by a man in such high spirits that we feel he ought to pay for the pleasure it evidently gave him by presenting a copy free, gratis, to all his laughter-loving friends. It is a bit of effervescence, a bubble jolly and prismatic, this tale of the irresponsible actions of cheerful Irish folk—the sort who, no doubt, would like to escape from the humdrum common-sense government of the humourless Briton, into Home Rule. A joyous little book!

The casualness which can add an unnecessary preface and also a foreword to an already long-winded story ("The Restless Sex") is perhaps evidence of the writer's indifference to opinion. A little care and both could have been suggested by the story, but care is trouble and it is easier to go ahead and not bother.

A certain John Cleland adopts a waif who, in spite of being the child of decadent vicious parents, proves altogether good and beautiful. She gives the greatest possible satisfaction to this worthy man who, the stage being set for a love affair between the waif and his only son, is swept off it by death. The son, Jim, in accordance with his father's wishes, goes abroad, and while he is away Stephanie marries—platonically, be it understood. In due time, however, her husband commits suicide. Why should this story—Mr. Chambers's forty-ninth novel—which is frankly unreal and sentimental, hold the reader's attention? Possibly by its very unreality, for "The Restless Sex" is a fairy story of the good, old-fashioned kind, with Godmother Cleland opposed to Wicked Fairy Grismer, and Jim to play Prince Charming to a lovely Cinderella. And yet one wonders whether Mr. Chambers is content with the book, whether he would not like to flush these time-worn channels with the sweet waters of actuality, and, instead of pretty-pretty sentiment, write a story of life.

C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT.

LAST FRUIT OFF THE TREE.*

The publication, last year, of "Literary Recreations," and, within the past few weeks, of "More Literary Recreations," has fittingly rounded off the life's work of a man full in the sense of Bacon's aphorism, and a gifted and ready writer.

The Preface to the earlier volume modestly expressed a hope that the book would communicate to the reader somewhat of the pleasure taken by the writer in making it, and ended by echoing Dr. Horton's pious wish (*vide* his Autobiography) for the resumption in a Future World of the gatherings of the New College Essay Society in their far-off youth. Turning the pages of the volume now before us, we remember the allusion, and seem to see in it a half-conscious previsioning of the journey's end. The fruit of a wide and liberal scholarship, unspoiled by any touch of pedantry, the book is instinct with the wisdom begotten of experience and reflection. There is wit in it without cynicism, and that quality of ease combined with strength in the writing of it which comes of fullness of knowledge. In short it is a mellow book. A true citizen of the world, the author ranges at will from Homer to Sir William Watson, and from "Bootle's Baby" to John Burns. Always mentally alert and receptive, he remained to the end catholic in his intellectual tastes and sympathies, as, physically, he was much and distantly travelled. This is one of those books—distressingly few when one thinks of it—which the wise critic is content to enjoy and does not criticise.

Sir Edward Cook's title to fame is clear as he himself could wish—not that he ever expressed a wish on the subject that we are aware of. He was a great editor—both as Fleet Street understands the term and as it was understood by the producer of the noble library edition

* "More Literary Recreations." By Sir Edward Cook. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

* "The Second Wife." By Ernest Poole. 3s. (Macmillan.)—"His Family." By Ernest Poole. 3s. (Macmillan.)—"The Taming of Nan." By E. Holdsworth. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"A Pair of Idols." By Stewart Caven. 7s. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Restless Sex." By R. W. Chambers. 6s. 6d. (Appleton.)

of Ruskin, and his essay here on "The Art of Editing" is made luminous for us in the light of that memorable achievement. An essay that would have been valuable in any case as precept, is not the less valuable in that it follows on example—and it is, and must always remain, the peculiar distinction of Sir Edward that he was a preceptor who was also an exemplar and a master of a high and honourable craft.

In "Travelling Companions" the essayist reconsiders the perennially interesting theme of books one would choose as companions during a solitude enforced or a sojourn in strange places. The expectant reader will not be defrauded of his reference to Sir John Lubbock who assured Sir Edward that he really had read the whole of his hundred best books. "Scepticism vanished when I remembered where he lived. Even the Mahabharata might relieve the tedium of waiting on the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway." A sentence like that, occurring on the third page of his book, puts some of us at once *en rapport* with the author! (Sir Percy Scott, in his recent book, tells us that the battleship is dead, and, casting about him for the means of rendering his argument unanswerable, likens the speed of a battleship to that of a South-Eastern Railway train, naïvely adding, "I am told that this is the slowest line on earth." We are convinced — the battleship is undoubtedly dead.)

In "The Classics in Daily Life" Sir Edward does in some sort for "profane" what Prothero did for "sacred" writ in "The Psalms in Human Life." "A Short Study in Words" is eloquent of the vicissitudes which fall to the lot of words, as of men, in peace as in war; and in "Single-Poem Poets" the reader is set speculating once again on the mystery of Blanco White and his sonnet, on Charles Wolfe, on the unknown author of the "Canadian Boat Song," and other similarly unlucky sutors of a tricky muse. A wholly delightful "Ramble in Pliny's Letters" had for the moment all but cancelled for us the intervening centuries. There is a paper on "Poets as Critics," which, incidentally, revived our one-time eager curiosity on the subject of that tragedy of "Lucretius" on which Matthew Arnold worked for more than twenty years. The appearance, in 1868, of Tennyson's poem on the same subject, upset Arnold's plans, and his own work has never been given to the world, though in his "New Poems," published in 1867, he had prefixed to "Thyrsis" the following lines:

"Thus yesterday, to day, to morrow come,
They hustle one another and they pass;
But all our hustling morrows only make
The smooth to-day of God."

From "Lucretius," an unpublished tragedy.

The paper on "The Charm of the Greek Anthology," with its appended list of translations of the Anthology into English, is fragrant with old familiar perfume from that middle garden of Parnassus. It is plain that the Anthology held its own peculiar place in Sir Edward's regard, and he combats with as keen a gusto as he (who is never "gusty") anywhere permits himself, the adverse opinion expressed by Sir John Mahaffy, to say nothing of Chesterfield's lordly relegation of the Greek Epigrams to his son's supreme contempt. By the way, what a limbo *that was*!

Omitting the classical allusions, the author most frequently mentioned in a book which owes somewhat of its appeal to a frank and spontaneous allusiveness is Ruskin, as was to be expected, though Shelley and Shakespeare run him hard, and Milton, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Swinburne and Tennyson are never very far away.

In an earlier essay, on "The Art of Indexing," Sir Edward said there are two classes of books that should always have a good index: the best books and the most unreadable books. "The best books, because there is so much in them that a reader will want to find again; the worst books, because, lacking an index, they are without any reason for existing at all." For the first of these reasons we are pleased to find this present book provided

with an index so excellent that in some instances it serves the purpose of foot-notes in its disclosures of names and references not stated in the text.

F. C. OWLETT.

Novel Notes.

SPADE WORK. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 1d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A young musician and two women are the protagonists of Mrs. Dudeney's new novel. Enoch Brown, youthful, impractical, a true artist, affectionate and attaching, lives in the same house with Caroline Beech and her mother. Caroline is vivid, keen, direct and practical, as well as discerning, and while loving Enoch adoringly has no illusions as to his ever becoming anything of great note in the world. Strong affection unites the three in their poverty in the quaint little house behind Westminster Abbey, where Caroline worked hard at leather work and beads and silver trinkets, Enoch with dull music pupils and Mrs. Beech cooking and cleaning. Suddenly Mrs. Beech has a legacy of thirty thousand pounds and an enchanting house in Angmering, and away we go to Mrs. Dudeney's beloved Sussex. Here the joys of comfort and luxury cause Caroline and Mrs. Beech to blossom and revel, but Enoch sets his face against marriage till he has made his name and a position. At Angmering is Juniper Sadgrove who lives alone with an aged grandmother, and Enoch drifts to her while still imagining he will marry Caroline. The developing of Caroline from the simple, ardent girl of North Street to the strong, competent, aloof, wise woman who sees her lover lost yet never grows sour, but helps her rival in her worst need and arranges that she shall marry Enoch, is excellently and delicately drawn. There is not the slightest doubt that Mrs. Dudeney really excels in her portraits of women, especially women with heart and brain and character. Caroline and Juniper are both fine creations, and the disentangling of the tangle holds our attention and our sympathy and engages our profound interest. The minor characters are so clearly drawn and so distinct and interesting that they are only minor in the sense of being secondary to the theme—they are quite essential and without them the whole story would be altered. The book is full of wise psychology, keen observation and swift, penetrating, true ideas, and is in many ways an exceedingly fine novel. Its essentially minor key—the minor key of the ensemble rather than of the details—will prove no aid to winning it the popularity it deserves. One thing is very noteworthy, and it is surely hardly in the best manner. The characters are strongly sketched in, Caroline sprightly, vivacious, physically restless, her mother large, "blowsy," golden-eyed, placid, Juniper, also, still outwardly, fire within. But at no point can Mrs. Dudeney allow them to do anything other than restlessly, or blowsily or with fiery stillness. This insistence amounts to harping or almost nagging, and astonishes one in a book that otherwise is written with really exquisite art and understanding.

THE DOMINANT RACE. By F. E. Mills Young. 7s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Another story of an African farm, where a young English girl finds herself governess to a Boer family. There are two threads in the strand of the romance. One is the tragic clash of the European and the coloured races. "We despise the coloured races, and they know it," says the hero, who is by no means a bully. "They fear us; in a sense they look up to us as the dominant race; but that sort of feeling doesn't breed affection. It requires endless tact to administer a country like this; and we aren't always tactful. We recognise readily the disqualification of the coloured man; but we do not always or readily

admit his right to protection, his right to the inviolate sanctity of his national ideals." But the story is much more than a study of this problem. Penelope Lovemore is an attractive young person, and it is her wooing, by two men, which makes the romance of the novel. Her successful lover starts badly handicapped by a previous marriage, but he rescues her from outrage at the hands of a native, and the handicap is removed somewhat drastically at the close. The book is, like its predecessors from the same pen, charged with a strong emotional interest, and enriched with some admirable descriptions of South African scenery and life. Twice at least the story is dramatically sharp. It has its moments of keen action, but these are adroitly relieved by a background of more conventional details, which are never allowed to be conventional in the sense of being dull.

THE BOOMING OF BUNKIE. By A. S. Neill. 6s. net. (Jenkins.)

Those who wish to read a thoroughly amusing and farcical story by the author of "A Dominic's Log" should not miss this book. It is absurd and impossible but certainly funny; and a good laugh—even a continual giggle—is a tonic to the soul. The hero is Peter MacMunn, who enters Bunkie on a motor cycle over the body of a dog. As there is no motor shop in the town he cannot get away again; then he sees Evelyn Kerbel and has an idea. That is to boom the sleepy, do-nothing place into a popular seaside resort, and incidentally to remain near the girl who snubs him so coolly and so cruelly. It is a new rendering of the story of the seemingly unattainable princess, only the adventures are performed by a knight of the pen and not of the sword. Peter writes the advertisements, which boom Bunkie, with his tongue in his cheek and so brings upon himself many a conflict. He also has cinema, golf links, pavilion, band, etc., established as by magic, and in accomplishing his aim has to defend himself against the rivals whom he ridicules. The book is full of broad humour and offers a pleasant way of spending a few hours.

THE SCENT SHOP. By Peggy Webling. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Quaint and little known by-ways and backwaters of life in London seem to have a peculiar fascination for Miss Peggy Webling, and she has the art of getting the feel, the colour, the atmosphere of such life into her books and communicating the fascination of it to her readers. In her new novel, the ancient science and mystery of scent making, as practised in modern London, makes a background and environment for a varied and interesting set of characters and a love story that looks as if it were shaping for disaster, but remains unmarred and fragrant to the end. When Arthur Lackland first enters The Rosarium, a small shop in a cobbled street at Hammersmith, and is invited into the back parlour to wait till a heavy storm is over, he makes acquaintance with Ishmael Surrey, the scent-maker, his old, witch-like grandmother and the charming young Eulalia whom he takes to be Surrey's daughter, and, touched by the charm of her, learns with dismay before he goes, that she is Ishmael's wife. He is drawn to profit by a general invitation, and become a visitor at the shop; the more so because from Eulalia's subdued, undemonstrative manner, he cannot believe she has any love for the husband so much older than herself. Some dramatic surprises result from the revelation of Ishmael's illicit relationship to the Lackland family, but the chief interest of the story gathers about the scent shop and the unfolding of Eulalia's deep love of the man she had married. The characters, from the three little orphans Ishmael has adopted to Lackland's butterfly, widowed sister and her friends, are drawn admirably, with sympathy and with humour; and the book is one to be read with pleasure both for the tale it tells and the skill and charm of the telling.

IF ALL THESE YOUNG MEN. By Romer Wilson. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

The title is from a song sung by a youth to one of the girls in the book:

"If all these young men were like hares upon the mountains,
Then all these pretty maidens would soon follow after."

But the young men are not worth following; they are a poor, shifting crew, and their relations with the girls are ambiguous. The author has chosen as her period the time of strain and tension in England during the spring of 1918, but the only character who seems to feel the reality of the situation is Josephine Miller. It is difficult to sympathise with any of the characters—none is heroic in any sense of the term; and it is still more difficult to see what the author is driving at. There is cleverness in the book, but it has no plot, and it ends as inconsequently as the youths and girls act throughout its pages. People who talk and analyse their emotions during a time of national peril are not exhilarating company in life or in a novel. Miss Wilson should try to find better material for her powers.

HEARTS OF WOMEN: A Study of a Group. By Morley Roberts. 7s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This is a study of a group of modern women and the reactions of their different minds under the present marriage system. There are five of them: Deb, the apostle of the conventions; Hilary, the tolerant and kind, adapting herself to convention yet losing none of her sympathy for the outcasts; Beatrice, the unhappy vacillator who, lonely and miserable inside the pale, yet cannot make up her mind to step outside it; the weak and, it must be said, rather unconvincingly drawn Ann, who finds only one road out of an unhappy bondage that does not end in a blind alley; and the untrammelled Theo, who less defies convention than ignores it, and is the only truly happy woman of the five. The workmanship of this book is both strong and delicate. It is written with sureness and restraint. Yet strangely it lacks poignancy. This is perhaps because the reader, though held and interested all through, is all the time aware that these five women, though in no sense mere types, have been carefully chosen and correlated by the author in order to put forward his "case" in the clearest possible manner. Of course, every artist must, and does, do this. But it is a pity when it becomes apparent in the finished work. This is, we think, why Mr. Morley Roberts's book lacks what can only be called the "universality" of a great work of art. The case, we feel, is the thing; these unhappy women the exponents of it. The book might have been written so that the "case" should not have occurred to us until the poignancy of their unhappiness had touched our hearts. This is not to say that Beatrice, Hilary and the rest are lay figures. They are not. Nevertheless, the men of the story, the philosophical Fränk, the commonplace George, and even the brutal John, are more natural and convincing than any of the women; perhaps because we are allowed to see their minds, instead of only their hearts. It is strange that in all this story of passionate and tortured hearts, of hateful bondage only ended by tragic death, Mr. Morley Roberts never so nearly touches the fount of tears as in that half-page where he describes the reception by the cross-grained and self-absorbed John Fuller of the news of his wife's suicide. It is only a hundred words or so, chiefly of dialogue, but it is written with a brevity and simplicity that goes straight to the heart, and reveals the author as the true artist as well as the skilful and ardent advocate.

THE INSCRUTABLE LOVERS. By Alexander Macfarlane. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

"The Inscrutable Lovers" is a tragi-comedy of young love written by an author who seems to be a Catholic priest. The result of this clerical authorship is that the story is constructed in the later Conrad manner—the manner of "Chance" and of "Under Western Eyes." It is built up, that is to say, on narratives, surmises, confessions, hints,



and never told quite directly ; and this method of revelation by flashes and glimpses is after all exceedingly well suited to a tale in which hero and heroine come together by a mutual misunderstanding. Margaret Kettle is the daughter of Count Kettle, a Sinn Feiner, an incorrigible dreamer and romantic. Therefore, though she loathes adventure and idealism, she is regarded by everybody as devoted to such loyalties. Charles Macaig, whom she marries almost immediately after her first interview with him, is the son of a stern practical Glasgow shipowner, who is a Carsonite. But he too has all his life revolted against the paternal creed and outlook and secretly has a passion for romance and a leaning towards the Catholic Church. How this pair of star-crossed lovers, who after all are eminently likely to complement one another, meet, marry and react against their mistaken notions of one another, Mr. Macfarlane tells with rare subtlety, humour and reticence. But what imp of perversity led him to commit the incredible *bêtise* of naming his papal count Count Kettle? What will the Kettles (and the Plunketts) think of such a christening?

THE DESPERATE MARRIAGE. By Marjory Royce. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The strongest situation in "The Desperate Marriage" comes at about the middle of the book, on Violet Hedley's wedding morning. Serving as a nursery governess, Violet had grown deeply attached to her charge, little Primrose, and, without knowing it, had fallen in love with her employer, Jim Hackworth, a wealthy barrister whose callous, pleasure-loving wife had married him only for his money. A common affection for the child, whom its mother neglected, had drawn Violet and Jim together, and her pity for the slighted, unhappy husband had ripened into love, which he returned, though nothing of this was spoken of between them. Headley goes abroad on business, having arranged that Violet shall remain in charge of the child and write to him of her welfare ; but he is no sooner gone than Mrs. Hackworth, partly from jealousy, partly to have the ground clear for carrying on a love affair of her own, discharges her. Feeling she has failed Jim and can be of no service to him ; that it might be wiser for both if she could forget him ; she is, after a while, hurried in a weak moment into engaging herself to Captain Vernon, home on leave from the front, and then into as hurried a marriage before he goes back. And on her wedding morning comes a telegram from Jim that his wife is dead and asking her to go to Primrose and stay there till he returns. It was possible at that eleventh hour to defy convention, run away, avoid the wedding and let the scandalmongers talk, but Violet had no strength for that, and bewildered and heart-broken carries out her compact and becomes the wife of a good fellow whom she does not love. With what results it is for the book to tell. The story is well planned and crisply and clearly written ; a thoroughly interesting story, with plenty of sparkle in the dialogue and some shrewd sketches of character.

THE BLUE CLOAK. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

A charming and interesting tale of the days when the third George was still anxiously baffling Jacobite plots. An undercurrent of Stuart hopes and fears runs through the story, but for the most part it deals with the constantly interrupted flight of a young couple to Gretna Green. This slip-between-the-cup-and-the-lip journey is skilfully described, and although the famous blacksmith does not unite the lovers, yet in the end they come to the altar in a more orthodox way. Lastingham and Miss Trevor are delightful run-aways, and well deserve the fate which their creator allots to them when the tale ends. But, indeed, all the characters are good. Lord Trevor, the Rider Sinclair, Mr. Lambert, Janet the Witch, even Ned and Nora have all individual characters carefully delineated, so that they become very real to the reader. But the true hero of the book, the man who holds the reader's attention and gradually engages his sympathy, is Sir Richard Swayne. He is an admirable study of a

wastrel who finds himself, and Mr. Sutcliffe has reached the high-water mark of understanding in describing the struggle which goes on between the good and the bad. The author's optimism is shown in the triumph of Swayne's better qualities, and when the clear flame of the soul rises through the black reek of selfishness, we learn to love and respect the man. He begins as a villain and ends, if not as a saint, at all events as a man who has fought the good fight and has won. The Blue Cloak, which gives its name to the story, acts as a kind of perverse imp, inanimate though it be, and constantly gets the lovers into unexpected trouble. Mr. Sutcliffe has never done better work than in this clean, wholesome and very human story through which there blows the keen moorland airs, and through which there runs also the haunting refrain of the old Jacobite song, which steels so many noble gentlemen to fight for a lost cause.

The Bookman's Table.

ANTHENIAN DAYS. By F. Noel Byron. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Byron's slender volume manifests an intense love of the beautiful and deep reverence for the Spirit of Greece, to which he dedicates his opening poem :

"I have pursued you through the olive groves,
And watched your shimmering shoulders part
The Paphian vine leaves . . ."

He writes with a true sense of the value of words, and lovers of poetry will find much in his book to read and re-read with enjoyment. It is difficult to select one poem for quoting where the general level of quality is so well maintained, but perhaps "Troy" presents a fair example of Mr. Byron's gift :

(2000 B.C.)

"The Greek ships quiver off the shores of Troy
When day's last breath makes music in the sails.
Beneath the bloody fingers of the West
The warriors furbish up their shining blades.
The camp fires wink and beckon to the night,
And trumpets cry the passing of the day."

(A.D. 1915)

"A thousand hammers beating on the rocks
Send Echo screaming to the Trojan lines.
There is no rest ; the Sun bows down his head
Upon a land that Juries' flails have scourged."



Photo by W. S. Stuart, Richmond.

M.R. F. Noel Byron.

AN IRISH HEART. By David McKee Wright. (Sydney : Angus & Robertson.)

This volume comes to us from Australia and, judging by his name, the poet would be a man of the North, that is to say—the North of Ireland. He has a very pleasant gift of writing; a sense of the lyric, clear, simple vocabulary, a great love of colour, which he is able to get into his verse, and an unbounded joy in making his poems which he has the art to impart to the reader. He has some delightful ballads. I wish I could quote "The Beggar's Bowl," but since that may not be, I take a verse or two from a less representative poem to show Mr. Wright's quality. The name of the poem is "Haunted Memory":

"I will go on to the sunrise, taking the road as it winds
Beyond three trees and a broken gate and a house that cannot
see

Because the windows are shuttered over the ragged blinds,
And there is none within it to open the door to me.

"But there is a hedge in blossom and a scent of honey blown
Always out of the garden if one should loiter and pass—
And it seems like a place that sometime at evening I must
have known
Walking with shining feet when the dew was wet in the grass."

Mr. Wright has kept the wistful melancholy of his Irish inheritance. There is nothing Australian about this pleasant book, except the flamboyant reviews printed on the cover.

MEMOIR OF KENELM HENRY DIGBY. By Bernard Holland, C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

For most of the present generation, it is probable, "The Broad Stone of Honour" and "Mores Catholici" are vague titles in literature, while such lesser memorials as "Evenings on the Thames," not to speak of obscure poems like "The Chapel of St. John," are among utterly forgotten records. There are few in any case who can take them down from their bookshelves and read them as they ought to be read in casual and undesigned places, acquiring so much of their spirit as the star of books dispenses at the given moment. Such persons—if otherwise prepared—do not fail of their reward, for Digby was a man of election at his period, and for men and women of election his writings are meant now. Convert though he was, he seems to me, at his best, a Catholic in the best sense of the Latin Rite, which is not the sense of his "Compitum," or of a few polemical passages in other volumes, but that of the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Quest of the Holy Grail." I should think that he was nourished in his youth on these sacred romances and that they were a light upon land and sea for all his life of vision. His memorial of chivalry, "The Broad Stone of Honour," is Nuno Alvarez Pereira and his prototype, Galahad, emblazoned in a strange frame of literature. It lifts up that which it purports to be, the history of chivalry, into a chronicle of spiritual knight-hood, and in proportion as its subject is idealised it becomes like the "Book of the Grail" itself, a story told for one of "the truest and holiest" that are in this world. Digby died in 1880, and this memoir seems late in the day, but it is good to know something about him on the personal side and not be disappointed in the story. I do not think that we are brought to him in any nearer sense, but the work has been done with great sympathy and evidently as a work of love, though a little over-militant on the Roman side. I am sure that Kenelm Digby, like his perhaps more famous kinsman in the seventeenth century, can be called "a complete chevalier." Both of them were Christian gentlemen, and if it be true that people of the world beyond return occasionally here for another experiment in flesh, they remind us so much of each other that we could almost think the author of "Mores Catholici" had written farther back in his history some books of strange learning and quaint devices which pass under the earlier name. Still it is a dream only, for it is not to be supposed that he of the "Broadstone" can be identified in any incarnation with "The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby," though it is the most catholic of all cookery-books.

THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB AND CROCKFORD'S. By H. T. Waddy. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveligh Nash.)

It is almost terrible to think that such a haunt of highly respectable Liberals as the Devonshire Club stands on the site of Crockford's, where, in the good old times, men gambled away fortunes in a single night. Mr. Waddy, who says with some humour that he has become impervious to criticism since his election to the Club committee, here tells the story of both houses in a narrative so brief, interesting and informative, that he has no need to fear the keenest darts of those who thrive upon the calamities of authors and the curiosities of literature. Such is the constitution of human nature that the iniquities of Crockford's will generally be pronounced more interesting than the vicissitudes of the Devonshire. One noble lord lost £3,400 on a single game at whist by forgetting that the seven of hearts was in. The same incorrigible gentleman afterwards lost £23,000 at a single sitting lasting a day. The expenditure of the club upon dice alone was £2,000 a year. Naturally Crockford's, as a resort of the "higher" classes, escaped prosecution as a common gaming-house. It is comforting to know that England is always so true to its great traditions.

THE SPLENDID DAYS. By May Wedderburn Cannan. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

If you have read Miss Cannan's earlier book of verse, "In War Time," you will know that she has imagination, a gift of clothing ordinary things with the magic of poetry, but none of her other songs are so poignant, so charged with feeling and emotion as are some in this new volume. You gather from them that she was on war work in Paris, and if you felt the thankfulness and sense of heartbreak that came upon most of us at the first news of the Armistice you will recognise the simple pathos and vivid realness of such a poem as "In an Office, in Paris," and scarcely be able to read it unmoved: just the eager, broken chatter of the girls of what this ending of the war meant to them. . . .

"The other said, 'Thank God, we saw it through:
I wonder what they'll do at home to-day.'
And said, 'You know it will be quiet to-night
Up at the Front: first time in all these years,
And no one will be killed there any more,'
And stopped to hide her tears.
She said, 'I've told you: he was killed in June.'"

There is that shadow of the war, that sorrow of love and loss in "Young Adventure":

"I know why I've grown old: it is because you died
Splendidly young: and when you went away
My youth went with you. . . ."

and in most of the poems in the first half of the book; the second half is full of the happiness of better days before death had put an end to all. The very poetry of sorrow is in these verses, but there is so much of strength and courage in them too, and such beauty of thought and feeling that they touch and uplift more than they sadden.

IRELAND IN FICTION. By S. J. Brown, S.J. 10s. 6d. net. (Maunsell.)

This book of Father Brown's has evidently been a labour of love; and it has all the personal interest and individual charm which are apt to mark the work of a man of strong prejudices. His aim is to give a complete catalogue of novels, romances and books on fairy and folk-lore which have an Irish setting; he does not aim at an index of Irish authors—Goldsmith, Shaw and Wilde do not appear, and their absence makes one wish that, in subsequent editions, Father Brown would enlarge the book to cover published plays. So far as we have tested it, his work is well done. His descriptions of the novels he catalogues is plain and straightforward. There is a valuable appendix dealing with Irish magazines, defunct and existing, and another giving an account of the chief Irish publishers and a series of Irish books. No student of Celtic literature can afford to be without this volume.

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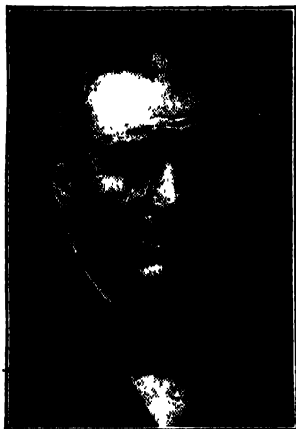
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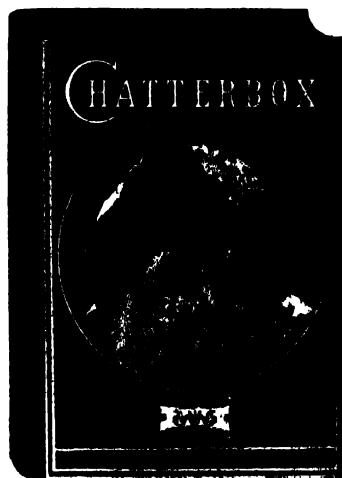
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latter's work. Some are in black-and-white and some are printed in colour, these in particular being full of delicacy and charm. Truly it is a book of the season, and all concerned in its production deserve unstinted praise. Messrs. Simpkin have never issued anything more graceful and original in its interest. It is not, of course, the first collection of Japanese fairy-tales. All lovers of Eastern



*From Tales of Mystery and Imagination
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"an Anglo-Japanese girl." It calls to be said that not by one sentence or word does she reveal the manner of a foreigner. The illustrations which adorn the book are in the characteristic Japanese manner, but at a high level of modern work at its best, suggesting Western influence. They are anonymous, and a few are possibly the trans-

folk-lore will remember Mr. A. B. Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," published in 1871, but long since out of print, and not a little sought after in the book market. This collection also had illustrations by Japanese artists, things "drawn and cut in wood," very curious in their rude way and pleasing: those who will may compare them with

ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

the designs in this volume and mark how the Japanese art of book-illustration has advanced under Western methods. Mr. Mitford's folk-lore collection may be compared also with that of Madame Yukio Ozaki, who has broken entirely fresh ground, for only her "Badger-Haunted Temple" recalls something in that which preceded; but "The Prince and the Badger" of Mitford is a

though some stand out from the rest. One of them is "The Lady of the Picture," a picture which comes to life, although only in the dream of a lover. There are older Japanese legends of life in pictures, of an art in the East which is not like that of the West, for it painted the minds of the originals, and the portraits had a living spirit—either latent or manifest within them. A time came



From Tales of Mystery and Imagination
(Harry).

"I HAD MYSELF NO POWER TO MOVE FROM
THE UPRIGHT POSITION I HAD ASSUMED."
(Illustration by Harry Clarke.)

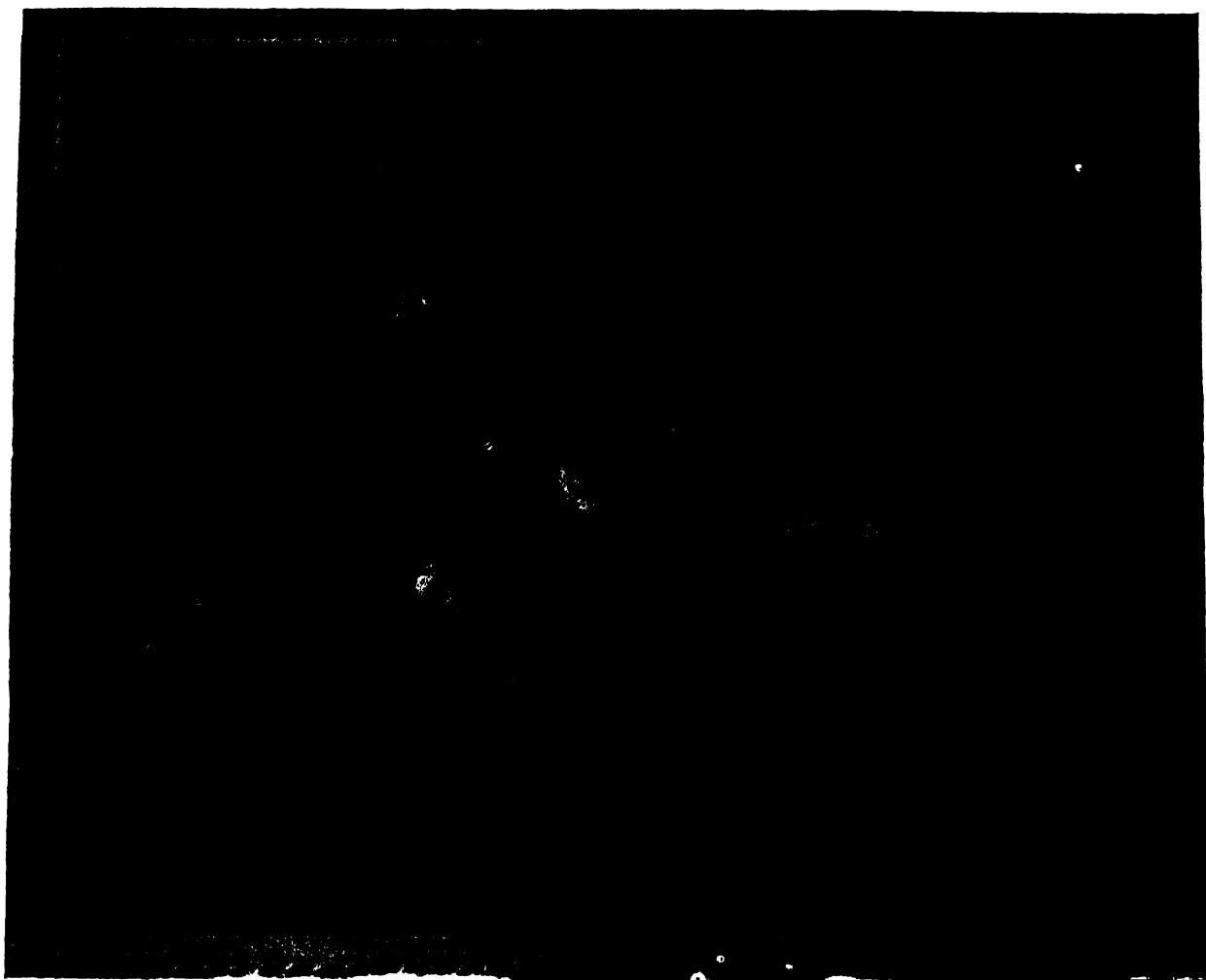
much more primitive version, and much briefer. There will be no need to say that one is reminded here and there of universal folk-motives—for example, the childless man and wife who make many sacrifices and undertake toilsome pilgrimages to obtain the grace of offspring—but the instances are not numerous. All the stories are excellent,

when the beloved of this dream was called and could be seen no more. The lover also was called, but it was to consummate the wishes of his parents and marry one whom they had chosen. He obeyed out of filial duty, and his reward followed: when he saw his bride on the marriage night, for the first time, according to Japanese custom,

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

she whom they gave him was the Lady of the Picture in living flesh. How it came about is another matter, and the legend reserves that secret, like a dewdrop hidden in a rose. There is of course no question that reincarnation was at the root of this mystery—a Buddhist article of belief which recurs in these stories. There is that of Tama, which begins like a record of psychical research, but develops along this line as a tale of immediate rebirth by the power of love. But perhaps the best of the series tells us not of reincarnation, but how Kinu returned from the grave in which she had been interred prematurely. It is, however, no "Dead-Guest" terror, for she wakes in the arms of her lover. It will be seen that here is a not unfamiliar ground, either in folk-lore or later fiction. In conclusion, "The Spirit of the Lantern" and the visit paid therein to the "dusky kingdom of departed spirits"

rank as its peer. It is now at last with us, in this illustrated edition of Edgar Allan Poe's most characteristic "Tales of Mystery." The volume comprises twenty-four page plates—in black-and-white—by Mr. Clarke, the stories and pictures—as it seems to us—representing an almost perfect marriage of imagination and craftsmanship in author and artist. One can think of him who wrote "Berenice," "Ligeia" and the "Tale of the House of Usher" as thus finding expression in illustration, to extend that which he had created as a teller of tales, supposing that the genius of a draughtsman had been his—besides a magian gift in unfolding the romance of mystery. Alternatively, could Poe have seen these drawings before the rain and cold of a certain night in the streets of Baltimore had swept him out of earthly life, he would—one thinks—have known that he had not written in vain. In the designs and decorations



From The Life and Work of John Zoffany, R.A.
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PORTRAIT OF DR. THOMAS HANSON.

suggest older elements than are to be found in most of the stories. Taken altogether, they are a contribution to our knowledge of Japanese lore presented under excellent circumstances, and in a form of great beauty.

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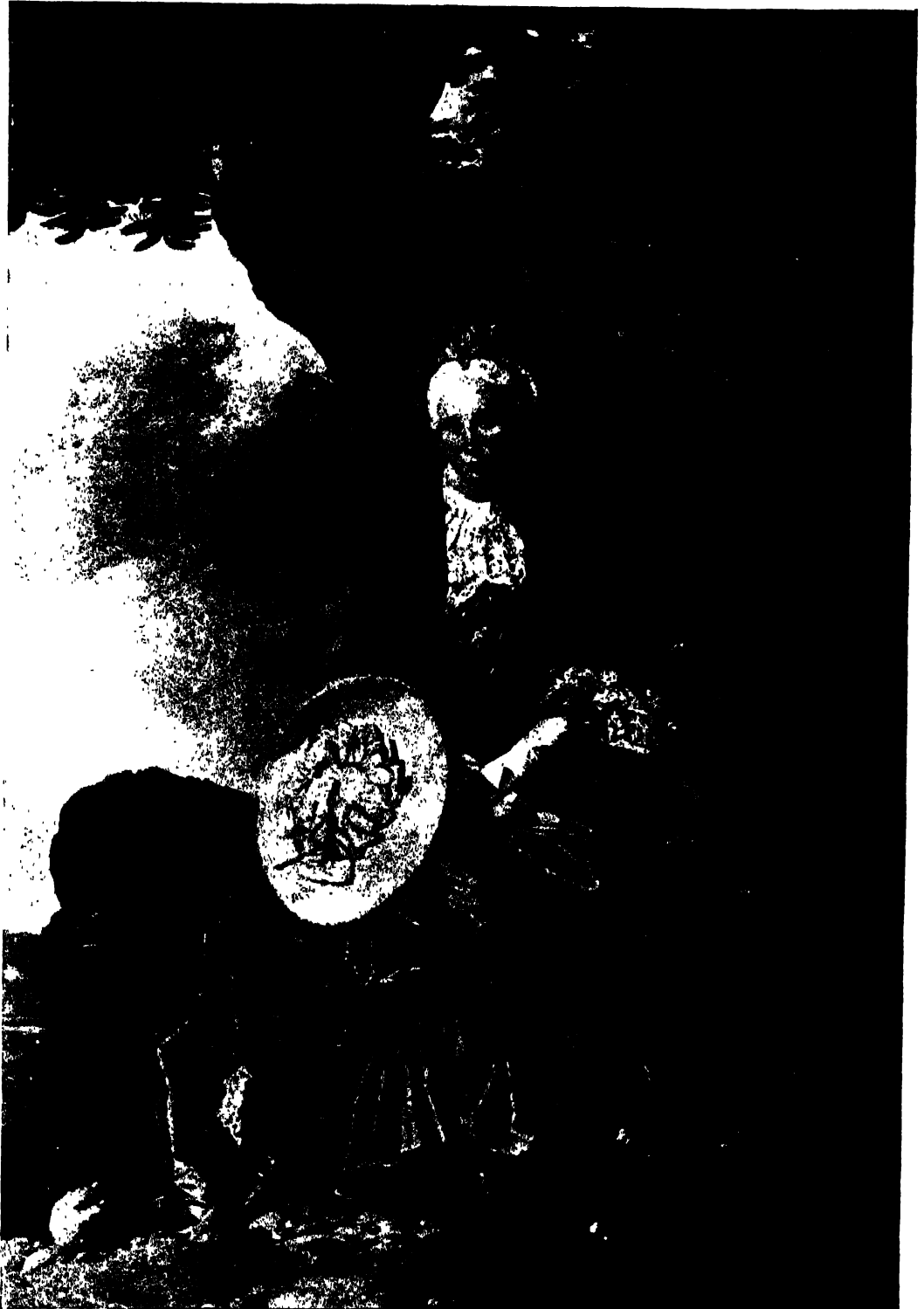
of Mr. Clarke the disordered visions of the stories assume another manner of life: it is one which recalls the favoured epithets by which Poe himself described them. They are not only arabesque, grotesque, the work of an imagination which bodies forth in unaccountable and sometimes terrible shapes the forms of things unknown, but the narratives which move in a mystery are encompassed here by a suggestion of things inexplicable beyond. A case in point is a drawing which illustrates the fable of "Silence"—when "there was no voice throughout the vast, illimitable desert"; another is that which pictures "the toilsome journey to the water," mentioned in the "Mystery of Marie Roget"; the third is that of the darkening earth in "Morella." Poe has been illustrated previously, but one remembers nothing that counts like these creations, in which the nameless qualities of "William Wilson" and the horror of the "Black Cat" rise again to confront us. The portrait of the Lady Ligeia is convincing after another manner, and so are the two designs which illustrate the "Assignation."

CHARLES WESLEY: A STUDY.

By D. M. JONES. 7s. 6d. net. (Skeffington.)

Few people realise that in the early days of the Methodist movement the influence of Charles Wesley was as powerful as that of his brother. The author of this book has done service to all those who are interested in the history of religious movements by showing the intimate relation which existed between the two men and the deference which they paid to one another's wishes in all matters connected with the religious revival with which they were associated. There are many points of similarity between the early part of the eighteenth century and the present age. The period of the first Hanoverians was noted for the extreme laxness of the religious life of both the laity and the clergy, in the established church no less than in the dissenting communities. There was the same indifference to spiritual matters, and the influence of Voltaire and the French intellectual school had spread in a large measure to England. It would be no exaggeration to say that large sections of the working class had no interest in the elemental truths of Christianity: the brutality of that age is a byword. Formality was the base of the Church, and sermons had become mere literary exercises. The author of this book gives a detailed account of Charles Wesley's activities among this generation of materialists. He traces his home life, his university career, the environment which led to his conversion and the share which he took in spreading the new ideas of religion. Of more particular interest to the present generation is the account of his experiences in Georgia, which gave him a real insight into the character of human nature and stood him in good stead all his life; his particular interest in the "bottom dogs" of his day as evidenced by his evangelical efforts in, and his frequent visits to the terrible prisons of those days. In this connection, his friendship with William Wilberforce is noteworthy. Judging by his "Journal," and by the letters and descriptions of his friends, he was an impetuous but lovable man. One would imagine that the

comforts and pleasures of this world were not unattractive to him, and that it was only by severe self-discipline and divine grace that he was able to lead a life in accordance with his ideals. In his theological and religious beliefs he was undoubtedly influenced by the Moravians, who were in England at that time and with whom it was his lot to come in contact. The chapter on his hymnology is very interesting. It appears that he did most of his travelling, which was very considerable, on horseback, and



From *The Life and Work of John Zoffany, R.A.*
(Lane).

PORTRAIT OF MRS OSWALD,
OF AUCHINGREIVE.

the rhythm of the riding inspired the lilt of many of his productions. The modern mind does not place quite the same value on his hymns as the last generation, largely in view of his somewhat hidebound creed. Yet no one can deny the spiritual greatness of the man who composed "Jesu, Lover of my soul." In his eminently readable study the author shows how profoundly Charles Wesley

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

was attached to the Anglican Church, and how deeply he deplored the separatist tendencies which inevitably revealed themselves as the movement developed in organisation. In these days, when such great value is placed upon Christian unity, there are not a few who will sympathise with his attitude.

design, and reviews the changing arts or fashions of house decoration from Tudor times down to the end of the eighteenth century. Mr. Stratton has studied his subject exhaustively and with its careful selection of examples, its wide comparative view over three centuries of English craftsmanship and, above all, its presentation of varied



**From The English Interior from Tudor Times
to the end of the XVIII. Century
(Batsford).**

POWIS CASTLE.

THE ENGLISH INTERIOR.

By **ARTHUR STRATTON.** Illustrated. £4 4s. net. (Batsford.)

This is the first complete survey of English interior

and beautiful decoration, the book supplies a very vivid and informing picture of interior design during the greatest periods of English achievement. It is handsomely produced in large quarto, and contains over a hundred illustrations.

ECHOES OLD AND NEW.

By RALPH NEVILL. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is no lack of good gossip and interesting, out-of-the-way information in Mr. Ralph Nevill's latest book about many and various well-known or half-remembered celebrities such as Cyrano de Bergerac, Casanova, Gorani, Henri de Loraine, La Paiva, and perhaps one of the most interesting of his chapters is that devoted to the unfortunate and forgotten Thomas Dermody that brilliant, ambitious, dissipated poet:

"Now earth-enamoured grovelling
with the worm,
Now scraph-plumed,
the wonderful, the
wild."

His recklessness, his failure to live an ordered life, his intense hatred of hypocrisy, which led him to sacrifice his opportunities sooner than his opinions, all made him a difficult but lovable personality. Mr. Nevill tells how "once a nobleman who had been solicited to be friend the poet" met him at Wright's, the bookseller in Piccadilly. His lordship "took up a new publication from the counter and putting it in his (Dermody's) hands, asked him to peruse it at a further period and give him his opinion of its merits. Dermody replied, 'My lord, I have already read the book, and found too little pleasure in the task to endure the fatigue of again wading through such a mass of dullness.' The nobleman thanked him for his candid opinion and at once left the shop. When Dermody learned that his would-be patron was the author of the book and through his rashness he had lost all hope of his friendship, he merely said, 'Were the King the author, it is badly written. Had I known it was his, I should certainly have told him the same truth.'" A second part of the volume is an admirable survey of "Some Aspects of Social England."

THE UNFINISHED PROGRAMME OF DEMOCRACY.

By RICHARD ROBERTS. 6s. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

Many quotations from the author's extensive reading garnish this thoughtful book. Lord Morley, Walt Whitman, Mary P. Follet, Professor L. T. Hobhouse, Mr. and



From The English Interior from Tudor Times
to the end of the XVIII. Century
(Batsford).

QUENBY HALL,
LEICESTERSHIRE.

Mrs. Sidney Webb, Lamennais, Robert Owen, Lord Acton, Cardinal Newman, Mr. Thorstein Veblen, Charles Horton Cooley, Mr. Bertrand Russell, Benjamin Kidd, Mr. H. G.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

Wells, Professor Dewey, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Miss Helen Marot, Professor Geddes, John Ruskin, Defoe, J. R. Green, Professor Dowden, Dr. Orchard, Mr. Alfred Mansbridge and Professor Delbrück by no means exhaust the list of witnesses cited by Mr. Roberts in his patient consideration of the possibilities of democracy. Inspired "with a profound faith in the validity of the democratic principle," Mr. Roberts believes that the coming changes, economic and social, will only be wrought without "a great catastrophe" if general goodwill and reasonableness prevail. "Direct action," he foretells, will be unspeakably disastrous, and to escape disaster "the blind and obstinate bourbonism of the privileged classes" must yield to better feelings. Mr. Roberts discusses at some length the movement of the trade unions towards what is called economic emancipation, i.e., the freedom of the workman from the domination of the employer. A limit is to be placed upon profits, dividends, incomes and fortunes, and we are to fix "rigid bounds to the accumulation of private wealth." But "the socialism popularly advocated during the last half-century is, however, not likely to capture the working class of to-day," and guild socialism as advocated by Mr. S. G. Hobson and Mr. D. H. Cole is, we gather, the latest programme of industrial democracy. In any case there is "no room in a healthy social order for the social parasite," and so the "idle rich" and "the large 'flunkey' class—butfers, footmen, door-openers" are all given warning to disappear. In addition to economics Mr. Roberts discusses the League of Nations, education, fellowship, and many other things that pertain to democracy. He writes without passion or prejudice, and his book will doubtless find many sympathetic readers.

EMERSON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

By J. ARTHUR HILL. 3s. 6d.
(Rider.)

Mr. Hill writes fervently, saying in his preface: "To me, Emerson was the most inspired writer of the nineteenth century. I owe to Emerson's essays very largely any virtue (in the wider biblical and etymological sense) that I possess. He showed me, more than any other, what man can do and be, and how he may put himself in the way of such inspiration as his capacity permits." This little volume is issued in the hope that it may be

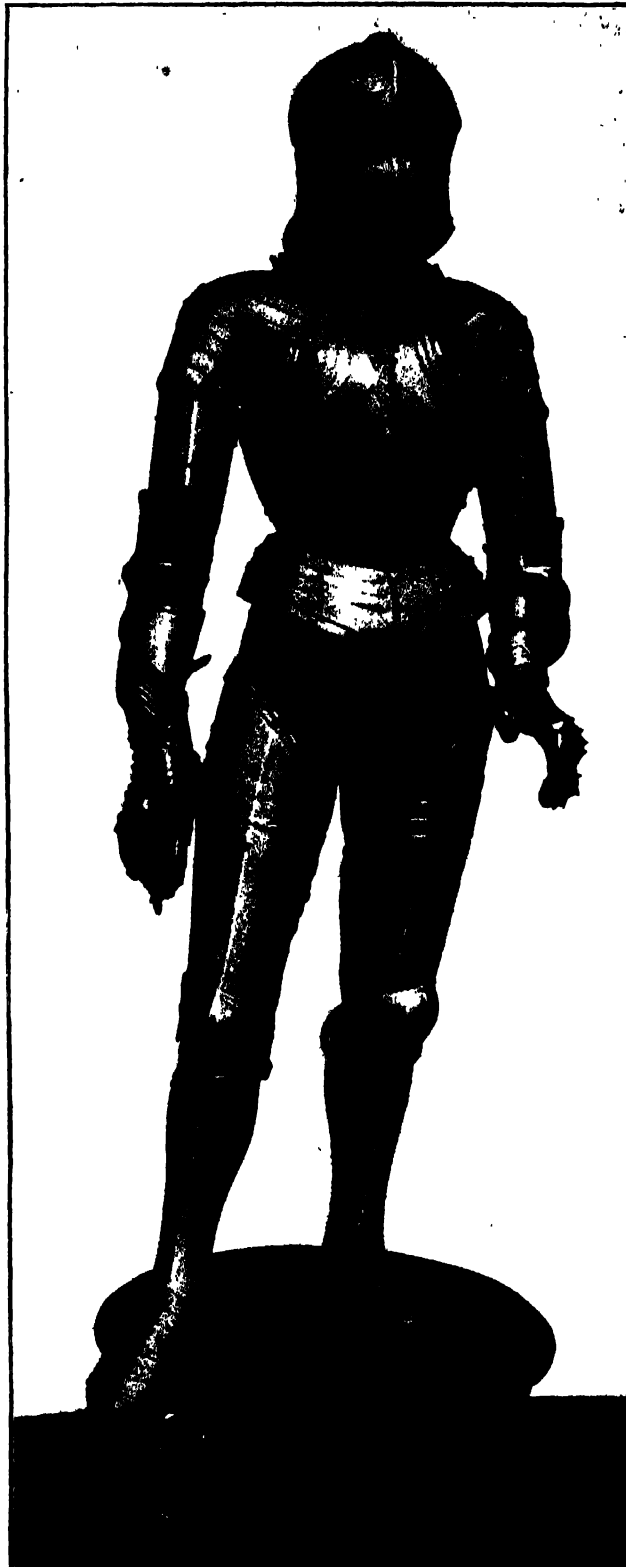
useful as an introduction to the greatest thinker of the transatlantic millions of our race. But it is difficult to put the Emersonian message in a condensed way. Mr. Hill says in his chapter on Religion: "Emerson had no hostility to any faith that is really alive. The main thing is to trust our own best leadings, and not to regard with

too abject an eye the leadings expressed by others. God is not dead. He speaks in each living soul. Religion is an inner thing; as soon as we seek outside of us for bases and supports in history or church, we confess its absence." By the way, is not this rather a startling statement: "If he had been at Oxford, England, instead of Cambridge, Mass., he would probably have been associated with Pusey or Newman." We cannot believe it. We rather wish that Mr. Hill had taken up all his pages with an exposition of the priceless teachings of his master. He has chosen instead to give us some sketch of his life and his literary tastes. The headings of some of the chapters are "Science," "Social," "Style," "Emerson the Poet," "Personal Character," "Emerson as Critic." It is all very competently done, but we should have liked still more about the great man's message of power and self-reliance. It is interesting to note that Mr. Hill, the author of many well-known books on Psychological Research, remarks: "To those who are concerned in this work, much of Emerson's teaching appeals with an almost startling appearance of prophetic insight." We wish every success to this disciple's pious labour of love, and would like Emerson to be read in our schools.

NOBODY'S BOY.

By HECTOR MALOT. Translated by FLORENCE CREWE-JONES. With 4 Illustrations in Colour by JOHN H. GRUELL. (The Swarthmore Press.)

This very attractive edition of Hector Malot's famous "Sans Famille," crowned in its early popularity by the French Academy, deserves a large circle of readers. The adventures and wanderings of its boy hero, Remi, are more than ever acceptable in the new translation of Miss Florence Crewe-Jones—occasionally slightly American in tone, but in every respect admirable. The original edition of the story has been somewhat shortened by a number of cuts. These, however, have been made so judiciously that the tale is rather improved for juvenile readers than otherwise, and it still attains the goodly length of 370 pages.



From European Armour
and Arms
(Bell).

SUIT OF ARMOUR ACCREDITED
TO SIGISMUND "THE
WEALTHY," ARCHDUKE OF
THE TYROL (1427-1496).
GERMAN WORK, LATE XV.
CENTURY. IMPERIAL ARMOURY,
VIENNA.

DONNE'S SERMONS : SELECTED PASSAGES.

With an Essay by LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. 6s. net.
(Oxford Press.)

It is not given to many men to win the world's ear for prose as well as for poetry. Milton has been fortunate in this respect, in our seventeenth century literature, but most of the leading reputations in English prose were secured by contemporaries who made no claim to verse-distinction, by men like Fuller, Sir Thomas Brown, South, Jeremy Taylor and Hooker. Donne's poetry has had a revival of interest recently. Professor Grierson's fine edition has made it accessible and intelligible to our own age. But his prose belongs to the vast sermon-literature of the seventeenth century, which is hardly ever opened except by a few professional theologians. Besides, as Mr. Pearsall Smith admits, Donne is in some respects less attractive to us as a sermon-writer than his great contemporaries. "Not only as a theologian was he of an older breed, more remote and medieval than Jeremy Taylor and South, he had also peculiar to himself, the unhappy faculty of developing to the utmost the faults of any form of literary expression he adopted; and when he abandoned verse for sermon-writing, every defect of this kind of composition, everything that most offends us in the old preachers and sound expositors, was carried by him to a pitch which gives him a bad eminence over the most unreadable of them all." His prose is to be read at all, it must be in selection, such as this tasteful volume provides, and Donne's prose is worth notice. He occasionally displays a mastery of language which redeems the scholastic periods of his interminable discourses. It is studied prose, carefully constructed and elaborately decked out, but now and then the qualities of directness and simplicity break through the conventional medium. Mr. Pearsall Smith has arranged a number of these redeeming patches, and annotated them. It is not such a book as has been made out of Fuller, or as might be made out of South. But it is readable, and it certainly leaves one with a higher appreciation of Donne's ability in prose. But what does the editor mean by saying that "we have really very little information about the social background of the age of Shakespeare"?

One of the extracts raises a question. Professor Saintsbury, whose judgment is not lightly to be set aside in matters of rhythm, declares that a certain passage in Donne "has never been surpassed. I sometimes doubt whether it has ever been equalled" for "the Shakespearian magnificence of the diction . . . and the absolute perfection of rhythmical—never metrical—movement." This is praise indeed, and we turn with some curiosity to read the

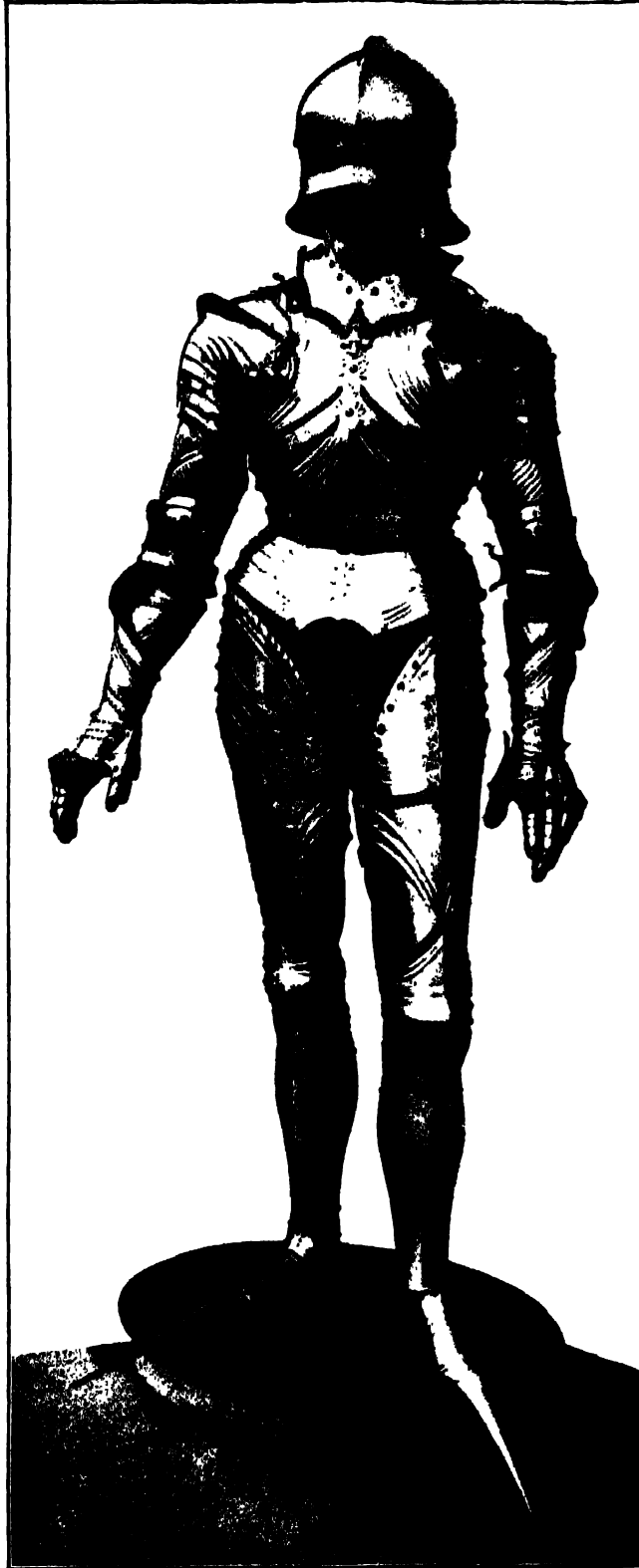
passage in Mr. Pearsall Smith's volume (p. 139):

"God made sun and moon to distinguish seasons, and day, and night, and we cannot have the fruits of the earth but in their seasons: But God hath made no decree to distinguish the seasons of his mercies; In Paradise, the fruits were ripe, the first minute, and in heaven it is always Autumn, his mercies are ever in their maturity. We ask *panem quotidianum*, our daily bread, and God never says you should have come yesterday, he never says you must come again tomorrow, but *to day if you will hear his voice*, to-day he will hear you. If some King of the earth have so large an extent of Dominion, in North and South, as that he hath Winter and Summer together in his Dominions, so large an extent East and West, as that he hath day and night together in his Dominions, much more hath God mercy and judgment together. He brought light out of darkness, not out of a lesser light; he can bring thy Summer out of Winter, though thou have no Spring, though in the ways of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintered and frozen, clouded and eclipsed, damped and benumbed, smothered and stupified till now, now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of the spring, but as the Sun at noon to illustrate all shadowes, as the sheaves in harvest, to fill all penures, all occasions invite his mercies, and all times are his seasons."

Well, but Mr. Hale White, who also knew good prose when he saw it, once quoted this passage from Bacon as "perhaps the highest point the English language has reached."

"Thou, after thou hadst reviewed the works which thy hands had made, beheldest that everything was very good; and thou didst rest with complacency in them. But Man reflecting on the works which he had made, saw that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and could by no means acquiesce in them. Wherefore if we labour in thy work with the sweat of our brows, thou wilt make us partakers of thy Vision and thy Sabbath. We humbly beg that this mind may be steadfastly in us, and that thou, by our hands and also by the hands of others, on whom thou shalt bestow the same spirit, wilt please to carry a largeness of new alms to thy family of mankind. These things we commend to thy everlasting love, by our Jesus, thy Christ, God with us. Amen."

Of the two passages Donne's seems the better. But is



From European Armour
and Arms
(Bell).

SUIT OF ARMOUR ACCREDITED
TO SIGISMUND "THE
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GERMAN WORK, LATE XV.
CENTURY. IMPERIAL ARMOURY,
VIENNA.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

either quite worthy of the superlatives showered on them? Even Donne's passage might be rivalled from South or Jeremy Taylor.

BYE PATHS IN CURIO COLLECTING.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN. His net (Fisher Unwin)

It is hard to say just what may make an article an

possibilities of collecting, from dower chests to Chinese mandarin buttons. Every one now and then lights upon a stray article of obsolete or exotic interest, but an isolated case does not make a collection. When you have got two or three and set to work hunting, then the fun begins. It may be Chinese scissors—lovely things—or ginger jars, or tobacco stoppers, or iron fire blowers or Liverpool tiles or old playing cards or tinder-boxes, or whatever you like—it is easy and simple to get one or two or three,

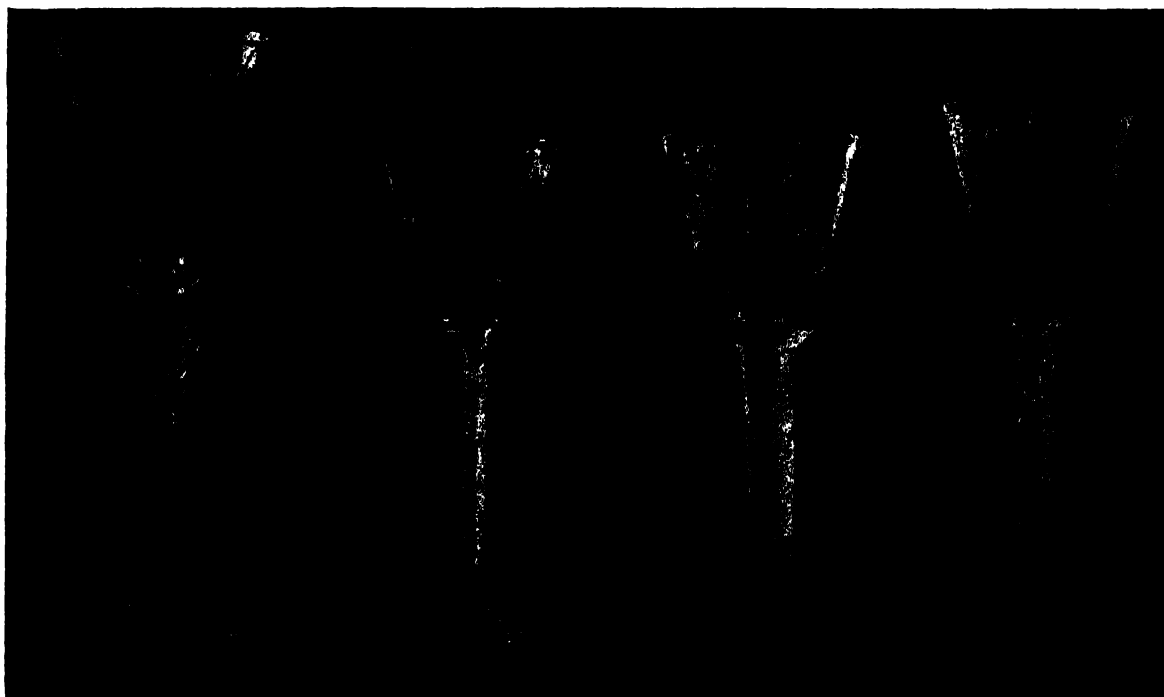


From Old Glass, and How to Collect It
(Laurie)

MEMORIAL TOASTING GLASSES

object for the collector's ardour. Anything that has been in common or wide use, reduplicated in many forms or materials, when once its use has been superseded, may

but when you aim at a choicely complete collection of the worthiest, you really begin to know the delights and woes of the game. Anyone who has even in the mildest way



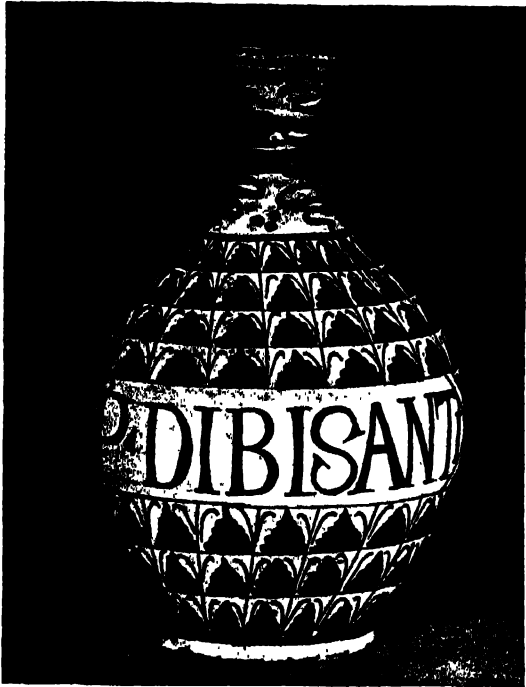
From Old Glass, and How to Collect It
(Laurie).

JACOBITE GLASSES.

come to be sought for and eagerly hunted down for its beauty, its rarity, or its historical interest. This book gives hints and guidance with regard to innumerable

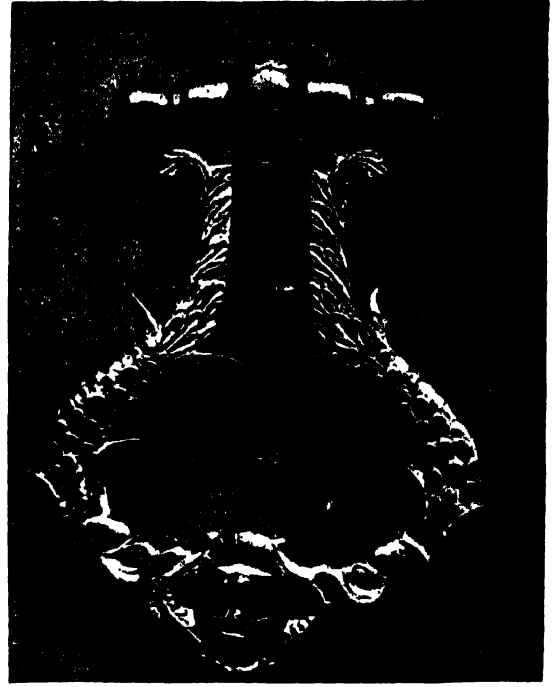
come within the magic ring will find great pleasure in this book, rich in hints, lucid and agreeable in descriptions, and beautifully illustrated.

ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES



*From Bye-paths in Curio
Collecting
(Fisher Unwin).*

**DRUGGIST'S JAR,
15TH CENTURY.
RICHLy DECORATED
IN LUSTRE.**



*From Bye-paths in Curio
Collecting
(Fisher, Unwin)*

**FRENCH DOOR KNOCKER,
WROUGHT IRON WORK,
LATE 16TH CENTURY.**



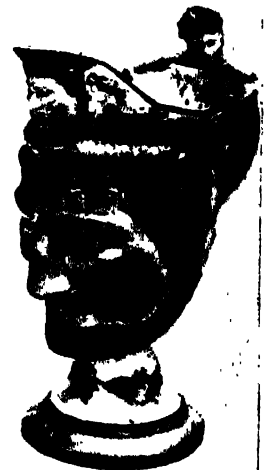
**OLD PLAYING CARD, 17TH
CENTURY, FROM A SATIRICAL
PACK WITH CARICATURE
PORTRAITS.**

*From Bye-paths in Curio
Collecting
(Fisher Unwin).*



*From Bye-paths in Curio Collecting
(Fisher Unwin).*

**SILHOUETTE OF
GEORGE III.
(Painted on Glass).**



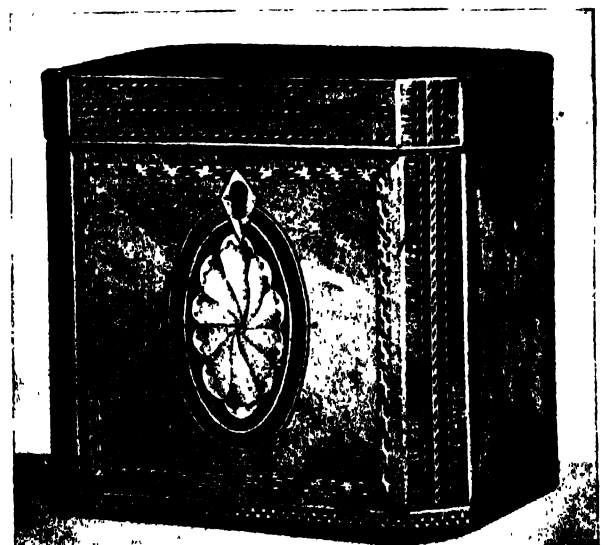
**STAFFORDSHIRE PUZZLE
JUG. LATE 18TH CENTURY.**

*From Bye-paths in Curio
Collecting
(Fisher Unwin).*



*From Bye-paths in Curio
Collecting
(Fisher Unwin).*

**JAPANESE TEAPOT, OF
GROTESQUE FORM,
RICHLy DECORATED IN
COLOURS.**



*From Bye-paths in Curio
Collecting
(Fisher Unwin).*

**TEA CADDY, LATE 18TH
CENTURY, INLAID IN
MARQUETRY OF COLOURED
WOODS.**



*From Stories from Spenser
(Cambridge University Press).*

ST. GEORGE'S FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.
By Carpaccio.

STORIES FROM SPENSER.

By MINNA STEELE SMITH.
With Illustrations.
(Cambridge University Press.)

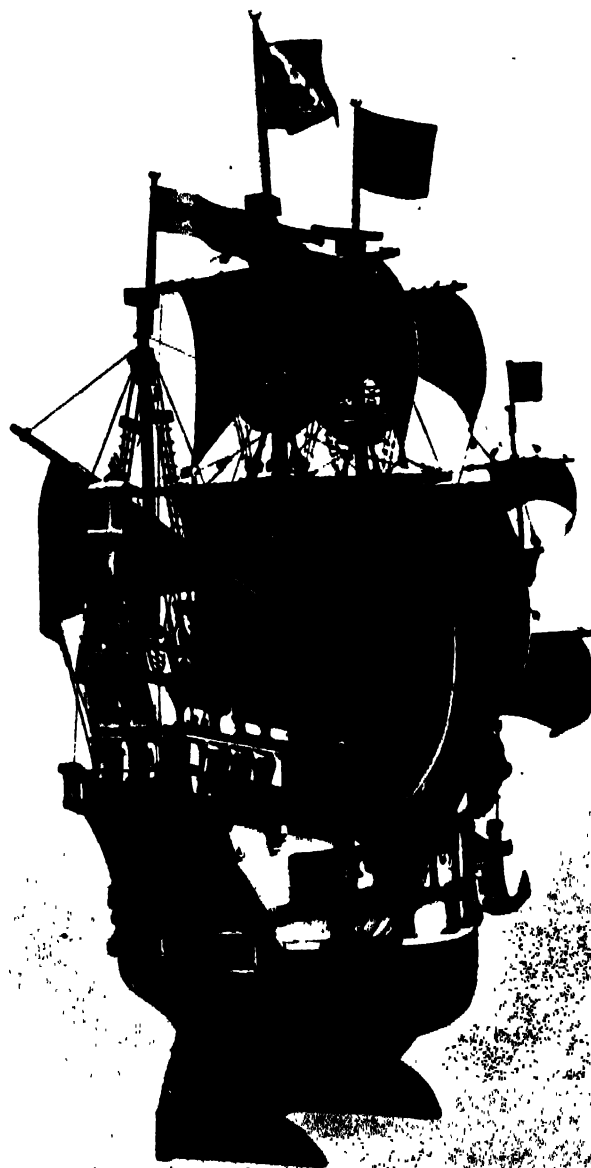
This handy, flexible little book belongs to the series which has already helped younger students to a love for the wonderful work of Chaucer. The poetry of Spenser is a big undertaking when first put before a schoolboy or school-girl, but with a knowledge of its extent and purpose, a familiarity with its style, and a genuine admiration for its beauties, encouraged by this sympathetic introduction to the treasures of "The Faerie Queene," the difficulties fade away and eagerness to go on to the original is engendered. Miss Smith, after a general introduction to "The Faerie Queene," gives a short introductory note on three of the stories of the poem: The Story of the Knight of the Red Cross, or of Holmess; The Story of Sir Guyon or of Temperance, and The Story of Britomart. Then follow the three stories themselves, clearly told in good narrative style. Miss Smith has retained in her prose the atmosphere of the poem, and has helped very greatly to an understanding of the rhythm and style by her well-chosen quotations. Extremely interesting illustrations are included—reproductions from Watts, Turner and Carpaccio strike the right note and are in keeping with the dignity of the little volume.

*From Sunny Ducrow
(Sampson Low).*

SUNNY DUCROW.

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER. 6s. net (Sampson Low.)

It is problematical that this entertaining novel will prove any deterrent to the monstrous regiment of good-looking girls who imagine that for them the stage is the highway to fame and fortune. "Sunny" Ducrow, an obscure Cockney child employed at a pickle factory, achieves astounding success as a revue performer, chiefly, it would seem, on account of an infectious good-humour, an attractive appearance, some singing skill, and a ready tongue. Her retorts and repartees, as printed verbatim, do not always aid the author's picture of her as an irresistible, all-conquering personality, some of her sayings being noteworthy mainly for impudence. However . . . The tale of how she leaves the pickle factory and rises to eminence as a "bounding beauty of the British boards" is told with zest and competent craftsmanship, though now and then we are perhaps invited to believe too much as to how a pushful youngster manages to interview the most unapproachable managers in the theatrical profession, and as to how an actress who is illiterate and speaks of "Hamlick" can become a "star" even with the revue-going London public. With "Sunny" there is a companion from the pickle factory, one "Bert," who also does well on the stage and from the start to the close of the book he plays a gloomy Alfred Lester part.



MODEL OF 15TH CENTURY SHIP.
Made by the author, Mr. St. John Cooper.



From Essentials in Art
(Lane).

ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS—UFFIZI,
FLORENCE.

A MUSICAL MOTLEY.

By ERNEST NEWMAN. 7s. 6d. net (Lane.)

Critical writing, on any artistic subject, is a difficult art in itself. So often does the critic praise what tradition and habit tell him he ought to praise, regardless of faults, that it is small wonder to see clusters of youthful iconoclasts deciding among themselves to break all laws and fashion what they hope will be a new tradition of their own. Fortunately new alphabets, new scales in music, and new colours are not to be constructed in every studio.

that will be quite adequate for his ideas." This is perfectly true, many a poet who did not know a dactyl from a pterodactyl has written accurate and lovely verse; but it is arguable that a knowledge of technique would have aided his inspiration. This point is emphasised by Mr. Newman in a later essay, where he says that "technique of the highest kind is not merely a means of expressing ideas—it is a liberator and generator of ideas; precisely because the brain functions easily, it functions copiously."

Mr. Newman's happy achievement is to have rescued criticism of music from the depths of dullness into which



From Essentials in Art
(Lane).



From Essentials in Art
(Lane).

EARLY ROMAN
BUST OF AN
OLD MAN.
(Vatican, Rome.)



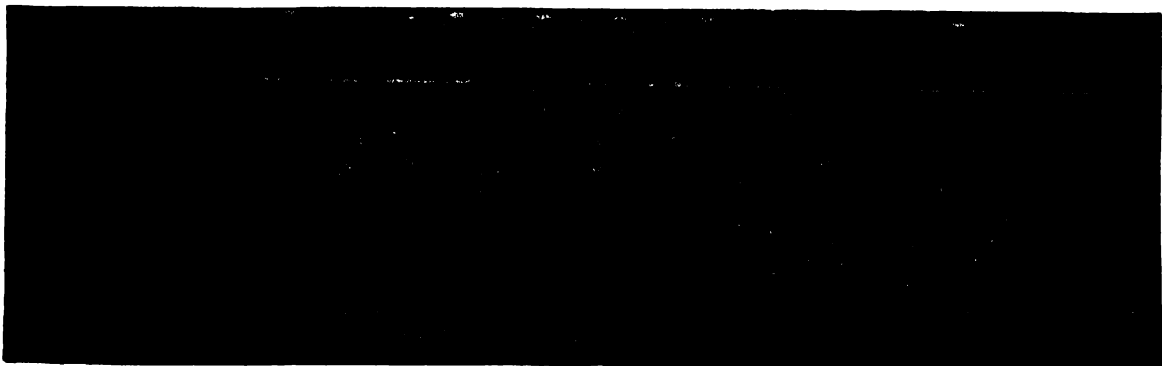
From Essentials in Art
(Lane).

DONATELLO—HEAD
OF GATTAMELATA.

The brainy rebels fail to realise the paradox that the man who does the most delightfully novel things in any art does them by virtue of his knowledge of the rules and his ability to stretch them (not break them) to meet his own creative demands.

The true artist, whether he has training or not, conforms to accepted canons simply by reason of the gift that is born in him; this does not, however, deny him the right to make experiments. "The composer who has the real thing in him," says Mr. Newman in one of his racy essays, "will always, with a very little training, make a technique

it so easily falls, and to write about musical matters in such a way that the ordinary amateur, reading these discussions, enjoys himself vastly. The average article which goes under the curious name of "musical criticism" is tedious indeed, even for those who are sufficiently grounded in the theory and practice of music to understand it. If it be written by an expert critic, it is full of technical terms and elaborate comparisons; if by one who has been "turned on" to do it in the general run of the day's reporting, it is compact of well-worn phrases that signify nothing.



From Essentials in Art
(Lane.)

DONATELLO—CHOIR-LOFT FROM
THE DUOMO, FLORENCE.



From *Symphonie Symbolique*
(Erskine Macdonald)

"And in the moon-mist on the
leaves you stand." Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

By the "ordinary amateur" I mean the man who recognises a fugue when he hears it; gains a subtle pleasure from the parts assigned to separate instrument-groups of



From *The Importance of
Women in Anglo-
Saxon Times*
(S.P.C.K.)

THE MARTYRDOM OF
ST. PAUL (DOOR OF
ST. PETER'S, A.D.
1447.)

an orchestra, as distinct from his impression of the whole; has experimented occasionally in composition; and knows the difference between a "pretty-pretty" drawing-room ballad with its foreseen cadences and suspensions and modulations, and a song that means something. No highly skilled knowledge, this; but it makes an astonishing difference to your enjoyment, let us say, of a Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall—especially as you must never dare to promenade. You are able to "spot" that exceptionally pleasing form of originality—"the giving of a subtle turn of unexpectedness to the common language"; a form which has abundant analogies in the art of literature, as Mr. Newman expressly and most competently expounds:

"Within the ordinary language of music an effect of originality may be made by some very simple turn that is given to melody or harmony (I mean a durable effect of originality, not merely one that surprises us to-day and finds us wondering next week how we could ever have been surprised at it.) Every reader will be able to recall effects of this kind in poetry and great prose. Music is full of them."

Fearlessness is to me Mr. Newman's most fascinating characteristic. His essay entitled "Putting the Classics in Their Place" is an admirable example of this; he challenges traditional verdicts, demands that his brother-critics should be less hide-bound by them.

"I should like to see among us musicians," he says, "a mind like that of Samuel Butler—a mind that took nothing for granted, accepted no reputation merely on the strength of the noise that had gathered round it in its course down the ages, and that looked at every old work and every old problem with the candid eyes of an intelligent child who saw them for the first time. . . . It would do us good, it would clarify our minds and sharpen our critical methods, if we were compelled to give good reason for the faith that is in us."

And right valiantly, throughout this alert and inspiring book, does he himself try to attain that fresh view-point. It is his great charm that he takes nothing for granted; that he can adore Bach as a master and exclaim "*Gott in Himmel*, how dull Bach sometimes is!" The ideal method, he admits, is beyond our reach:

"The classic comes to us in such a cloud of transmitted adoration that none of us, do what we will, can turn the same critical searchlight upon him that we do upon Strauss or Debussy. . . . The inferior work of the composers of the past sneaks in under cover of their better work."

Here is a courageous critic, a critic on the war-path, and we seem to hear sounds of dismay as Mr. Newman swings his knobby club and dislodges by the dozen the fixed opinions of his friends from their cobwebbed nooks. He is a veritable *enfant terrible* at times; but he "has a way with him" that dismisses malice and makes for friendly argument. And it is not to be supposed that admirers of Mr. Newman and his fine, judicious work for the great cause of his art will agree with everything he says. Here is an example of his daring which I, for one, would break several lances over: he advocates the "retouching" of the classic—"a modern man of genius cannot do a classic a greater service than by occasionally retouching the texture of his work where it was originally rather weak or where time has worn it rather thin." Heaven defend us! I want to hear the classic music as the composer wrote it, where possible (how rarely this is possible perhaps few people understand); at any rate, let me have it unspoiled by modern hands—let the modern genius compose for himself and his own period. And what, I wonder, would Mr. Newman advise for the next generation, with ears more sensitive, different ideas of harmony, and still newer schools of composition—shall the "retouched" classic then be again "retouched"? If so, where shall the process end?

There are a few pages in this volume which are not worthy of the author; "Composers and Obituary Notices," for instance, which is pure journalism; I should have liked, instead of this, some little indication of Mr. Newman's opinion on Pachmann and his interpretations of Chopin, perhaps, or on the place of the

organ in orchestral music—a point on which I have never been able to make up my mind. But with one or two exceptions the essays here collected are valuable helps to the appreciation of music, and all the more valuable because humour runs through them irrepressibly. The “open letters” to a “younger and more innocent member of the craft” on the subject of “Label” and “The Art of Bluff” are uncommonly good, and “A Criticism and Some Letters” would bring a smile to the straightest face. These however are pleasant trifles; the main body of Mr Newman’s work is, as ever, full of thought, careful for the dignity of his art, harmonious, imaginative, and showing that wide acquaintance with the sister-arts of literature and painting which makes for accuracy of judgment, fluent and happy analogies, and the frequent approving assent of the intelligent reader.

WILFRID L. RANDALL.

THE SECOND PERIOD OF QUAKERISM.

By WILLIAM C. BRAITHWAITE, B.A., LL.B. With Introduction
tion by Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt. 15s. net (Macmillan)

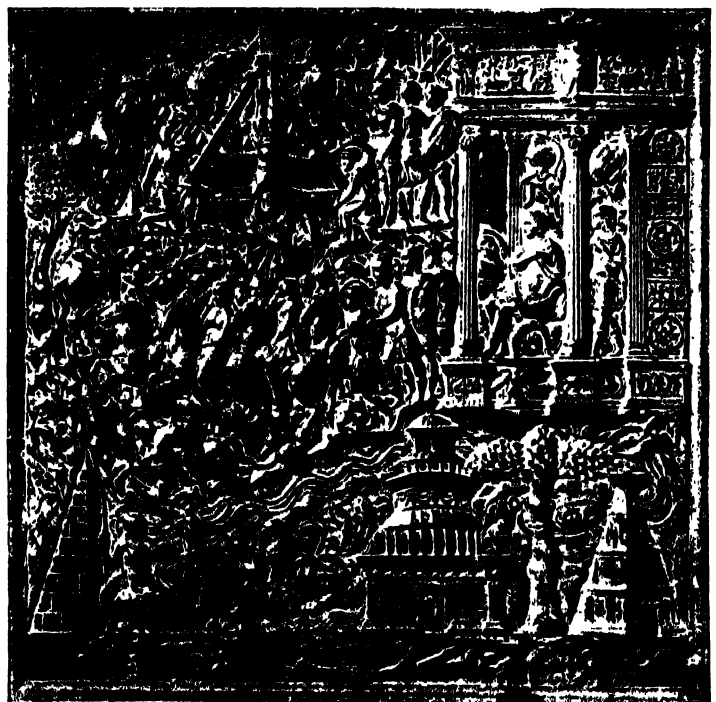
Dr. Rufus M. Jones, who has written much upon Quakerism in America, is best known among us by his admirable “Studies in Mystical Religion,” but also by his “Spiritual Reformers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.” Professor Braithwaite—who bears a name which is old in honour among the Friends—has written previously “The Beginnings of Quakerism,” which dealt, as Dr. Jones tells us, with a creative movement, while the work here presented covers a “stage of organisation, consolidation and congealment” that is to say, the period between 1660 and the end of the seventeenth century. At the close it looks onward into the century which followed. Dr. Jones says that the period was “charged with spiritual significance,” though his important and pregnant introduction implies a confession of failure, at least in a certain sense. He points out that his own books, already named, have exhibited “a long historical preparation for the Quaker movement,” and one that was profoundly mystical, aiming at an Invisible Church, in which religion is “living inward experience.” His theory is that George Fox began with this ideal in his mind and with the firm belief that all ecclesiastical establishments were in a state of degeneration and apostasy. He and his early followers “were called to carry out the true reformation,” to form a living part of the spiritual, unincorporated, “Christ-made and Christ-governed” Church of the ages, having neither human head nor explicit human direction. But he came to see that the movement would not work on a basis of this kind, and he began therefore to organise. It followed in due course that there was a formulation of Quaker doctrine and its ultimate rendering into “a contemporary system of thought.” The first Quakers had broken away from theological doctrine, but under theegis of Robert Barclay—an earnest Scottish Friend—the “new idea” was locked up in an old system, the doctrine of human depravity and the burden of the fall of man connoted thereby. According to Dr. Jones, a dynamic affirmation of the mystical type was exchanged for one which was passive and negative—a Quietism identical with that of the Continent, though at the beginning an indigenous growth. Professor Braithwaite’s exhaustive history embraces this change and reaches a period where “prosperity was clogging the life of many Friends.” The children of light, the friends of truth looked back upon the world, and great efforts were made to check the growth of a material and mundane spirit. We know something of the later history, of the third period which followed, and about which Professor Braithwaite proposes to tell us in yet another



From *Symphonie Symbolique*
(Erskine Macdonald)

My voice shall soar through the
numinous prayers of the throng.
Shall reach thee, O Fate, in the
house of Saturn above.”

volume. It will be interesting to see the completion of his momentous undertaking, already a contribution of the first magnitude to a particular aspect



From *The Importance of
Women in Anglo-
Saxon Times*
(S.P.C.K.)

THE MARTYRDOM OF
ST. PETER. (DOOR
OF ST. PETER'S, A.D.
1447.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

of the history of Christian mystical life and thought. There is no need to speculate as to how he will treat the stage of formalism, the dark cloud which came down upon the spiritual sanctuary of the Friends. He says already that the Divine Life and Light are no spirit which coerces man into "a rigid mould of thought and action," nor indeed into a stereotyped state of waiting for an impulse which does not come. He recognises also that the world needs "a new band of Publishers of Truth." I may be wrong, but I doubt if in his expectation they will march forth from any Quaker meeting-place. And yet the gospel of unity in God which he hopes to hear in the witness of living voices can have but one basis and has had one only through the ages. It does not differ from the root-matter of Quakerism, and though it has had many developments, like "twelve manners of fruit," all of them are fruits of the spirit.

A. E. WAITE.

THE SUPREME ADVENTURE.

By MERCEDES MACANDREW.
7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The "supreme adventure" is not "Drake's exploit on the Spanish Main," but "that of God's Son,



From *The Supreme Adventure*
(Chapman & Hall).

THE DIVINE SON.
(Reproduced by permission
of A. R. Mowbray & Co.,
Irlam, Briggs.)

Jesus Christ, Who came into the world to save it," and this volume presents "the Gospel records as a continuous narrative in the language of to-day, in the hope that the manner may engage the frivolous or the critical, and the matter bring them to the Gospels, and through them, in increasing endeavour, to the likeness of Christ."

STIRRING DEEDS IN THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES F. PEARCE.
With Maps and 17 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Charles F. Pearce's ability to deal with the picturesque side of history has often been exemplified, but seldom to so much advantage as in "Stirring Deeds in the Great War," which has been specially written for boys. This is not to say that it will make no appeal to adults—such heroism, indeed, is universal in its interest. Mr. Pearce deals with every aspect of the war and most of the separate campaigns in which British soldiers took part. Nor are the Navy or the Air Force neglected by this capable writer. Al-

together a most excellent volume, and one which is certain to be very widely appreciated.



WEST COWES, FROM EAST.
From *Isle of Wight Sketch-book*
(Black).

WEST COWES

THE PATSY BOOK.

By ANNE ANDERSON. 58.
(Nelson.)

Most fascinating colour illustrations make up this picture book de luxe. Imagine to yourself a lovely cover in pastel tints, bearing a sketch of a little lad with wistful, laughing eyes, hands in pockets, white jersey, tiny blue knickers, and at his fat feet a little imp of a dog. Now Patsy was the boy and Pat was the dog, and together they went to visit Patty, a girl friend, at the farm. Patty was a modern young fairy dressed in the skimpiest of green spotted frocks with pig-tails tied with green ribbon. What fun they had, and what a dance Pat led them! Of all the pictures, perhaps the best is that where the children are both having supper in the kitchen together in their dressing-gowns; Pat too.

THE CHILD SHE BARE.

By "A FOUNDLING." 38. 6d.
net (Headley.)

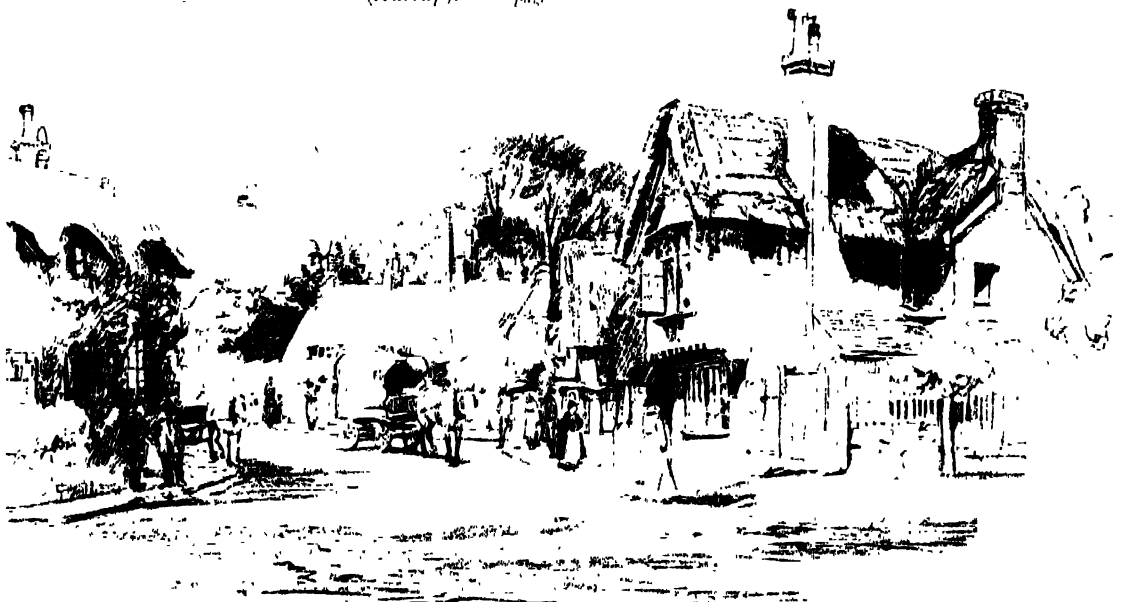
This book "the early life story of a child of an unmarried mother," is frankly an indictment of the Foundling Hospital as a monument of ignorance, bigotry and superstition, intended as a blessing, but in reality a curse. The gravamen of the indictment lies in the "miquitous practice of mothers giving up their children to any stranger or governing body where the child's happiness and future interests are at stake." The attack is of course on the system and not on the Foundling Hospital *per se*, which is acknowledged as one of the best, if not the very best institution of the kind. Of course, what is really involved is the whole attitude of society and religion towards the problem of children born out of wedlock, and it is an excellent thing that this problem should be boldly faced. In the meantime the present narrative is calculated to make us think hard. Few forms of literature are as valuable or interesting as autobiography, when we feel



From *The Oriental Omar*
Illustrated in Coloured Photogravure
by Adelaide Hanscom (Harrap).

page

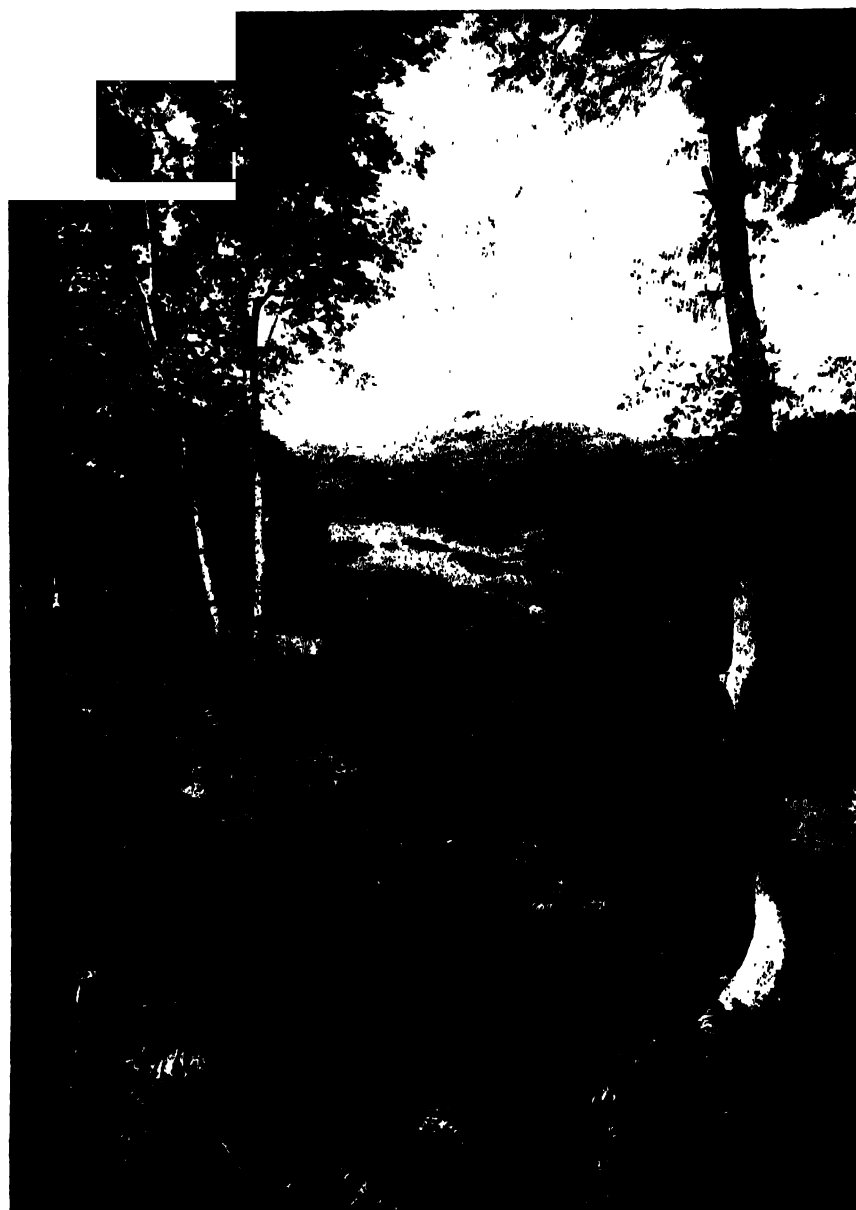
So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink



Dagao.

From *Isle of Wight Sketch-book* (Black).

THE OLD VILLAGE, SHANKLIN.



From *Days in My Garden*
(Cambridge University Press).

THE GARDEN OF THE HILLS



From *A Book of R. L. S.*
(Methuen).

GREYFRIARS CEMETERY, EDINBURGH,
AND THE "RESTING GRAVES" OF
THE COVENANTERS.

it is sincere and truthful. Truth, sincerity and purpose are here apparent in every line and every word. The details of life in the Foundling, and of life as domestic servant under various mistresses, are extremely vivid and convincing. In its way, and as far as it goes, the book challenges *Marie Claire*, and is not nearly so suspicious in its artfulness. It can be heartily recommended, both for its purpose, and for its actual story.

DAYS IN MY GARDEN.

By ERNEST BALLARD. £1 1s. net.
(Cambridge University Press.)

There was once a zealous priest who dreamed that he was seeking admission at the gate of Heaven. But the Keeper demurred: "That world which you have just left," he said, "is beautiful enough, if you only knew it." Acting on this gentle reproof, he returned to earth, and spent the rest of his life in the blissful exploration of a Paradise which had hitherto escaped his notice. With this excellent "cautionary tale" Mr. Ballard begins his garden book, and supplements it with some words heard in childhood from his own father's lips: "I can imagine nothing more beautiful in heaven than there is in this world." This seems to us the right attitude towards such heavenly things as gardens, and our author's theme is not merely his own cosseted domain, but includes the vast pleasure of Nature—of English downs and fields and forests. Nor is this all that sets the book apart from the multitude of volumes with similar names: it is written in a rhapsodical style, unusually well sustained—it sings from cover to cover. Were one to criticise it coldly as prose, it would be necessary to point out a fault of which the writer is doubtless unconscious—the frequent occurrence of passages which can only be read as regular blank verse. Mr. Ballard may take comfort in knowing that he sins in the

good company of Blackmore, and probably no one ever loved "Lorna Doone" the less for this one blemish. The writer is perhaps at his best in dealing with the more delicate, less obvious wonders of natural beauty—the decorative vegetation on tree-boles, the use of black in nature's colour scheme, the signs of life in winter woodlands. He loves the dog's mercury, "thrusting up its fresh green heads, cleverly bent in loops of strength," and gives us nine minute photographic views of the early stages of its development. Nor are the humblest living creatures of the soil neglected; new to most of us will be the strange history of the oil-beetle, and "the weird entanglement which connects its life with that of the humble-bee!" But most interesting of all the fauna mentioned is undoubtedly Old Peter, the gardener, who "grew two things in his heart, 'taters and red currans'!" The numerous illustrations are of a most delicate beauty and full of interest.



From Days in My Garden
(Cambridge University Press).

THE CLEAN WHITE FRESHNESS
OF THE YOUNG BIRCH.

THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

By ALEXANDRE BENOIS. 25s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a very fine book by a notable critic, and it is superbly illustrated with thirty reproductions of works by representative Russian painters. It is a book to be coveted by students and amateurs alike, for its subject is not by any means one with which we are very familiar in this country, not even through the admirable monographs which Germany produced even during the years of war. It is quite clear, and M. Benois leaves it in no kind of doubt, that Russia has not in modern times since Peter the Great possessed anything that could be called a Russian school of painting—her art showed simply the influence of one European mood and movement after another. And this holds good down to our own century, when there appear signs of a change in this respect. Such men as Steletzky, Gontcharova, Larionov have been doing work that is fresh and absolutely distinctive in character, and even in London at the present moment there are one or two Russian artists of very pronounced individuality and power. M. Anrep, for example, whose mosaics have attracted no little attention, and M. Michel Sevier, whose exquisite drawings have a very original flavour, and whose illustrations for Anatole France's "Tragédie Humaine," "Prince Igor," and some other colour books, are among the most interesting of the moment. M. Benois's volume is to be read carefully and carefully digested. Whether you agree altogether with him or not, you will learn a good deal.

CATHERINE GLADSTONE.

By Her Daughter, MARY DREW. Illustrated.
12s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

Mrs. Gladstone was herself a great personality, and even if she had not become the wife of the statesman would never have been a nobody

among her contemporaries. She had the advantage, among many others, of an excellent family tree. Born Catherine Glynn, both her parents were descended from Crusaders, and she was directly descended from Charlemagne. Among her ancestors were also Egbert, William the Conqueror, Harry Hotspur, and Edward I.—all men of some mark in England in their day. She was born in 1812, and lived to see the nineteenth century to its end, having been a part of all that was best and most influential in it. This memoir is in its very nature essentially for friends of the Gladstone family and their friends, but for students of the century and the social and political life of the Victorian era it contains some very excellent matter. There are one or two little glimpses of Lord Wellington



From The Russian School
of Painting
(Laurie).

THE ARRIVAL OF THE
NEW GOVERNESS.

"sitting close to the pianoforte, listening to the music, apparently lost to everything besides." We hear how after hard days, Lord Stanley "late at night, with his feet in hot water, partook of the most gossamer meal." There is a note from Bishop Wilberforce introducing Mr. Reid, a young man who "writes for the *Daily News* and worships Gladstone . . . and will be Chancellor." Highly prophetic the young man is now Lord Loreburn. And here is a pleasant story of "young Willy" at the jolly age of three and a half. "One night he told us he had been 'talking to God.' 'What did you say, Willy?' 'I said, 'Listen to me.''" The intense interest roused by the appearance of a brief sketch of Mrs. Gladstone in the *Cornhill Magazine* during 1916 war-rants expectation that even more interest and pleasure will be taken in this charming volume, a very proper pendant to the life of Mr. Gladstone.

THE MENIN ROAD AND OTHER POEMS.

By CAROLA OMAN. 6s. net.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Even without the preliminary dedication to four V.A.D.'s, "in memory of days we served together in England and France," one would know from the poems themselves that Miss Oman had seen such service; there are so many casual, vivid details of little incidents and description in them that hint of personal experiences out of which their mood and atmosphere no less than their pictorial quality have arisen. That sense of reality is in the sketch of a French city in war time:



From Jacob Epstein and his Work
(Lane).

LORD FISHER

"Through the dark arch into the citadel
We climbed to-night at dusk. The bell-fry tower
Spoke to the early stars the autumn hour.
The cobbles rang deserted, and the air
Stung, with October pungence. . . ."

It is in "Looking Back on Ypres at Noon"; "Unloading Ambulance Train"; "Room 17, B.R.C.S., Head Quarters"; in "Night Duty at the Station":

" . . . The station in this watch seems full of ghosts.
Above revolves an opalescent lift
Of smoke and moonlight in the roof.
And hosts
Of pallid refugees and children shift
About the barriers in a ceaseless drift. . . ."

But always Miss Oman touches this imaginative realism with beauty of thought, emotion, vision, and never more finely than in "Christmas, 1918," the first peace Christmas, which opens:

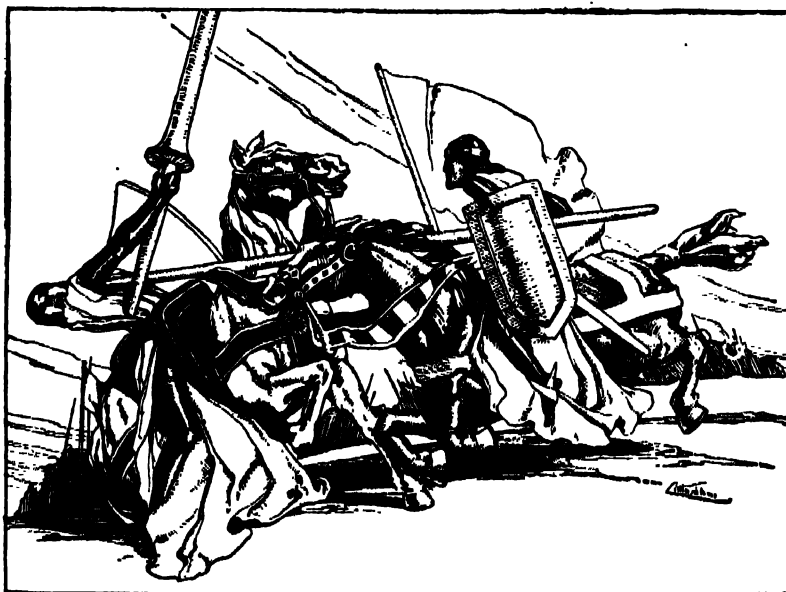
"Opposite us across the cobbled square

The trees stand black against the Christmas rain.
The clerk looks up a moment from his pen
In the kit-office, with a vacant stare,
And sees the flags drip grey upon the pane -
Chattering women, shawled and clutching toys,
A few civilians, porters, slouching men,
And shambling smoking youths, and shrieking boys,
Wandering on platforms. . . ."

then tells of a long walk through the night to the village, and

" . . . Now very wide
The ceaseless wind lashes the clouds apart.
And unprotected lies the countryside
Deserted, feeling for her frozen heart.
But in the village, as we pass near by,
The inn is overcrowded.
We pass on.
The star is stayed above the inn-or gone.
We only hear a new-born infant cry."

Miss Oman has the true inspiration; her verse has charm and spontaneity, and she has the gift of seeing the poetry in ordinary and sometimes squalid facts of everyday circumstance.



From The Legend of Roncevaux
(Fisher Unwin).

"YOU LIE," CRIES ROLAND,
FURIOUS.



'Into the Willow-Pattern'

From a Painting by C. T. NIGHTINGALE
illustrating "TONY-O'-DREAMS"
by M. NIGHTINGALE
Published by B. H. Blackwell, Oxford
and Simpkin, Marshall, London

THE NATIONAL HISTORY OF THE CHILD.

A Book for all sorts and conditions of Men, Women and Children. By DR. COURTENAY DUNN. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

A medical man who has seven children of his own—they figure in the frontispiece, dressed in Highland costume—and who has evidently been a picker-up of trifles about children over the fields of legend and literature, has certain qualifications for instructing the general public. Children sometimes think and say that they get too much medicine. The readers of this book are not treated to an overdose of medical details. Dr. Dunn prides himself on refraining from an analysis of childish ailments. He modestly offers "a history of childhood which for the greater part has been grubbed up from ancient and scarce books, obscure pamphlets and papers." It is an outline of the child from birth up to marriage, with chapters on the child's name, schooling, play, religion, etc. Dr. Dunn has rescued one or two pieces from oblivion which are of real interest, the lines by Joseph Teenan on "The Maister," for example, and the choice school-letter which Matthew Arnold produced, illustrating what Victorian schoolmasters sometimes dictated to their pupils for the benefit of parents. And, even in his lighter, casual pages, there is generally something to amuse the reader, whether he is a parent or not. He will learn "the Irish charm for toothache—*don't wash on Friday*," and the excellent couplet,

"Practising is good for a good little girl,
It makes her nose straight and makes her hair curl,"

and dozens of scrappy items about infancy. But Dr. Dunn now and then drops serious advice. Thus, "if we are anxious for the child to talk early and well we must in conversing with him never allow to be used the ordinary infantile language which silly women persist in talking to babies." Again, "the lesson for a young child of ten is



From Ivan Mestrovic
(Williams & Norgate).

THE MOTHER OF
THE ARTIST.

harmful if it occupies more than fifteen minutes" (he is referring to music). He warns people against scaring children, against compelling them, for example, to sleep without a light in their room, and against a rough-and-ready estimate of all alike, instead of studying individual characteristics and making allowance for particular tastes. At the same time, as he relaxes sufficiently to admit, the boy who "in an essay on 'God's gift to man' included 'insects, reptiles and clergymen' should be seriously talked to."

A GENTLE CYNIC: BEING THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES.

By MORRIS JASTROW, Jun., Ph.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. 6s. net. (Lippincott.)

This intensely interesting work written by one of the leading Semitic scholars of the day is, in its author's words, "an endeavour to place before a general public, and in popular form, the results of the critical study of the Old Testament as applied to a single book in the collection." Dr. Jastrow's theory is that the "Words of Koheleth" when first written was intended to voice the heterodox views of a body of independent thinkers, and that on account of its popularity it had to be toned down to bring it more into line with the accepted beliefs of the time when it was composed this time being about the second century before our era. Its author is unknown, but few, if any, biblical students believe that it was written by Solomon, though the writer, to gain a hearing, described himself as King of Israel, and wished his work to be considered as a newly discovered document written by Solomon. The



From Some Personal Impressions
(Nisbet).

M. TAKE JONESCU.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

nom de plume he adopted was *Koheleth*, which in the Bible is translated "the preacher." With the lapse of time, the real Solomon was idealised into the superlatively wise king as he is represented in the Bible. When the work was circulated in manuscript, copious additions were made by pious commentators so as to counteract the erroneous teachings of *Koheleth*, and eventually these "trimmings" were embodied in the text, and when in the first century B.C. the book was included in the canon, the whole work thus emended was looked upon as the sole production of Solomon. Dr. Jastrow's researches have enabled him to disinter the original matter of which he gives a very able translation, and to free it from its accretions. His introductory matter deals at large and in a most fascinating manner with its origin, growth and interpretation. Stripped of the additions so freely made to the original composition, *Koheleth's* view of life was undoubtedly that of a cynic and pessimist, but without the usual accompaniment of bitterness, hence the epithet "gentle." He is compared to Omar Khayyam, whom in his attitude towards life, he greatly resembles. His advice, "Eat, drink and be merry," runs as a refrain throughout the whole book, but this enjoyment must be preceded by work of which it is a palliative. Dr. Jastrow's observation that there is no "spiritual uplift" in the "words of *Koheleth*" will not be considered inapposite.



From *The Ministry of Women*
(S.P.C.K.)

A CISTERCIAN
ABBESS.

genuine old army, full of grit and flavour. A very attractive note in this book is the testimony it gives to the good feeling and understanding between good officers and good men, and the "spirit of unity the Army is bringing home with them." Every kind of soldier passed through Talbot House, men from every part of the Empire, and shrewdly and racily are their characteristics noted here. The Canadians and the Guards give a piquant and lively juxtaposition in Chapter VII. Mr. Clayton wants to set on foot a similar institution in London somewhere near Trafalgar Square, and has, it seems, moved a considerable distance towards achieving his wish. It would be a real gain to London if it should attain such praise as Lord Cavan, in his preface, gives the original: "... Welcome met me at the door, Happiness lived within, and the Peace that passeth understanding could be found by those who sought it in the Upper Chamber."

THE SEVENTH VIAL.

By FREDERICK SLEATH, M.C.
(Jenkins.)

"The Seventh Vial" owes its title to the vision of the seventh angel in the Book of Revelation, who poured the contents of his vial "into the air." It is a story of war flying, that is to say, its hero being a pilot in a British scout squadron during the earlier part of 1918. Many characters are introduced, and many amazing but not too amazing adventures. Mr. Sleath is to be congratulated on the variations he contrives to make upon the ordinary straightforward tale of a succession of battles, "dog fights," and so forth, in the air. He writes very vividly and well, and it is clear that he has a very considerable knowledge of the events he describes, in spite of some curious minor errors in detail. We can strongly recommend "The Seventh Vial" as a genuinely exciting and well written story.

TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE.

By P. B. CLAYTON.
3s. 6d. net.
(Chatto & Windus.)

Talbot House was a club in Poperinghe, run by Mr. Clayton, who was chaplain there, and who planned it as a club, a home and a spiritual haven. And it was indeed all that he set before him in his planning. In this merry yet serious record we can see a sliding panorama of many phases of life at the front in the bitter years, and there are some most vivid and real portraits, notably that of the "general," a true and satisfying sketch of one of the



From William Blake
(Dent).

THE PRAYER OF THE INFANT JESUS.

SAINTS AND THEIR STORIES.

By PEGGY WEBLING.
Illustrated by CAYLEY
ROBINSON. 12s. 6d. net.
(Nisbet.)

Miss Webling has taken twenty saints, and has retold their lives in a simple fashion for young people. She has very closely followed the traditional legendary lives, but has displayed all her powers of sweet and tender narrative in her rehandling. Whether or no her version is in conflict with cold secular history is of no consequence here, no more than it would be in the case of Cinderella or the Sleeping Beauty. For these are the Fairy Tales of the Church, and not to be measured with a yardstick or weighed in pounds and tons. Mr. Cayley Robinson's drawings are exquisite, serene, tender, beautiful with the beauty of nobility as well as with the charm of their delicate art. Altogether a book for the more serious hours of well nurtured children, and one that they will come heartily to love.



From *Saints and their Stories*
(Nisbet)

ST. BRIDE.

THE EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR GIRLS.

Vol. XL. (Religious
Tract Society)

Contains some bright coloured illustrations. The frontispiece depicts an historical scene ("My lord, do you not know me? I am Delicia Donne, and I am troth-plight to this gentleman.") The romance of Delicia, "all flowered apple blossom brocade and brown curls," is told by the able pen of Miss Dorothea Moore. It is followed by a string of adventure tales, all lively and readable. After "Rosemary's Rival," a school story about the election of a school captain, told in sprightly style by Doris Pocock, we come on an interesting



From William Blake
(Dent).

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

paper. "Some Hints for Young Pianists: A Chat with Mr. Mark Hambourg, the Famous Pianist." Mr. Hambourg thinks that it is essential to have the best teaching, cost what it may, and speaks feelingly about the delusion cherished by most folk - that they can play the piano if they can strum at all. He believes in sticking to one instrument and has taken his own piano into tropical climes and across sandy deserts! This article will be helpful to girl aspirants. Most of the stories that fill this book are designed for the girl who, as a rule, prefers boys' stories. For ourselves, we mean to present the Annual to a Girl Guides' Library when we have finished with it. "The Madness of Mokwa," by "New Englander," is a breezy account of an exciting race between skates and ice boat in Northern Maine. "The Vigil" is equally thrilling, and tells of Mary Hepburn's weird experience in Castle Donahaugh.



From Old Bristol Potteries
(Arrowsmith).

BRISLINGTON DISH
IN POLYCHROME.
By Niglett. (Front.)

OLD BRISTOL POTTERIES.

By W. J. POUNTNEY. Illustrated. 42 12s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Coming from an old family of Bristol potters, Mr. Pountney starts, as Mr. R. L. Hobson says in a foreword, "with the double advantage of inherited taste for the subject and a wide local knowledge, both of which he has turned to good account." He has been for ten years collecting material, and has written a history of old potters and potteries of Bristol and Brislington that must needs be the foundation of all future studies in this subject. The numerous illustrations of fine examples of the ceramic art add greatly to the attractiveness and the usefulness of a book that will be an invaluable and indispensable work of reference.

FRUIT AND ITS CULTIVATION.

By T. W. SANDERS. (Collingridge.)

In the minds of the numbers of ex-service men who are

anxious to settle on the land, the setting up of a fruit and poultry farm holds a foremost place. For such as these this book will be a vade-mecum. A man may read this book and become a theoretical expert on fruit culture, a few years' practice and his living is assured. Add to this the charm of watching the gradual development of a young tree and the satisfaction of seeing, after a few years' attention, a handsome tree laden with fruit. All kinds of English tree and bush fruits, including nuts, such as walnuts and filberts, are dealt with individually. There are chapters on pruning, planting, grafting and training. Fruit diseases and the best methods of stoning fruit receive special attention, and a whole section is devoted to market culture. There are useful tables for fruit growers at the end of the book and a general index. Altogether a valuable book for our period of reconstruction; it is handsomely illustrated.

THE SEA GAZER.

By ALBERTA VICKRIDGE. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

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From Fly Papers
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SHOOTING THE
MOON.



FIGURE 29 SURCOATS

From Shakespeare for Community Players
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And a garden patch where the bees carouse.
Nought I know if I know not that—
Beetham dust on my fresh cravat,
And a rose to stick in my Sabbath hat
That Stephanie plucked in Beetham!

"Coy but kind is Stephanie Platt;
Sabbaths are sweet in Beetham!
What were the thoughts would visit a lad
Going to church with Stephanie Platt—
Sitting in church with a heart right glad
At the lovesome blush that her two cheeks had?
Nought I know if I know not that—
Though Parson pattered his prayers, I gat
No nearer Heaven than where I sat
By Stephanie Platt in Beetham!"

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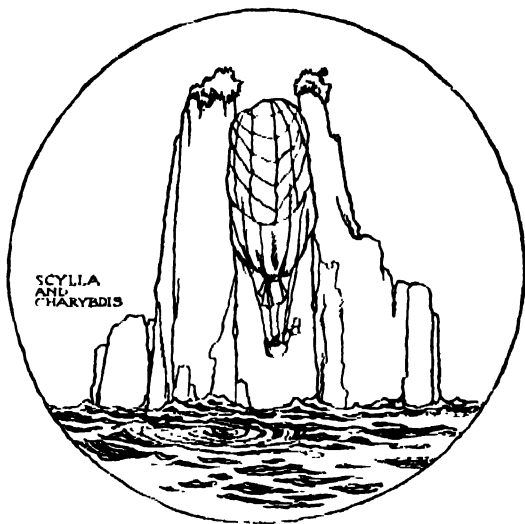
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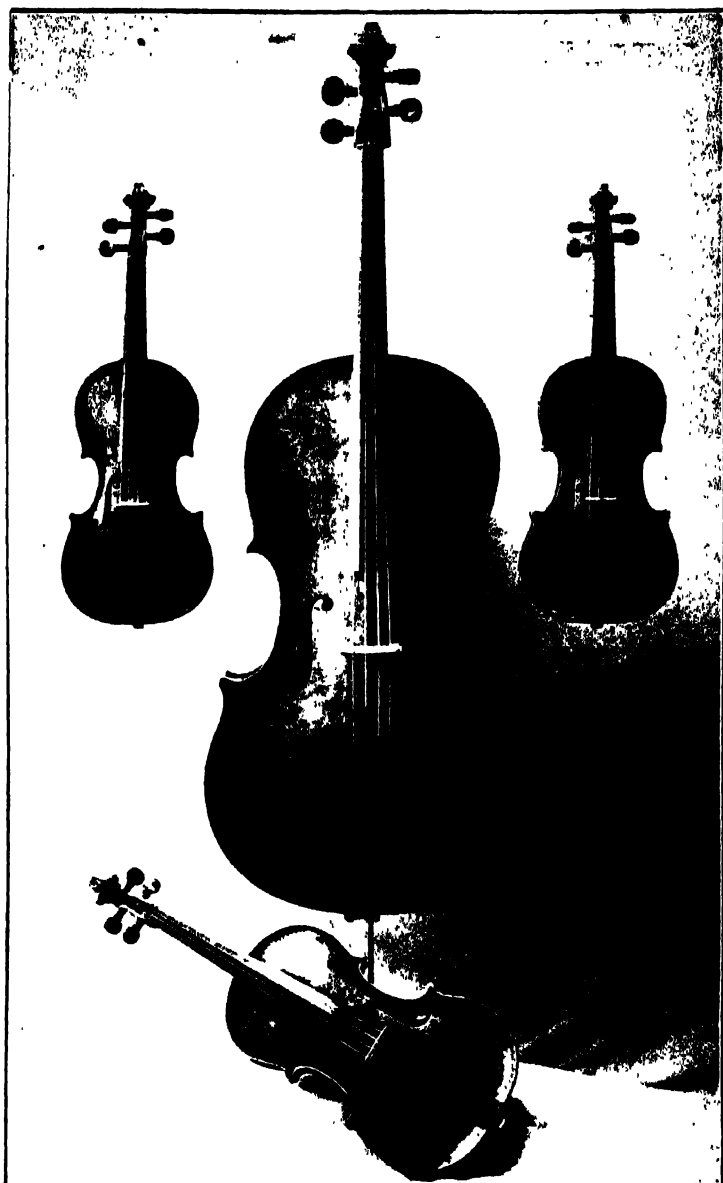
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FIGURE 30 TYPES OF WOMENS DRESS

From *Shakespeare for Community Players*
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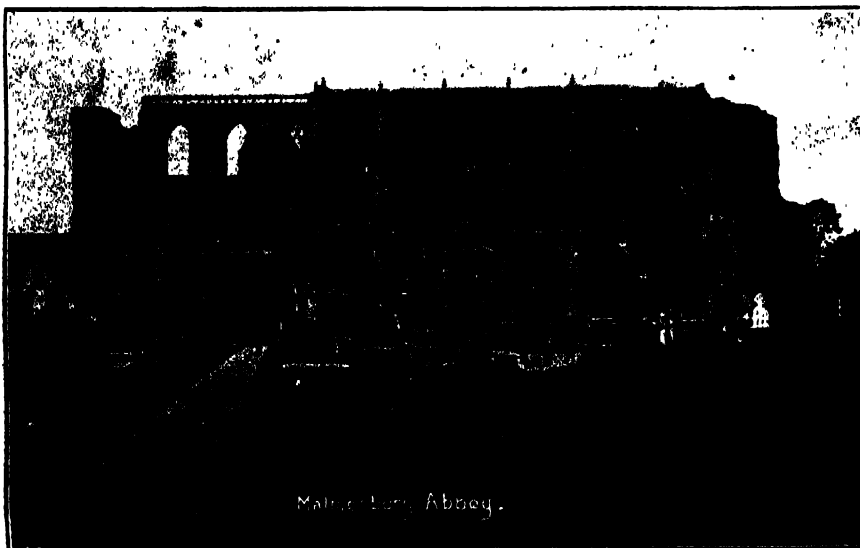
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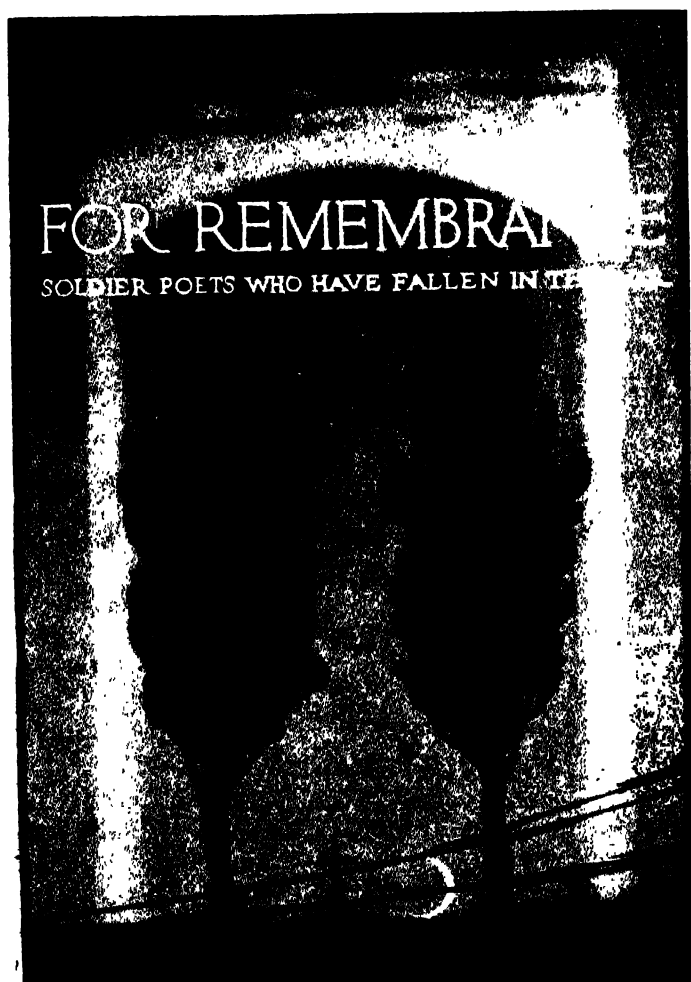
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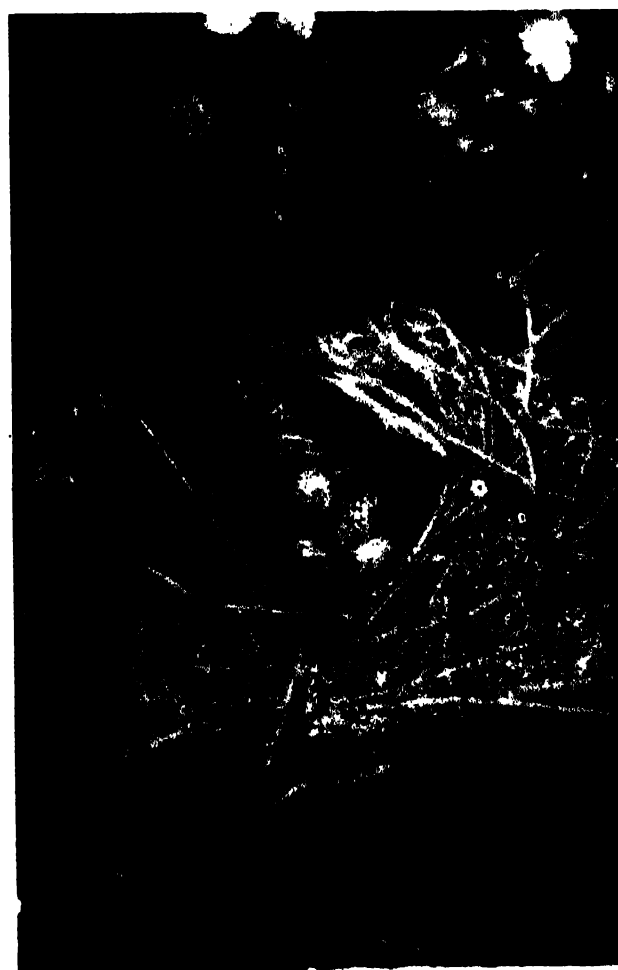
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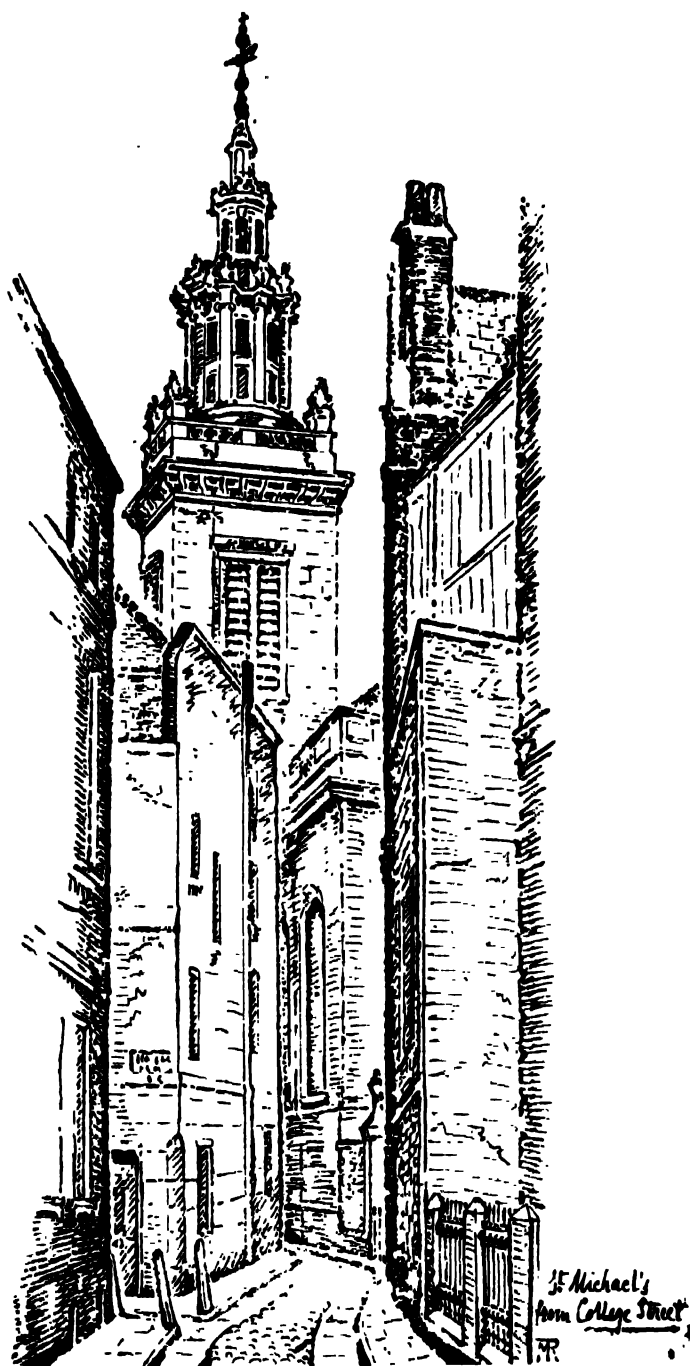
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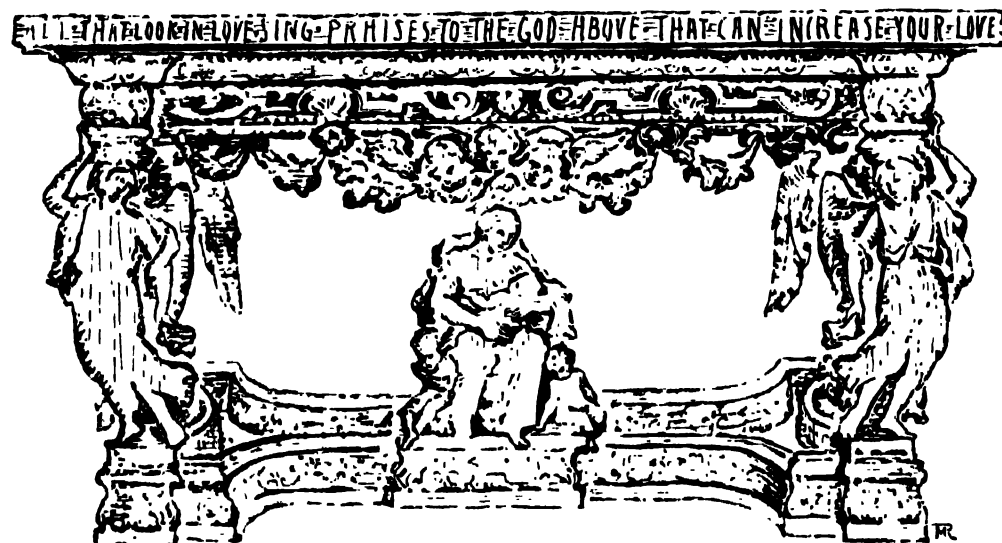
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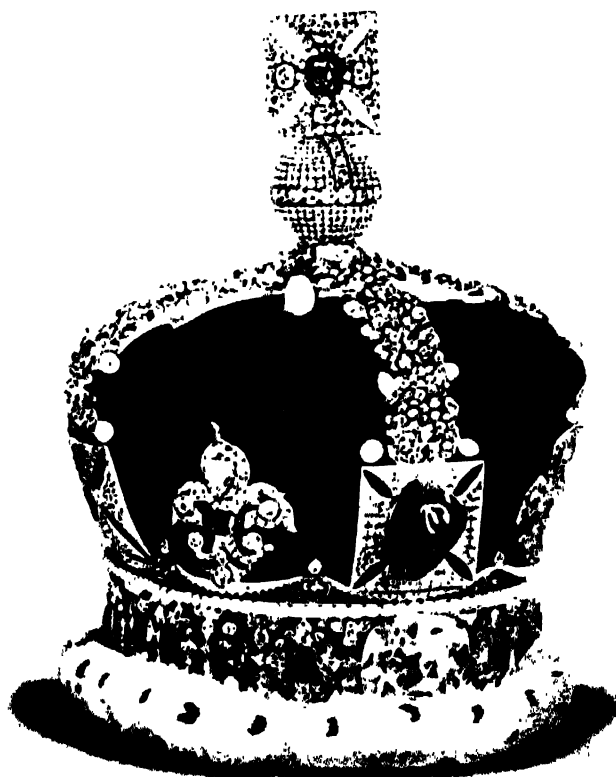
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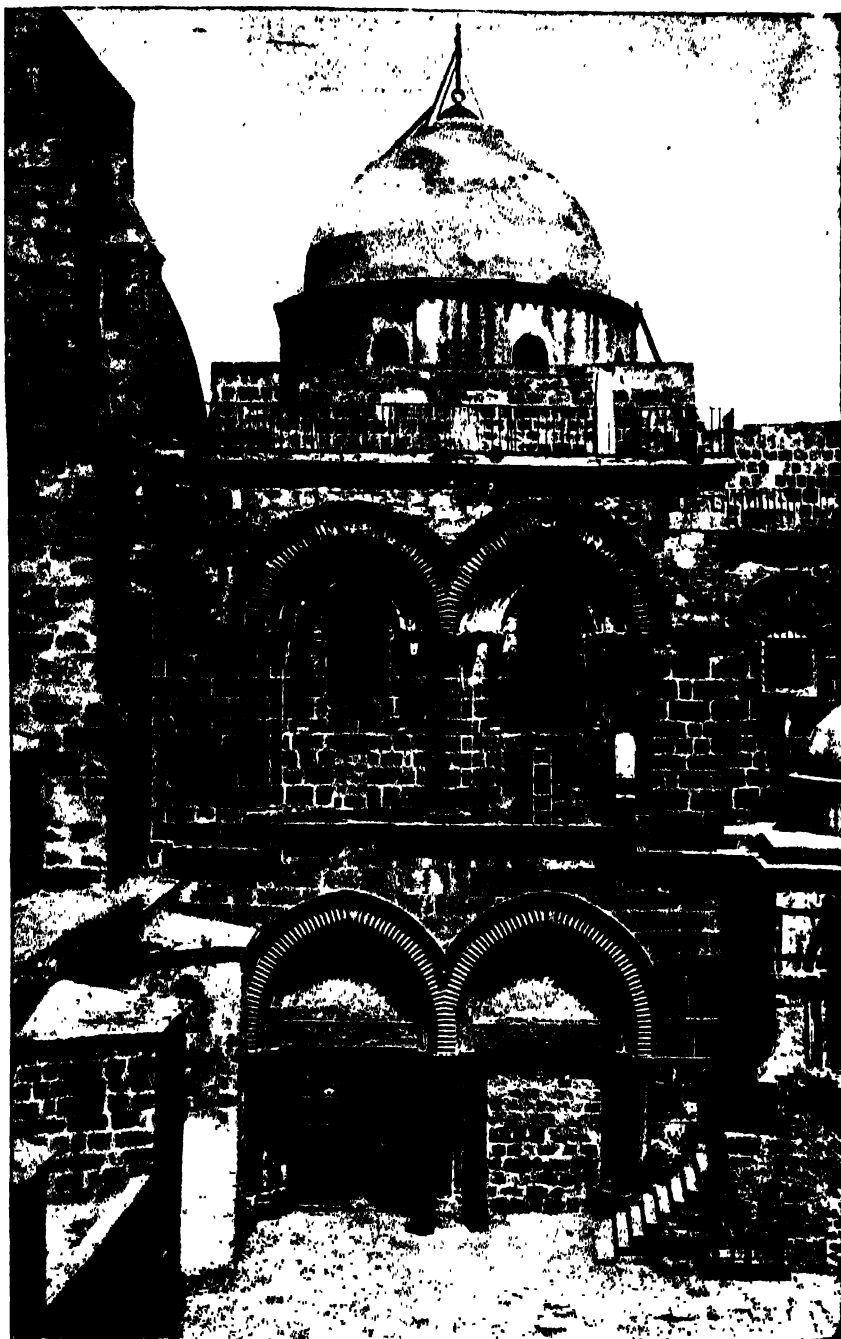
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Then, again—about Aunt Jane—who went to munitions: but we leave it for you to read it for yourselves. We sympathise with the poet's address to the artist at the end. He has every reason to suffer his green-eyed perturbations, though his verse is better than he thinks.



From *The Book of Wonder*
By Lord Dunsany (Elkin Mathews).

THE CITY OF
NEVER.

ABBOTSCOURT.

By JOHN AYSCOUGH. 7s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

This story of English country and ecclesiastical life is so well written and up to a point so well imagined that it is certain to give pleasure. We have two branches of the family of Abbot, one hereditarily of the Church, continually and progressively prospering, the other, the elder branch, carrying its baronetcy deeper and deeper into the slough of dissipation, degradation, desolation, from generation to generation. The baronet dies, leaving a son worse than himself and a daughter too good for such a breed. Dr. Abbot takes the daughter into his house, meaning to treat her as one of his own children and prepared to play a father's part in every way. His son, destined to follow him in the Church, is charmed with beautiful Eleanor, who is in every way delicious. But judge the dilemma of the poor parson, about to be made a dean, with a bishopric in the offing, when Eleanor explains that she is a Roman Catholic! The position is clearly impossible, and Eleanor goes back to her brother's house to meet with insult and ill-treatment, finally running away. The dean's son of course in the end gives up the Church and marries Eleanor, and the story has no little charm and beauty. Its great fault is that while the characters of the Abbot family are drawn with great skill and firmness, and are really living, they give the impression of being subordinated to the Roman Catholic priest and his sister, who are not by any means so convincingly drawn. It is surely not intended in any propagandist spirit, for that would be incompatible with the true and delicate art displayed in the story. And yet this art really fails towards the end. The Roman Catholicism seems dragged in by the ears. By the way, why, if it is disreputable for Eleanor's brother to try to bring about her marriage with his vulgar friend by means of cunning pressure,



From *The Madman*
(Hutchinson).

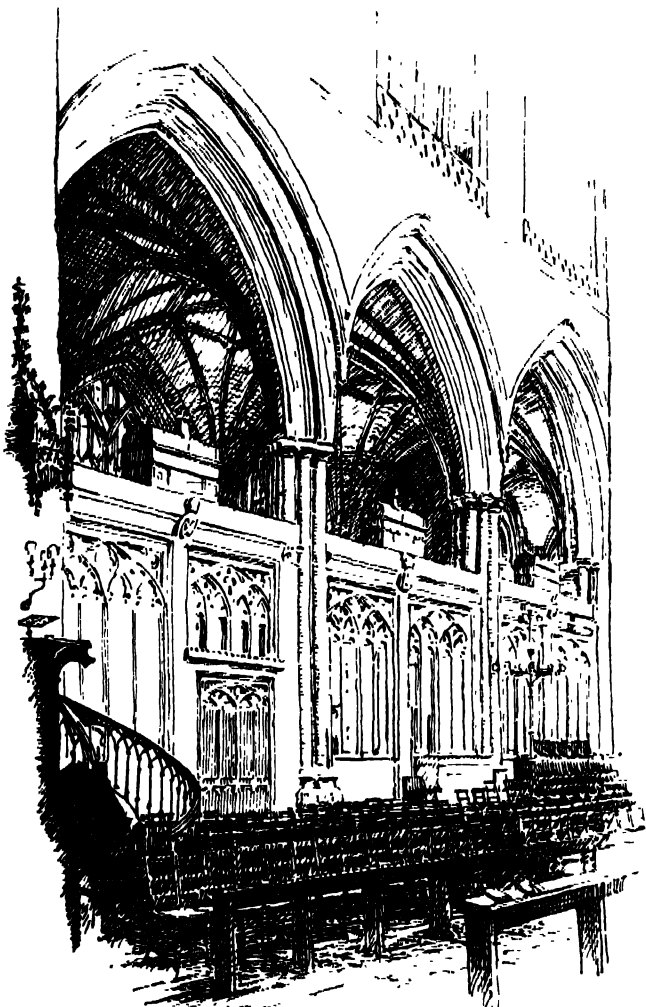
ONE OF THE DRAWINGS BY
THE ARABIAN POET-PAINTER,
KAHLIL GIBRAN.

should it be admirable for the priest and his sister to steer and influence her towards marriage with Ludovic Abbot?

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL: ITS MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, M.A. Illustrated 10s. 6d. net.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

This able and closely packed volume does not deal with Winchester Cathedral as a whole or from its architectural side; it is rather an attempt to call to mind the inarticulate, often the forgotten, memories that lie concealed in the monuments and memorials of the cathedral. Winchester is remarkably rich in this respect. Its chantries are among the most magnificent in the kingdom, its mediæval monuments are of exceptional value and interest, many hundreds of persons since the Reformation have been interred within its walls not a few of whom are of more than local honour, and above all it preserves in its unique mortuary chests the bones of many of our Saxon and Danish kings. Once there were eight of these chests, but the troopers of the Long Parliament came there and flung down the chests and scattered the bones of the Bishops on the pavements, and were starting on the bones of kings and queens when they were restrained. So now there are only six chests, but in them lie the remains of King Canute and his queen Emma, of King Kinegils who died in A.D. 641, Ethelwulf, Kenulph, Egbert, Edmund the son and Edred the grandson of Alfred the Great, and William Rufus. This was a rich beginning, and throughout the centuries royal and noble memories centre in the splendid cathedral. The author is Canon Residentiary of Winchester, and has in this full and delightful book made no little addition to the memorials he chronicles and describes. The illustrations are excellent, redrawn by Miss Dorothy Collins from photographs and pictures.



From *Memorials of Winchester Cathedral*
(Selwyn & Blount.)

A DRAWING BY
DOROTHY COLLINS.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

MY BOOK OF STORIES FROM THE POETS.

Told in Prose by CHRISTINE CHAUNDLER. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Miss Chaundler, greatly daring, has set out to relate the plots of a set of our most famous poems.

"When you know what they are about you will be far more able to enjoy the language in which they are written," says she, in artless confidence. She begins boldly with Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market," that intangible joy. How different the aspect of the story, told in respectable prose! We happen to have come to this book straight from the recitation of Browning's "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and fresh from the fire and beauty of the poet's lines, the description here seems tame indeed. And Miss Chaundler does not attempt even to guess as to what the great news was. It would have been better surely to write the author's name under the title of each separate story, with a little note about the time the poem was written, giving any other important facts about it. For the rest, the book is painstaking and does not shy even at a laboured explanation of "La Belle Dame sans Merci." But it is hard to forgive the illustrator for his picture of so simpering a lady! Elsewhere he has done pretty well; we like Lochinvar's gay and gallant expression.

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

By TAKÉ JONESCU. Introduction by VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M. 9s. net. (Nisbet)

This is a very remarkable book, as much from its trenchant, decided judgments and quick sure observation as from the personality and inside knowledge of its author, one of the best known and one of the wisest statesmen Rumania has ever possessed. The subjects of the sketches, vignettes, and very brief essays which make up the volume are persons or matters with whom M. Jonescu was in contact or in which he bore a part, and all relate to the individuals who either figured in the war or were concerned with the intrigues from which it sprang.

Naturally enough, when we consider Rumania's geographical and political situation, many of the people handled are Austrians, such as Counts Berchtold, Aehrenthal, Goluchowsky, Czernin and Mensdorff; there figure also several German statesmen, Kiderlen Waechter, Prince Bülow, Prince Lichnowsky, and the German Emperor. King Charles of

Rumania also finds a place, and Talaat Pasha, and the splendid Greek, Eleutherios Venizelos, for whom he has nothing but praise, well discriminated praise. It is agreeable to read that Kiderlen Waechter "told me that the Crown Prince was worse than a ninny, and that

he had said to him that it was not in the society of little officer boys politics could be learned, and that he ought not to meddle with the matters which he did not understand." So, too, the personal judgments passed on the Kaiser and on others of the protagonists of the struggles

of the past twenty years are interesting and illuminating. But far more interesting is the piercing light shed on those struggles and intrigues and on the whole meaning and tendencies of European diplomacy and international politics, a very dry light indeed. Not a single page is here that does not give something profound or serious and enlightening.

THE BABE'S BOOK OF VERSE.

By M. NIGHTINGALE. 2s. (Blackwell.)

A new edition of a dear little book, quaintly bound in mauve and yellow. The type is curious, almost like writing, but quaint and pretty. As for the verse, it is frankly reminiscent of Robert Louis Stevenson every now and then, as in the first piece:

"I'm sure that it's one of the very best things
To wake in the morning as merry as kings."

But now and then Miss Nightingale is quite herself, as in the charming "When I'm Old." We give the last three verses:

"I'll ride away with the daylight, where the
days go one by one,
And I'll play in a golden castle, with the
days that are dead and done,
When I'm old.

I'll ride far away in the distance where the
sky and the green fields meet,
And on and on in the skyland, till it's
Heaven's golden street —
When I'm old.

And then I'll just get down, I think, and stand quite still,
don't you?
And wait till the angels find me, and tell me what to do,
When I'm old."

The small book would make a very attractive Christmas card to send to a young mother, or anybody who loves pleasant rhyme.

SAINT ANTHONY'S GROVE.

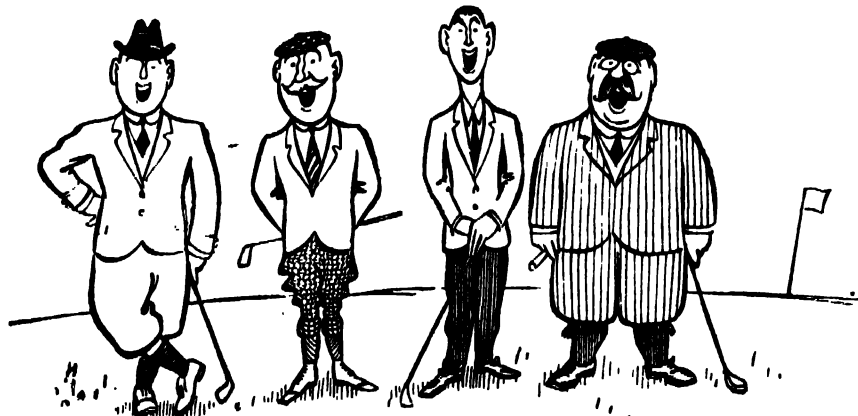
By WILLIAM GARRETT. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

When a man of thirty-five or so finds himself unexpectedly the guardian of a beautiful girl of nineteen, the novel-reader knows what to expect. And—sure enough—it is the expected that happens in "Saint Anthony's Grove."

Not that that is any reason why the book should not appeal to the reading public; its love interest, indeed, is very pleasantly and quite skilfully worked out. It has some well-managed dramatic situations and it is effectively written. Altogether the sort of thing that people like.



From Argonaut and Juggernaut
(Chatto & Windus).



From Songs of the Links
(Duckworth).

TITLE PAGE—
THE BIG QUARTET.

History Biography & Travel



From China of the Chinese
(Pitman).

MARBLE BRIDGE AT SUMMER PALACE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

CHINA OF THE CHINESE.

By E. T. C.
WERNER.
("Countries
and Peoples"
Series.) 9s.
(Pitman.)

Several of the nations of the world have lately, with heavy hands, written *Fins* to the history of their past, and formative careers, and have begun a race which will impose upon observing sociologists more forward than backward thoughts. Whether the Russian, German, Austrian and Hungarian peoples will have closed and clasped the treatises allotted to them in Messrs. Pitman's series, it is difficult to say, but it is certain that events in China have opportunely opened the admirable volume on that country lately added by Mr. Werner. Thirty years' residence in China, an impartial mind, a talent for the comprehension and array of facts, and large social concepts these have qualified the author to present China of the Chinese to Western readers. He justly comments on the vice of disproportion in history as generally written, whereby the earlier periods are vague, small, and fragmentary, and the later crammed with details. Chinese history suffers in this respect more than others, and with less excuse, for the ancient records are full and significant. The reader will, in these three hundred pages, see



From *European History*
(Gresham Press).

TRAJAN'S TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

China in a proportioned scale, both as regards periods and departments of life; the Manchu age will not dwarf the reign of Yao the Great, nor modern political complications cover up the domestic, ceremonial, ecclesiastical and moral life of the essentially unchanged Chinese.

IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

By LEO E.
MILLER.
Illustrated.
21s. net.
(Fisher Unwin.)

This book is a record of nearly six years' continuous exploration in South America, carried out by Mr. Miller under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. In that time he

covered Colombia, Venezuela, British Guiana, Bolivia and Argentina, with touches at Panama, Ecuador and Peru. He was also attached to Mr. Roosevelt's South American expedition in Brazil and Paraguay. These expeditions led through remote wildernesses where savage people and little-known animals "spend their lives in stealth and vigilance, all oblivious of the existence of an outer world." Their purpose was to collect birds and mammals, to study and observe fauna, flora, topography, climate and human inhabitants. A very large order indeed, and Mr. Miller was kept



From *In the Wilds of South America*
(Fisher Unwin).

INDIAN HUT IN THE VALLE
DE LAS PAPAS.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

properly busy. The scientific results of his expeditions of course appear in other works; this is a narrative of his travels. It gives a marvellous picture of the great rivers and forests, teeming with life, from jaguars and ant-eaters and monkeys and birds of every note and plumage, to caimans and the deadly little piranha—the devouring fish of the big rivers—and black lizards three feet long, with teeth that score a steel rifle barrel! There is little sensational in the way of personal adventure, but nearly

Sled” which presented a survey of the interior of the country in winter as the present book does of its summer aspect. This book is a sober attempt to describe the country and its people, with no ulterior motive whatever, no boasting, no “boosting.” He takes you from the source of the Yukon to its mouth, a voyage of over two thousand navigable miles, and tells on the way the history and mystery of territory, settlers, trappers, traders, mines, Indians, Esquimaux, Russians, wolves, salmon,



From **European History**
(Gresham Press)

ROMAN INFANTRY AND CAVALRY.

everything recorded is interesting, and worth a corner in the memory. Who would have imagined an Italian who in ten years had killed sixteen thousand condors, whose long wing feathers go to Paris for women's hats. It is not a pleasant piece of knowledge, but it may be as well not to be ignorant of it. There are some eighty very good illustrations.

rabbits, flies, mosquitoes, rainbows, thunderstorms, all the diversities of creatures and themes that two thousand miles of a marvellous river can bring before you. Common sense, humour, sane patriotism and good world-citizenship inspire the book, which is of great interest as a record of a little known land. His information is not merely the result of his own journey, but of exhaustive study, wide reading,

good listening and fine judgment. Hence the true value of what he tells us. The illustrations are pleasing, but not sensational, they are easily credible and understandable. You like the Yukon.

VOYAGES ON THE YUKON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

By HUDSON STUCK,
D.D., F.R.G.S.
With Illustrations
and Maps. 25s. net.
(Werner Laurie)

Dr. Stuck is a missionary who has been fifteen years in Alaska, and has spent most of that time in travelling to and fro and going up and down upon it. Already he has given the world “Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog-



From **Voyages on the Yukon
and its Tributaries**
(Laurie).

A NATIVE FISH CAMP.

MIDSHIPMAN REX CAREW, V.C.

By JOHN S. MAR-
GIRSON. Illustrated.
5s. net. (Nelson.)

Recalled from leave the very day that war was declared, Rex Carew lost no time in

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

doing credit to his nautical ancestry. The first essential for such a career as his is to have a faithful henchman from the lower deck; and Fate supplied Rex with this before he reached his ship, in the person of Mike Mulvaney, able seaman, who had broken his leave, and insisted on surrendering as a prisoner to the astonished midshipman. The two black eyes with which Mike rejoined his vessel, he attributed to the valour of Rex and his insistence on arresting him. Rex's ship, H.M.S. *Arlemas*, was in every "scrap" during the war, until she was torpedoed, and Rex had every kind of good fortune that the soul of a sailor desires now leading a charmed life on the foretop amid a rain of shells, and again fighting a gun, single-handed. More than once Rex Carew was the first to answer the cry of "man overboard"; and again more than once his prowess came under the eye of the Admiral of the Grand Fleet. In the intervals of a busy life he unearthed a nest of German spies on land, directly averting disaster to a cruiser squadron. Finally his adventures included the landing at Zeebrugge, and it was while reading a newspaper in a naval hospital that he found portraits of two new V.C. heroes, named Carew and Mulvaney.

LIVING BAYONE'S: A RECORD OF THE LAST PUSH.

By CONINGSBY DAWSON. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

This is not altogether a record of the "last push." It is really a selection of letters by Lieutenant Dawson similar to another selection previously issued—letters to his family, and full of personal feelings and descriptions. And a very large number of them were written in London, about one-third of the book in bulk, and these letters run from April, 1917, to April, 1918. The fact is that as an officer in the field the author was obliged to refrain from writing records of the operations then proceeding. All the same there is a great deal in the letters that help us to gain a glimpse of the feeling of the time, and splendid little touches of description. And little tales—such as the really gorgeous one of the dental student that was no good to anybody, but who in time learned to swear and became a genuine hero. And then the poignant childishness of the story of the bivouac during the September advance, and the hare that rushed out of the wheat, and how the men chivvied it here and there till at length one fell on it and caught it. Then the hare, as hares do, set up a pitiful

wailing cry—and though there was little to put in the pot, that hare was tenderly petted and set free among the wheat. Things like this give freshness to the book, which will certainly prove a very popular one.

THE GREAT SOUTH LAND; THE RIVER PLATE AND SOUTHERN BRAZIL OF TO-DAY.

By W. H. KOEBEL. 15s. net. (Butterworth.)

Mr. Koebel has established himself as an authority on the various states of South America, and accordingly we take up his new book with serene confidence in its soundness. His theme is of course the political and economic status and position of the great states that border on the Rio Plata, namely Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay and Brazil. It is as well to utter at once the only grumble a reader can be pardoned for making—the book is without a map. No illustrations is well, but a map is highly desirable in any book of this nature. We are all aware of the immense potentialities of South America, and aware, too, that in the post-war world and epoch the economic possibilities of its territories are vast beyond the dreams of avarice, and that in their markets and trade lie many hopes for the world's prosperity. All the big industrial countries are looking closely to those markets, and Mr. Koebel's book gives very valuable information to the British manufacturer which he will do well to read and take to heart. Besides this aspect of the book, its lively and interest-



From *The World's Heritage*
(Gresham Press).

THETIS BRINGS THE ARMOUR
TO ACHILLES.

ing picture of life during the war years in the states dealt with has much to please the ordinary reader. The exact attitude of these countries to the war and their sympathies in the struggle have never before been quite clearly shown or understood over here.

FOR REMEMBRANCE: SOLDIER POETS WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THE WAR.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. With 26 portraits in photogravure. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A revised and considerably enlarged edition of this record of the lives and work of over fifty soldier poets who fell in the late war. Representative soldier poets of Canada, Australia, South Africa and America are now also included. Printed on large pages, and tastefully bound, this new edition makes a beautiful Christmas gift-book.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

ROUND THE WORLD IN ANY NUMBER OF DAYS.

By MAURICE BARING. 6s. net.
(Chatto & Windus.)

This book is made up of notes of travel originally appearing in an American magazine in 1913, and then published with additions in book form in America. Now it is for the first time published in England. Mr. Baring left Tilbury during the dock strike of 1912, and moved down the Channel past Brighton and Plymouth through the Bay of Biscay and the Red Sea, to Ceylon and Australia. On the way he notes various things he saw, but mostly what he thought, as of "Books by Bore for People Who Really Want to Know," or of Catullus and Lesbia, or what a Port Said fortune-teller might have said to Hamlet and Falstaff if they had consulted him, of happy books that read themselves for you, of such a ballad of a horse race as

From *A History of Everyday Things in England*
(Batsford)

Mr. Chesterton might have written if he had been such an Australian as Adam Lindsay Gordon. Such things whimsically and pleasantly fill the pages until we catch a glimpse of "a line of palm trees over a tumultuous fringe of silver foam, which leaps up on a dull opal-green sea"—the first impression of Ceylon, and then we have a dissertation on mangoes and the beatific vision as described by Aquinas. Then ghost stories, parodies and the like fetch us to Australia at Fremantle, which reminds Mr. Baring of Russia, and so to Adelaide and Melbourne and Sydney of the lovely bay. But he has nothing much to see or say until Australia is left behind and he reaches Wellington, and then we hear that his first long drive in the country reminded him of Russia, that is to say of Eastern Siberia and Trans-

baikalia. Then away from New Zealand and to Rorotonga. Here Mr. Baring really wakes up a little and rejoices—the South Sea Islands delight him. "There is nothing here of that hard, metallic element which you get in the East; nothing of that inscrutable mystery, that shadow of cruelty, which you feel in the Orient. The people are like the climate—soft and gentle; and they talk in musical tones like the twittering of birds; and their speech is careless as the laughing talk of children." But Rorotonga is nothing to Tahiti: "Tahiti is the whole thing; the real thing; the thing one has dreamt about all one's life; the thing that made Stevenson leave Europe for ever." He has seen many of the loveliest corners of the world, "a lake in Manchuria covered with large pink lotus flowers, as delicate as the landscape on a piece of Oriental china," Linfa, the Scilly Islands, Capri, and the Greek Islands and "Brusa in Asia Minor in the spring, when the nightingales sing all day, and the roses are in full bloom, and the noise of running water is for ever in your ears." From this lotus land we go to San Francisco and the rest of the book deals with America. Praise of American hospitality and hotels and railways is generously bestowed, and with good reason, and Mr. Baring moves home to England in the *Mauretania* just in time for the Balkan War, after a four months' jaunt about the world.



From *A History of Everyday Things in England*
(Batsford).



From *A History of Everyday Things in England*
(Batsford).

THE ASSEMBLY BEFORE THE HUNT.
"The Breaking up of the Deere."



From Highways and By-ways
in Northumbria
(Macmillan).

**ST. NICHOLAS CATHEDRAL,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**



From The Kentish Cinque Ports
(Scott).

**SMUGGLERS CAP,
KINGSGATE.**

WITH THE INCOMPARABLE 29th.

By MAJOR A. H. MURE. (Chambers.)

It is pretty certain that the best books about the great war have, roughly speaking, been made not by the writers, but by the fighters. Major Mure tells a breathless story in a breathless way, but gets there convincingly and vividly all the time. He went with the 5th Battalion Royal Scots to join the 29th Division, and that division earned for itself a deathless honour in Gallipoli. He tells his own personal story and the story of the fighting as he knew it, from the landing out of the *River Clyde* till the fighting at Krithia and the shell that at the end of over forty days under fire shattered his nerves and sent him to Egypt and home. This plain, swift, personal narrative is as good in its kind as anything we have had upon the actual fighting of the war.



From The Smuggler's Island
(Nelson).

THEIRS WAS A WICKIUP.

THE KENTISH CINQUE PORTS.

By A. G. BRADLEY. Illustrated by FREDERICK ADCOCK.
7s. net. (Scott.)

Over a year ago Mr. Bradley wrote a most interesting account of the Western Cinque Ports in his "Old Gate of England." The present volume takes us along the Kent coast to its northern extremity and forms an indispensable sequel to the first book. No other section of our English coast line has so much of interest, not only for the antiquary, but also for the general reader, and during the great war the run of shore between Hythe and Margate has gained an even greater significance. The secret of the extraordinary renaissance of the ancient port of Richborough is but slowly becoming public property, and the part that Dover has played in the historic past has been crowned by the story of the last five years. No better or more entertaining guide could be found, and not the least of the pleasures in store for the reader are Mr. Frederick Adcock's characteristic and charming illustrations.



From 'Historical Portraits,'
Lives by C. R. L. Fletcher
Introduction by C. F. Bell
(Humphrey Milford).

GEORGE ROMNEY,
From an unpublished portrait by himself in
the National Portrait Gallery.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1919.



From "Emerson and his Philosophy"
By J. Arthur Hill
(Editor).

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS IN BERKSHIRE AND THE COTSWOLDS.

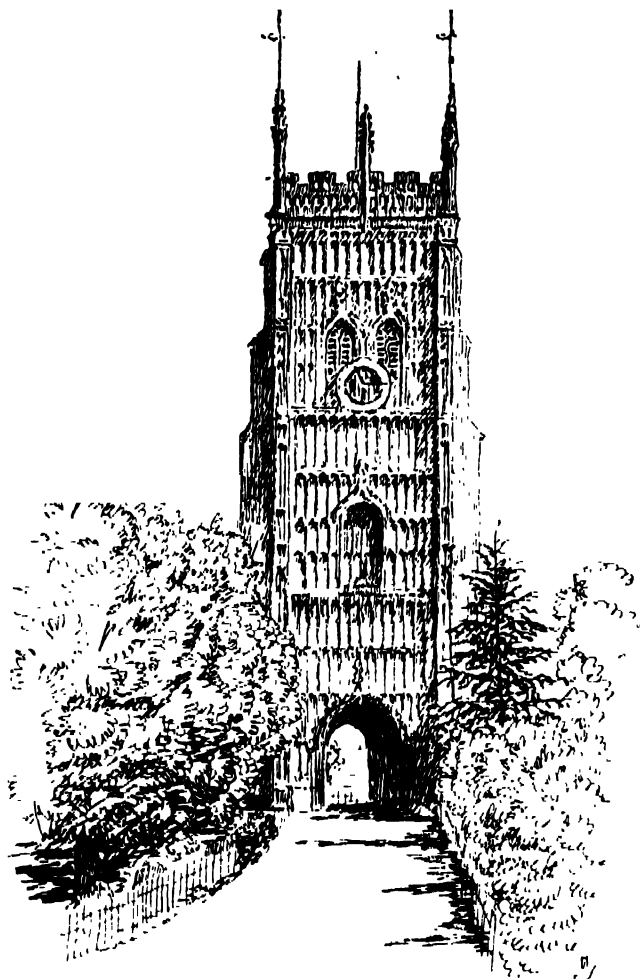
By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A.,
F.R.S. 7s. net. (Scott.)

The Royal County, with the exception of certain obvious districts such as Windsor and the Thames bank, has been singularly ignored by our leading topographical writers, and Mr. Ditchfield, a resident in the heart of the Berkshire forest, has set out to remedy the omission. The result is a record of enthralling interest. Great house and remote village, wind-swept upland and the mysteries of the forest: all are described with a master's touch. The author's unconventional route has enabled him to bring within the confines of his volume that beautiful district of the south-western midlands usually called the Cotswold country. The book is copiously illustrated with reproductions of old prints and with pen-and-ink sketches.

SEAWARD SUSSEX.

By ERIC HOLMES. 7s. net.
(Scott.)

Those long whale-backed hills so familiar to visitors to the Sussex coast towns as they near their journey's end, are rarely explored by the sophisticated traveller, who has little notion of the delightful scenes, remote and forgotten



Evesham tower

From Highways and By-ways
in Berkshire and the
Cotswolds
(Scott)

EVESHAM BELL TOWER.

hamlets, and historic churches which lie between their folds. The region first immortalised by Gilbert White and within recent times by Richard Jefferies, has lately gained the laurels of glowing and moving verse, the most familiar of which is Kipling's "Sussex," and it is in the spirit of this poem that Mr. Holmes has written his book. Though evidently the work of an ardent lover of this stretch of glorious country, who would keep it inviolate from the unappreciative tripper, it nevertheless forms a practical guide for the understanding stranger who would find every "little lost Down church" and know something of its story. The author's text is ably illustrated by Miss Viger's charming pen-and-ink sketches.

HENRY VII.

By GLADYS TEMPERLEY
7s. 6d. net. (Constable)

The series of Kings and Queens of England, of which this volume makes one, is extremely attractive in appearance, its volumes are beautifully planned in paper, type, size and arrangement of page and binding, in fact every physical detail that goes to make a book satisfactory. This is a very great asset, and goes far to give a reader a wholesome prejudice in favour of the series as a whole, and each individual volume in particular. As



Saddlers Row, Petworth

From Seaward Sussex
(Scott).

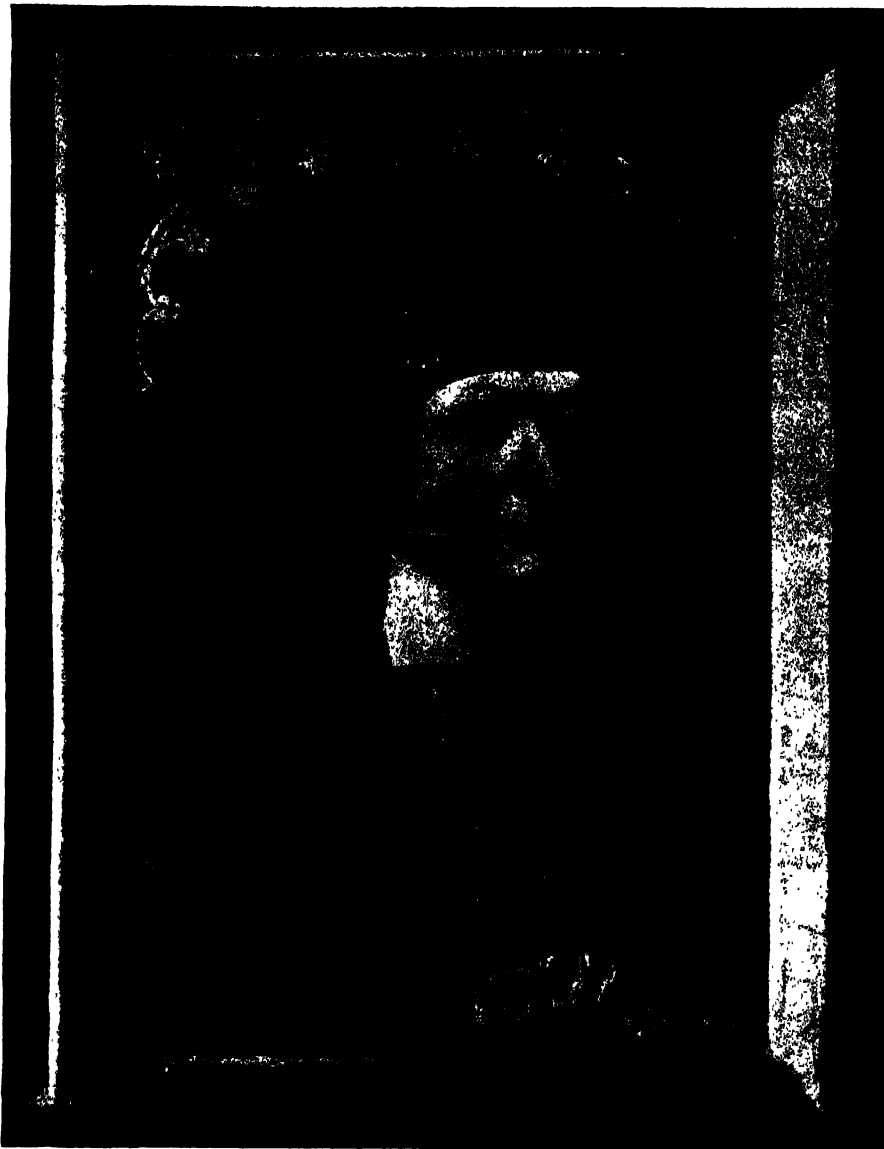
SADDLER'S ROW, PETWORTH.

for the present monograph on Henry VII., Miss Temperley has given us a sober and well balanced narrative and criticism of a reign that counted for very much more in the development of modern England. In that reign the old order and the new were in constant contact and conflict, "a crusade and a voyage in search of the North-West Passage come together; a law forbidding usury and an enormous expansion of the credit system; an invasion of France by the King in person, reviving the memory of Crecy and Agincourt, and an anticipation of the modern attempt to secure peace by maintaining a balance of power in Europe." Miss Temperley can command our praise for showing us the profound interest and even romance in what has been summed up as "a dreary life and a dreary reign," and for proving as she does that this sombre, depressed, self-contained monarch was in reality human, and by no means merely the grey, relentless, sinister figure that has been so long presented to us.

THE LIFE OF JOHN PAYNE.

By THOMAS WRIGHT. With 19 Illustrations. 28s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

John Payne was born in 1842 and lived until the spring of 1916. In him England possessed, and little realised her possession, a supreme man of letters, a genuine and powerful poet and an unrivalled translator. Translation is one of the most delicate, difficult and exacting of all arts, so much so that a perfect translation is a rare and wonderful masterpiece. Payne could translate perfectly. His most famous works in this kind are the Villon and the Arabian Nights: he also did the Decameron, Hafiz, Khayyám, Heine, and a florilegium of French poetry. His work is known



From Henry VII.
(Constable).

From a picture in the possession of the
Society of Antiquaries.



From The Life of John
Payne
(Fisher Unwin).

MRS. HELEN SNEE IN
SPANISH COSTUME.

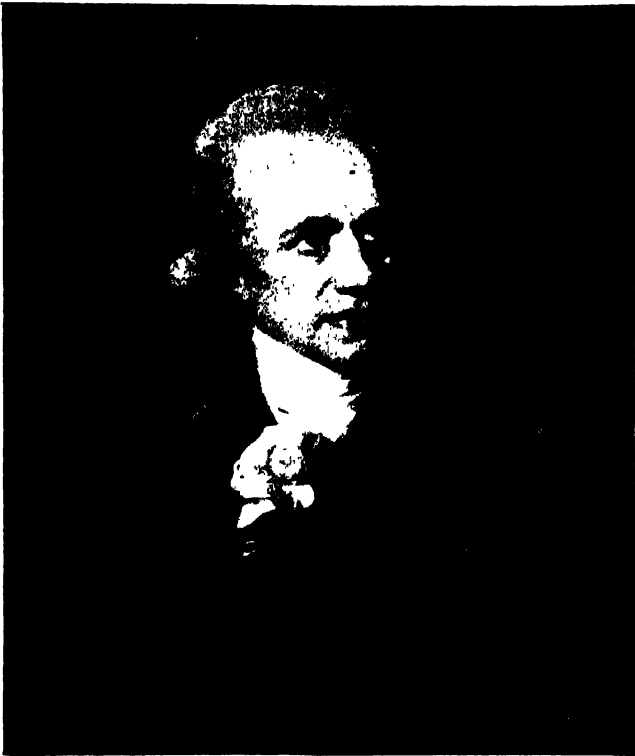
and in spite of Mr. Wright's accusations against the reading public, highly and properly appreciated by a fit audience which is also by no means over numerous. Mr. Wright has set himself to batter at the doors of the Temple of Fame and to break a way in for Payne, a laudable aim, and this biography is absorbingly interesting, a little naïve in its admiring, but so sincere and whole-hearted that we cannot but sympathise with Mr. Wright even when he is most Boswell-like. Payne was clearly a difficult person, shy and truculent, morbidly possessed of the feeling of unrecognised genius. Yet he did not altogether fail of reward for his labours . . . his translations brought him in very considerable sums, and even in his life-time he was made the centre of a cult which Mr. Wright has pledged life and energy to foster and further

by every means. We wish him most cordially every success he deserves, but feel that Payne is great enough to stand without propping. Nevertheless, we are heartily glad of a most delightful biography, which sets before us a very living personality in the round, with all its greatness and its foibles and its human weaknesses too.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

By JONATHAN SWIFT. 6s. net.
(Lippincott.)

Messrs. Lippincott have published a delightful children's edition of this classic. It is very well bound and beautifully illustrated, and can be had for the comparatively moderate sum—in these days—of six shillings. There is a brief account of the author's life by way of introduction. "Gulliver's Travels" needs no recommendation, so it will suffice to say, that the print and paper of this volume are excellent and the coloured illustrations will add greatly to its attractions as a Christmas gift for children.



*From Pioneers of Progress :
Men of Science
(S.P.C.K.)*

**SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL,
KT., F.R.S.**
(From the picture in the National
Portrait Gallery)



*From Patron and Place-Hunter
(Lane).*

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

HERSCHEL.

By HECTOR MAC
PHERSON 2s. net
(S.P.C.K.)

This little book is one of a capital series published by the S.P.C.K. dealing with the lives of famous men. This particular one tells us of the life of Sir William Herschel, the famous astronomer. It is an interesting tale apart from the fame that came to its hero later this tale of the German boy who began his career at the age of fourteen and a half in the band of the Hanoverian Guards, which he entered in May, 1753. He came to England in 1757, and worked at various branches of music for some years, being appointed organist of Octagon Chapel in Bath in 1766. The first indications of his interest in astronomy occur in his diary of February of the same year. In 1782 Herschel was appointed King's Astronomer, and from that time on his position was assured, and he gained yearly in distinction. He died at Slough on August 25th, 1822, aged eighty-four,



*From Henry Fox, First Lord Holland
(Murray).*

SIR STEPHEN FOX.
By Lely.

after a remarkable career. Mr. Macpherson is to be congratulated on this book, which will be read by children with interest and not as a lesson.

PATRON AND PLACE- HUNTER:

George Bubb Dodington.

By LLOYD SANDERS.
10s. net. (Lane.)

Bubb Dodington is now one of the figures that bulk largest in the faded tapestries of the eighteenth century in England. Some of those figures are as bright and fresh as they were in their own time—even more so; others no less in the foreground have faded and receded, and few more than Lord Melcombe. Yet he was a man of mark, a member of the Government for nearly a generation, the friend and familiar of statesmen, men of letters and folk of high degree, even royalty itself. Though he was the butt and mark of much satire, he cannot be accounted by any



From South (Hemmen)

HEAVY HUMMOCKED PACK.
(Hurley)

means a fool, and it is not certain that his own contemporaries regarded him as a fool. He was very rich, and had his foibles, one certainly was to keep in touch with the sources from which good things might be hoped for, but at the same time he was very fond of playing patron to others. Mr. Lloyd Sanders has given us a lively volume which throws much light and sidelight on the political and social doing of the Augustan and early-Georgian times, and while nothing will ever efface the fact that Melcombe was an out-and-out coxcomb, if you like a trimmer, ostentatious, pawky, mean in his way and all the rest of it, still he must be recognised as a man of parts and volume in his

day as well as in the flesh. Students of the century will be very glad to have this handsome book.

SOUTH.

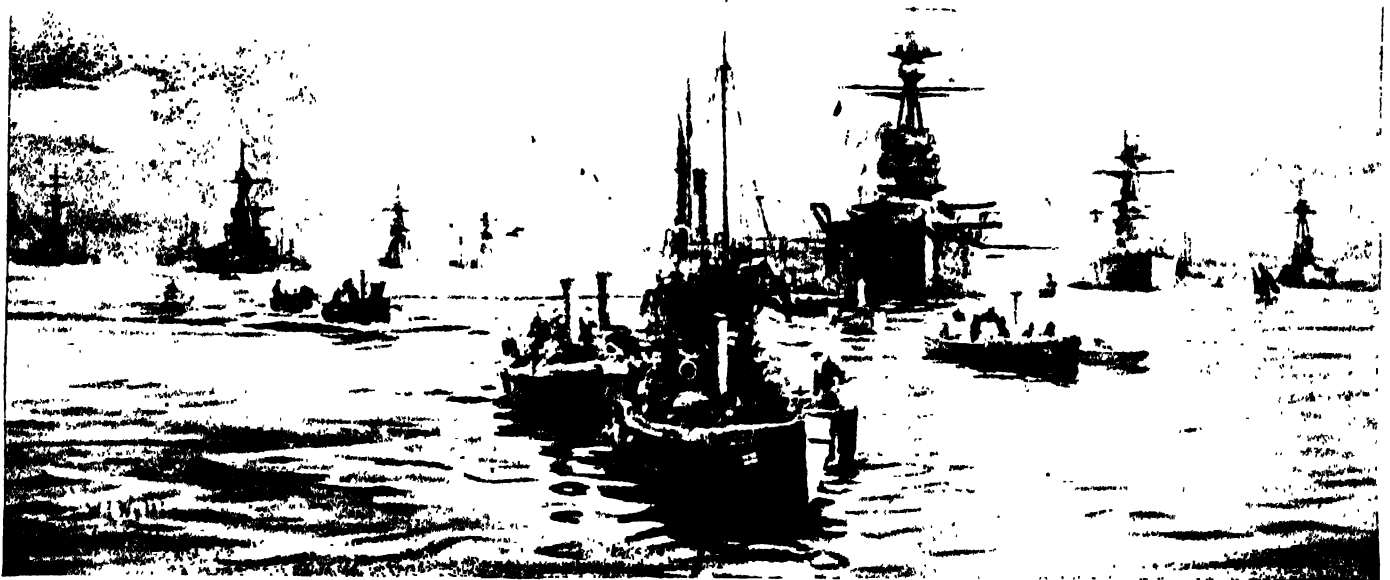
By SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, C.V.O. In one volume. Illustrated. 25s. net. (Hemmen)

In 1913 Sir Ernest Shackleton planned an attempt on what, after Amundsen's reaching the South Pole, remains the only great adventure of Antarctic journeying—the crossing of the South Polar continent from sea to sea. All was ready for a start from England at the end of July, 1914, when the big war fell upon us, but though he at once offered ship and men and stores to the Admiralty, he was ordered to continue, and on August 8th left Plymouth. Well, the expedition failed in its main object. Weather conditions made it impossible: their ship was caught and held in the ice, and drifted for nine months till she was crushed and sank, leaving her crew on a floating piece of ice, 350 miles from land, and on this ice they remained drifting here and there while it dwindled under them. At length in three small boats they made Elephant Island, and Shackleton set out with five of his people to bring help. In a twenty-foot 'whaler



From The Last Crusade
(Lane).

ACRE, EVENING, STORM RISING.



From More Sea Fights of the Great War.
By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.
(Cassell)

**PICKET BOATS, TRAWLERS, AND
BATTLESHIPS IN SCAPA FLOW.**

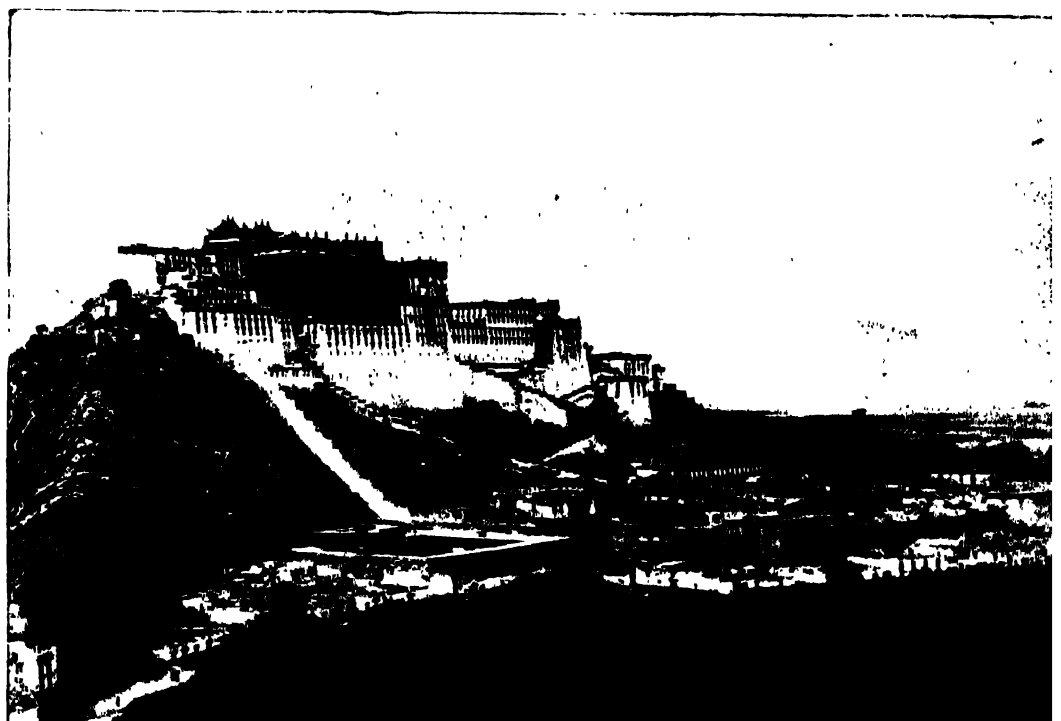
they faced the voyage to South Georgia, a little whaling station 800 miles away, and got there in sixteen days. Thence Shackleton made three attempts to bring a ship to Elephant Island to rescue his comrades, only to be frustrated by the ice; a fourth attempt succeeded. Though the continent was not crossed, the expedition secured invaluable scientific information, and the story of the struggle and the indomitable courage that brought the various parties through, is a most heart-raising one. The book is copiously illustrated, and is of very great importance in Antarctic literature.

expeditions in Turkestan and Tibet, then the marvellous story of Lhasa, the mysterious city, and the visit of Sarat Chandra Das. Livingstone's journeys in Africa find the place they deserve. Du Chaillu is here with his gorillas, and the men who travelled among the bloodthirsty Masai, and those who found their painful way to Timbuktu. There is surely variety enough here for the greediest traveller whose magic carpet is the hearth-rug by the corner of the winter fire, variety and whetting of appetite for the extended records from which this volume is skilfully and understandingly compiled.

STORIES OF MODERN EXPLORERS.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS,
B.A., F.R.G.S. (Seeley
Service)

This is a volume intended for young people primarily, and gives an account of some of the exploits of travellers to far and perilous places in the nineteenth century, and chiefly in the latter half of it. Only a few are chosen out of many, but they are representative and interesting. First of all we have Sven Hedin's struggle across the great Takla Makan Desert of Eastern Turkestan, a thrilling record of terrible hardship indomitably surmounted, then his attempt to get to Lhasa. Then Captain Deasy's surveying



From Stories of Modern Explorers
(Seeley, Service).

PALACE OF LHASA OF THE DALAI LAMA.



*From Profit and Sport in British East Africa
(Macmillan).*

THE CHANIA FALLS.

PROFIT AND SPORT IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

By CAPTAIN THE LORD CRANWORTH, M.C. With Maps and Illustrations. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

This is a new edition, revised and enlarged, of Lord Cranworth's well-known book on the Colonisation of East Africa—a very interesting and useful book which gives many practical hints to the settler, all suggested by the author's intimate acquaintance with the country. It

has been appreciably amplified
brought thoroughly up to date.

its information

SOME TOMMIES.

By MAURICE DEKOBRA. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

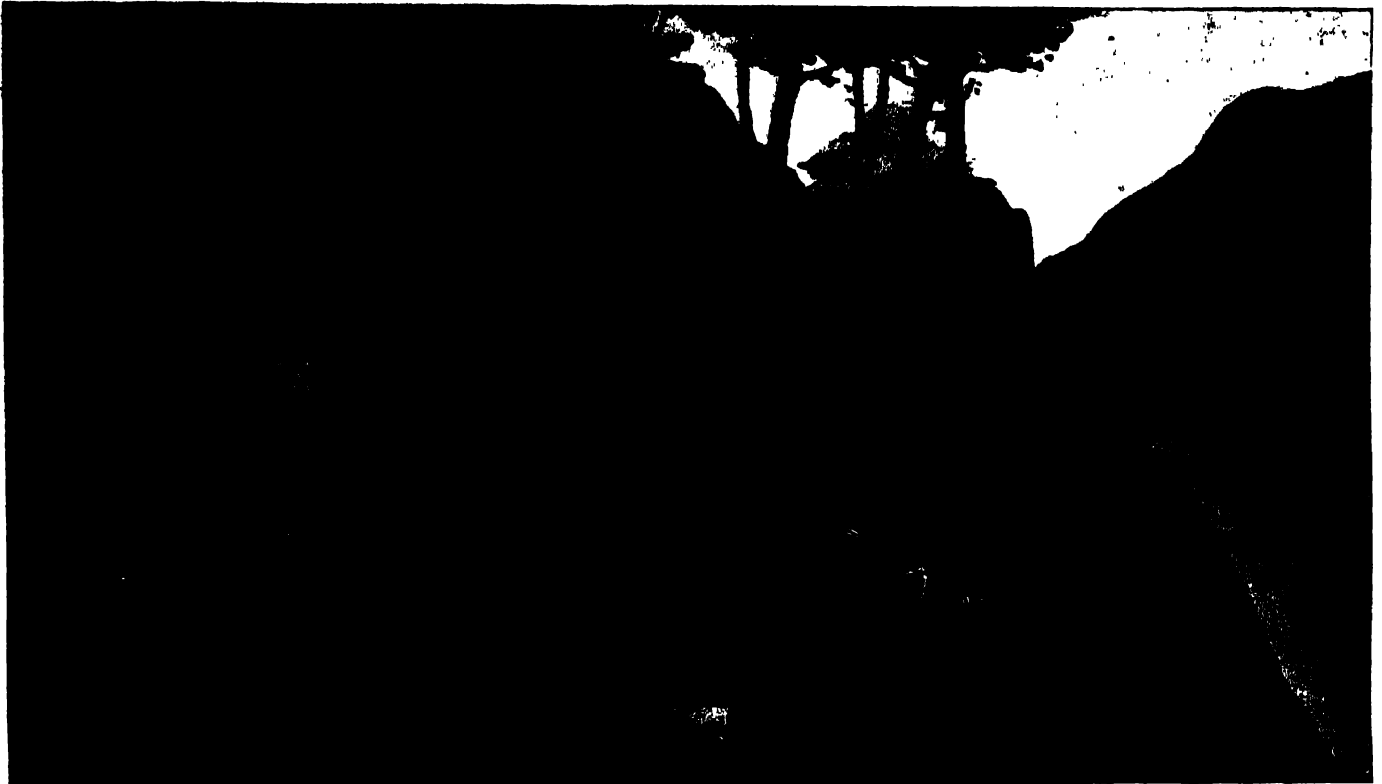
Books by foreigners are much in vogue. An example, on humorous lines, is "Some Tommies," by Maurice Dekobra. This is translated from the French by Aphra Wilson. The drawings alone—a little on Painsfather lines—carry a good laugh. Or, as the frontispiece puts it:

"Some Tommies! Some Scream!" M. Dekobra dedicates "To the Officers of the British Army"; but any schoolboy with a feeling for humorous sketching might get lots of fun out of copying the drawings. The chapter about the vocabulary of Tommy is richly picturesque. French and English army slang, in fact, "produces the most astonishing salad of tongues which could haunt the nightmares of an etymologist."



*From The Republic of Liberia
(Allen & Unwin).*

A VIEW OF KRUTOWN.



From *Among the Italian Peasants*
(Collins).

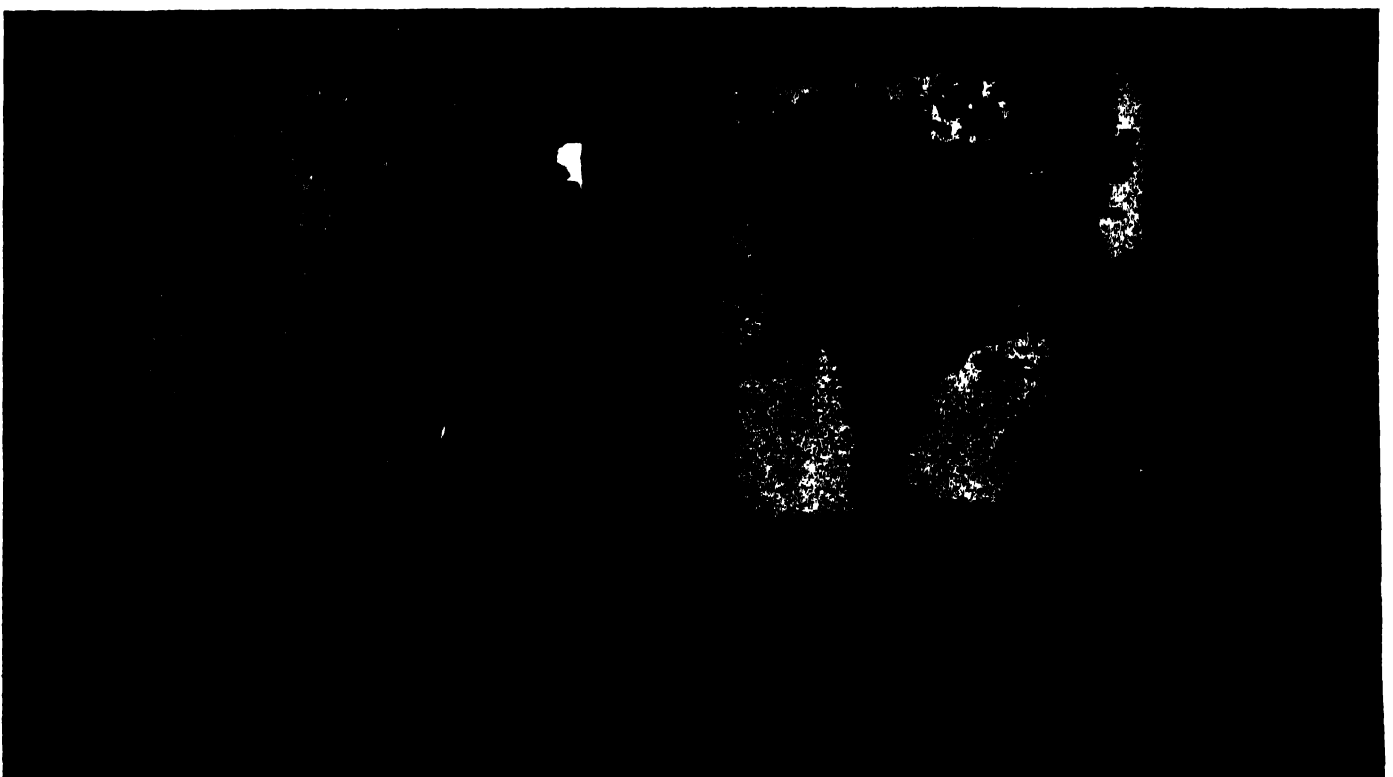
CARRYING WOOD.

DUBLIN TYPES.

Drawn by SIDNEY DAVIES
(Dublin : The Talbot Press.)

This book has a particular appeal to the present reviewer who is familiar with Mr. Davies' "types," and recognises many old friends in his drawings. The writer of the Introduction chooses to remain anonymous, but it is quite obvious that he knows Dublin and the wonderful poor of Dublin well. In that Introduction he notes an interesting point, the respectability of the inhabitants of some of the worst slums in Dublin. One may go into a tenement house in a Dublin slum and find people living in conditions, one would think, unfit for animals, and one will be received

by those people with a courtesy unequalled in many a castle. The writer notes also the fact that in this terrible misery a statue of the Blessed Virgin will look down from the wall, and one is reminded of the flower woman who came dripping to the doorstep one wet day, to know if we could give her a white dress for her little girl to make her first Communion in. Perhaps the most lovable of Dublin types is the newsboy who is both illustrated and described in this book. His endless wit and merriment under the most adverse circumstances are little short of marvellous, and he is very dear to the hearts of the Dublin people. It is true that in Dublin the poor are always with us, but perhaps, as the writer suggests, that only proves the charity of the Dublin people.



From *Among the Italian Peasants*
(Collins).

SERENADING.

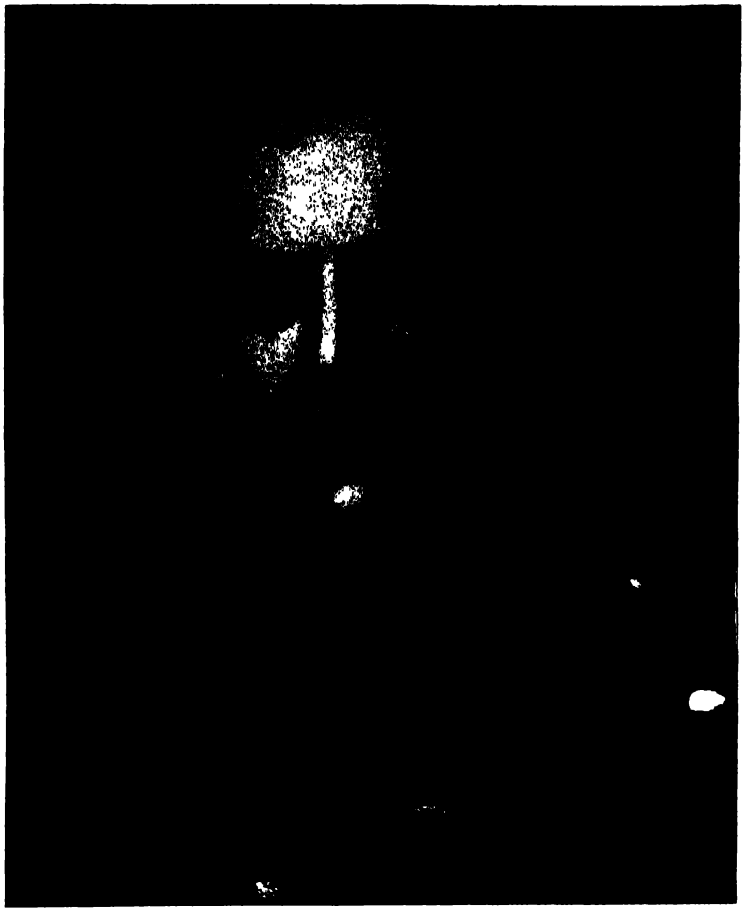
**THE BOOKMAN
CHRISTMAS 1919**

**SIR
VICTOR
HORSLEY:**

**A Study of his Life
and Work.**

By STEPHEN PAGET.
21s. net. (Constable.)

The death of Sir Victor Horsley in Mesopotamia was a very grievous loss to England. Not yet sixty years of age, for nearly thirty of those years he had been eminent and pre-eminent in the medical world, and he had won honours and honour both for himself and for England among scientists throughout the world. Born in 1857, the son of a well-known artist, he matriculated in London University in 1874, and during his medical studies proved beyond doubt that he was one of the big men of his generation. Hard and well-directed work brought him speedily to the fore, and his first researches were in Myxædema and the thyroid gland. Next he took a very prominent share in the English study and practice of Pasteur's inoculation for rabies. Then his life was a record of triumph upon triumph in surgery, which cannot here be mentioned in detail. Mr. Stephen Paget's memoir is a monument of admiration and affection, all the more genuine and trustworthy by reason of the many wide differences between Mr. Paget's views on politics and religion and social affairs, and those held by Sir Victor with all his well-known tenacity and robustness. While Sir Victor had perhaps done his best work as a medical man, he was still in the prime fullness of his powers, and had for some years turned his attention to politics. His very strong views were well known, and his candle was never obscured under a bushel—it threw its beams far and wide into a naughty world. Had he been



From Sir Victor Horsley
(Constable.)

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY.
(photograph by Mr. G. C. Berdond.)



From Field-Marshal Haig's Dispatches
(Dent).

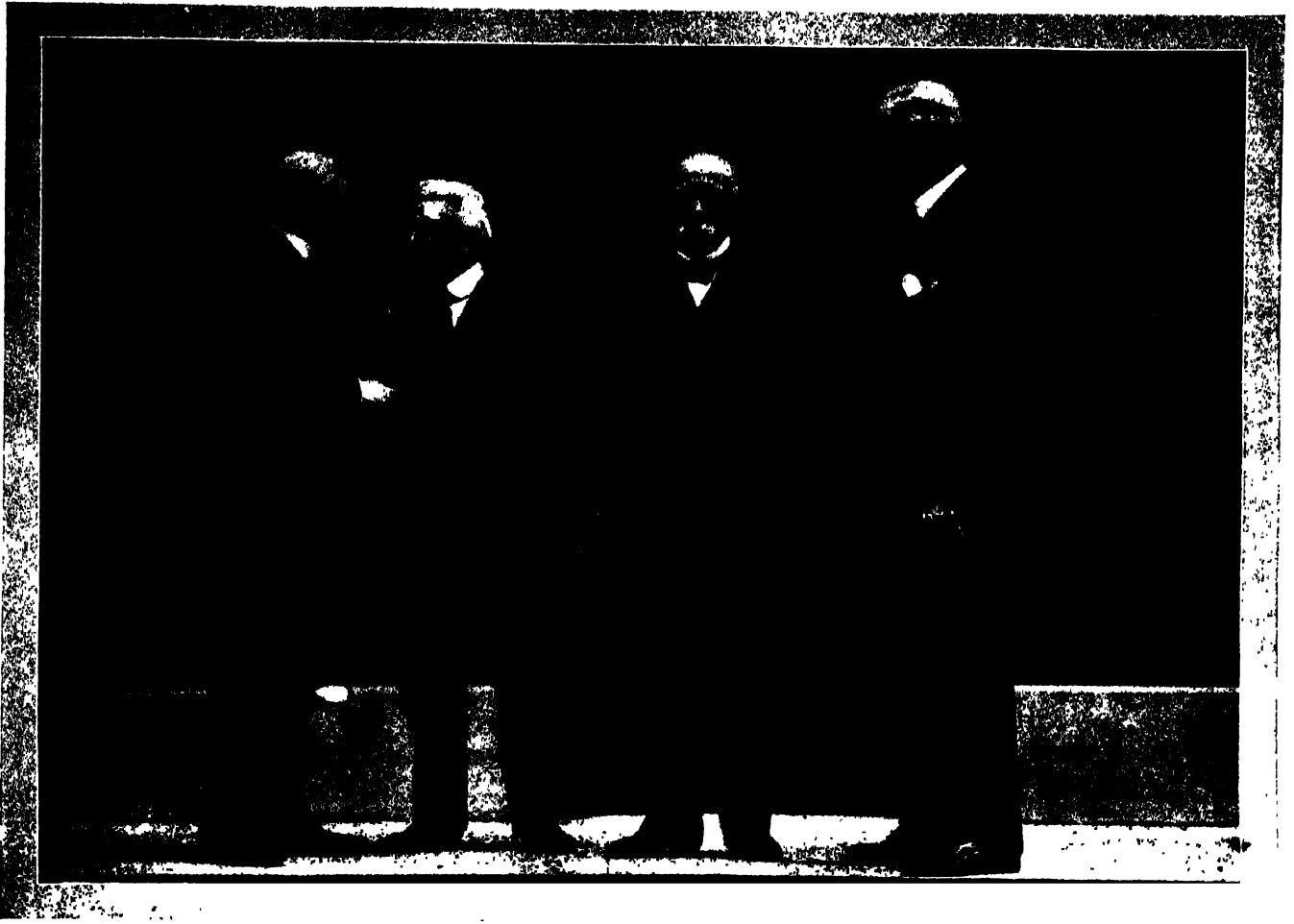
GENERAL ALLENBY

spared to come back from his fine service in the East he would have been a very considerable power in public life, and public life loses much in losing his candour, sincerity, honour and driving energy. This memoir is in its straightforward, restrained way an adequate monument to a great personality.

**THE SOUL
OF ANN
RUTLEDGE.**

By BERNIE BARCOCK.
Coloured Frontis-
piece, 6s. net.
(Lippincott.)

This charmingly told story deals with the early days of Abraham Lincoln, and the shattering of his young romance by death. The writer takes us back to the little village of New Salem, Illinois, in 1831, and the arrival of a lanky youth, penniless but striking, seeking work as a rail splitter. The story ends long before Lincoln's definite entry into public life, but it draws a very arresting picture of how the youth by sheer grit and honesty won the confidence and esteem of the villagers and became their unofficial champion and representative. The background is excellently drawn and appeals to us as a very convincing description of a type of American life nearly a hundred years ago. The writer has a very distinct command of pathos, but she does not seek to idealise the rough side of the village life. Lincoln, by physical prowess but more by moral power, dominated over the churls as well as the gentles. And he won the heart of the village belle, Ann Rutledge, and proved as gallant in love as he was dauntless in war. The picture of Ann will live long in the reader's mind, and her death on the eve of her lover's beginnings of fame rounds off a true and very moving story.



From The Year 1919 Illustrated (Swarthmore Press)

THE BIG FOUR AT VERSAILLES.

MY CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR
CHARLES VERE FERRERS
TOWNSHEND, K.C.B.,
D.S.O.
25s. net.
(Butterworth)

In this brilliant record of one of the great campaigns of the war General Townshend puts into plain terms a good deal that has hitherto been secret history; explains some military blunders that have seemed inexplicable by simply telling the truth about them. He tells how, when he entered upon his command of the forces in Mesopotamia, he informed his Commander-in-Chief in India that he should need 30,000 to 40,000 men before he could take Bagdad and hold it, and was promised that his army should be made up to that number before he went beyond Kut.



From My Campaign in Mesopotamia
(Butterworth).

GENERAL TOWNSHEND.

Then, when by his masterly strategy and skill and swiftness in attack he had broken and driven back greatly superior numbers of the enemy and had taken Kut, he was imperatively ordered to do the impossible—to go on with his 13,000 men, unreinforced, and take Bagdad. He protested but obeyed, and smashed the Turks at Ctesiphon, where again they outnumbered him by two to one, but before he could turn their rout into a decisive victory they were reinforced by the arrival of a fresh army corps, and there was nothing for it but to fall back on Kut. This was successfully done, and General Townshend dug himself in at Kut and sustained a siege of nearly five months, only surrendering at last when his Commander-in-Chief told him by wireless it was impossible to relieve him, and ordered him to make the best terms he could. By then his men were dying daily of starvation. The story of this siege, related



*From G.H.Q.
(Philip Allan).*

**MONTREUIL-SUR-MER—THE FIRST VIEW OF
THIS FAMOUS OLD TOWN WHICH EVERY
TRAVELLER GETS UPON ENTERING IT.**

simply and with the vividest realism, makes one of the proudest and most moving stories in all our military annals. Following it is a detailed account of General Townshend's two years and four months of captivity, and how in the end he negotiated with the Turkish Government and was the means of arranging that armistice with them which drove Austria out of the war and shattered the last hope of Germany. Long before the war General Townshend was a pupil of General Foch, and his scientific exposition of his plans and battles, largely based on the teachings of his great leader, make this an invaluable practical handbook for the student of tactics, as well as a stirring war narrative that will appeal strongly to the general reader.

"G.H.Q."

By G. S. O. 20s. net (Philip Allan.)

The author of "G.H.Q." is an officer of great literary experience, who had in the early days of the war seen much service in the line and been very severely wounded. He was subsequently, while at G.H.Q., exceptionally well placed for seeing the work of *all* departments and was in a position of unusual confidence, having access to the most important records of current events. He has been given special facilities for this book by the highest authority, and deals at length with the organisation of G.H.Q. and its social life, and treats in detail of the work of the various services, such as remounts, railways and transport, medical services, agricultural and educational

departments, chaplains,

the women's services and the rest. He has also much that is new to tell of the Americans, and of the relations between the various allies, and gives some startling information regarding the heroic measures resolved on in case the German "push" of 1918 had proved successful. The book abounds in good stories, and the writer never lacks humour, but it is also of very great interest and value to the serious student of war and is an absolutely reliable authority for many important and hitherto unpublished details. The illustrations of places and persons are a complete gallery of the heads of the British Army in France and of the place where their brain work was done.



*From Poland and the Poles
(Methuen).*

**THE WAWEL HILL OVER THE VISTULA
IN CRACOW, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL
AND THE ROYAL PALACE.**

HOW I FILMED THE WAR.

By LIEUTENANT GEOFFREY MALINS, O.B.E.
12s. 6d. net.
(Jenkins.)

Lieutenant Malins was a "movie man" pure and simple, or perhaps as his readers will agree when they have come to an end of his exciting narrative, not so very simple. Originally he went out to Belgium to take films for his firm, and later he was appointed one of the Official War Office

Kinematographers. His book is a most racy account of all that he did, and all that was done for him during his two years' service in that capacity, including what was very nearly done to him, for he had innumerable close shaves for his life, and infinitely more than fifty times his weight of lethal stuff failed to kill him. Shells that knocked him head over heels only exhilarated him, and his chief pre-occupation was to save his camera and films . . . which certainly shared his luck. Lieutenant Malins filmed the first great war picture—the Battle of the Somme—which most people saw with pride and reverence and awe. No more heart-raising thing in all the war can easily be thought of than the picture we saw with our own eyes of the soldier that rushed out into the murder plain, and presently was seen coming down the trench with his wounded comrade on his shoulders. Lieutenant Malins tells us all about everything, cheery and gay and honest, and like every other good book on the war, the thing that stands out most in it is the fact that out there every man helped his neighbour. Perhaps that is the great lesson of the whole war.

THE BLACK WATCH

The Story of the Marne.

By JOE CASSELLS. 5s. net.
(Melrose.)

Here is a very plain picture of the



From *How I Filmed the War*
(Jenkins)

ON THE WAY TO THE MENIN GATE
WITH AN ARTILLERY OFFICER, TO
PLACE OUR GUNS IN ACTION.

earliest fighting of the war in August, 1914, very plain, very unvarnished, and desperately fascinating. Joe Cassells was a scout in the Black Watch, and he tells just what he did, and what he saw, heard, felt and smelt, during the early days of the desperate fighting. It is not possible to say always whether his account tallies with the record of the staff, who had every source of information, but it is of little importance whether the numbers of Germans killed at certain points are accurately given. What is invaluable is the dogged matter-of-fact way in which impressions and happenings are set down, vivid, fine, surprising, often almost shocking in their grim reality, yet a true picture of war. Read how Cassells and the German sentry fought blind and with naked hands on the lip of a German trench—you will get the desperate thrill of truth. So true and staunch is the tale that there is little real horror, out



From *Mesopotamia, 1914-1915*
(Melrose).

RIVER VIEW.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

of the sum of horrors there emerges the sense of honour and courage and solid power. In one golden sentence—"there was no selfishness, not even a thought of it—'over there.'"

THE SALONICA SIDE-SHOW.

By V. J. SELIGMAN. 10s. 6d net. (Allen & Unwin.)

There has been no plethora of books on Salonica. Consequently "The Salonica Side-show" is assured of an interested public. The more so as Mr. Seligman treats the everyday life of our Forces there from a humorous point of view. His chapter on "The Tragedy of Constantine," however—based on first-hand information he obtained from the ex-King's Secretary, M. Melas—obviously is not humorous. That monarch's moral deterioration is traced step by step from indecision, through his grave betrayal of Serbia in September, 1915, onwards. What Mr. Seligman terms his Lear-like "madness" "culminated in the insane and criminal outbreak of December 1st and 2nd, 1916, when British and French marines were assassinated in cold blood in the Greek capital." It was Constantine who "exhorted his troops to destroy utterly the British and French," so that no trace even of their nostrils remained." On the humorous side are some amusing little sketches on games in the Balkans—tennis, bridge, golf. In Macedonian golf, it is not the best player who wins but "the greatest military strategist"! This book has ten excellent illustrations and two maps.

A MONTH IN ROME.

By ANDRÉ MAUREL. 9s. net. (Putnams.)

A touch of originality in the scheme of M. André Maurel's "A Month in Rome" makes it a welcome handbook for the intelligent tourist. Each day's plan is indicated in this style: 1st Day: As the Crow Flies; 9th Day: The Cold Venus; 27th Day: Ruskin's Mistake. And so on. It is very definitely a "literary"



From The Salonica Side-show
(Allen & Unwin).

THE KRESNA PASS.
OCTOBER, 1918.

guide, while the format is eminently suitable for the pocket. The text is translated by Helen Gerard, and the illustrations—116—cover practically all the marbles and notable buildings of importance. In addition, M. Maurel provides thirty-two handy maps. Indeed, a month in Rome with this volume as sole companion would lack neither joy nor fruitfulness from the point of view of culture. And those who know the same author's "Little Cities of Italy" will be keen to possess it. M. Maurel's second day's walk, entitled "The Marble Thicket," leads to the Forum; and he takes you back to that glorious pile on the thirtieth day, saying: "The Forum has given me the noblest emotion of my life, and to it I dedicate my last look and thought. In it I feel the culmination of all my love of Rome, much more, my whole self, whatever I may have of culture—my Latin blood." It is because M. Maurel is an enthusiast that his book is so appealing.

LAST YEARS OF JOHN REDMOND.

By STEPHEN GWYNNE. 10s. net. (Arnold.)

This study of the last years of Mr. Redmond's career is, of course, inseparable from a study of the later phases of the Irish question. It is a masterly piece of characterisation, and both as biography and as history is the most brilliant and important book on Ireland and Irish affairs that has appeared for long past.



From With Our Army in Palestine
(Melrose).

SUMMER IN THE WADI QANA





From "Peeping Pansy"
By the Queen of Rumania,
Illustrated in Colour by Mabel Lucie Attwell
(Hodder & Stoughton).

**"PANSY WAS A LITTLE GIRL WHO LOVED
PEEPING THROUGH DOORS."**



From "Peeping Pansy"
By the Queen of Rumama,
Illustrated in Color by Mabel Louie Atwell
(Hodder & Stoughton).

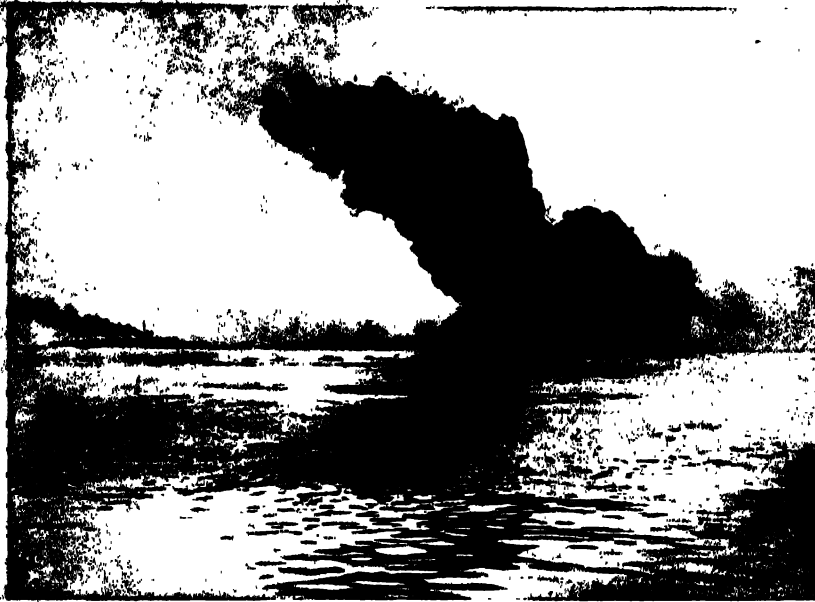
"BETWEEN THE ROOTS OF A BIG TREE
APPEARED A LITTLE MAN."



From "Mother and Child"
Engraving by J. A. Goudon
Designs by Bernard Mommery
(John Lane).

ASLEEP.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL



From The Dover Patrol
(Hutchinson).

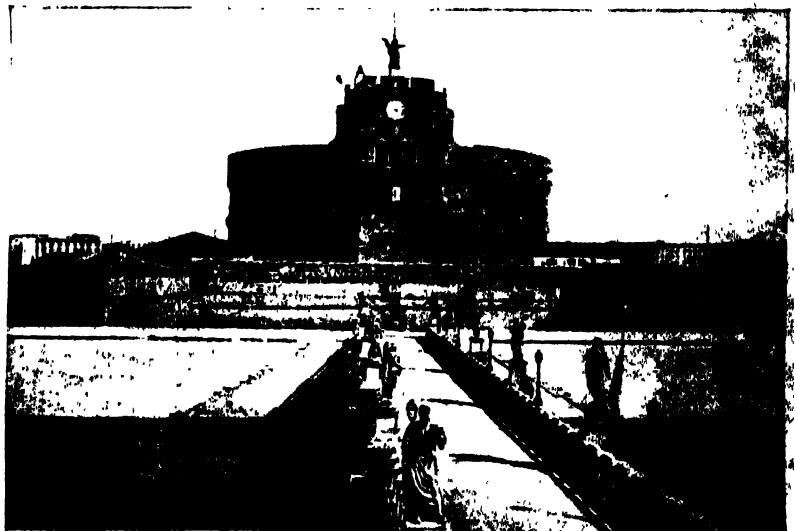
DESTROYERS MAKING A SCREEN
WITH THEIR FUNNEL SMOKE.

BREAKING THE HINDENBURG LINE:

THE STORY OF THE 46th (NORTH MIDLAND) DIVISION.

By MAJOR RAYMOND E. PRIESTLEY, M.C.
2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The 46th Division had its trials and reverses in the early days after it got to France in February, 1915, the first complete Territorial Division to arrive in any theatre of war. Through them all it went on learning its business, quietly, keenly, grimly, and while its attacks were not uniformly successful, it was called on to defend some of the most important parts of the Western Front, and "not one inch of ground was ever lost." How severe the fighting it had shared may be seen from the fact that between February, 1915, and September 24th, 1918, its casualties in killed, wounded and missing were 1,285 officers and 24,086 men.



From A Month in Rome
(Putnam).

THE CASTLE OF SAINT ANGELO.



From Breaking the Hindenburg Line
(Fisher Unwin).

ST. QUENTIN CANAL WITH
ROQUEVAL BRIDGE.

Then came its glorious hour, the crossing of the St. Quentin Canal and the breaking of the Hindenburg Line, an epic story of the beginning of that end that came with the Armistice on November 11th, by which time the fresh losses were 217 officers and 3,981 men. Between those two days the 46th had encountered and defeated no fewer than sixteen German divisions. Here is the story of the breaking of the Hindenburg Line without embellishments, a soldier's almost desiccated record of facts, yet thrilling beyond compare, in its restrained, equable, proud narrative summing up what in a rarely ardent sentence Major Priestley says may possibly have been "the best days of many lives, the autumn of 1918, when to be alive and well was a thing to be grateful for, and when the British Army was at last obtaining a just reward for all its dogged and patient fighting."

THE DOVER PATROL, 1915-1917.

By ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD BAKER,
K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O. 2 vols.
34s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The Dover Patrol had perhaps the most thankless task of any unit of our sea forces during the war. To it fell the care and responsibility of guarding the gate of the English Channel, of passing the merchant ships safely through to the Thames, of watching over the incessant stream of soldiers on their way to France to fight, on their way back to England to hospital or for brief leave. If it had failed, the result would have been dismay and disaster, as long as it succeeded its work was hidden and unrecognised. Only on the rare occasions when something went wrong did the lime-light fall on it—not over kindly. And now the veil of secrecy is lifted a little, and we can see something of the colossal work done, something of the difficulties and risks attending it by day and night. And for the first time the

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

world at large is informed that the work was done by superb bluff, by the masterly handling of inadequate forces and resources in such a way that the German, with very heavy superiority, strategic and tactical and in material, never ventured to attempt the methods that would have swept the Dover Patrol out of existence, and compelled us to weaken the Grand Fleet by diverting from it large numbers of cruisers and destroyers to reinforce the weak conglomeration of old destroyers and unarmed drifters that held the sea pass so gallantly till the end of 1917, when Admiral Bacon was superseded and the work he had initiated and almost completed was carried on by his brilliant successor. It is clear that Admiral Bacon feels that his supersession was not necessary, but we will not discuss that aspect of his book. The matter will be thrashed out, and history will decide. The record of work contained in these two volumes is amazing, the story of titanic and unflagging effort is all but incredible, did we not know that it is only half told. Much of the story is, or seems dry and commonplace, but that is well; it is right that we should realise something of the grinding office work of planning and organising and administration, the technical difficulties, the struggle for mere mechanical material such as mines and nets and guns and ships, hard brute things that needed steel and wire and chemicals, and labour and time to make and provide, and all in competition with other needs no less urgent. The patrol sank submarines, and fought German destroyers, and landed great guns in Flanders, it had losses from mines and torpedoes and destroyer raids, it worked both day and night, yet always moving to a stronger and more cruel and more inevitable stranglehold on Germany. Read the bare record of the thousands of merchant ships shepherd through the danger area. Approximately 120,000 steam merchant ships passed through the Downs in the



From *Memories of Edward, Eighth Earl of Sandwich, 1839-1916* (Murray).

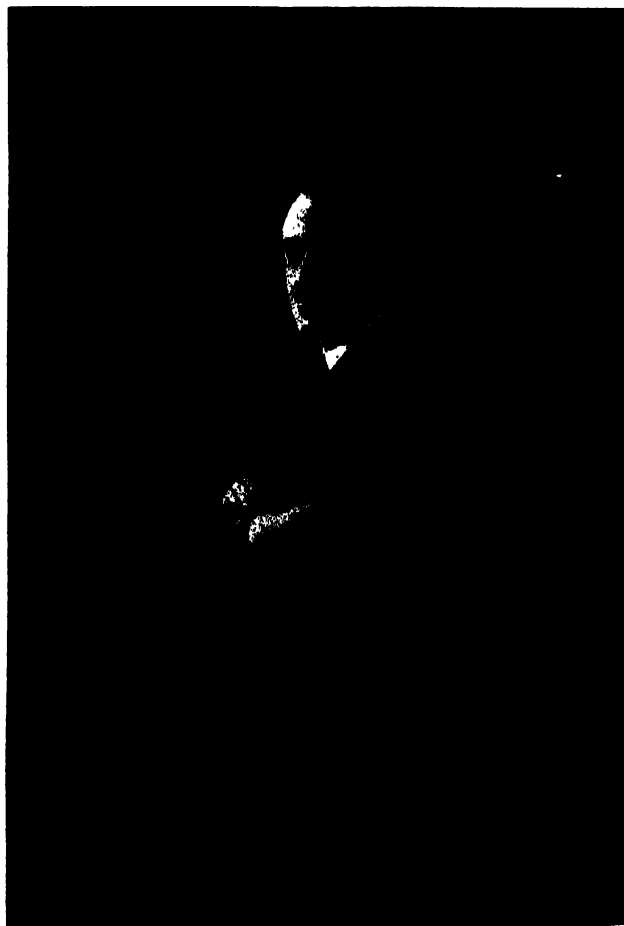
MARY, COUNTESS
OF SANDWICH

three years 1915, 1916, 1917. Of these, fifty ships were mined or about the twenty-fifth part of one per cent., one only was lost by the enemy's gun fire, or one-thousandth part of one per cent. The figures are eloquent beyond eloquence, with Ostend, the enemy's destroyer and submarine base, nearer to Dover than Dover is to Brighton. Admiral Bacon's book is rich indeed, and should be kept on the choice shelf sacred to the history of the war. Over a hundred photographs on art paper and thirty-two maps and diagrams are no little help to the reader. Let controversy rage as it may—and will, we close the book and thank God for the Dover Patrol.

MEMOIRS OF EDWARD, EIGHTH EARL OF SANDWICH (1839-1916).

Edited by MRS. STEUART
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HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

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should help to cure some of us of the sick fancy that we are not as other men, and that a state of things we should not consider good enough for ourselves is good enough for them. The day for such self-complacencies is past. The meaning of the word revolution is, among other things, that the masses of the people are no longer unlettered, and their knowledge is no longer limited to what their superiors may think well to tell them; once they were blind, now they can see for themselves, and what they see does not inspire them with trust in those who made them poor, and kept them so as long as they could. "Institutions, no matter how ancient or how dignified by tradition," as Mr. Fyfe has it, "were made for Man, and not Man for institutions. If they irk instead of easing him, as institutions were meant to do, they can, and must, be swept away. That is the Revolutionary idea"; and who shall suggest that such an idea is anything but natural and right? A very opportune little book; its interpretation of the wide unrest of the hour is as searching as it is stimulating.

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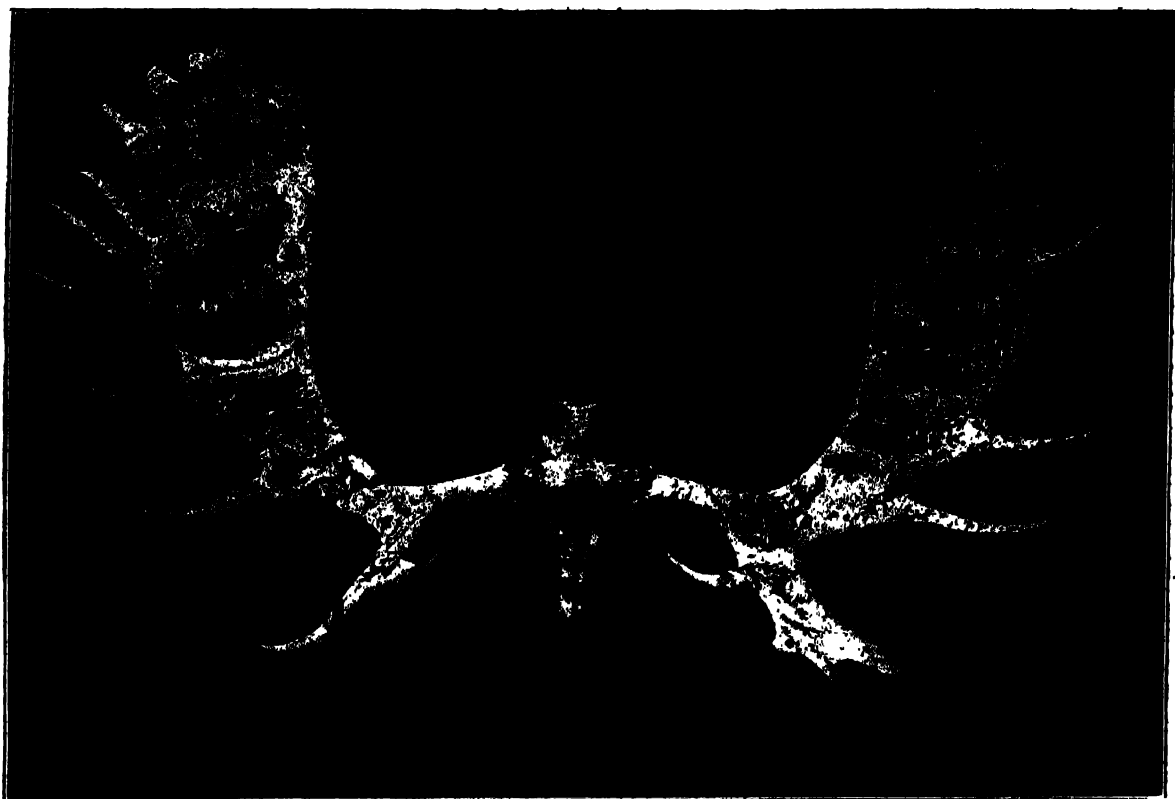
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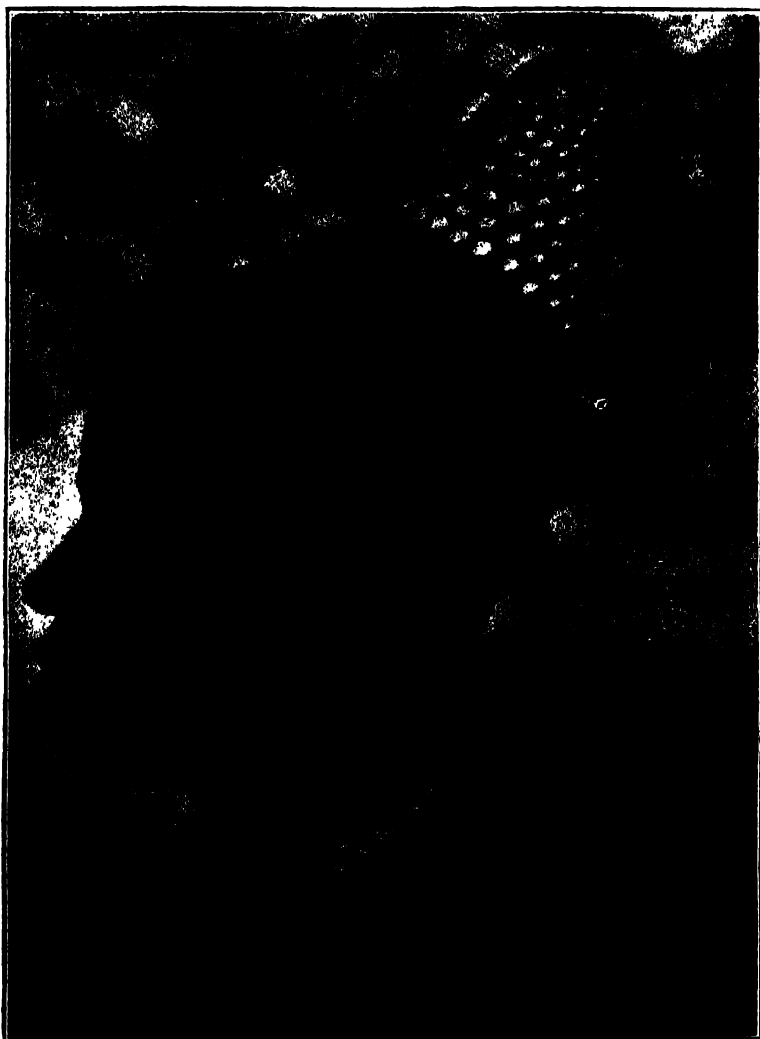
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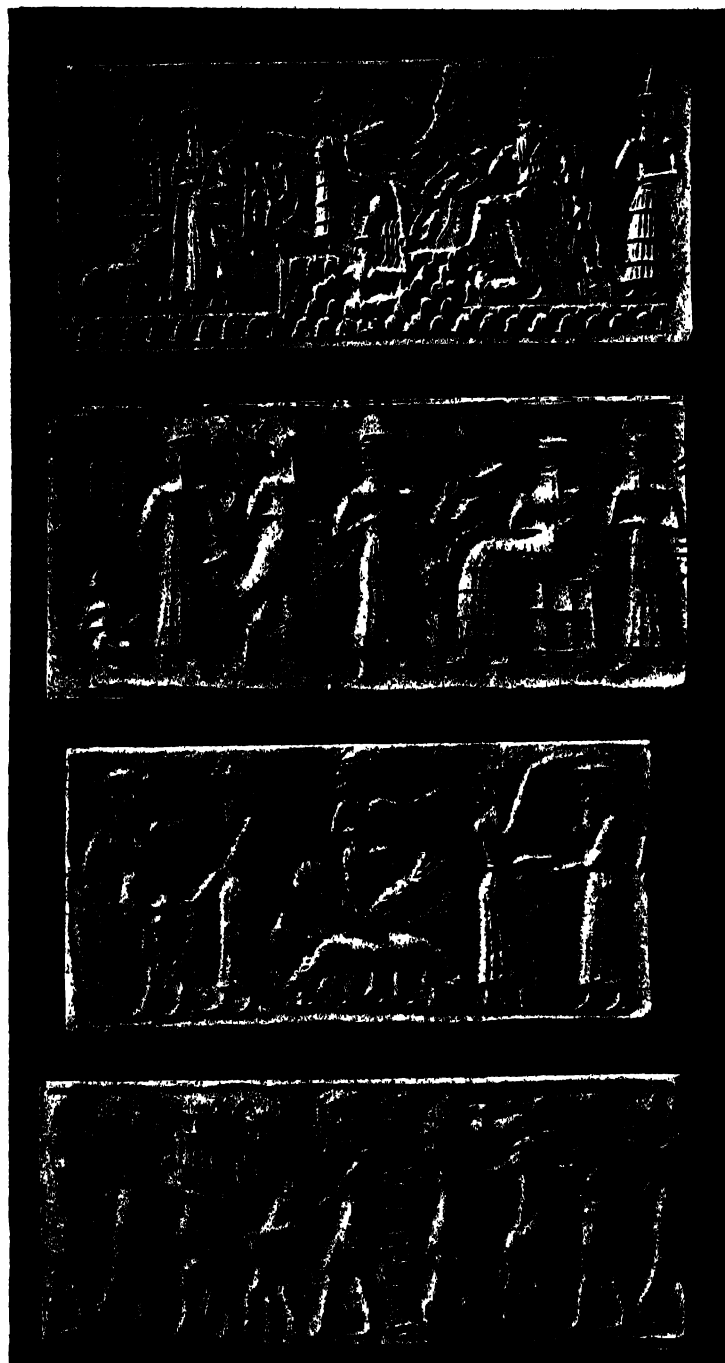
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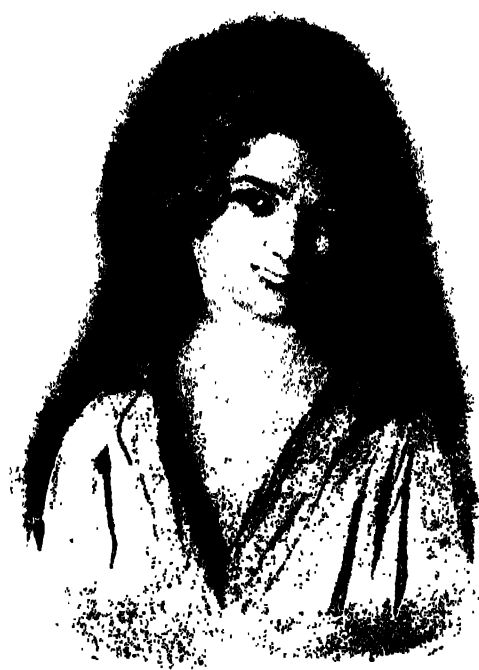
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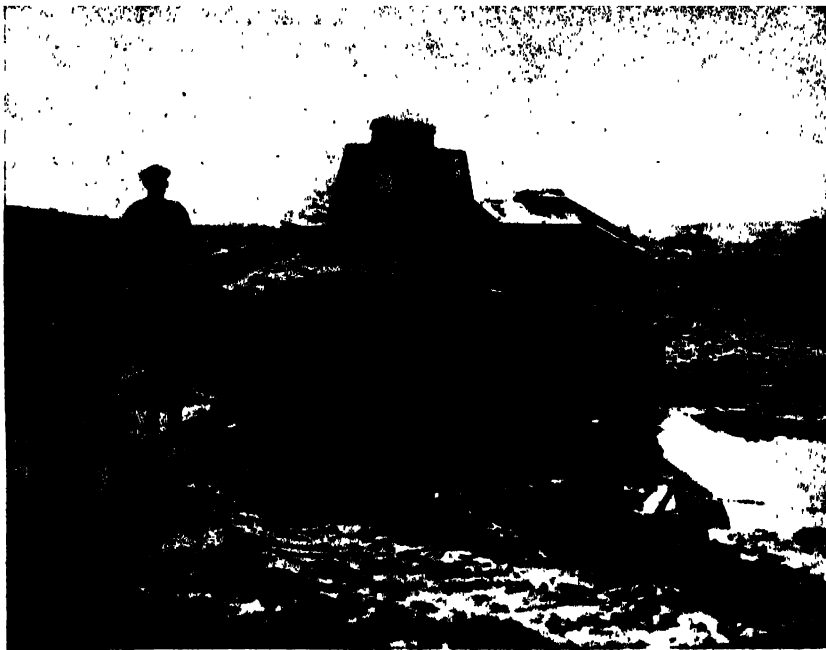
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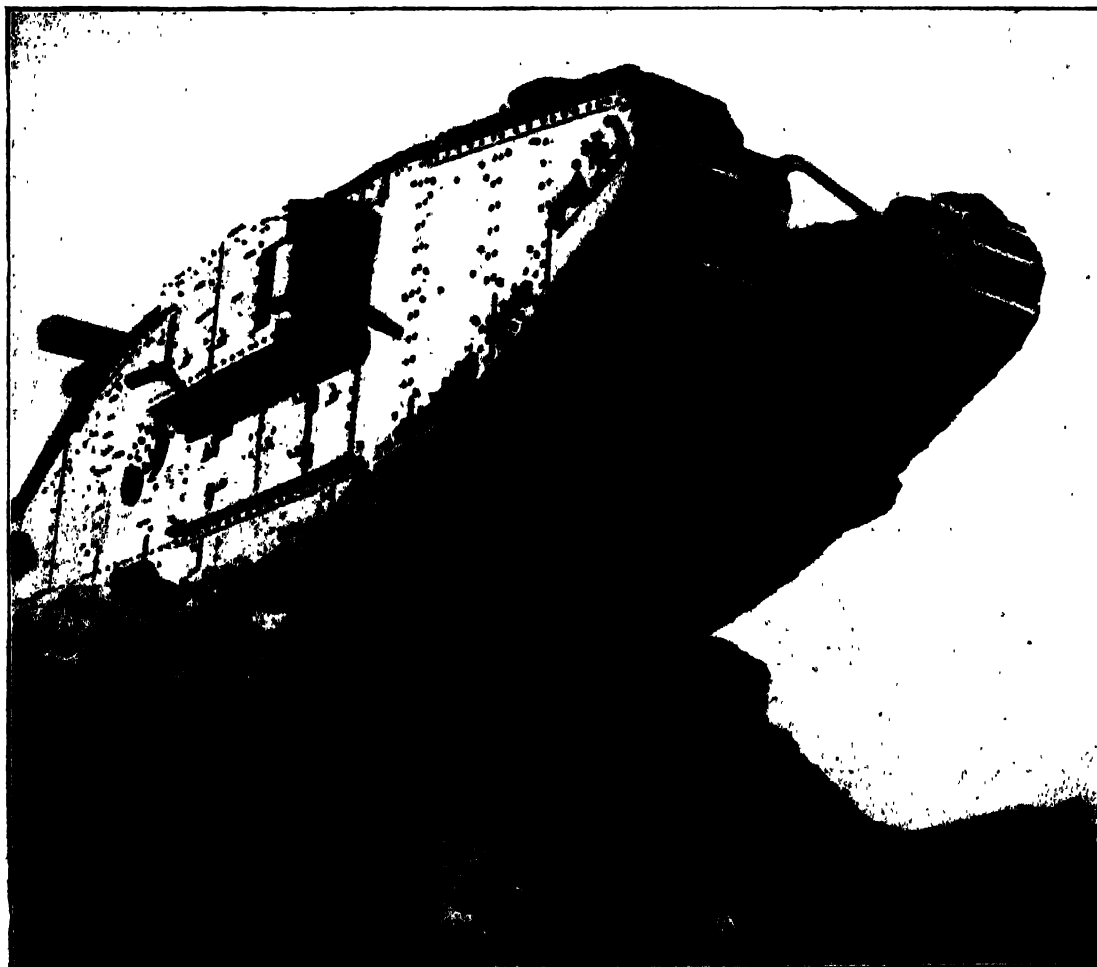
burlesque called "Beauty and the Beast," in 1894, Jellicoe being the Beast. It is interesting to hear that Jellicoe "was famed for his physical agility and keenness," and always won the hurdle races every evening over chairs placed as obstacles across the half-deck, "... you had to go on all fours and land on your hands after every jump." Nearly every

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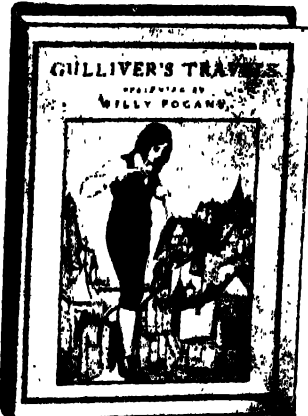
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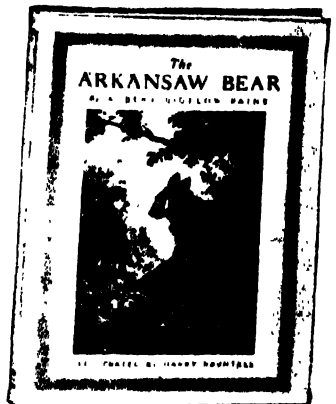
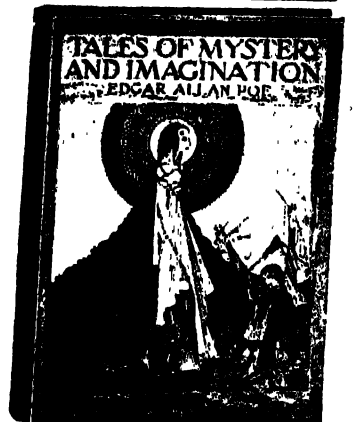
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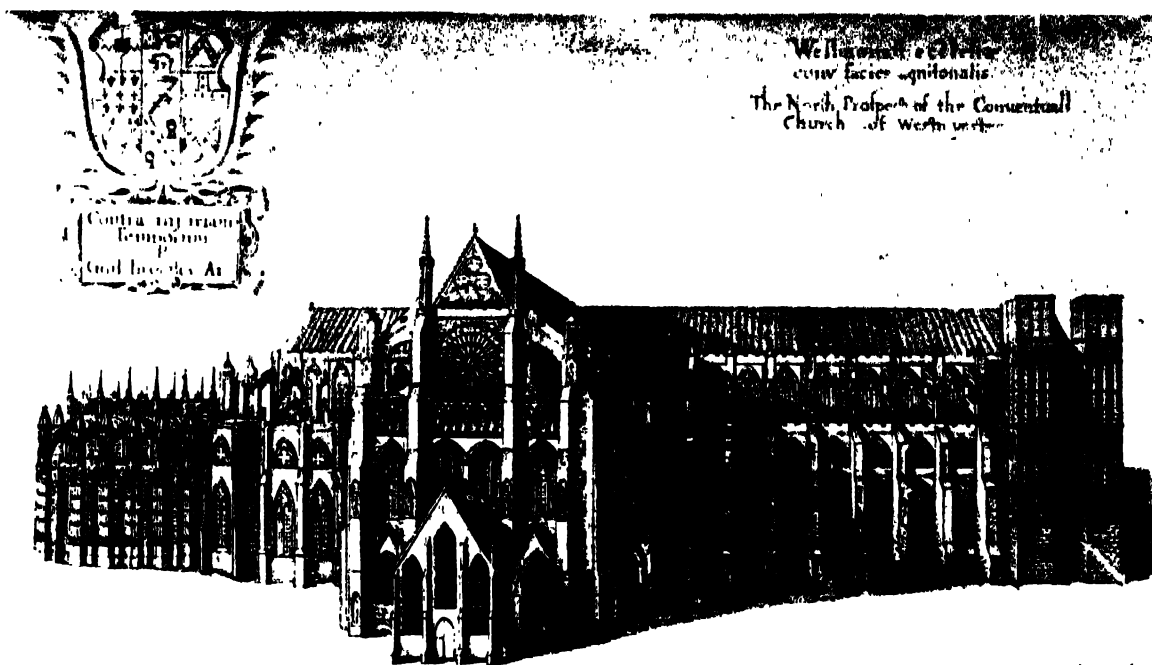
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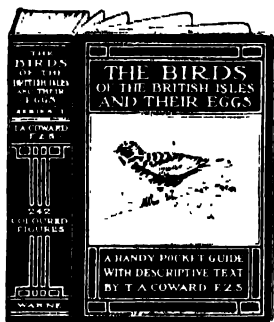


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Since a large proportion of the Bohemians depicted in this book are "stars" of greater or lesser magnitude, it would seem that most of Mr. Furniss's far-off days were in reality nights. Nights at the press, the club, the studio, the theatre and in Parliament provide the author with a train of entertaining recollections of places and persons. Bohemia was a small domain; a circle turning on the Old Gaiety Bar, with a radius touching St. Stephen, would enclose all the haunts of business and companionship referred to in this volume. Many of the places and most of the persons are now gone from the scenes they once filled, the first removed by zeal of the architect and the second cut down by the scythe of time. Men of world-fame, like Irving and Tree, receive generous space in the author's pages, and about them not a few intimate and first-hand anecdotes are told. Other no less true Bohemians, men who, according to Mr. Furniss, aspired only to Strand-fame, are affectionately preserved from oblivion in these sketches. The book declines in gaiety as it reaches its Parliamentary era, which is not surprising in reference to a stage trodden in the author's great days by Bradlaugh, and where the press-man and the artist are still only privileged strangers.



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From *The Restless Sex*
(Ipplion)

"WELCOME HOME," HE SAID.

picture of war or war time in England the book is not altogether convincing, but as a story it is interesting and whether or not its treatment of the problems it deals with satisfies you depends very much on your personal views of the social and political state of things it pictures. A very reasonable story, and one that thoughtful readers, old and young, will enjoy.

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FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

paper of the utmost importance, with Clues as to a Jewel, the Leopard's Eye. Part of the paper is found, and the scene is changed to Italy, where there are happenings that keep the reader's interest on the alert. For the greater part, however, the story is concerned with the wilds of the north of Scotland, of which the author has obvious first-hand acquaintance and about which he writes with much charm and great descriptive power. What the Searchers found, and how the quest ended, must not here be disclosed, the novel being essentially one that relies for its strength on the problem which it sets forth for our mystification. "The Searchers" is a noteworthy addition to present-day fiction with Scotland as setting. The writing has grace, the character drawing is deft, and the sensationalism is not allowed to swamp the writer's subtle humorous power.



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COVER DESIGN.

forth; to one of his best friends he is a puzzle: "When I see how you act with money and business, and how you let folks take advantage of you, then I think you're a plain dum fool. And yet when you bob up and do some-thing' like gettin' Leander Babbutt to volunteer and gettin' me out of that row with his father, then well, then, I'm ready to swear you're as wise as King Solomon ever was. You're a puzzle to me, Jed. What are you, anyway--the dum fool or King Solomon?" This delightful, winsome maker of toys is the central figure of an excellent and



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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919



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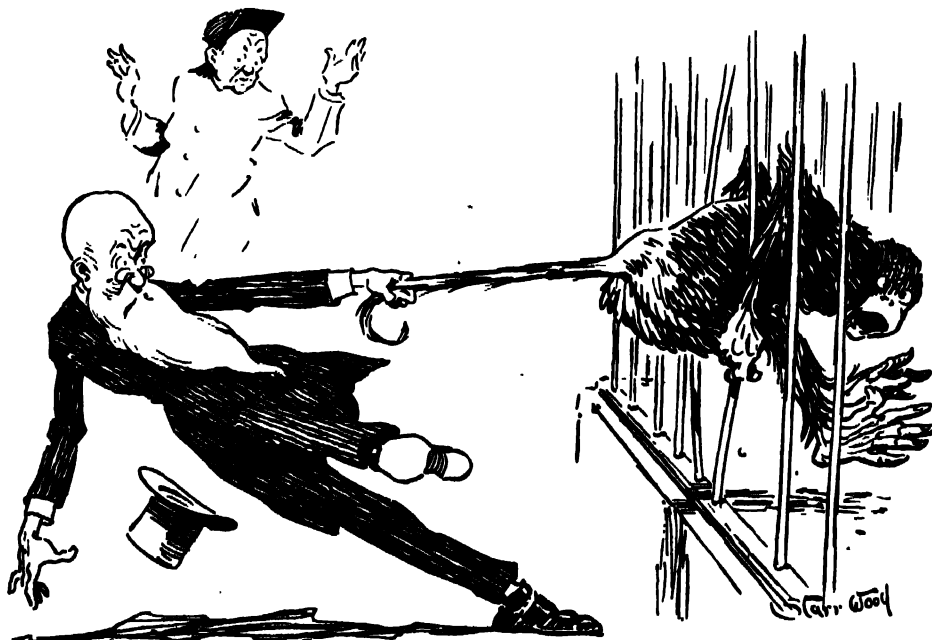
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of corporal punishment, for as he points out there is a lack of the dramatic in a mere "imposition" by way of punishment. This may well be a sufficient reason for the retention of corporal punishment in fiction dealing with school life. Mr. Coke adds, "but quite apart from such a plea I am not ashamed to say, in an age of kid gloves and knock knees, and abortive bleating about 'juvenile crime,' that I believe an occasional good thrashing would be a healthy moral tonic for almost any boy (and probably most men . . .) whilst all other forms of school punishment seem to breed far more freely—owing to their long duration—the sense Grievance fatal to a proper feeling between boy and master." The most diverse boys—and a goodly number of old boys, too—will be in hearty agreement as to the excellence of the stories told in this capital volume.

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

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FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND
PASSING THE INNER GATE
OF PEKIN.

reader into the same realm of entrancement. Peter John, for example, is looking at the sea. "It was now at its green-blue best; full of movement, brisk and blowing with a big air. On its surface the sun was hammering little scollops of gold. The deep strength of the trees cut



From *Sheepskins and Grey Russet*
(Cassell)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

into it squarely on either side, and the green darkness of the leaves gave it a quick, moist colour, quite like the quick freshness in all those pictures by all those painters we like. And at the back of the sea, hanging in mauve and emerald and pearl was the Island." "Green Ladies" is the name of the house that owns this wonderful view, and the story tells of the spell that "Green Ladies" casts over Peter John, and of the gradual unravelling of the mystery surrounding a beautiful neighbour. The author has written a polished comedy of great charm and distinction, and has written it moreover with an elfin lightness that keeps the reader intrigued from the first page to the last.

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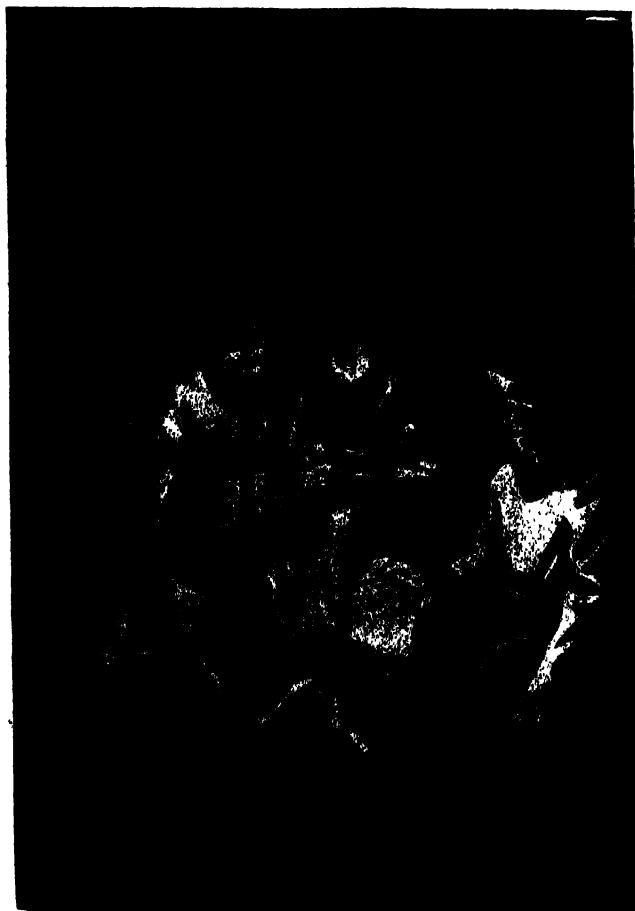
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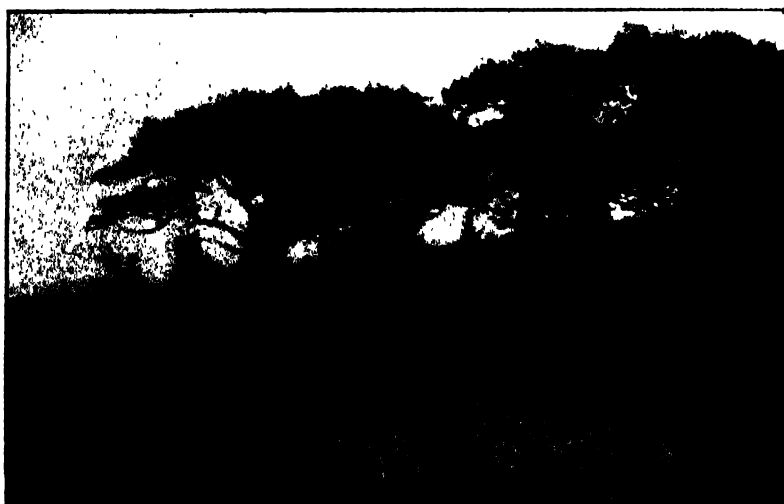
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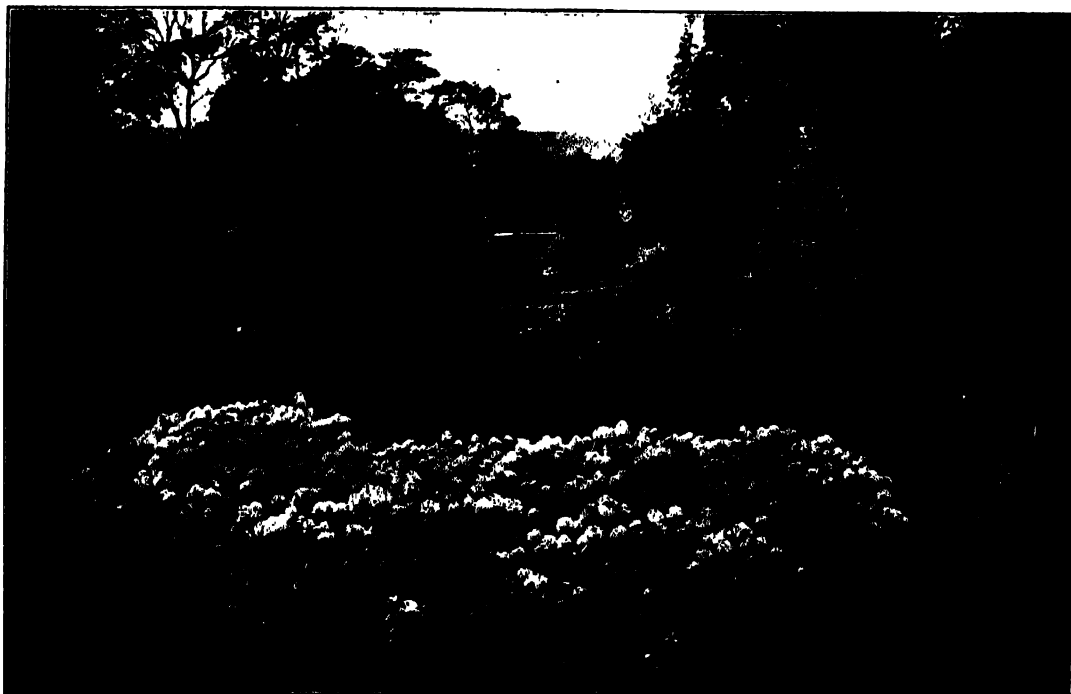
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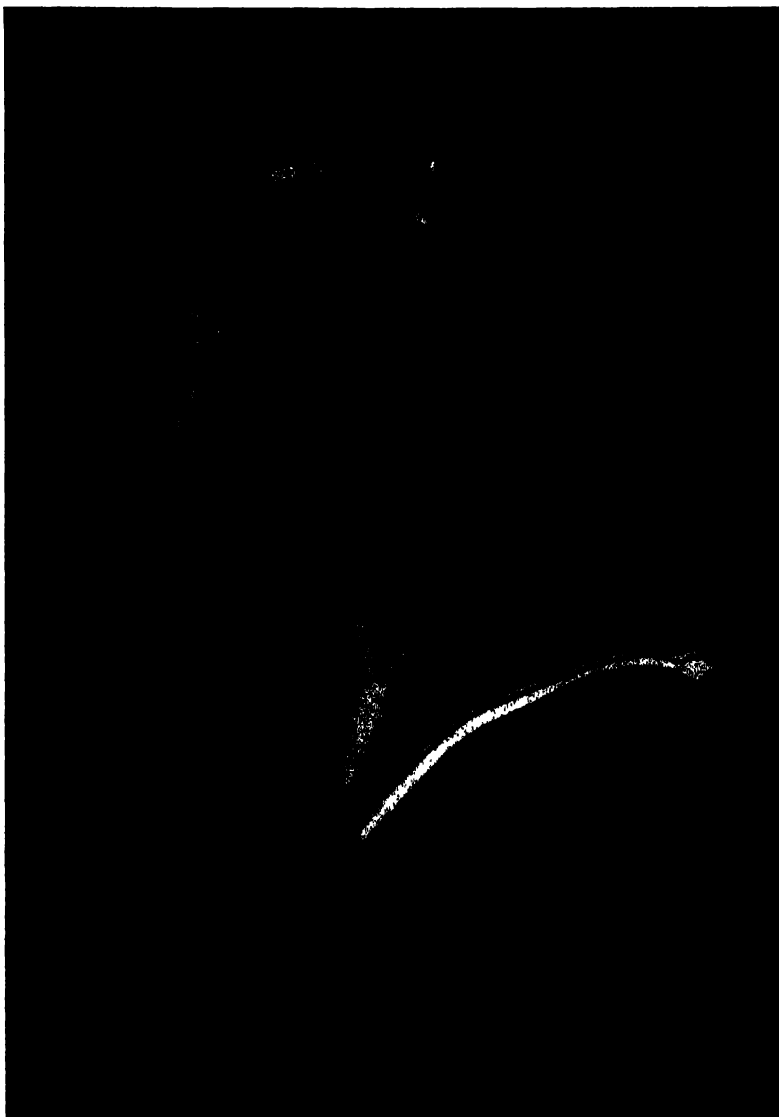
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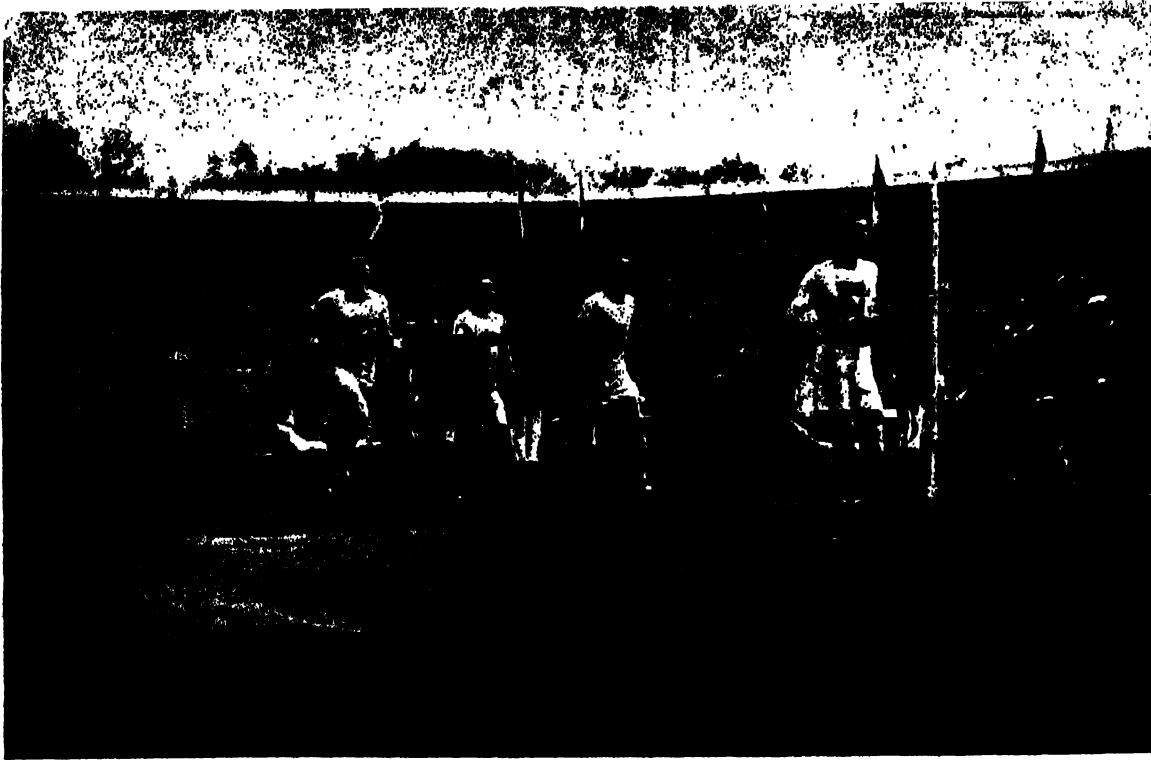
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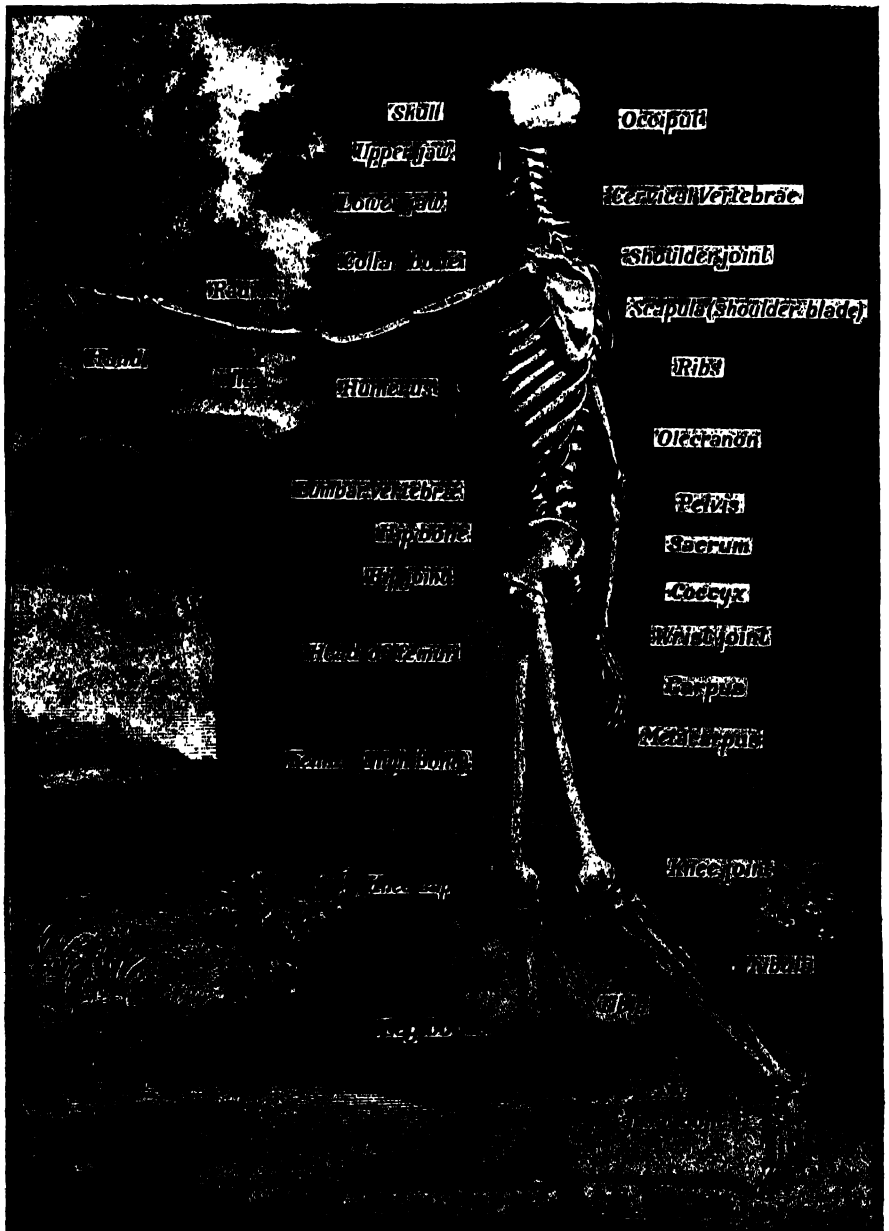
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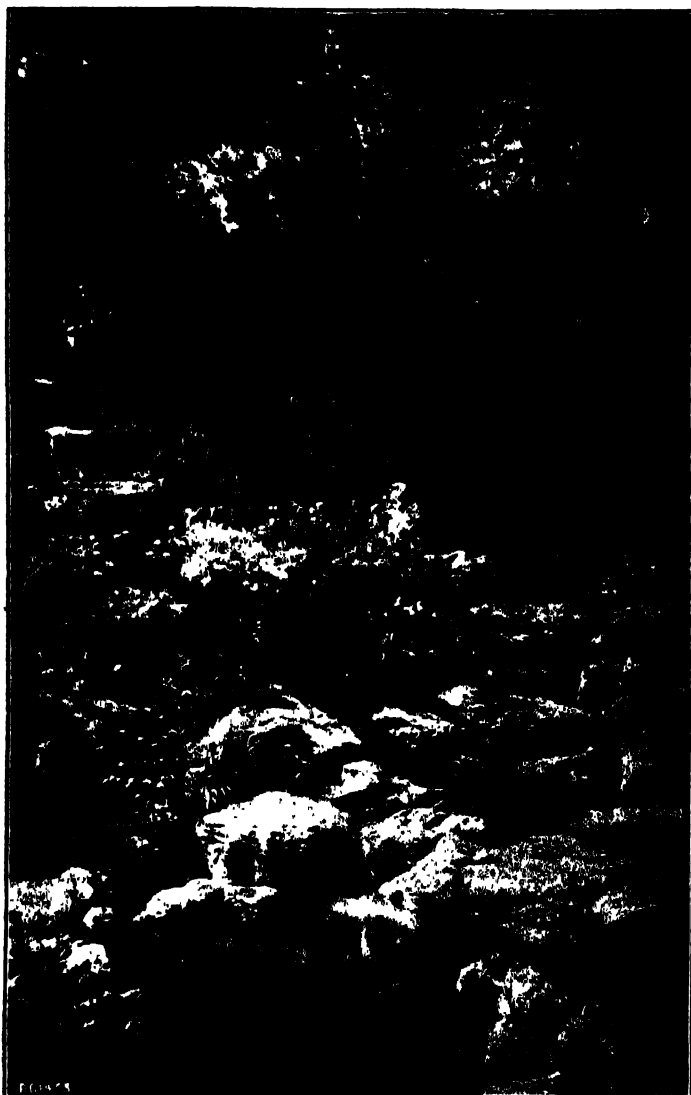
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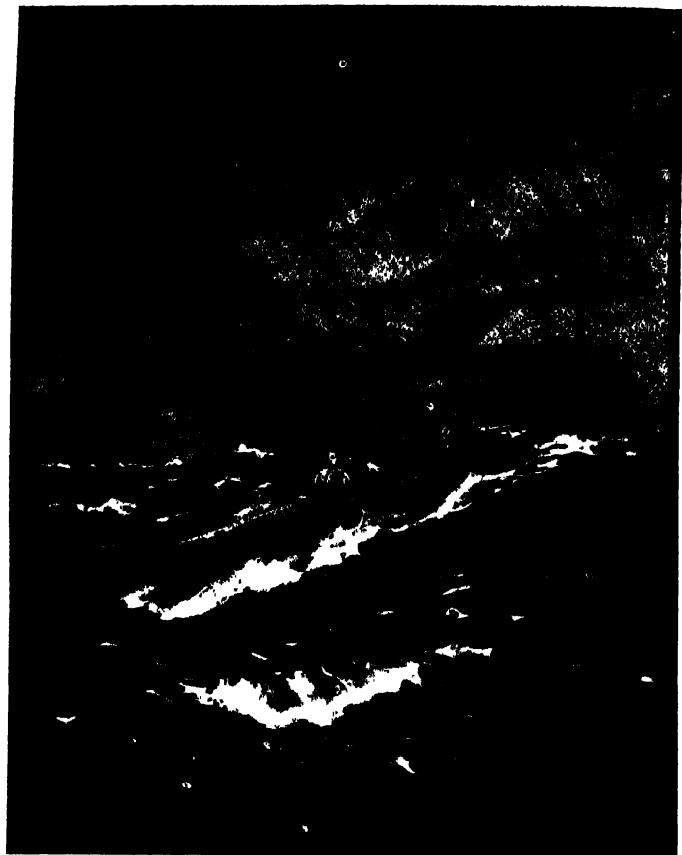
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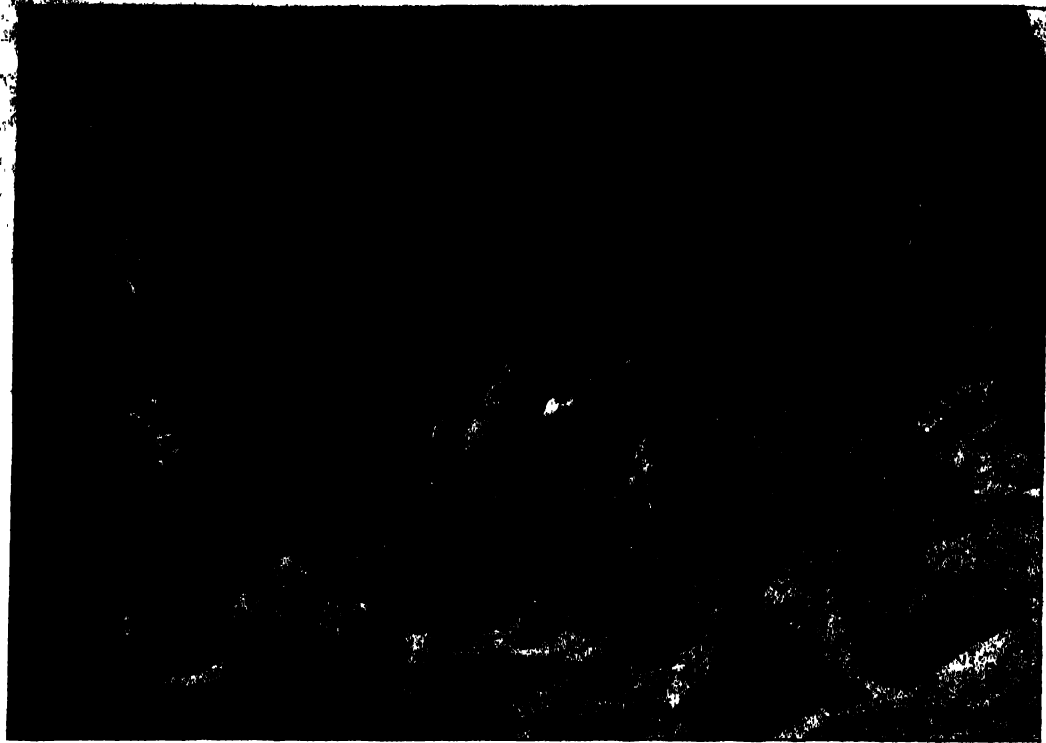
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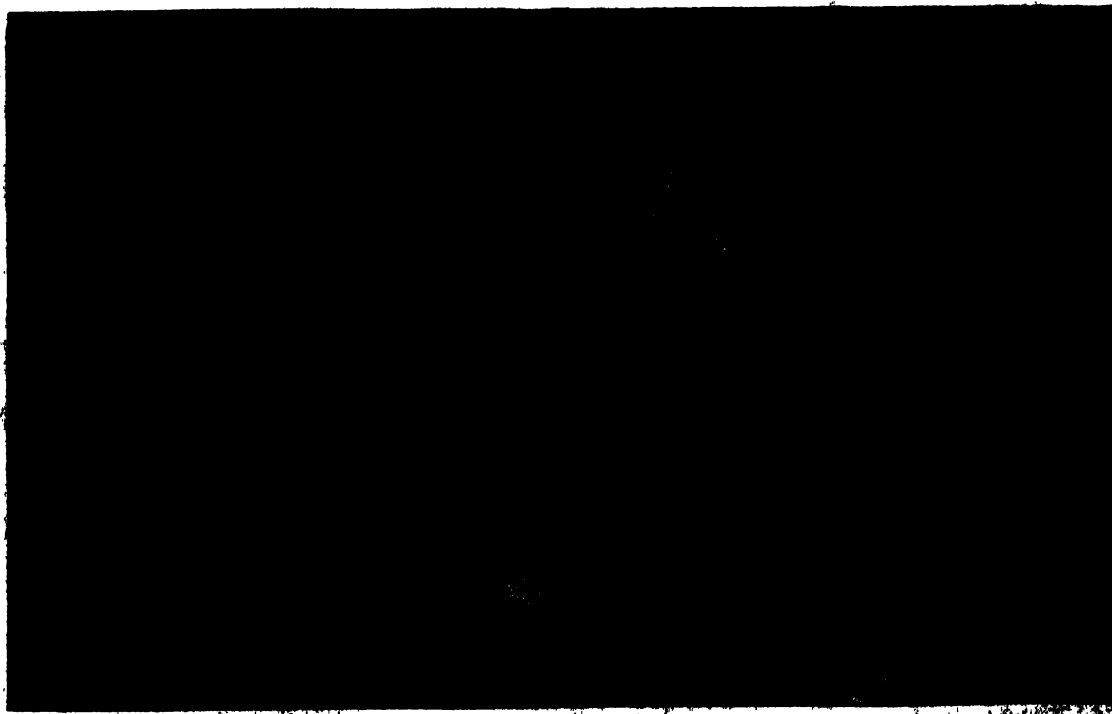
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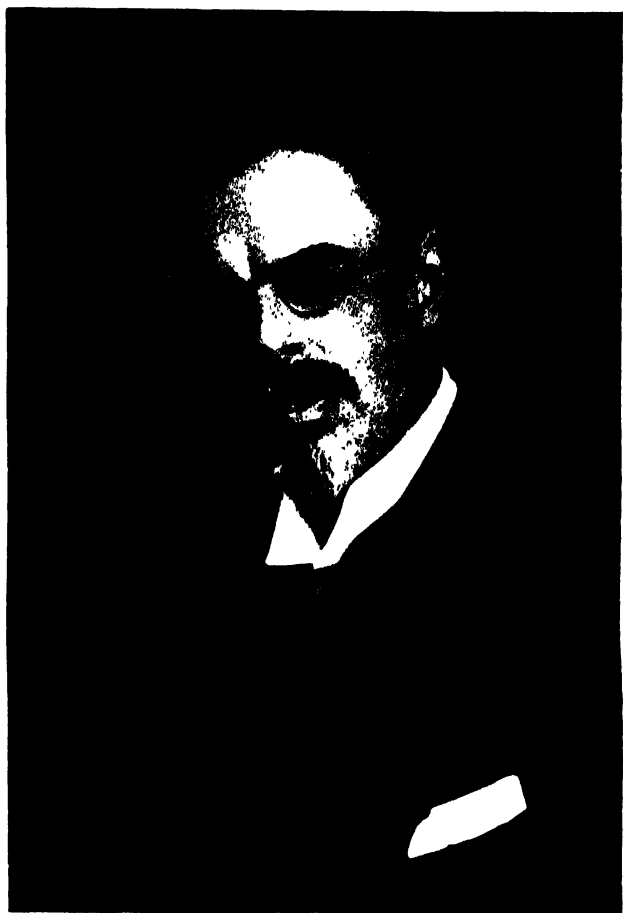


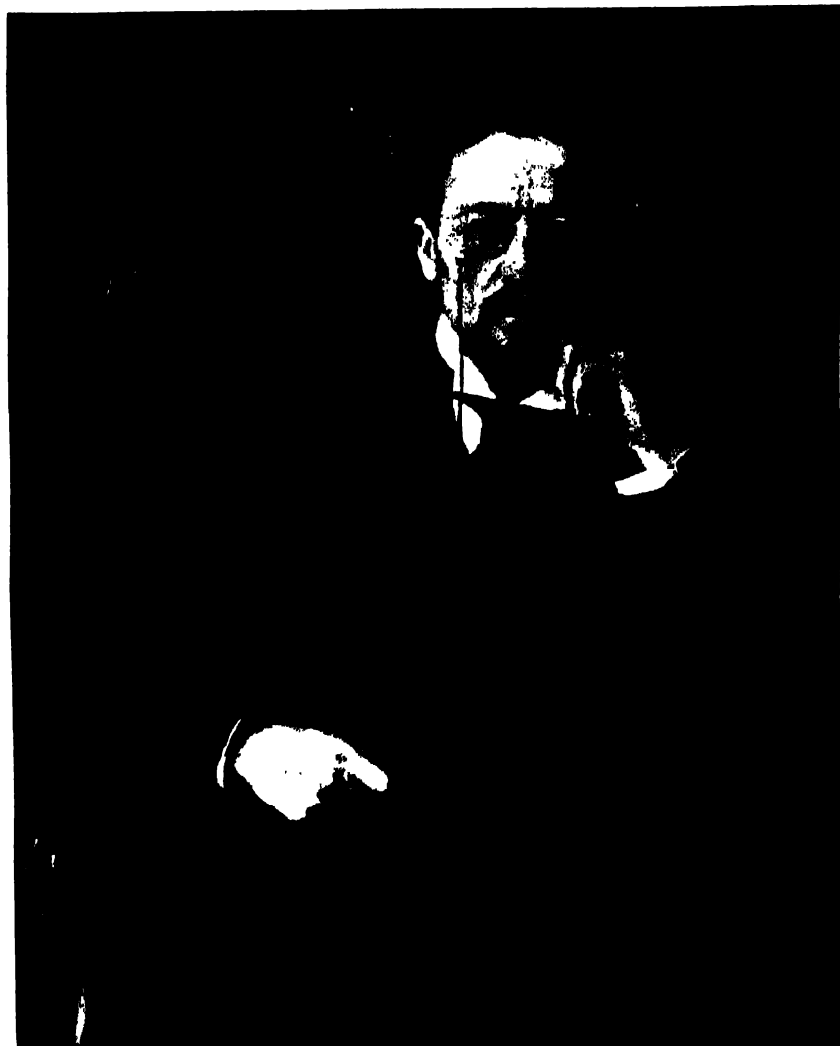
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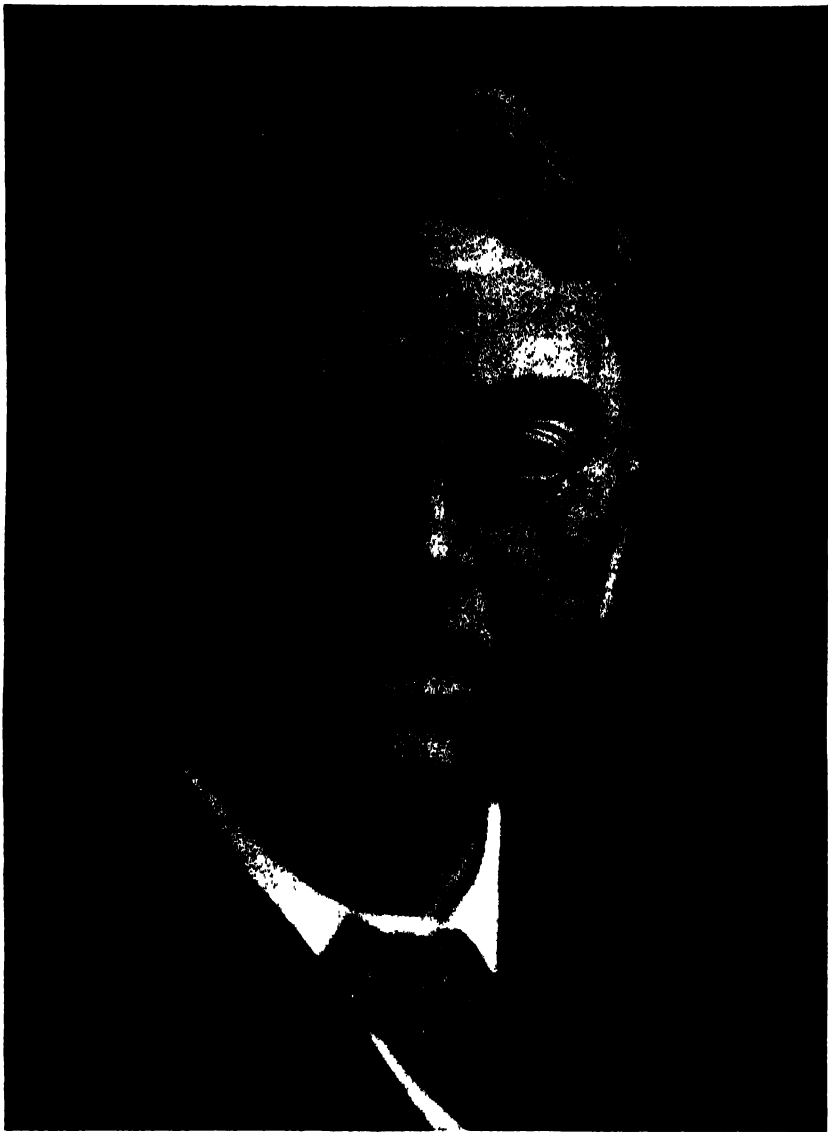


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From Salt
(Pitmans).

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Mrs. George Wemyss' lively, sparkling novels are always a welcome diversion in this sober old world. Her heroine is a laughing, whimsical, frothy creature who, with her precocious young sister, forms the bone of contention between an adoring maiden aunt and an enslaved bachelor uncle. The aunt and uncle hate each other with the fierce hatred begotten of jealousy, each striving to be the favourite in the eyes of their beloved nieces. Their mutual anxiety that the delightful Diana shall marry happily, and their mutual alarm at her illness and her "Shan't if I don't

want to" draw them together at last, and the old antagonism breaks down at the bedside of the sick child. Nobody but Mrs. Wemyss could have treated such a delicate situation with so much earnestness combined with so much levity. It is a joyous story coloured with her indulgent love of youth, and gay with that spontaneous gaiety which is the principal charm of her writings. The title in particular was a happy inspiration.

THE GIRLS OF CLARE HALL.

By ESTHER E. ENOCK. 4s. 6d. net. (Morgan & Scott.)

Dedicated to "M. G., The Dear Friend Who Prayed with me about this Book." Very earnest in purpose, and strongly evangelical in tone, the book is neither namby-pamby nor unnatural. We have not read for many a day about any such wild girls as the three Carliles—Hilary,

Muriel and Gladys. Why, the dignified Miss Daniells, principal of a well-known boarding-school, could do nothing with them! They lay in their bright-coloured zephyr frocks on the school lawn, when they should have been working! They played a terrible trick with a clown at Miss Daniells's missionary meeting! They arrived at their home concealed in dress baskets! They had a tremendous prejudice against Gabrielle, their guardian, but she hit on the



From The Natural History of
South Africa
(Longmans).

A PAIR OF BUSHY-TAILED OR ROOI
MEERKATS IN THEIR NATIVE HOME.

plan of disguising herself as their new governess, and so won their love. "I never saw anyone like Miss Norman." "Nor I. She's a princess, out and out." "It's a case of unconditional surrender," said Hilary; "I thought Miss Daniells was ripping. But Miss Norman is rippinger." Needless to say the book closes in sunshine and incidentally with words on heaven. "Such joy, such music, such glory there . . . we shall say it was well worth the climbing."

Children's Books



*From Old Nursery Rhymes
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Messrs. BLACKIE & SON will be pleased to forward, post free, a copy of their Autumn Announcement List, giving full particulars of their Books suitable for presentation.

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These delightful picture and story books for children are so exquisitely drawn and coloured that grown-ups as

well as children will derive sheer enjoyment from their artistic merit. Mr. Brock's wonderful colour effects are well known, and in each of the six books comprising the series there are half a dozen full-page colour pictures, as well as other smaller drawings in black-and-white.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919



From *True to the Old Flag*
(Blackie).

THE INDIANS ATTACK
THE CANOE.

"Hop-o'-My-Thumb," "Puss-in-Boots," "Valentine and Orson," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Beauty and the Beast" are the titles of the six fairy tales he has so ably illustrated. All are told in simple, unaffected language and printed in bold type, eminently suitable for little readers.

A PRINCE AT SCHOOL.

By LILIAN M. PYKE.
6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

An artless tale, suitable for a Sunday School library, about a bachelor schoolmaster and his wards. The first chapter suggests that it is a school story pure and simple, but we pass almost immediately to the coming of Arnold and Lola his sister. We are introduced to the island of Vilantoga in the Pacific; the writer is evidently familiar with such a place, and gives a very sympathetic sketch of a native boy who, anxious to obtain the advantages of British education, runs away to the hero's school. There are complications with Germans, and Lola, the heroine, is almost forced into unwilling marriage, even gets into the exquisite white net frock provided by the would-be bridegroom. She is just going to be married on board ship, when an Australian warship comes chasing after to rescue her. Shots are fired, she leaps into the water. The exhausted girl is pulled into a boat by her true lover and guardian, and the villainous German drowns himself.

TRUE TO THE OLD FLAG.

By G. A. HENTY.
4s. net. (Blackie.)

Many boys of the present generation have scarcely made the acquaintance of some of the writers who a few years ago were so enormously popular with young readers. These will be deeply indebted to Messrs. Blackie for publishing a complete set of G. A. Henty's works.

The very name of Henty breathes magic into the ear of a boy, and his stirring tale of the American War of Independence, "True to the Old Flag," is one that all youngsters must revel in. Compared



From *Some Tommies*
(Stanley Paul).

A YOUNG RECRUIT.

to modern writers perhaps Henty is a trifle verbose, but boys will forgive this if there's a good yarn behind it, and the story of young Harold Wilson who, staying with his relations on a settlement on the Indian frontier, becomes involved in an Indian outbreak, and subsequently marches to battle with his father in the British forces, is one that reaches the heart of adventure-loving youth. The book is "got up" in a most attractive style with realistic illustrations, and with Henty's name on the cover is a safe gift for any son or nephew in his teens.



From *A Prince at School*
(Ward, Lock).

DOWN TO THE BOATS
CAME TROOPS OF NATIVE
WOMEN.



From *The Heroine of Chelton School*
(Stanley Paul).

**CRASH! DOWN!
WENT NOREEN!**

FOR ENGLAND'S HONOUR.

By ALBERT LEE. Illustrated. 6d. net. (Morgan & Scott.)

Scouts will love this book, which is a glowing tribute to the value of their training. Kenneth Freeman had been an efficient scout as a boy, and at the outbreak of the war he brought honour to his corps. Mr. Lee is generous to his hero both in the way of opportunities and of rewards. Kenneth, while yet a boy, won the D.C.M., was captured by the Germans, and effected a plucky escape. While convalescent he took charge of a new patrol of scouts, and was instrumental in running to earth a nest of German spies and in destroying a submarine. Presently he was granted a commission, and proceeded to Salonika, where he engaged in a long series of thrilling adventures in all of which he displayed the utmost courage and extricated himself with the true Scout dexterity. Inspired by his example, his sister Grace also went to Serbia, and the two were brought together in the course of some desperate fighting between the Serbs and the Bulgars. There are really two heroes in this story; for wherever Captain Freeman went, there was to be found his faithful servant, Jack Bevan, and for their final act of gallantry in trying to save the beleaguered garrison in Kut, both Kenneth and Jack were awarded the Victoria Cross.

WINNING HIS WINGS.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. 5s. net. (Blackie.)

Mr. Westerman has earned for himself such a high place in the approval of all boy readers, it seems unnecessary to say that this splendid story of the R.A.F. is bound to receive a warm welcome from any boy who gets it sent to him this Christmas. All boys want to fly; the next

best thing to doing it is reading about it, and Derek Daventry's stirring aerial adventures keep one on the very top-notch of suspense. Mr. Westerman has written an uncommonly good war tale teeming with hairbreadth escapes and heroic experiences.

THE ARKANSAW BEAR.

By ALBERT BIGFLOW PAINE. Illustrated by HARRY ROUNTREE. 6s. net. (Harrap)

A delightful book that goes with a swing from beginning to end. It is all about a bear who played a fiddle, and a little boy named Bo. This odd pair journey together singing and dancing and making music—snatches of which are printed in the book for readers to play for themselves. There is an infectious atmosphere about the book: a sort of rhythm that keeps one turning page after page—fascinated. The adventures of Bo and the Old Black Bear are original and most amusing. Add that the book is beautifully illustrated by the very artist for the job—Mr. Harry Rountree—and it is at once apparent what an ideal Christmas present "The Arkansaw Bear" would make for any child, old or young.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Invented by the Author of "The Book of Arctimas," 1s. 3d. net each. (Westall)

Something strikingly new are these delightful picture books for children. Apart from the full-page illustrations



From *Winning His Wings*
(Blackie).

G.V.7 TO THE RESCUE.



From The Young Lion Hunter
(Nelson). **THE COUGAR PUT FORWARD
ONE BIG FOOT.**

**THE KING OF THE
SMUGGLERS.**

By W. A. STANLEY HELLYAR.
6s. net. (Arrowsmith.)

Here is a plain tale of Cornwall a hundred odd years ago, and a boy who takes to smuggling and becomes one of the most daring and successful among his fellows. It is a vivid picture of the days when magistrates and parsons were hand-in-glove with the sailormen who ran the rum and tea and silks over from France, and dodged or fought the Preventives, and young Hawken's story is well told and, indeed, seems to carry the true air of authentic doings. The



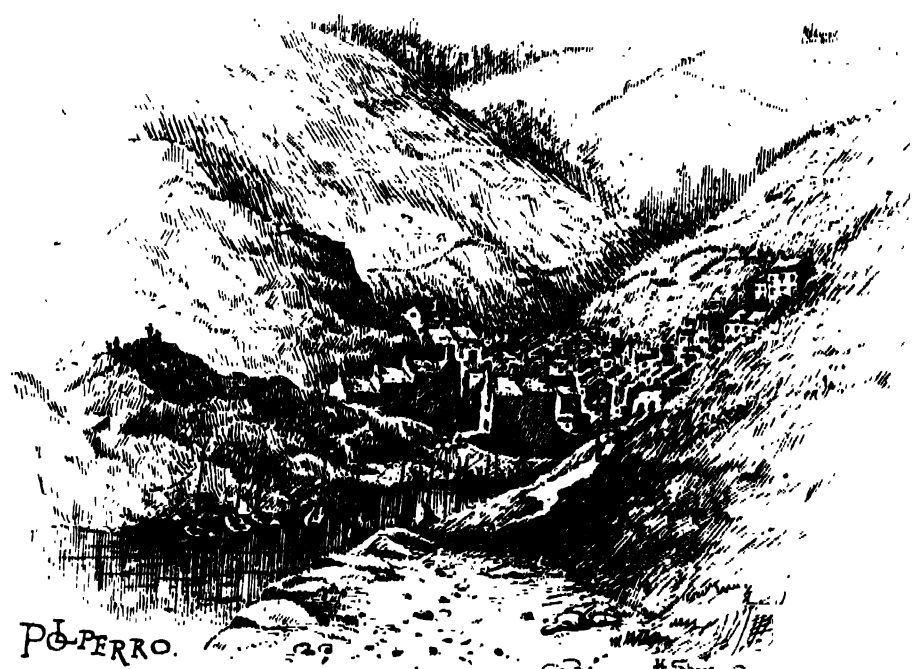
*From The Princess Who
Forgot*
(Jarrolds). **THE ARRIVAL**

admirably drawn by Miss Ethel K. Burgess, there is a coloured drawing at the top of every page, so that a rapid turning of the leaves reveals the story told in cinema effect. Children will be hugely amused at such a novel invention, they can both read the tale and then see it acted by the comical little figures that enliven each page. "Artemas" is to be heartily congratulated on such a novel and ingenious idea, and will receive the gratitude of many happy little people this Christmas-tide

LITTLE FOLKS.
(Cassell.)

This attractive annual seems to add yearly to its many attractions, and this year every possible taste and hobby has been carefully provided for. School tales still appear to be the most popular with girls and boys, and of these there is an abundance. It is a treat no youngster should miss, with its magnificent serials, its rich plenty of short tales, its puzzle and competition pages, and its many other fascinating features. The names of several favourite authors and artists figure in the contents.

gruesome end of Hockaday sounds like an historical episode, so do the tales of trials of smugglers—the scene in the jury-room in which Hawken has managed to find a place is really excellent.



P&P FERRO.
From The King of the Smugglers
(Arrowsmith).

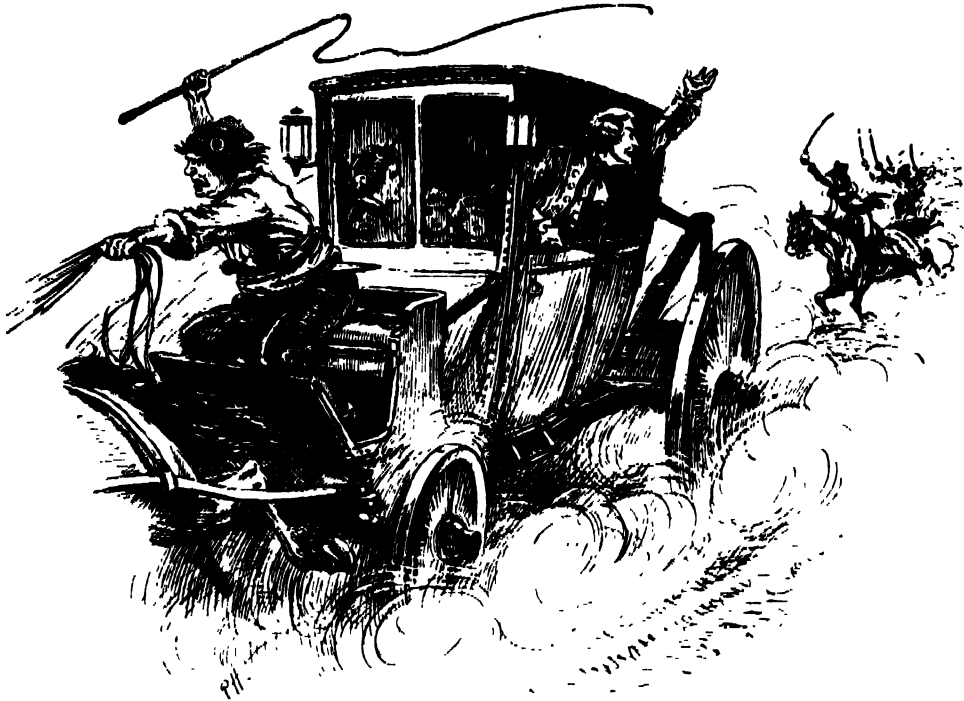
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

readable; and third, it is extremely sensible. Mr. Talbot cannot be accused of undue optimism, but he possesses a faith in the future of flying—from a commercial point of view—which should convince many of the more sceptical, coming as it does from a writer of proven business ability. Many aspects of the subject are dealt with, for each of which the author has had special opportunities of investigation. Altogether a capital book, which does admirable justice to its subject.

CINDERELLA.

Retold by C. S. EVANS.
Illustrated by
ARTHUR RACKHAM.
7s. 6d. net.
(Heinemann.)

It was a happy thought to take up the old tale of



From The British Boys' Annual for 1920
(Cassell).

KIDNAPPED IN THE REIGN OF TERROR

YOUNG ENGLAND.

6s. (Pilgrim Press)

The first thing that strikes us when opening this handsome red volume is "What a lot one gets for one's money!" Perhaps it is the way the letterpress is arranged; three columns to a page. The book is meant mainly for boys, but schoolgirls who like articles with the enticing headings—"Cockatoo who was a Terror" and "Dirtiest Job in the Navy," will thumb the book as thoroughly as their brothers. There are two serials, one a bright school story, the other, by the competent K. M. Eady, deals with the Navy and African adventure forty years ago

BLACKIE'S CHILDREN'S DIARY FOR 1920.

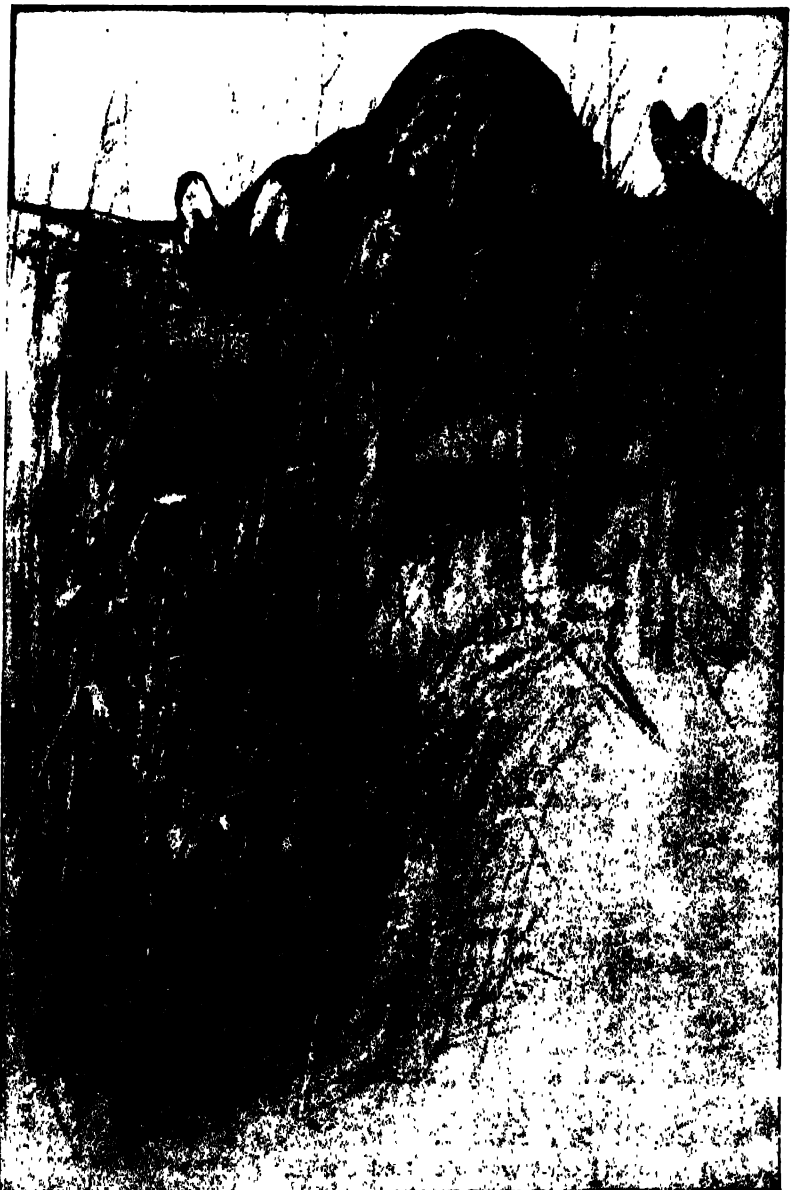
Pictures by HONOR C. APPLETON. Verses by LILIAN HOLMES. 1s. 6d. (Blackie.)

A delightful idea, delightfully carried out. Just a small slip of a volume, but dainty to look on, with one of Miss Appleton's most successful pictures on the cover, a sweet and serious school-girl making entries in a copy of this very diary, no doubt; watched by a young brother. If you will slip this little book into a big envelope at Christmas, and post it to small Marjory or Diana, you'll get a very happy letter of thanks.

ALL ABOUT AIRCRAFT OF TO-DAY.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT. With 40 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Mr. Frederick A. Talbot's book has many claims upon the reader. First, it very nearly fulfils the promise of its rather too comprehensive title; second, it is well written and eminently



From Snapshots of the Wild.
By F. St. Mars
(Chambers).

HUNTER AND HUNTED.



From *Persian Tales*
(Macmillan).

"Cinderella" and retell it more amply, with fuller details about Cinderella herself, about her own mother, and the life the child led after her mother's death, before her father gave her a stepmother and stepsisters who were to be the source of all her woe and make her a drudge in the kitchen and change her name from Ella into Cinderella. Nothing but the most delicate, sensitive handling could save such a story from losing something of its simplicity, something of its naïve charm in the process, and Mr. Evans is to be congratulated on the skill and dainty art with which he has caught the spirit and fantasy of his original and even added to the interest of the tale as well as to its length. At the risk of being counted among the Philistines, one ventures to predict that children will find this new version more satisfying and more fascinating than the old. Mr. Rackham's exquisite frontispiece in colour and the numerous silhouettes with which he has illustrated the progress of the narrative reflect the characters of its various people with an airy grace and elvish humour that are distinctively his own. We recommend parents, uncles and others who are looking for Christmas books for children to glance through this delightful edition of the most delightful of fairy tales before they go farther.

THE CHUMMY BOOK.

For All Boys and Girls who are Good Chums.

Edited by EDWIN CHISHOLM. (Nelson.)

A handsome picture book in vivid vermilion boards. There is a picture practically on every page, and a very

superior sort of picture indeed. The black-and-white drawings are all above the average, and the coloured pictures are brimming with humour, a thing rather uncommon in this type of book. That of the little boy and little girl sitting with doubtful eyes at the piano—"You're so slow," will make everybody smile. It was a huge joy to certain small people we know to find a bit of that very favourite tale "Chippy Bobbie" incorporated in these pages. The print is refreshingly big, and there are many poems well worth reading and learning by heart.

BO-PEEP:

A Book of Stories and Pictures for Little Folks.

With Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White. (Cassell.)

For those pleased, proud little people who have grown too old for rag books, and have begun even to turn up their small noses at nursery rhymes, this "Bo-Peep" volume will be a grand treat. It contains stories about fairies and stories about real children; poems about toys and poems about animals; and pictures, pictures, pictures on almost every page, and more than thirty of them are fine big coloured ones. The book is gay and cheerful from cover to cover, and children will love every page of it. Many of the names of writers and artists are well known, we believe, to the readers of *Little Folks*—that old and faithful children's magazine—and they may be relied upon to know what children care to read and look at over and over again. Through the enticing entry on the cover of this volume they will certainly pass in to a feast of pictures and stories which will keep them happy till they are ready to appreciate Mr. Felix Leigh's delightful "Good-night, Candle" on the last page.



PETER RABBIT'S
CALENDAR
(Warne)



From *Bo-peep*
(Cassell).

THE CHANGELING.

WHEN LEAVES WERE GREEN.

By S. COPE MORGAN. 6s. net. (Heffer.)

This is a book about children—light character sketches of two little boys and two little girls—which contains many quaint touches. The author has evidently studied minutely the young people he portrays, and the result is a book recording a series of little everyday occurrences in an interesting and chatty manner. To be entirely successful a book such as this should have been written throughout in a simpler style: the thoughts and feelings of childhood, translated by a grown-up and set down in a mature manner, are bound to lose something in the process. "The serious thoughts of mother and son which resulted from the stiffening of the latter's collars," writes the author, in describing Dick's first stiff collars, "were in contrast to the levity with which the circumstance inspired Mary. Sisters are seldom sentimental over their brother's clothing. She giped at him for his self-consciousness, vowed he must be careful not to soil such precious emblems of maturity, and declared that wrath with her would instantly deny the manhood which his clothing implied." Sentences like this would have lost nothing and gained much by being expressed in simpler terms. However, there is so much that is attractive in the book that all those who love to read about children would be well advised to get a copy of "When Leaves Were Green" without delay.

THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE.

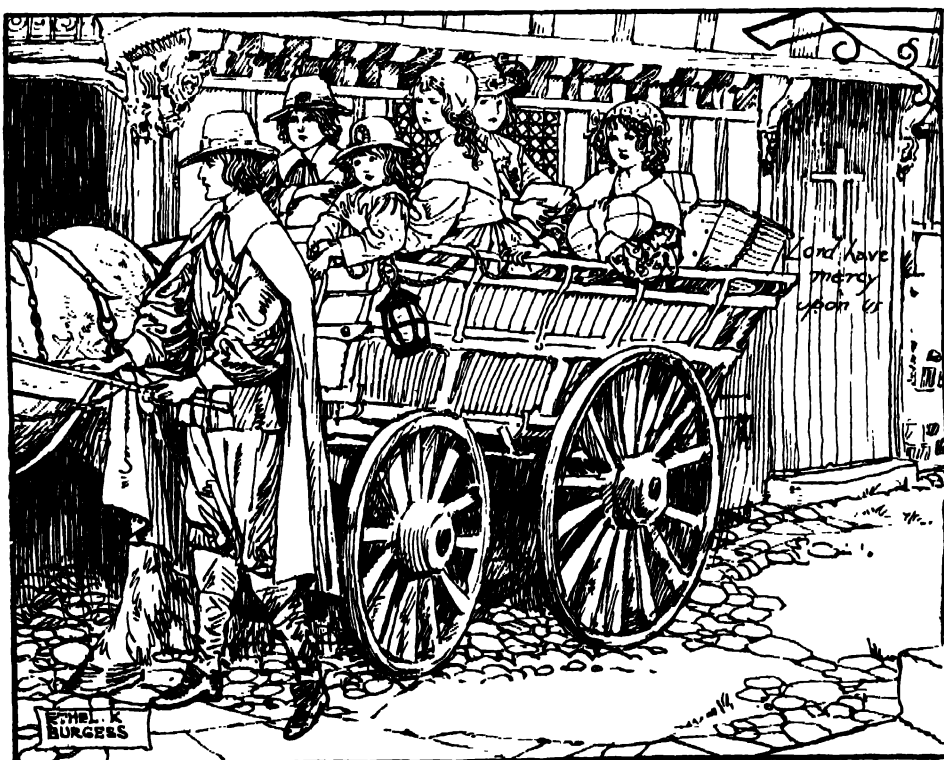
2s. (Pilgrim Press.)

The eighty-sixth volume of this unpretentious but famous and popular annual for young folks appears as usual in its gay, shiny cover. A serial story of London in



From *When Leaves Were Green*
(H. P. S.)

AMONG HERBACEOUS BORDERS.



From *The Child's Own Magazine*
(Sunday School Union).

THE CHILDREN WOULD NEVER FORGET
THAT RIDE IN THE EARLY MORNING.

King Charles's Day, by Maurice Hardy, prize competitions, stories and verses, and pictures large and little, make up this annual; and the short Sunday talks are continued. Children who can read without effort will find much to please them here. For our part, we like best in the whole selection the little poem on "Fairy Furnishing," which runs:

"Lack, the little woodland gnome,
Folded his wings, no more to roam,
Found for his darling bride a home.
In Goblin Market see them stand,
Shepherd purse in tiny hand,
Buying furniture fine and grand

"A glow-worm lamp to gleam on the wall,
A dandelion-clock to stand in the hall,
And cupboards deep to hold clothing small,
Heaps and heaps of it, roseleaf shawl,
Foxglove cap, and gossamer gown,
Petticoats made of a gillyflower brown—
The sweetest trousseau in Goblin Town!"

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1919

THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTEN- DOM.

By MAY WYNNE.
7s. 6d. net.
(Jarrolds.)

Miss May Wynne writes in fluent and picturesque style, and is the very person to concoct the legendary chronicles of the famous seven for young people. St. George of England—who was born “a laughing, rosy, blue-eyed boy . . . upon his breast the portrait of a green dragon, a blood-red cross marking the tiny right hand, whilst below the left knee a golden garter”; St. Denis of France, who loved adventures, adored charming ladies, and revelled in dancing; St. James, Champion of Spain, stolid and silent, who plunged into the briny ocean, killed a sea serpent and rescued a lovely mermaid; St. Anthony of Italy, the



From *Eliz'beth, Phil and Me*
By Marion St. John Webb. (*Harrop*).
Recently reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN*.

"IN BED LAST NIGHT I KNITTED
SOME WITHOUT A LIGHT."

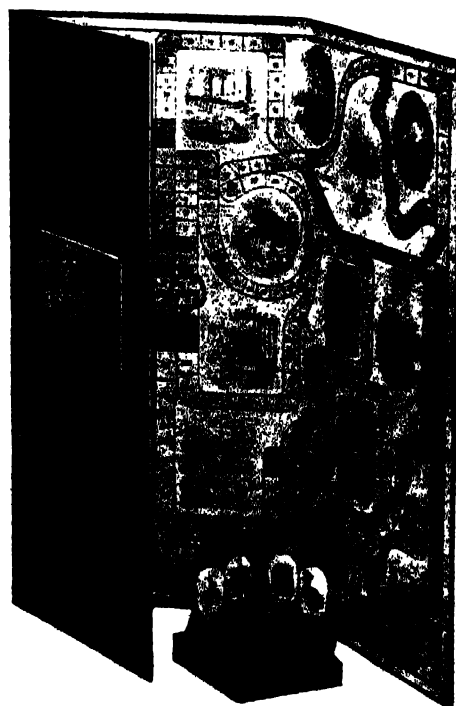
gentlest of all the Knights; St. Andrew, the shy and yet the fearless; St. Patrick, who found the Lost Princesses; and St. David of Wales, who was resolved that his golden deeds should raise his small but gallant country to the renown it merited—these are all described with easy zest and lively detail. Perhaps best of all the adventures is just the slaying of the dragon by St. George, the dragon who appears to be protected by armour of the most wondrous green steel, from which emanates a pale glow. He overcomes Saint George and, roaring in victory, retreats, but the faithful squire, de Fistycuff, flies to an adjacent orange tree, plucks a magic orange, and see!—the Champion revives almost as soon as the juice of the orange has touched his lips: "Now, be ready, brave Bayard, for a second charge! Huzza for St. George,

and Merrie England! Huzza for a gallant Champion!" In no time a stream of black blood is pouring from the wounded creature's breast. Well, we cannot spare the space to quote more, but repeat that in this stirring tale Miss Wynne has "delivered the goods," for everybody's satisfaction.



From *The Pleasant Book*
(Oxford Press).

THE BOAT RACE.



PETER RABBIT'S RACE GAME
(Warne).



"All at once she stood transfixed,
for Harold's face was immovable and stern

From
"THE COMING OF GWEN,"
By EMILY BAKER,
MORGAN & SCOTT, Ltd., LONDON

*SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1919.*



"To her unspeakable joy she found she
could reach Mollie's hand

From
"THE GIRLS OF CLARE HALL,"
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Pictures by LOUIS WAIN, etc. Stories and Verses by E. H. JARVIS. 28. (Clarke.)

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"A kitten who came from Calcutta,
Was heard one fine morning to mutter
'If a Cal-cut-a-bit
From a Calcutta Kit
Should the cutten Calcutta Kit cut her?'"

The sketch on the opposite page of a bird postman delivering a letter to an expectant looking bunny, is one of many

JACK AND ME.

By MAUDE S. FORSEY. 3s. (Harrap.)

The writer of these fresh and piquant chronicles must, we think, have drawn much from her own recollections. That bitter feeling about the subject of breakfast, for instance. Why was week-day breakfast taken in the nursery, in the freedom of one another's company, always made up of dull bread and milk? And Sunday breakfast, with bacon and sausages, spoiled altogether by the grown-ups present who insisted on extra smooth hair and best manners? This is a real child's problem. The chapter on "Measles" is charming, and the illustration showing the two sufferers in bed under pale pink quilts is the best of a delightful series. The country visit to Granny is told with a wealth of detail that will be attractive to both little girls and boys. "Oh, here's the dear old brown teapot and the jug with niggers on it, just the same as last year! I was rather



From Jack and Me (Harrap).

THE TINY DOOR ON THE LANDING.



From The Seven Champions of Christendom (Jarrolds).

"TUGGED AND TUGGED TILL HE WAS PURPLE IN THE FACE."

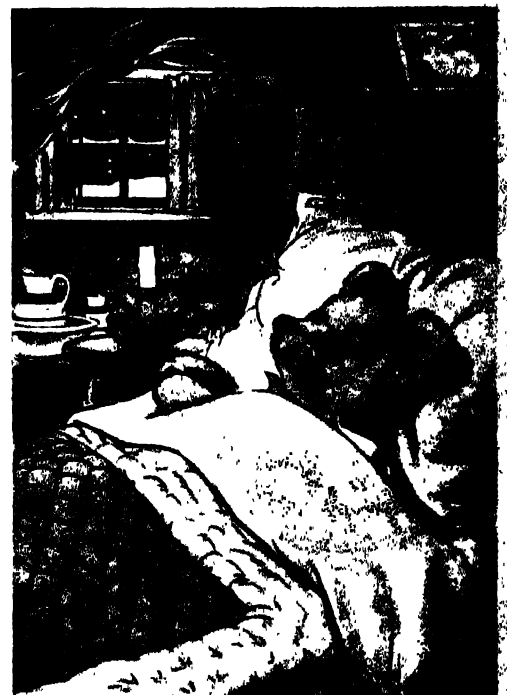
astonished to see the china so unchanged, for in our house we had had quite a number of different milk-jugs lately." We recommend this simple and unassuming tale of young children to all mothers on the look out for a good gift-book for children about seven—and older. Old-fashioned, yet modern, Miss Forsey has made a little triumph of her book.

pretty sketches inserted among many grotesque ones, of the kind dear to the small person of to-day.

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From Buzzy (Jarrolds).

THE BRIGHT FROSTY STARS.



From *Pinion and Paw*.
By F. St. Mars
(Chambers).

certainly are funny; and there is also a profusion of colour in the pictures that is sure to appeal to children. The "adventures" themselves are written in pleasant little verses. And the result is as attractive a little nonsense book as is likely to be published this Christmas.



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From *Bulgy Billy*
(Jarrollds).

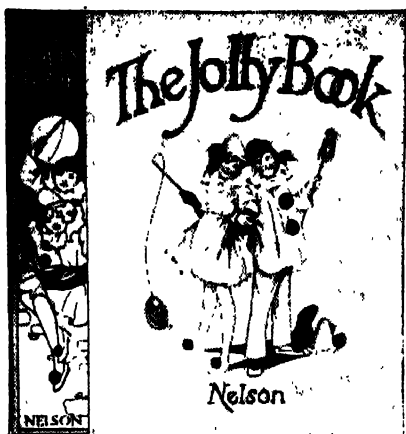
GOING IN HER CARRIAGE
TO PAY A CALL.

the catching of Pig-Head by the eagles—and the story of it makes interesting reading for every true sportsman. Mr. Rountree, whose animal pictures have delighted us for many years, has a genius for depicting a scene at the right moment. His illustrations are not merely portraits of animals and birds, they are arresting pictures, impressing the author's words. As a gift-book for a lover of natural history, this volume is a treasure trove.



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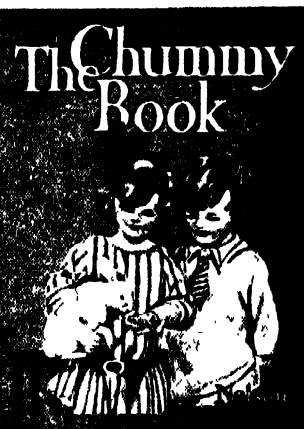
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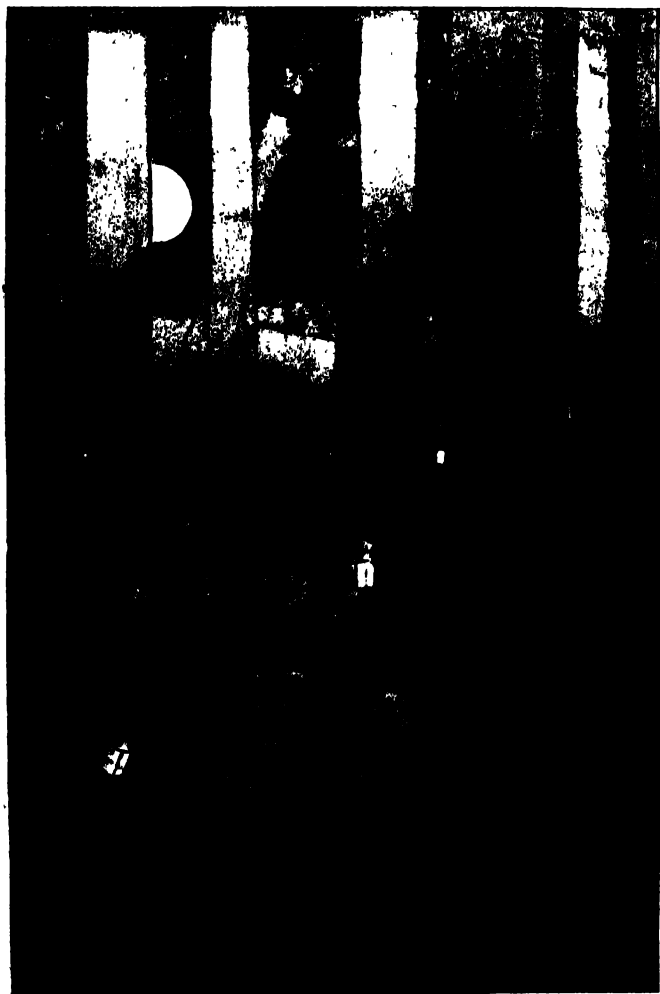
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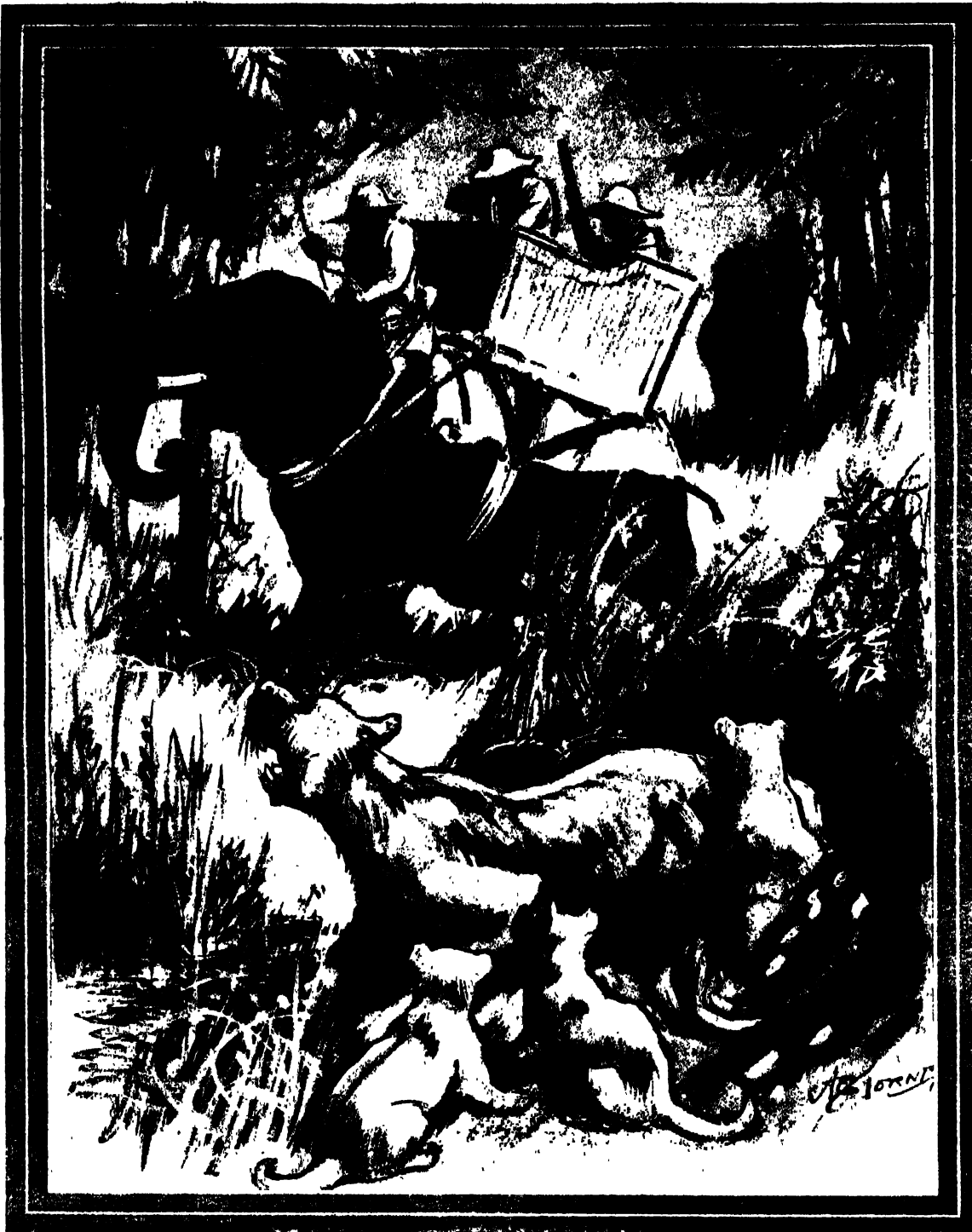
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"It's all up now," said Tommy, "we shall have the whole pack after us."

"But the guns will be destroyed, Paris will be saved," shrieked Auvergne in a frenzied voice, and the four raced on towards the railway. They reached it and were tearing along when a flash of lightning rent the air and a stupendous roar fell upon their ears.

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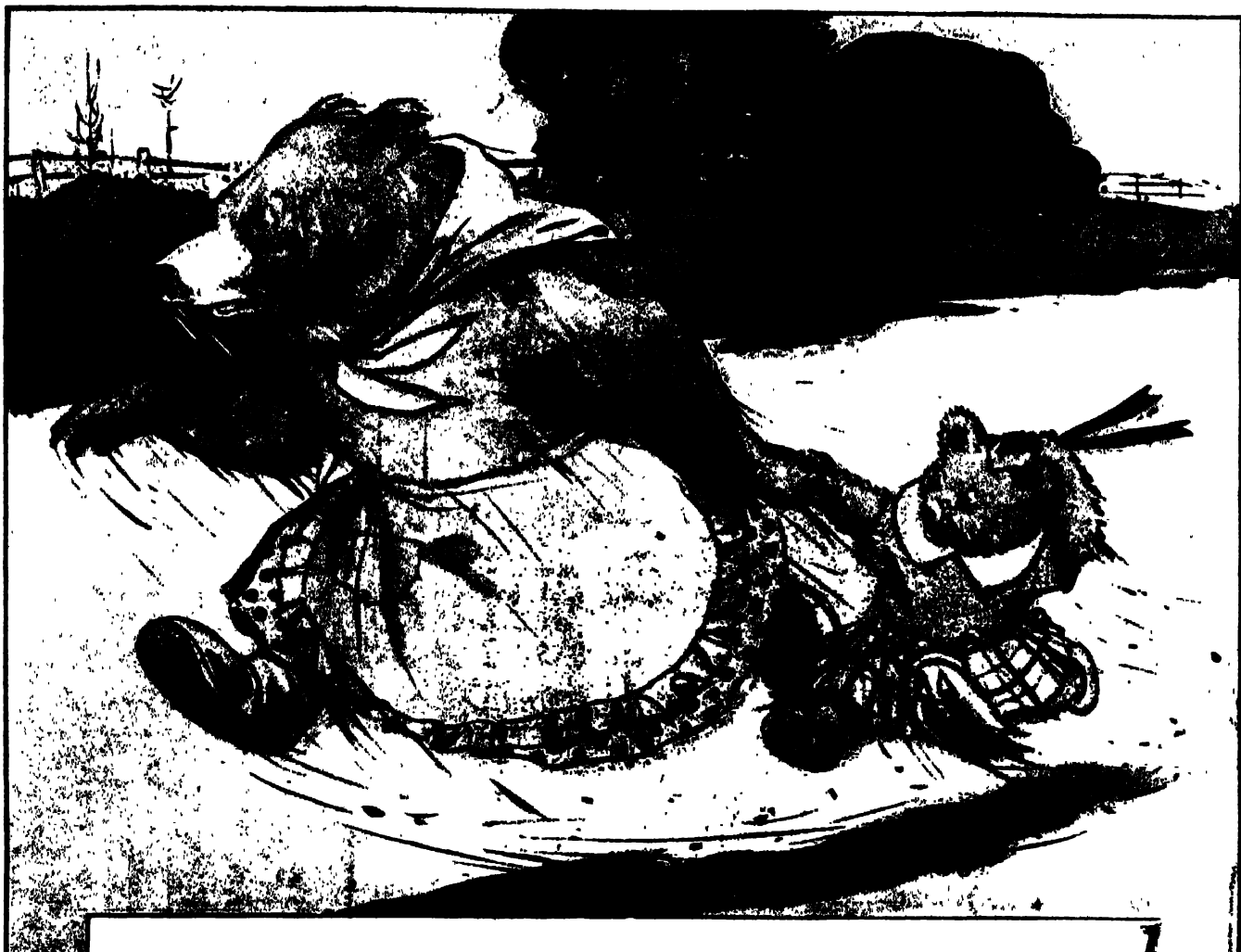
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By H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

"Now is that all?" asks Rochefort.

"I think so," says Milady.

"Let us see. Buckingham dead or grievously wounded. Your conversation with the Cardinal heard by the Musketeers; Lord de Winter warned of your arrival at Portsmouth; D'Artagnan and Athos to the Bastille; Aramis, the lover of Madame de Chevreux; Porthos a fool; Madame Bonacieux discovered; to send you the carriage as soon as possible; to put my servant under your orders; to make you a victim of the Cardinal that the Abbess may have no suspicion; Armentieres on the banks of the Lys; is that right?"

"Verily, my dear Chevalier, you are a miracle of memory!"

Dumas does not account for it by the existence of a Pelman Institute, but those were simpler days. If Rochefort had tried to burden his miracle of memory with the times of trains, with twenty telephone numbers, number of stores ticket, number of season ticket, of motor-car, petrol licence, with the identity of the thousand other buttons only by pressing which neatly and expeditiously do we comfortably compass our complicated modern life, he might not have had it all so put.

Within the stretch of this last hundred and fifty years, machinery little and big, tangible and intangible has overwhelmed us. Man reschemes his life to deal with it, truckling, by the way, quite unwisely to its mastery sometimes. And he has successfully adapted many of his mental processes; he can think his way well enough, for instance, through the little labyrinth of a motor-car. That is easy: there is a beginning, a middle, an end, and his individual brain completes a circuit; besides he can afford to take trouble and master the job. But it is when—a dozen times a day he finds himself suddenly athwart one of the new multitudinous casual demands upon his readiness: how can he give time and active thought to this one or any one of them, all relatively unimportant?

But attention of some sort such things will have; he tries to give for half a minute half his mind; bungles, gets irritated, exhausts some of his precious store of the energy dedicated to his own particular and (to him) most important job.

Now what has happened? The name wasn't right, or the address was wrong. "I thought you said *June*." "Well, what the devil is the dollar exchange, not my business to know!" Ask any man at the end of the day which has left him worried, fagged, depressed—and not, he knows well, from swimming his best in the main stream of his work, but from battling backhandedly with the hundred little eddies which seem actively to conspire to distract him—ask him what fairy godmother gift he would choose for to-morrow and see if he won't answer, or sigh gratefully if this answer is supplied him: a second mind to master these things that don't matter if they're done right (just in passing; and they pass so quickly!) that come to matter so damnably if they're done wrong.

In the simpler days gone by, when life was still unsped up by steam and dynamo, man did perhaps have something of the sort. Here, indeed, one treads on most debatable ground, but as I am a trespasser on it anyway, I may as well tread boldly. The world had changed mechanically little enough from A.D. 1 and earlier to A.D. 1000. In that long interval, by generation upon generation of practice, had not man perhaps acquired an almost subconscious skill (No, I will not say instinct) in surmounting these minor difficulties of life—fewer, of course, as well as simpler than they are now? Not to tread either on the psychologist corn I won't presume to say *how* one more easily learns things that one's great-grandfather knew; it may be only that the passing generations leave the material for learning better arranged. Does this explain, though, why the 1919 chicken dodges the onrushing motor-car so much more readily than did the hen of 1905—and who doubts that?

But to be done with trespassing before we get bogged. Whether because enough generations have not passed since the world mechanically changed, or equally because the myriad material is not yet well enough arranged for our understanding, it is certain that most of us in our single lives manage to acquire very little of this subconscious skill in mastering the minor difficulties. Yet that, or something answering to it, is what we want, some method, as nearly automatic as may be, of keeping our minds in order, some factotum for the chamber of the mind, doing the routine work, tidying as it goes, setting the master occupier free for the master tasks.

Some men can work in an untidy office, most can't and won't, if for no other reason than that it wastes their time. To work with an untidy mind is worse, it is waste of energy. A question of economy simply. The best of our brain we need for work that can't be reduced to system; and, if the work allotted to us seems *not* to need that better brain of ours, why we can better the work willy-nilly, by forcing upon it that higher service, for the whole world's work must be bettered in quality; that's the placard to stretch across Trafalgar Square. And it never will be if the better parts of our national brain—with a lion's share indeed of the world's work falling to us now—are to be sucked dry of goodness by the claims of mere routine. Give system its due and no more, but give it its due or lack of it, it will demand all. That's as true of things outside as inside a man's head, where all system begins. Give us tidy minds that our genius (collectively we may claim it, if individually we are modest) can work freely and cleanly within them.

The Pelman Institute does not, I think, undertake to teach genius, but it does profess to tell us how to set our mental house in order. It will not present us with brilliant original ideas (of our own! What sort of paradoxical miracle do lazy people expect? There is no possible institute for the cure of lazy minds) but it will show us how not to lose the benefit of those that we have. How often have we seen the next man's idea adopted while we sat rummaging for the better one we had mislaid, and couldn't put quickly enough together?

When found, Pelmanism may teach you perhaps how to reutilise the mental soil in which ideas are grown. It will encourage you to explore the unused recesses of your imagination. Incidentally one can add more than a little to the sheer enjoyment of an individual life by keeping one's inner self a garden instead of a wilderness, one grudging patch sown with some necessary knowledge; another, half-hoed, with a few fads and hobbies, weeds prevailing there mostly. (I note how instinctively I shift my metaphor out of doors in passing from work to play.)

Pelmanism may also teach you how to play, if you have forgotten, and if bodily exercise, for reasons *anno domini* or other, is failing you. It can help you to measure up your capacity and take stock of your goods. It can bring you to your bearings.

Now these are designedly modest claims. They set out what Pelmanism tells you it can do, if you'll give it but a ha'porth of attention. Then follows, of course, the other nineteen twentieths of the matter; what you can do with Pelmanism if you choose to try. For this it offers you a dozen different brooms and brushes (to return to the tidying metaphor), a dozen sorts of fertilisers (to go back to the garden). I should not call it a system of education, in the sense that to return to it might sound a reproach to one's schooldays. Pelmanism, I take it, is not for schools. Youth, with so much springing power to spare for extra fences, is happily impatient of these economies of strength. But neither is it a Doctor Cureall for the mentally decrepit and deficient.

I was struck most, I remember, when I first read the "Little Grey Books," by their friendliness and humanity. It was pleasantly like being patted on the back and told that, with just a little more effort, you could do so much better. And when it comes to the Pelman-assisted effort I imagine that half a dozen men would turn the system to their half-dozen different purposes, some making less of it, some more. To my mind that also was part of its soundness as it certainly was of its humanity.

It seemed to me an encouraging system; it had generosity. Some could get this sort of help from it and some that. But its common service to all, I thought (and the foundation, I do believe, of the appeal it makes) is the particular help it offers in sorting out the muddle of our crowly and untidy minds.

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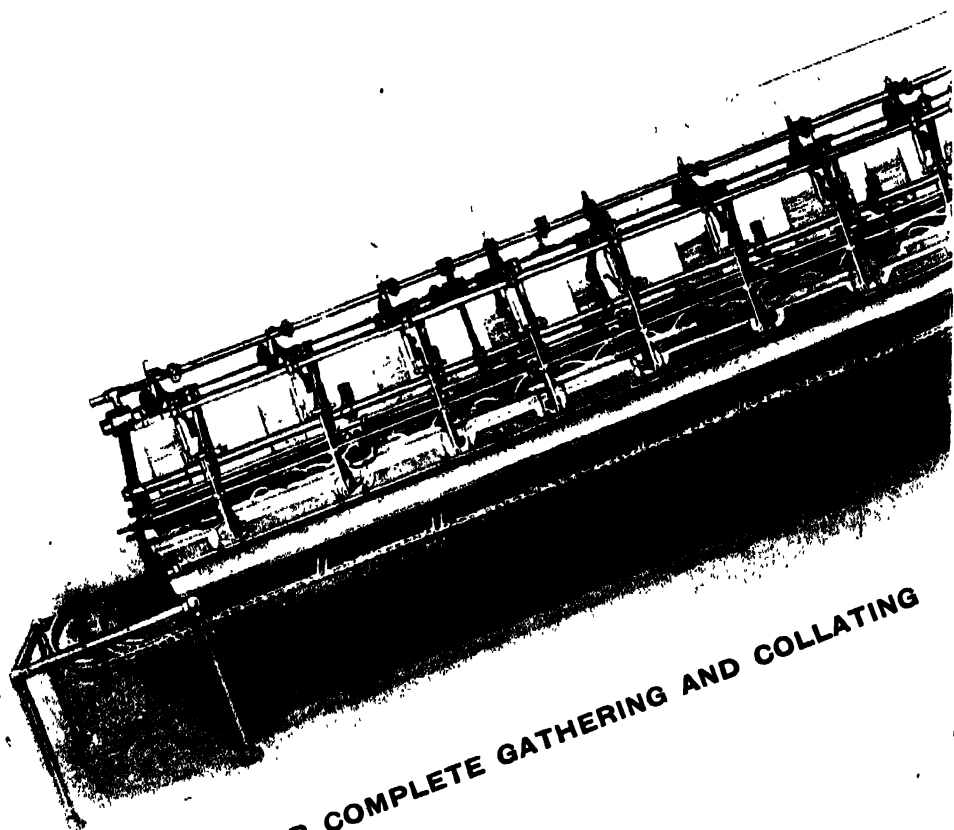
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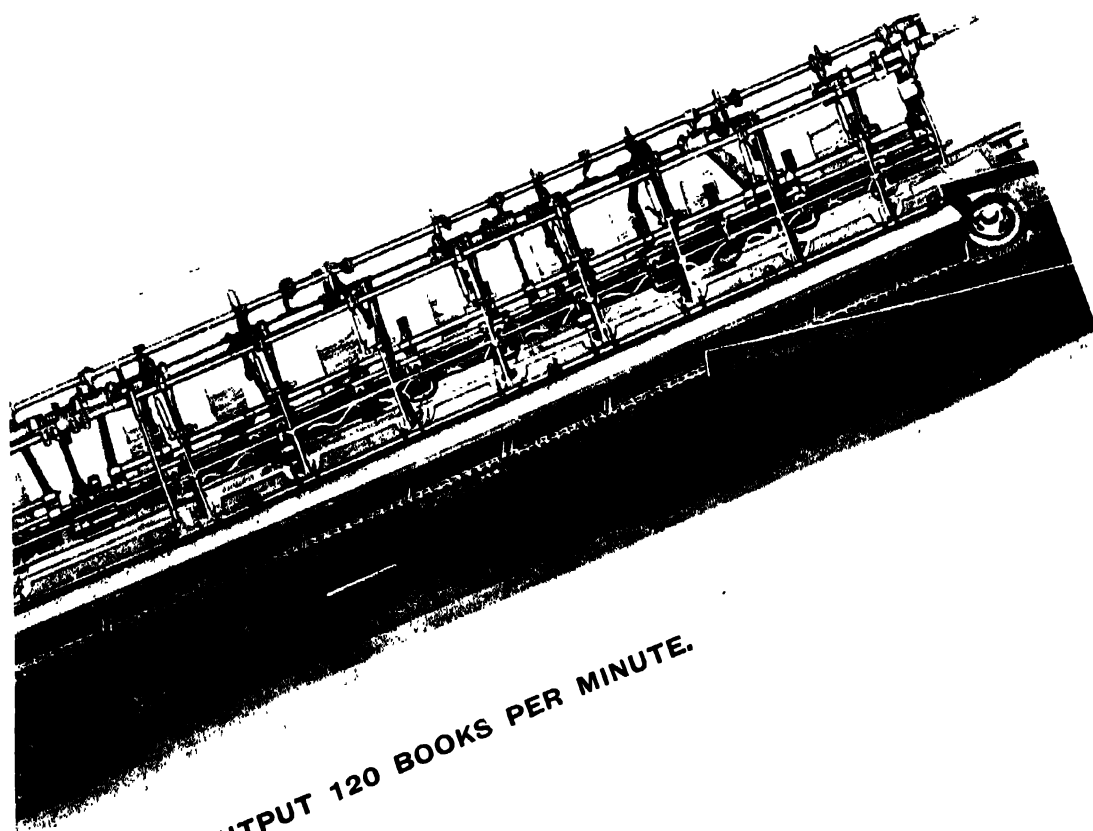


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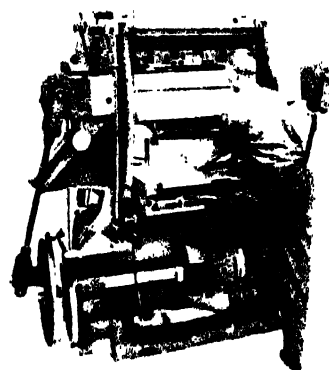
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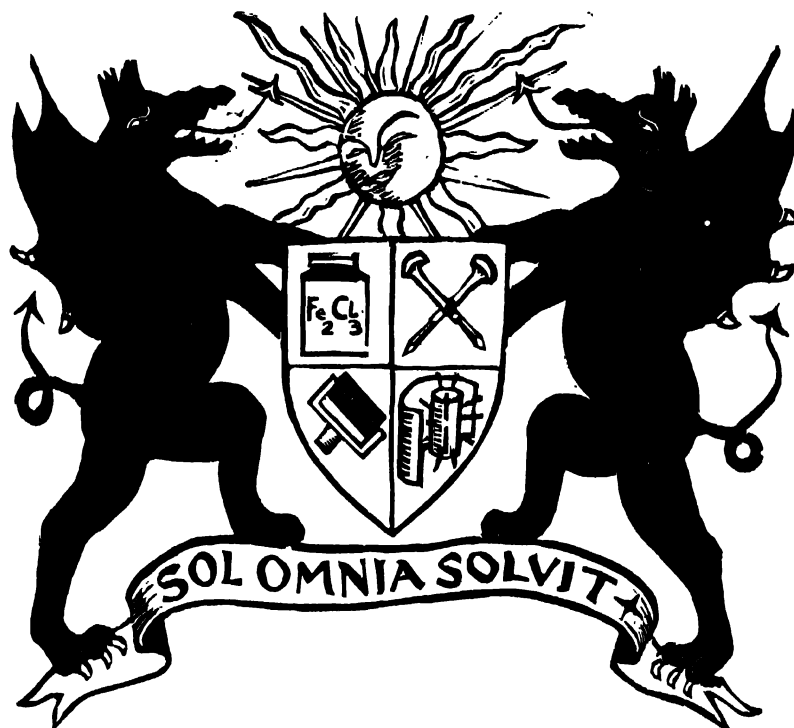
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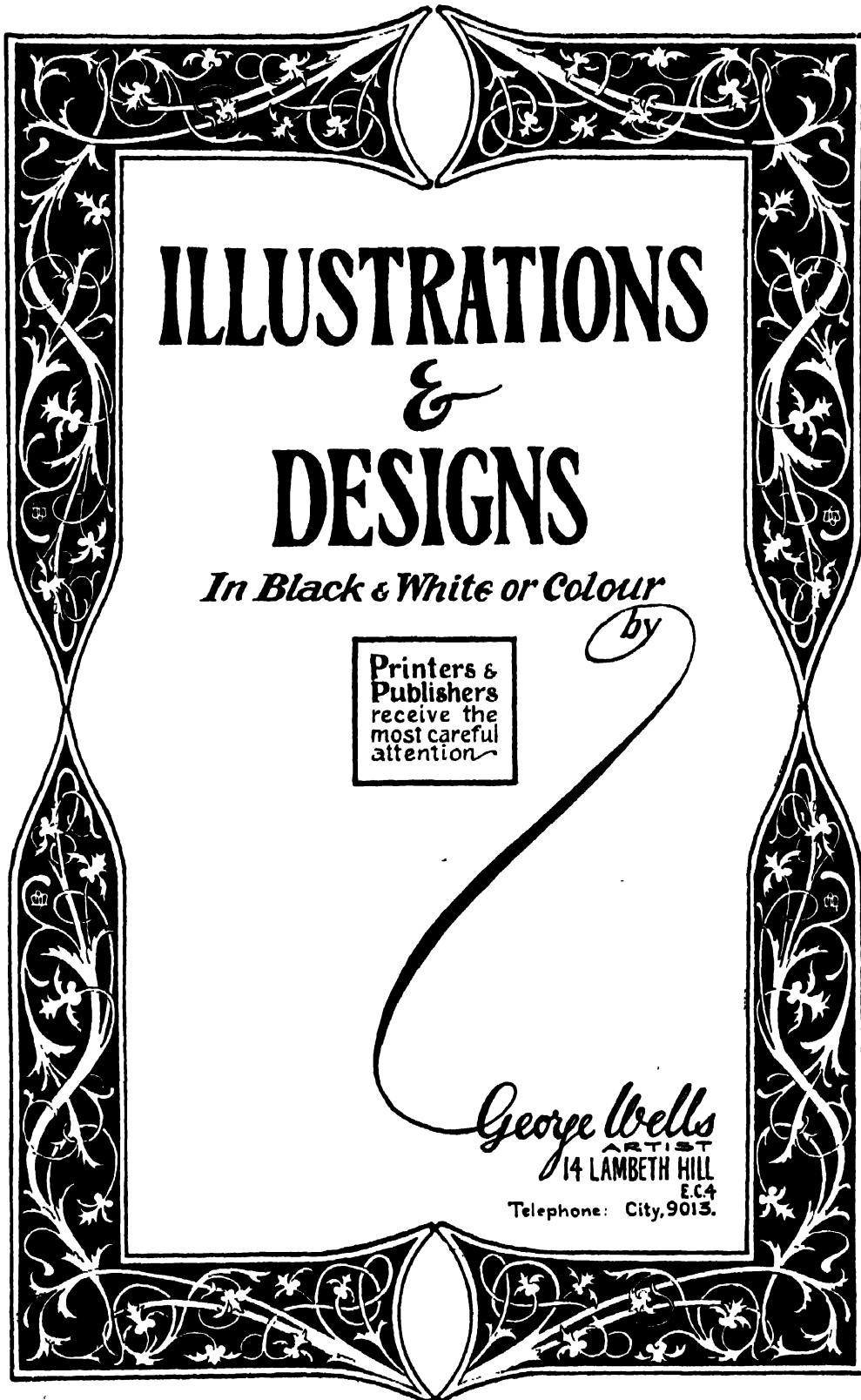
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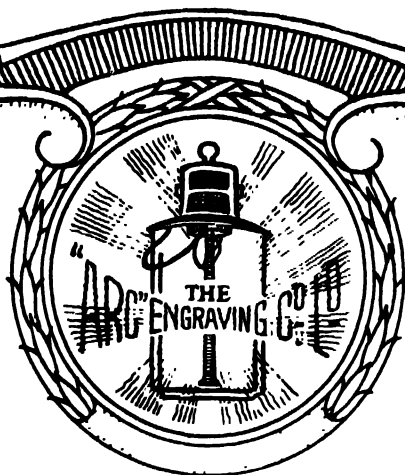
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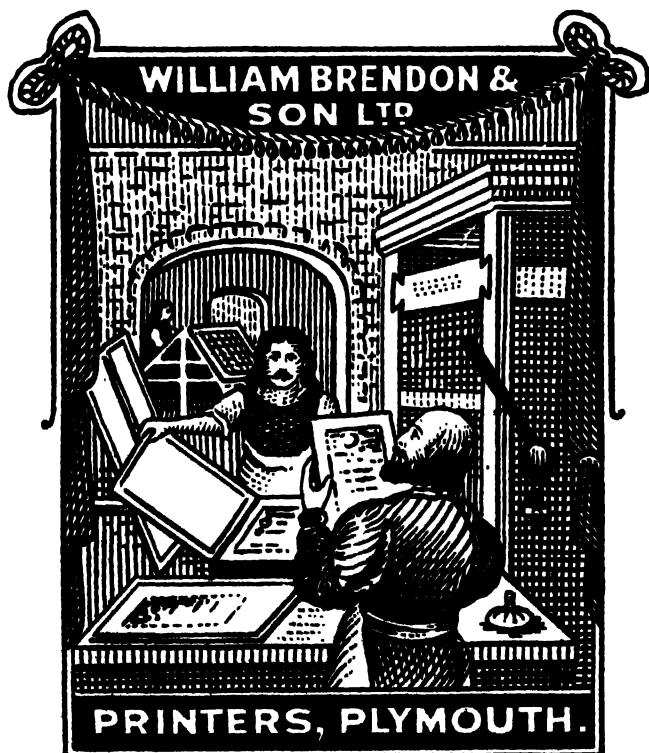
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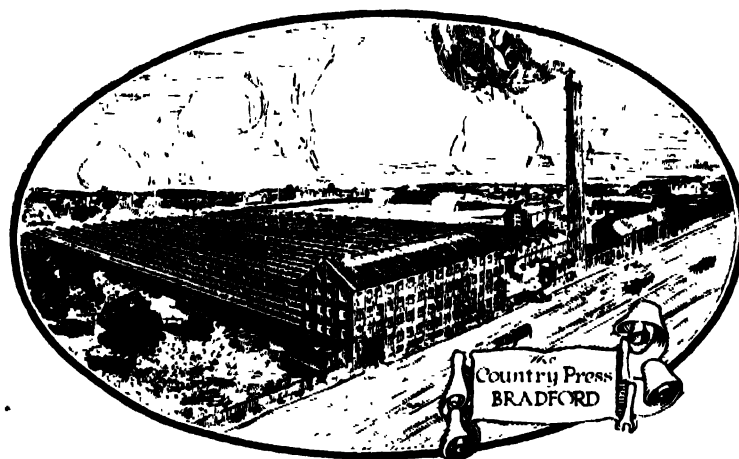
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